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MR. EDWARD MURRAY having terminated his engagement for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's provincial tour, requests that all Letters may be forwarded to Bedford Chambers, No. 26, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, until the 20th January 1870, after which date he is engaged for Mr. Santley's tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

MR. KERR GEDGE will sing HENRY SMART'S new song, "OH, WHISPERING BREEZE," at Kentish Town, Jan. 7th.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing at Manchester, Chester, Leicester, Nottingham, Doncaster, Leeds, &c., the following popular songs, commencing January 4th:—W. VINCENT WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY;" Irish melody, "AWAY FROM DEAR ERIN;" and WELLINGTON GUERNEY'S new waltz song, "THE NAIDES."

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SIGNOR ROMANO (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, West Bank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

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HANDEL AND BACH.

(From the "Ladies' Repository.")

Turning to Bach's oratorios, we at once see their instinctive difference from those of Handel. Bach did not, like Handel, seek his subject; it overpowered him. He had on public before him, longing for new things, and eager to hear new singers. He was a servant of the Church. His originality lies not in the choice, but in the handling of his theme. He tried to make his Church music accord with the service of God, and, through it, to give an echo of the words of prayer or praise.

His Cantatas, with subjects drawn from the Gospels, number one hundred. [The MS. scores of nearly *three* hundred lie in the Royal Library at Berlin.—ED.] His Passion and Christmas music has its appointed place in the Lutheran service, and no other music of the kind can compare with his. His *St. Matthew's Passion* is the most powerful of all his productions of this kind, and the best known.

As Handel's music can be understood only through a knowledge of his career in Italy and England, so Bach can be understood only by those familiar with the German school of music. Joyousness of tone and manner are the characteristics of Italian music; but the old spirit of German art, before all things, strives after character and truth. The words must have their full right; the music must only make them more clear and transparent. To bind words and manners harmoniously together, like body and soul, is Bach's great effort; and in it he has met with grand success.

The imperishable truth stands higher with him than the intellectual, beautiful form; therefore, he dares express the thought with the utmost boldness, sometimes even with harshness. Every melody is characteristic; no one chorus like another. This estranges from him many ears. "Bach is as rational as Goethe and Lessing, but not popular as Schiller and Mozart," has been justly said of him.

Bach's music is polyphonic, or many toned. The ears of many cannot bear this. There are people so sluggish in hearing and thinking, that they must have everything perfectly plain in music. Handel can accomplish this, but Bach cannot. Every voice forms a part of the great whole, and must stand alone. A chorus of Bach's is a great conversation of voices, where each must be silent when he has nothing to say, and fall in at the right time. Often in the beginning and concluding chorus we are obliged to follow two or three melodies at a time. It has been truly said: "Bach's music is like a primitive forest, full of grotesque growth and guarled branches. One should not send children into this wood."

Over-pregnant with thought and meaning, his music is especially the music of the future; still amidst all its depth, it contains a romantic element which makes it truly German. Whoever fully drinks in the spirit of his melodies, is as under a spell of enchantment. His orchestra, also, is different from Handel's; not only sustaining the music, but standing by it like its twin brother. Sometimes the sentiments are given to the voices at others to the instruments. The orchestra, as well as the voices, can interest of itself. In the beautiful words of Hiller:—"The orchestra of the *St. Matthew's Passion* is a fine veil, behind which a tear-moistened but most lovely face shines forth."

In this fine, spiritual orchestration, this man has indeed followers, but no predecessor. The few instruments are finely chosen, and gently and impressively they move the thought of the *aria*. In the *Saint Matthew's Passion*, flutes, harps, and organ have their place, but horns, drums, bugles and trumpets are not heard. Where Christ speaks, the string quartet usually softly accompanies; but at the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" even this is silent.

A mysterious power, depth, and spirituality are the signs-manual of Bach's music. It is as if he spoke to us of a better world. He touches our finest sensibilities. We give him our hand, and he leads us into an intricate labyrinth of tones, but securely we go on by the Ariadne thread, and our feet stand at last in the Holy Place.

The musical world of the present is full of the praise of John Sebastian Bach. It may not love the seriousness and transcendent depth of his music, but it honours the master whom Beethoven has called "The great father of harmony." Over his nameless and unknown grave, many a one whom his strains have called in spirit blessed, and in the concluding words of his Passion chorus, says:—

"Rest gently, gently rest."

To both Handel and Bach the Scriptures were the undoubted truth of God. No mortal could have written such music had he not believed. To the full measure of their powers they sought to serve and honour Him, but each in his own way. Handel should not be called the more worldly of the two, if the words are to be taken in their usual sense. Like Paul at Athens he preached God from a world stage—the living God of history, speaking in deeds and miracles. From the Scriptures he seized whatever would most deeply move the soul and knew how to present it in the best light. He could sing of the world's allurements and deceits, for he had known them all; and he could compass the whole scale of emotion, from despair to rapture, from the woes of death to the joys of heaven.

From his text he grasps, like Luther, the principal thought, and indelibly impresses it upon the mind of his hearers. He is the singer of the Old Testament, jealous for the Lord's house and honour—as Asaph in the temple court—his orchestra, the whole one hundred and fifty Psalms—his text-book; Moses and the prophets—and from the summit of David's mountain he gazes afar to the morning twilight of the great redemption.

Bach is a church believer, a pious man, who has God always before his eyes and in his heart. Not upon the theatre of the world, amid its honours and disgraces, its loves and hates, were unfolded to him the eternal truths of the Scriptures, but in a life of silent, blessed meditation, like that of a hermit in a forest sanctuary. He was a Lutheran, with an inward leaning towards a monastic life. Not the defiant Luther before the Imperial Diet, but Luther in the narrow cell, resembled Bach. A deep, mysterious spirit runs through his music, which shows that he—the Lutheran Cantor—was capable of writing a high mass.

The sympathetic element was not wanting in Bach—he, too, could sing of mortal loves, and hates, and passions, but this human sympathy was only the back-ground before which appeared the shining image of his Lord. Not what God does for men with the strong arm, but what God does for men in his love, in his inconceivable condescension, affects his heart. Spiritually to sink himself in this history, to embody its eternal substance in his harmonies, this was Bach's art. To him the smallest passage of the Scriptures is full of meaning. He is not, like Handel, a preacher to the multitude; his power is not on the stage, or in the concert-hall, but in the church. If over his utterances the veil of mystery lies, still he explores into a hitherto unexplored kingdom, only to let us know how inexhaustible its treasures are.

His music seems to be ordained not for the people, but for only a consecrated circle. And still this is only seeming. We unjustly call Bach "a solitary artist without a public," because he is too high and too deep for the multitude. He who only says what all understand, will, in the end, have said but very little; and he who says more, will not of necessity be always incomprehensible.

Bach's music is a giant, Gothic dome, in which a forest of mighty pillars of harmony swells upward, their branches crossing and interlacing each other in the most wonderful and intricate forms. Cross and crosier fail not, and through the windows, painted with scenes from sacred history, stream in the broken beams of day. Every encouraging feature feels, without comprehending the great structure in all its parts, that the spot whereon he stands is holy ground. This is the secret power of Bach's music. It is with this music as with the stars of heaven. The unlearned man feels their greatness and sublimity, but the astronomer, who knows their orbits and their course, admires and wonders still more.

Bach is the singer of the New Dispensation. He well knows how to sing of old things; but it is his delight to seek inspiration in the simple majesty of the Gospel, in the deep thoughts of Saint Paul. He knows the Lord as the king, the conqueror over death, and thus he represents him in that cantata for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity; but still it is the mournful joy of the true Lutheran to stand under the cross of Jesus, to support his weary head, with gushing tears, follow him to the sepulchre, softly saying, "My Jesus, good-night!"

In Handel breaks forth from the burning bush an armed and mantled prophet before all the people, in Bach a silent priest goes into the Holy of Holies to light the candles, and burn incense before the Most High.

Two great masters have stood before our eyes, to comprehend whom in their deepest meaning it is given only to earnest souls. Handel and Bach have risen from forgetfulness, because in their works lies an eternal truth, which, though it may slumber for a time, can never die. To have brought these great masters from obscurity is an honour to our generation, but may heaven forbid that to this or any other age they shall be in their music, what they once were, witnesses of God against the degeneracy of the time!

DRESDEN.—A Royal decree, as it is called, asking for a grant of five hundred thousand thalers towards the erection of a new Opera-house has been laid before the Second Chamber, with an intimation that a further grant of two hundred thousand thalers will have to be demanded in the next budget. The demand is expected to meet with considerable opposition among the members of the Chamber.

A short time since, during the performance of the opera of *Otello* in Lyons, the regular order of things was diversified by a slight episode, which threat-ned at first to be attended with disastrous results, but which eventually served merely to excite the risible faculties of the audience. In the scene where the jealous Moor enters the chamber of the sleeping Desdemona, the lamp which he was carrying had ceased to be exploded, and the flaming spirit which escaped from it enveloped the hand of the too credulous Othello. The latter, forgetting his jealousy, ran to the table against which his unhappy wife's harp was leaning, and placed the lamp on it. But the spirit quickly set the harp and table-cloth on fire. Othello succeeded, however, in extinguishing the flames. Having effected this much, he began unconsciously to move his hand backwards and forwards, for the purpose of allaying the pain he was suffering. Seeing that he was not seriously injured, the audience burst into a hearty laugh, in which the unlucky Moor good humouredly joined. But, recollecting himself, he quickly resumed his gravity and proceeded to despatch his wife in the usual way.

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A NEW EDITION OF MOZART'S OPERAS IN SCORE.

The above artistically-important enterprise undertaken by the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipsic, who have as length given us Mozart's operas critically revised, according to the original manuscripts, with an improved version of the Italian texts, met with universal appreciation on the appearance of the very first score—namely, that of *Idomeneo*. This was followed by the score of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, that ever fresh masterpiece in the comic operatic style. Whatever has been already said about the very admirable getting-up of this edition, about the legibility and correctness of the pointing, etc., as well as with reference to the revision carried out with comprehensive knowledge and artistic conscientiousness by Julius Rietz, applies with equal force to this second score.

With the exception of a few trifles the entire manuscript of this opera in Mozart's own hand has been preserved, though unluckily in a fragmentary form. The owners, Herr Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, of Berlin, and Herr Karl André, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, readily placed it at the disposal of the publishers. In Frankfort-on-the-Maine there are only detached portions, namely, separate instrumental parts. The fact that, though most of them have been preserved, some are lost, is accounted for by the circumstance that, when Mozart went through his autograph manuscript, he wrote upon paper with twelve lines, which was consequently not large enough for several pieces of the score. His manuscript exhibits—according to Rietz's description of it—less small corrections, but, on the other hand, a far larger number of abbreviations and additions than his later operas. The motive for them is not always to be seen, but we may assume that they were sometimes the result of his own convictions, though more frequently of the wishes expressed by the singers. The last is the more probable view of the case, if we take into consideration Mozart's position at that period in Vienna. The added passages are incorporated in the text of this edition, while those which have been erased are given as an appendix.

The autograph is, moreover, according to Mozart's custom, plain and beautiful, and written with the most painful exactitude, as regards the directions.

Despite this, however—as J. Rietz says in his preface, and we may rely upon his intimate knowledge of the subject—there is not one of Mozart's other operas, there is not one of his other works, which has been propagated either in a printed or manuscript form, in so distorted a state. In most of the ordinary editions of the score, there is scarcely a single piece in which, owing to carelessness, misapprehension, caprice, and impudent tampering, the most shameful variations from the original manuscript have not been introduced.

We must not seek the principal reason for this merely in the careless copies—among which must be counted piratical copies taken without permission—which were in circulation from the very first, we must seek it also in the many alterations made by Mozart, and in the fact that the instrumental parts were added, as we have stated, upon separate leaves, thus affording scope for mistakes, and the arbitrary arrangements of strangers. We must, too, not forget that it is precisely on the players that the great mass of those snobbish conductors who obtain their musical understanding and the boldness of authority when they assume office, have been able to practise their pleasant tricks uninterruptedly for the longest time.

With regard to a respectable number of the most glaring inaccuracies and distorted readings in the previous scores of this opera, we refer the reader to the preface in which Herr J. Rietz points out and traces the principal ones in the most interesting manner. Of course, the innumerable wrong directions of *Forte* and *Piano*, as well as of the peculiar stringed instruments to be employed, are not even mentioned.

This new edition of the scores of Mozart's operas must certainly not be classed among the speculations entered into by publishers to present day with old classical musical works. In the present instance, the publishers have contracted a debt of honour with the great master and with musical art, and the liquidation of that debt will indubitably demand, at the outset, considerable sacrifice. In the first place, such publishers can rely only upon a very limited number of professional musicians, and accomplished amateurs, libraries, and managers, as purchasers of the score. By-the-bye, as the last-named individuals are especially chary of incurring any expense which does not immediately ensure good houses, we must here publicly draw attention to the fact that managers of German theatres are bound in honour and justice to foster this undertaking, and, in conformity with the artistic task they should fulfil, to further it by all the means in their power. They alone are able to make the object of the publication a realised artistic fact, as far as the musical public are concerned, and, by the conscientious use of the revised scores on the part of their musical directors and conductors, to banish, once for all, from the performances of Mozart's operas, all the disfigurements, errors, and distortions of the text, which have characterized them for two generations.

The further means for carrying out such a course, a course on which the public is justified in insisting, and which musical critics would certainly warmly support and appreciate, may shortly be expected. According to report, the larger number of Mozart's remaining six operas have already been engraved, and will ere long follow the publication of the second.

C. DANCK.

THE NEW PARIS OPERAHOUSE.

Whatever the fate of the French Empire, it will leave behind it one monument, if not *aere perennius*, as lasting as iron and stone. If the Empire stamps no mark for good or evil upon French morals, intelligence, or politics, it will at least hand to posterity a new operahouse—an operahouse unrivalled as an expression of the spirit of the period. The Second Empire will live in stone, as a sermon on the characteristics of the French mind, so far as Napoleonism can influence that mind, when generations have passed away. Now, too, that the stains which defiled Carpeau's group have been effaced, it is only just that the English reader should be made acquainted with the merits of a building of such pretence and magnitude. If French architects are not at home in theatre-building, in what are they the masters of English architects, when the latter are not fettered by employers?

M. Garnier has produced the keenest satire upon the Empire, in giving architectural expression to those notions of the good, beautiful, and true, which he himself holds in esteem. The interior, though far from completion, is a masterpiece of arrangement; in other words, of French and Napoleonic organization. The entrances, vestibules, waiting-rooms, corridors, facilities for passing to and fro, vast space prepared for machinery above and below the stage, and iron-work construction of the whole are probably unrivalled. The space for the audience occupies one-seventh of the site, while the breadth of the proscenium, left to right, is about sixty-six feet. An arcade, with lofty colonnades in pairs, surrounds the principal staircase, and promises to turn out well, unless marred by capricious detail. The construction is of iron and stone, and the floors are of concrete. Turning to the general architecture of the fabric, the astonishment with which the eye is struck on first seeing it is quickened and deepened as the design is more closely scanned. The building looks massive as it is, on account of the enormous size of its various portions. Almost everything about it is too big. Every canon of design is violated. The ground story is immense in height; the next is much lower, and the highest rivals the most trumpery of London streets as "mansions." On the top is placed one of those huge square masses of stone, which the commonplace architect is utterly unable to connect with the rest of his design. The ground story is pierced with a series of huge, shapeless openings, termed windows—in which some excellent iron work has been placed to contain the glass. The weight of the superstructure thus rests on the weakest part of the building. What would have been said to such a device by Middle Age architects, it is not difficult to imagine. The mighty cavalcade at the chief entrance are of marble and bronze, indicrous in ugliness and violation of all principles of design. The building is, in truth, a monster of *bizarrerie*, fit only for reproduction in sugar, to be placed upon a gigantic cake at a festival given by a grateful municipality to the prefect of the Seine. The materials, on the other hand, are unexceptionable, the marbles various and beautiful, and the mechanical work unsurpassed in strength and finish.

The notorious group, so well blackened and so completely purified, is characteristic of the *morale* and practical blundering of the last eighteen years. Underneath a brief inscription on the right of the principal *façade*, which informs us that the Opera is the home of lyric poetry, are placed M. Carpeau's half-tipsy, naked bacchanals! On the left we learn that the Opera is also the home of the dance, and underneath appears another colossal group, intensely proper and clothed, meant to suggest the genius of poetry. While M. Carpeau's bacchanals abound with life and animal energy, the corresponding group is as dull as it is decorous. If people now believed in diablerie, who would not say that some demon had inspired the conception of these groups. On the whole, it is consolatory to English architects that new Paris, when producing anything less monstrous than M. Haussmann's streets and boulevards, breaks out into so startling a proof of the decay of French architectural genius. At the same time, we have not met with one Frenchman who does not condemn the building in unqualified terms. When completed (at the end of some four or five years), it will have cost, at the very least, two millions sterling.

STUTTGARDT.—Herr Franz Lachner's *Catharina Cornaro* has been successfully produced. Herr Scmthein sings the principal male character.

VIENNA.—Offenbach's new opera, *Les Brigands*, is to be produced at Herr Steiner's Theatre, and M. Offenbach will himself get up the work and conduct the first performance.

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ST. THOMAS'S AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening, the 21st ult., after the usual practice of members, a handsome clock, surmounted by a bronze bust of Haydn, and a pair of candelabra, were presented to the Honorary Conductor, Mr. Lovell Phillips. The Rev. R. P. Clemenger, President, occupied the chair, supported by Vice-presidents, Dr. R. C. Croft, Captain Elliot, J. Richardson, Esq., and Captain Seymour, the Committee, and many visitors. The Rev. Vicar, on rising, said—

"Mr. L. Phillips, I have been requested by the members of this society to-night to act as their representative, and feel honoured by that request, as it enables me to add my testimony to the esteem and regard in which you are held by all connected with this society. I might indulge in superlative eulogy, but I feel—and I am sure you will all agree with me—that facts are stronger than eulogy. And what are the facts? At the first concert of this society, over which you, sir, presided, there were twenty-four members present. Now —and but the short space of three years has intervened—the books show that there are sixty-two acting members and fifteen associates. And not only have you, sir, worked up the numerical strength of the society, but you have brought it into such a state of proficiency as to enable me to state, without fear of contradiction, that few amateur musical societies could be found in London to excel it. And now, sir, without further words, allow me to present to you this token of the society's regard and esteem. It is, I believe, a clock, and therefore, though I am afraid some of you will say it is not an original remark, a striking proof of their affection. With it are a bust of Haydn and a pair of candelabra. This is St. Thomas's Day, the patron saint of St. Thomas's Church, St. Thomas's district, St. Thomas's Musical Society, and of your humble servant, myself. And it is, too, the shortest day of the year. But though that is the case, I sincerely trust that the memory of this evening will not be of short duration, but will constantly remind you, not only of the reward of duty, but also of the affection in which you are held by the members of this society. I now, in the name of the society, present you with this clock, wishing you at the same time long life and happiness."

Mr. Phillips, on rising, was received with an ovation. He thanked the members of the society for their kindness, and assured them that as long as possible he should continue to hold the post of conductor. He thought, however, there were others to whom, more than to himself, praise was due for the present efficiency of the society. He alluded to the vice-presidents, especially Dr. Croft, who had taken such great interest in the society, to the committee, and the honorary secretary, all of whom had worked in such a manner as he knew, from experience, was most unusual in the offices of amateur musical societies. He thanked them for their great kindness, and trusted that they would believe that what he said was but a faint echo of what he felt—loud and prolonged cheering. The meeting then closed with three hasty cheers for the conductor. The clock bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to Lovell Phillips, Esq., by the members of St. Thomas's Amateur Musical Society, in recognition of his valuable services as Honorary Conductor, December 21, 1869."

For the information of some of our readers we may add that this society, which consisted three years ago of only a very few members, has, under the guidance of Mr. Phillips, so increased as to number nearly eighty, and the excellence of their singing is now so well known, that the applications for assistance to the various charities of the parish are more numerous than can be complied with. The society, however, exists only for good, and is always ready to help in any worthy cause.

THE "WOMEN'S CLUB AND INSTITUTE."—The object of this institution is to afford women a place of resort for society, rest, recreation, refreshment, and study. The Club contains a reading room supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and an English and foreign library; a drawing-room for society and conversation; a visitor's room, in which members can receive their friends; and a dining-room, where refreshments are supplied at moderate prices. There is also a circulating library and a music room for lessons and practice in connection with the Club (the latter under the direction of Miss Stevenson). A *soirée* was given at the rooms of the Institute (77, Newman Street, Oxford Street) on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st, when a large number interested in its success attended. Misses Palmer and Buckland were the singers. Miss Palmer was recalled after Mr. Sullivan's "Will he come?" and encored in "Thady O'Flynn," for which she substituted "Katty Moyle." Mr. Hodgson Pratt's recitation of "The Battle of Armageddon," and Mr. Montague Bere's "Mrs. Caudle's proposal to keep her wedding day" were both features. A solo on the concertina, "Robert, toi que j'aime," by Mr. Bertioli, "The pied Piper of Hamelin" and Jean Ingelow's "The high tides," recited by Miss Lisle, were no less successful. Miss Stevenson played Schubert's Impromptu (Op. 142), and the *Volkslied* of Mendelssohn, with great applause. A pianoforte fantasia on airs from *Il Flauto Magico*, was well played by Miss Ruddock; and the duet, "Serbami ognor" (*Semiramide*), by Misses Buckland and Palmer, met with due appreciation. A collection of drawings, prints, and photographs, open to the audience, was found highly interesting.

ORGAN NEWS.

PROFESSOR OAKELEY gave an organ recital at Edinburgh on Dec. 24th. The following was his programme:—

Pastoral Symphony, *Christmas Oratorio*, Bach; Pastoral Symphony—recitatives: "There were shepherds abiding in the field," "And, lo, the angel," "And the angel said, Fear not," "And suddenly there was with the angel"—chorus, "Glory to God in the highest" (*Messiah*), Handel; "Gloria in excelsis," Pergolesi; Prelude (Pastorale) and Fugue in G major, for organ, Mendelssohn; Andantino (*Moments Musicaux*), Schubert; Pastorale, Kullak; chorus, "For unto us a Child is born" (*Messiah*), Handel.

The recital was, as usual, accompanied by interesting historical and explanatory remarks.

On Saturday and Sunday last, an organ, built by Mr. J. Hopworth, Queen Street, Clayton West, was opened at the Mount Zion Reform Chapel, by Mr. Fitton, Kirkburton. Selections from the *Messiah* were sung by an efficient choir. On Sunday, Mr. J. Lockwood, from Wakefield, presided at the organ, and brought out the varied excellencies of the instrument. The organ contains one row of manuals, CC to F in alto, enclosed in general swell (except the open diapason, part of which forms a speaking front), and pedal organ, CCC to E. It has 10 draws, viz., hautboy 8ft., open diapason 8ft., stopped diapason 8ft., dulciana 8ft., principal 4ft., flute 4ft., fifteenth 2ft., trumpet, pedal bourdon 16ft., pedal coupler; 3 composition pedals, and 29 German pedals. The case, which is of neat design, is stained, with illuminated front, and presents a very handsome appearance. The cost of the instrument is £120.

On Sunday week two sermons, in connection with the opening of a new organ, supplied by Mr. J. Hopworth, of Wakefield, were preached in the Methodist Free Church, Normanton Common. Selections from the *Messiah* were sung, and collections made.

THE following is the specification of an organ recently built in the hall of the New York Young Men's Christian Association, by Messrs. Odell Brothers. In some respects the instrument is a curiosity.

Compass of Manuals from CC, 4 feet to C, five octaves, 61 notes.
Compass of Pedals from CCC, 16 feet to D, 27 notes.

GREAT MANUAL.

1.	Tenoroon,	metal,	16 feet,	61 pipes.	6.	Twelfth,	metal, 2⅔ feet, 61 pipes.
2.	Open Diapason,	,,	8 ,,	,,	10.	Fifteenth,	,, 2 ,, ,,
3.	Keraulophon,	,,	8 ,,	,,	11.	Sesquialtera 3 Ranks	
4.	Dulciana,	,,	8 ,,	,,			,, various., 183 ,,
5.	Clarionet Flute, wood,		8 ,,	,,	13.	Trumpet,	,, 8 ,, 61 ,,
6.	Flute Harmonic, metal,		4 ,,	,,	13.	Clarion,	,, 4 ,, ,,
7.	Principal,	,,	4 ,,	,,	14.	Cornopean,	,, 8 ,, ,,
8.	Mellphon,	wood,	4 ,,	,,	15.	Carlion or Chimes, 37 Bells.	

SWELL ORGAN.

1.	Bourdon,	wood,	16 feet,	61 pipes.	8.	Piccolo,	metal, 2 feet, 61 pipes.
2.	Open Diapason,	metal,	8 ,,	,,	9.	Cornet, 3 Ranks	
3.	Viole de Gambe,	,,	8 ,,	,,			,, various., 183 ,,
4.	Dulciana,	,,	8 ,,	,,	10.	Cornopean,	,, 8 ,, 61 ,,
5.	Stop Diapason,	wood,	8 ,,	,,	11.	Oboe,	,, 8 ,, ,,
6.	Violina,	metal,	4 ,,	,,	12.	Vox Humana,	,, 8 ,, ,,
7.	Flute à Chimann,,		4 ,,	,,			

PEDAL ORGAN

1.	Grand Open Diapason.	6.	Bass Drum.
2.	Grand Bourdon.	7.	Snare or Military Drum (First Intre-duction in Organs).
3.	Quint.	8.	Cymbals.
4.	Violoncello.		
5.	Trombone.		

COUPLERS, &c.

1.	Swell to Great Unison.	7.	Snare Drum to Pedal.
2.	Swell to Great Superoctave.	8.	Reversible Coupler, Swell to Great Superoctave.
3.	Swell to Pedal.	9.	Reversible Coupler, Great to Pedal.
4.	Great to Pedal.	10.	Tremulant.
5.	Bass Drum to Pedal.	11.	Pluvials, or storm apparatus.
6.	Reversible Coupler, Swell to Great Unison.		

PNEUMATIC COMPOSITIONS ON GREAT ORGAN (Patented).

1.	Full Great Organ.	5.	All of the eight feet stops.
2.	Full to Sesquialtera.	6.	Clarionet Flute and Dulcet.
3.	Full to Principal.	7.	Flute Harmonic.
4.	Keraulophon, Clarionet Flute and Mellphon.	8.	Mellphon.

PNEUMATIC COMPOSITIONS ON SWELL ORGAN (Patented).

1.	Full Swell Organ.	5.	Viol de Gambo, Stopped Diapason and Flute à Chimann.
2.	Full to Cornet.	6.	Oboe—Stopped Diapason and Dulciana.
3.	Full to Principal.		
4.	All of the eight feet stops.		

1. GRAND CRESCENDO AND DIMINUENDO PEDAL. (Patented.)

Over five hundred combinations can be made upon this organ, without touching a draw stop, or taking the hands off the keys. The drums, cymbals, bells and other auxiliaries, are entirely independent—to be used, or not, at the option of the performer—consequently do not interfere with the use of the instrument for classic or church music. Its mechanical arrangements and improvements are superior, both in number and quality, to those of any organ previously built in this country.

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PROVINCIAL.

TODMORDEN.—The *Weekly Advertiser*, of December 18th, writes:—

"We do not hesitate in placing Dr. Spark's organ recital among the best performances ever given in this locality. The programme was admirably selected, the instrument was handled in a powerful manner, and each piece was given with the most discriminating taste."

BRIGHTON.—A Brighton journal writes as below:—

"Herr Adolf Sjödén, a Swedish professor of the harp, who has recently taken up his residence in Brighton, gave a *matinée musicale* in the King's Rooms of the Royal Pavilion. There was a full audience, and Herr Sjödén may be congratulated upon the result of his introduction to the Brighton musical public. He made a most favourable impression."

LINCOLN.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The *Messiah* was given here, on December 17th, in the Corn Exchange. Miss Annie Hiles, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Stubbs, the Messrs Pullein and Mr. B. Kelly being the singers. Miss Hiles fully established herself in the good opinion of the audience, who, in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' would willingly have heard her twice."

CHICHESTER.—A correspondent writes as beneath:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital came off on Wednesday, December 22nd, in the Assembly Rooms. The accomplished pianist who gave Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, and a selection of pieces by Bach, Dussek, Rubinstein, Liszt, Wallace, &c., was applauded throughout, particularly after a tarantelle by Walter Macfarren, and a fantasia on popular Scotch airs by Brissac. Miss Henderson gave a new song by G. A. Macfarren, 'Come out and hear the waters shoot,' 'Oh, bid your faithful Ariel fly,' &c."

LIMERICK.—The *Limerick Reporter* writing about a recent concert given in this city, by Miss Kate Gordon, says:—

"Miss Gordon is amongst the best pianists we ever had the good fortune of hearing, and seems to throw her whole soul into every subject she takes in hands. Mr. Stanton sang his ballads with much expression, and had to comply on two or three occasions with the request of the audience to repeat them. The excellent band of the 70th Regiment performed at intervals, under the able conductorship of Signor Ragazzoli."

BARTON.—The *Brixton Advertiser* writes as follows:—

"Mr. Lazarus gave another vocal and instrumental concert in the Ball Room on Monday evening. The vocalist was Mdme. Thaddeus Wells, and the instrumentalists were Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Crosse, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. C. Harper, Mr. Wotten, and solo pianoforte and accompanist, Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, R. A. M. Mr. Lazarus well sustained his reputation. In 'Lo, here, the gentle Lark,' duet, flute and clarionet were happily blended. The bassoon and oboe solos were exquisite, and the singing of Mdme. Wells pleased as always."

CHELTENHAM.—The *Cheltenham Looker-on* mentions the success of the Cheltenham College Concert, given at the "breaking up" for the Christmas holidays:—

"The selection was of a light and cheerful character, suited to the youthful vocalists, who in the part-songs and other pieces aquitted themselves well, eliciting the applause of their school-fellows. Mr. C. Dennys received an encore in Brinley Richards' 'Cambrian Plume,' the chorus to which was rendered with spirit; Mr. Baxter, who sang the 'Brave Old Oak,' receivi g a similar compliment; as did flik-wise Master Maysey in 'La Legende du Verre.' The trio by M. D. Bucher, C. Vincent, and R. Williams, was one of the most effective of the evening's performances, the whole of which did the College Choir credit. An efficient band contributed to the success of the entertainment."

TORQUAY.—In the *Torquay Directory* we find the following remarks on Mr. Charles Fowler's recital of pianoforte music:—

"A pleasant musical afternoon was given at Mr. Fowler's residence, Villa Mentone, on Saturday the 4th December. The *Sonata Pastorale*, Beethoven; selection from *Nuits Blanches*, Heller; *Rondo Brillante* in E flat, Weber; *Romanza* and *Allegro agitato*, from third concerto W. S. Bennett; with a song from Madame Garcia, made up the first part. The second part opened with Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Mr. Fowler was assisted by a promising pupil, Miss Bessie Gedge. Among the following pieces were Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 1, also played by Miss Gedge; and a Spanish song from Madame Garcia, which gave much pleasure. The remainder of the programme consisted of pieces by Mr. Fowler:—A grand octave study; two sketches, 'Le Badinage,' and 'Queen Mab;' and 'Fun,' a tarentelle. The room was quite full."

ALFORD.—A correspondent writes from the Lincolnshire town as follows:—

"Mr. Henry Brown, organist of the parish church, gave his annual benefit concert recently to a large and appreciating audience. Miss Anna Hiles, when appearing in travelling costume (the train having been delayed by a snow-storm), was received with hearty acclamations. She was recalled after her two songs. The other singers were Miss Hargreaves and Mr. Dodds. Miss Hargreaves possesses a rich contralto voice, and sings with taste and finish. Mr. Dodds is well known to be a *basso profondo* of great merit. A young violinist, Mr. Kis, from scarborough, played several solos, and also took part in the Kreutzer Sonata; doing all in musician-like style. The concert gave general satisfaction."

LIVERPOOL.—We read as follows in the *Liverpool Mercury*, of a recent date:—

"The Societa Armonica in repeating the act of benevolence of last year (for the benefit of the Dental Hospital), gave a performance of the *Messiah*, at the Liverpool Institute, the proceeds of which will be handed over to the Childe-n's Infirmary. The commendable effort was completely successful, and the sum handed over will be worthy of the institution. The services of about eighty were given, the principals being Miss Monkhouse, Miss F. Armstrong, Mr. C. W. Robinson, and Mr. T. J. Hughes. Mr. H. Lawson was leader, and Mr. T. Armstrong, conductor. Both gentlemen fulfilled their duties in a manner which tended to the success of the work. As a whole the oratorio was admirably performed, and showed great improvement upon last year."

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. Tolhurst's *Ruth* was performed here on the 20th December, in the Corn Exchange; the soloists being Mdme. Rudersdorff, Miss Elphiustone, Mdme. Sauerbrey, Messrs. Crowe, Armes, and Mason Thomas; the conductor, Mr. Tolhurst himself. At the close of its notice the *Maidstone Journal* says:—

"Of the oratorio generally we cannot do otherwise than speak most favourably. It is written evidently with great earnestness, and is throughout well constructed and melodious. That it will ever take rank among our best compositions of the same character is too much to hope, but it is far above mediocrity, and its performance anywhere would ensure for it a favourable reception. At its termination on Monday night the composer was loudly called for, and on his return to the room was received with most enthusiastic applause."

MANCHESTER.—The *Examiner and Times* says thus:—

"We have much pleasure in calling attention to an amicable and original scheme for the gratification of musical taste and promotion of culture announced by Mr. J. Marsden, an accomplished local professor of music. In a promised series of eight pianoforte recitals instead of following the example of his former master, Mr. Charles Hallé, and of the eminent executants whose recitals in London have been strictly classical in purpose and selection, Mr. Marsden determined to consult the taste and meet the convenience of a considerable number of amateurs whose predilections are generally for pianoforte music which makes less demand on their intellect than the works of the old masters. At the first recital, he was favoured by a large attendance, and must have been much gratified with the result of what might be called his enterprising experiment. We have little doubt of the continued success of this commendable scheme."

Neither have we, and, therefore, the "enterprise" of Mr. Marsden is not apparent to us. The risk is on the side of those who prefer good music.

BELFAST.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* was given in the Ulster Hall on Friday, December 17th, by the Belfast Classical Harmonists' Society. There was a large audience, and the performance was a complete success. Mr. Cellier, friend and schoolfellow of Mr. Sullivan, conducted with great ability. This was the first performance of the work in Ireland. Mdlle. L. Van Noorden, Miss E. Fennell, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. Orlando Christian, principal vocalists, were applauded in the solo music; the unaccompanied quartet, 'The Lord is nigh unto them,' was encored and repeated. The choruses were well sung. The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection. The band, selected chiefly from Mr. Hallé's orchestra, performed Beethoven's Symphony, No. 2, the overtures to the *Barber of Seville* and *Meanwhile*. The vocal music was given:—As I view those scenes so charming,' Mr. Christian (encored); 'Ah, quel giorno,' Mr. Fennell; 'Tacea la Notte,' Mdlle. Van Noorden (encored); and 'Yes, let me like a Soldier fall,' Mr. Wells, (encor-d). The members of the society were encored in 'The Cloud-capt Towers.' Mr. Buck was leader, and Mr. A. M'Mahon, organist.

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DUBLIN.—A correspondent writes of the Misses Glovers' concerts in the EXHIBITION Palace:—

"The most successful and agreeable concerts given in Dublin for a long time were those of the Misses Glover. Miss Emilie Glover has been heard occasionally at the Philharmonic and Italian concerts, but we were not at all prepared for the exquisite singing of her sister 'Lina Glover.' Such power of expression and quality of tone and style is rarely given to one so young."

MALVERN.—*Apropos* of a concert given on Tuesday week by the Choral Society, the *Malvern News* says:—

"We can congratulate the society on the very great progress they have made, thanks to their energetic conductor, Mr. F. Langdon. We can congratulate the society also on providing a pleasant entertainment. The programme was a good one; and we were glad to see the Rev. Alfred Fowler at his post as first flute, because he knows so well what to do. Mr. Lockett, as leader of the first violins, need his bow in a masterly manner, and Messrs. Athorne and Bovington did well at the piano. Mr. Haynes's music to 'Hark! the herald angels sing,' was sung with much spirit. It was composed for this concert, and knowing what Mr. Haynes can do, we trust it will not be the last of his compositions. We'll give him a challenge, that if he will write a glee or four-part song for the next concert of this society, we'll write another for the succeeding one—not to the same words, of course, but merely to give some little local zest to a society which deserves support. We are presuming the committee will accept ours. However, there's the challenge—now in the spirit of Christmas. If Mr. Haynes declines, we offer the same to any other lover of music. Some of the pieces were rather too heavy for the society, but the lighter ones went off with much spirit. It only requires practice to make the members do much better. If we might wish for them in their *next* concert or service, it is this—'implicitly obey your conductor.' We have had twenty years' experience with choirs and choral societies, and may, therefore, be supposed to know some little about the necessity of obedience to the conductor. You have done well, but you can do better."

DENDEE.—In his notice of the last concert given at the recent Festival, the *Dundee Courier* says:—

"The orchestral pieces were of a varied description, partly calculated to please the cultivated and partly the popular ear. The overture to *Egmont* was rendered with every justice. Mendelsohn's march from *Athalie* was also given with a true conception of its meaning. Of a different class was the two step movement which the second part of the programme opened and finished. *Il Trovatore* was chosen to have selected from it a number of most attractive pickings. The whole of the vocal force was brought into requisition at the last of the concerts. Madame Sainton-Dolby made her farewell appearance in Dundee. Her songs were 'Children's Voices,' with chorus, and 'Caller Herrin'.' Claribel's song was heartily received. 'Caller Herrin' was sung, as was also 'Children's Voices,' with much pathos. The loss occasioned by the retirement of Madame Dolby will not easily be repaired. We have already referred in terms of praise to Miss Wynne's vocalization, and our opinion was borne out in every re-pect by her rendering of 'Softly sighs.' Mr. Lewis Thomas was the only other solo singer, and the style in which he gave 'Largo al Factotum' was a treat. Mr. Carrodus' ordinary enthusiasm exhibited. Mr. Thomas re-appeared in obedience to a prolonged summons, and although he pointed to his throat and rejired, this would not satisfy the audience, for he had again to return and express his regret that on account of hoarseness he would be unable to respond to their encore. The duet and the *sestetto* from *Don Giovanni* were given—the former by Madame Rita and Mr. Cummings—in the most refined and careful style. M. Sainton played 'The Last Rose of Summar,' which lost none of its sweetness, while Wallace's variations upon it were executed as only such violinists as M. Sainton can execute them. Mr. Thomiess acted as accompanist with skilful hand and attentive mind. In closing our notices of these concerts, we have to express the thanks due to Mr. Nagel for carrying out so magnificent a musical festival. Mr. Nagel has brought before the public many of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendel-sohn, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, and others, has conducted with ability, and has been well seconded by the orchestra under Mr. Carrodus."

BRISTOL.—The *Messiah* was performed on Boxing-night at the Victoria Rooms, under Mr. Harrison, and, also, at the Colston Hall, under Mr. P. J. Smith. The former place was not, and the latter was crowded. Of both renderings the local critics speak at length. One says:—

"The oratorio at the Victoria Rooms was meant to enlist the services of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Sims Reeves. A handbill, however, was circulated, stating that Mr. Sims Reeves was so unwell that he could not sing, but that Mr. George Perren had been obtained in his place.—The Philharmonic Society was patronized at Colston Hall by a crowded house. The solo parts were undertaken by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elena Angele, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Maybrick. The oratorio went off on the whole satisfactorily. Madame Dolby was cordially received. Her voice still retains an amount of power and attractiveness surpassed by few. It had been announced that the fair vocalist would make her final appearance in Bristol last night, and doubtless not a few were present to bestow upon one so long an ornament to the profession. Miss Edith Wynne's best effort was 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Mr. Lewis Thomas is well known in local musical circles. His finished style, combined with the complete command he has over a voice which, for the richness of its tone and volume, is so remarkable, commanded the admiration of all. Mr. Cummings was painstaking as ever, and everything he e-sayed resulted in succ-ss. Mr. Harper, *the* trumpeter—for where is his equal to be found?—played the solo in 'The trumpet shall sound' magnificently, and was warmly applauded."

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA IN AMERICA.

(*From the "Missouri Republican," St. Louis, Dec.* 11, 1869.)

DE BAR'S OPERAHOUSE.

The rain fell like a second deluge last night, and the streets and avenues of the city were transformed into canals of liquid mud, but in spite of all unfavourable influences the theatre was packed above and below, seats, halls, and lobbies, with as splendid an audience as we have ever seen within its walls. And to this audience Verdi's opera of *Il Trovatore* was pre-ented in a manner worthy of that master-piece of musical genius. The cast was admirable, embracing the best material of the *troupe*, and the parts were distributed with so nice an appreciation of the qualifications of the various persons for the works assigned them, that not a single blemish occurred to mar the perfect beauty of the whole. Leonora was interpreted by Parepa, and we think Verdi himself would have shouted "bravo" had he witnessed the central figure of his opera set in so fair a guise. The *prima donna* was lost and forgotten in the loving, devoted, passionate woman which she represented, and every movement, every gesture was fashioned so closely upon nature's pattern, that it required an effort of the reason to convince the spectator he was gazing only at a counterfeit presentment and not at the original. We have spoken so warmly hitherto of Parepa's voice that further praise is useless, even could we find words in which to shape it. Song—deep, melodious, heart-thrilling song—is simply the natural language of this great artist. It bursts from her lips as freely and as purely as the spray from a fountain, the perfume from the flowers, laughter from happy children, tears from pitying womanhood. She is a crowned priestess in the Temple of the Muses, and sings with the same impulse which sends the lark to carol its matin hymn at heaven's gate.

This afternoon *Fra Diavolo* is given, and this evening the *prima* will make their farewell appearance in the *Bohemian Girl*—Parepa as Arline.

MR. GEORGE PERREN'S BENEFIT.

The season of English opera was brought to a close at the Crystal Palace by a performance, on Thursday last the 16th ult., for the benefit of Mr. George Perren, under whose direction the operas have been given. The theatre was crowded. The operas were *Lucia di Lammermoor* and *The Waterman*, the characters being sustained by Madame Florence Lancia and Mr. George Perren. Between the parts Mr. Perren appeared before the audience and said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I should be wanting in common gratitude and proper feeling if I did not thank you most heartily for this magnificent gathering. The question has often been asked, 'Can English opera find a home in this country?' It is said that it cannot; but in my presence here gives an emphatic denial to such an assertion. And why should it not succeed? Are there not able exponents of the works of our great masters? Need I remind you of a Clara Novello, or Catherine Hayes, or Braham, and, to come to our own time, of the greatest singer of the present day, on whom his mantle has fallen, Mr. Sims Reeves? (Loud cheers.) Or of that illustrious singer, who has no equal, Mr. Santley? And of lady singers, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Louisa Pyne? And, last, I may mention the efforts of our own company, who have all worked most earnestly in the cause. (Great cheering.) I must not, however, forget our captain, who has brought us nobly into the haven of success, Mr. Manns (immense cheering); and his band, too, unprecedented in Europe, who have always cheered us on by their kindness as well as by their talent. And, ladies and gentlemen, now from the utmost recesses of my heart, in all sincerity I thank you for your great kindness to me. This occasion I shall never forget. We are about in part for a short recess, and permit me to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

The speech was received with enthusiasm.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE NINTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "O cessate di piegarmi"—Mr. SANTLEY .. .. .. *Scarlatti.*
FANTASIA, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts) .. .. .. *Friedmann Bach*

PART II.

SONATA, in D major, Op. 58, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONGS, "Elegy des larmes," and "La Poste"—Mr. SANTLEY *Schubert.*
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabasso—MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, PAPE, WENDLAND, WITTERSHEIM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of ASPLIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAYS, January 10, 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14 (1870).

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12 (1870), the Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Mondays, January 10 and 17; Herr PAPE on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLE on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Herr STRAUS will lead the Quartet on Monday's, January 10 and 17, and after that date play Viola till the end of the season.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearances on Monday Evening, January 24, and Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Signor PIATTI will hold the post of principal Violoncello, Herr L. RIES, that of second Violin, and Mr. ZERBINI, that of second Viola, till the end of the season.

Mr. BENEDICT will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Yes. We remember it well. The dinner took place at the Earl and Shoulder, Axminster. The *ménu* consisted of Halibi cheap, Schalgeiger cheese, Tafilat dates, Kentish cobs, rolled ox-tongue, &c. But the song given by Dr. Spider, who was in the chair, ran otherwise than our correspondent seems to be aware. The first couplet was as thus:—

"A shepherd asleep may lose his sheep,
But a shepherd awake won't lose his cake."

We forget the rest, though we cannot forget the music to the song—by E. J. Loder—which had already been used in an anthem.

DILETTANTE.—Mdlle. Vaneri sang in the Italian Opera at Drury Lane Theatre when Mr. E. T. Smith was manager. She is now with M. Bagier, at the Italiens, in Paris.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

*** *The four extra pages promised with this number will be given next week.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1870.

THE BRISTOL TRAGEDY.

WE have just been reminded upon what an uncertain tenure those who frequent theatres and concert-halls hold their lives. The danger is none the less real and constant, because seldom manifest. In the crowd of decorous or hilarious pleasure-seekers there may appear no cause for dread. Everybody on good terms with everybody else is, rather, suggestive of unwonted security. But, as a matter of stern and, sometimes, terribly illustrated fact, there needs but one of a hundred contingencies ever lurking on the outskirts of a mob, to turn pleasure-seekers one against the other in a mad struggle for dear life. Thoughtful men ponder this thing now and then, and the more they do so the more are they amazed that the possibility of such a catastrophe is so often overlooked. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; and the efficiency of any arrangement for the security of crowds must be measured by its adaptedness to the most trying circumstances. As a result, only here and there can we observe any efficiency at all. Those who design our places of amusement are satisfied to meet ordinary requirements. They appear to believe that audiences can never do otherwise than walk deliberately in, and, as deliberately, walk out. Hence the "man-traps" with which our cities abound:—places where the difficulty of entrance to an eager mob is only exceeded by the difficulty of exit. The fatuity of architects is strongly illustrated in the Bristol catastrophe. How the theatre may be adapted to allow a speedy clearance of its interior we know not; personal observation, however, has convinced us that, with regard to speedy filling, the designer has triumphantly shown "how not to do it." If he had deliberately set himself to arrange for the slaughter of Boxing-night, he could hardly have been more successful. In the first place, the entrances to pit and gallery are close together, and reached by the same passage. This, of course, secures on one spot the greatest possible concourse of people least accustomed to self-restraint. Next, the entrances are at right-angles to the passage; that to the gallery being on the same side as that to the pit, and further from the street. By this ingenious arrangement are entailed slow ingress and a necessity for the gallery frequenters to fight their way through those of the pit. Lastly, as if to take every precaution against safety, the passage has a considerable slope, making descent to Avernus easy, and throwing upon the unfortunates at the bottom the weight of those above. Looking at these things, the whole matter becomes clear enough. An eager crowd, fiercely struggling for admission under such circumstances, could hardly avoid involuntary homicide. So, when the unfortunate passage was cleared, horrified by-standers counted eighteen dead.

It may be that the Bristol victims will not have perished in vain. Their deaths should direct attention to the provision generally made for public safety at places of public resort. In this matter, as in so many others, authoritative supervision, regulated by stringent enactment, is much needed. Supervision of some kind exists, but its exercise can hardly give umbrage to architects and proprietors, who seem to do pretty much as they think fit. Under a proper arrangement, for example, Exeter Hall would not be allowed to remain as it is a week longer. Time and again have its dangers been pointed out, yet those dangers remain; and at every Sacred Harmonic Concert the lives of hundreds hang, so to speak, upon a thread. There is no exaggeration in this statement. Exeter Hall, with its audience in a panic, would repeat the horrors of Valparaiso without the flames.

Another improvement is suggested by the Bristol accident—to wit, the enforcement of order among crowds waiting admission.

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We do not say that an English mob is more brutal than any other; but an English mob is, nevertheless, always brutal. The intense selfishness of its members, when striving for a common object, and the reckless cruelty which that selfishness entails, are of a disgusting order. Here is a matter for police interference. The public must be protected against itself, especially in the interest of its weakest members. For this reason, we see no valid objection to the French arrangement, which at once secures order, and puts all on an equality. Its enforcement might at first give trouble, though not more than a few extra policemen could easily surmount. Afterwards, we believe, the accruing benefit to everybody would be so obvious that the system might be left to work of itself. In any case, the matter requires attention. Nothing should be left undone which is likely to prevent wholesale slaughter like that at Bristol.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr. C. G. Verrinder's choral class gave a musical evening at Westbourne Hall, on December 22nd, whereat the following artists appeared among others:—Miss Grace Aguilar, Madame Andrea, Mrs. Abbott, Miss Grace Lindo, Madame Debenhams, Messrs. Elmore, Nobile, Rye, Le Messurier, and Matthews. The programme, a long and varied one, calls for no special remark. Mr. Verrinder and Miss Grace Aguilar conducted.

Herr Lehmeyer's first pianoforte chamber concert, on Wednesday last, had a good attendance. Herr Lehmeyer played a solo of his own ("La Foret"), a sonata by Mendelssohn for pianoforte, and a duet for the pianoforte (with Mr. Chandau Lane) on themes from *Faust*. Several of Herr Lehmeyer's pupils played with success excerpts from the works of Weber, Spohr, Heller, and Mendelssohn. Miss Blanche Reeves and Madame Montserrat were the vocalists. M. Francesco Berger and Mr. Henry Parker were at the pianoforte.

Madame Berger Lascelles' first amateur vocal performance took place on Tuesday evening at her residence, 3 York Street, Baker Street Square, before a full audience. The first part consisted of a selection from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, including the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Gratias," "Sanctus," "O Salutaris," and "Agnus Dei," which last was given admirably by Madame Berger Lascelles. The second part consisted of selections from the works of Francesco Berger, Bishop, Campana, Costa, Mozart, and Vincent Wallace, for the most part admirably interpreted by amateur pupils of Madame Berger Lascelles. M. Francesco Berger accompanied.

Mr. Aguilar gave at his last performance of pianoforte music (December 16th), the following programme:—Sonata in F (Op. 10, No. 2), Beethoven; "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la solitude," Liszt; La Gelosia (Ilonda brillant), Miss Emily L. E. Wright, pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Study in E flat (by desire), Thalberg; Romanza, Aguilar; Sonata in A minor, Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *Maanniello*, Thalberg (Miss E. E. Wright); "Appeal," "In a Wood on a Windy Day" (Transcriptions), Aguilar; Pensée fugitive, and Mazurka, Aguilar.

Miss Edwards gave a musical afternoon on Thursday, the 16th ult., at her residence, 100, Ebury Street. A capital programme was drawn up, commencing with a selection from the *Messe Solennelle* of Rossini, the solos of which were executed by Miss Edwards, Madame Montserrat, and Mr. Henry Gordon (pupil of Signor Portes, of Paris), who possesses a good tenor voice, and who sang "Domine Deus" remarkably well. The "Qui tollis" received every justice from Miss Edwards and Madame Montserrat. The latter also gave "Agnus Dei." Miss Edwards sang the "Crucifixus." The ballad from *Hamlet*, and a new waltz, "The Naiads." She also played Ascher's fantasia, "Alice." Mr. Henry Gordon sang "Adelaide," and Duggan's new ballad, "Why breathe that sigh?"; and Signor de Rono played some solos on the violin. Sig. Pilotti accompanied.

At a concert given by Herr Carl Heuse, the composer and pianist, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 16th inst., the singing of Mdme. Chamerozow was highly successful. This young lady made her first appearance in public at Mdme. Arabella Goddard's pianoforte recitals in St. James's Hall, but she had then barely recovered from severe illness. She however proved by her second appearance, that she possesses a sympathetic soprano, with the agreeable addition of a good method. She gave a ballad by Carl Hause, "There grew a little flower once," and a brilliant air from Auber's *Concert à la Cour*. She was recalled after both. Mdlle. Bauermeister also sang a ballad by Herr Hause, "The chain I wore." The concert giver played his own "Souvenir de Thuringen," and a *Duo concertante* for two pianofortes, with Herr Schratzenholz. Herr Hause was further aided by Signor Piatti and Herr Ludwig (violin).

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

In a general article on the Christmas performances of the *Messiah*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society (two), Mr. Barnby's Choir, Mr. G. W. Martin's National Choral Society, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir (principal singers from Madame Sainton-Dolby's "Farewell Tour" party) the *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following exordium:—

"The performance of the *Messiah* at St. James's Hall on Christmas eve was the fifth on a 'grand' scale in seven days. They all attracted large audiences, and there seems no reason to doubt that forty would have done the same. Popularity so unbounded is worth looking at, because there is nothing like it in the world of art. Only to a partial extent do adequate causes appear. The subject of the oratorio is one which strongly affects large classes whose permitted modes of recreation are few; and the music of Handel is on all sides held worthy of its theme. But those who hear the *Messiah* to gratify religious sentiment are, probably, a minority; while very few, we imagine, listen from beginning to end without weariness. Every number is so familiar that only an exceptional rendering can sustain interest throughout; and no other audience puts itself in a posture of endurance so complete, or shows an earlier tendency to struggle away in twos and threes. Yet the oratorio is much more certain than any other to draw a crowded house. Does an explanation of this lie in the fact that hearing the *Messiah* savours of decorous respectability akin to that of hearing sermons? If Handel's work has been made into a musical fetish which one must venerate, and to which one must sacrifice, the whole matter is clear enough. The English public does what is expected of it as all such points with exemplary fidelity, and often affects amazing enjoyment from the task. Happily the *Messiah*, if a fetish, is one of a beneficent order. Some of its aspects nobody would think of reproducing now, but others lapse of time can never make old-fashioned."

The *Pall Mall* speaks encouragingly of Madame Sinico's *début* in oratorio:—

"At the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, the chief feature was Mdme. Sinico, who made her first essay in sacred music. The result was encouraging, and for that reason not surprising to those acquainted with the lady's talent and versatility. Mdme. Sinico gave the airs with a regard for the text and an absence of self-display which showed that she has studied upon a new department of her art in the right spirit. Whether she is endowed with the means of adequate expression time must decide; but even for this the encore awarded to 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' suggests hope."

With regard to Mdlle. Christine Nilsson the writer is consistent in his eulogy:—

"We need not repeat our estimate of her singing; and it will be enough to state that a crowded audience again recognised an interpreter of the *Messiah* gifted with every qualification for her work."

The consideration of Mr. Barnby's performance suggests to him a contrast—

"between the effect of 800 executants and of 700 of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The former is of interest because nearly approximating to what was a *Messiah* performance in Handel's day. That the master had in view colossal effects nobody doubts. How far he anticipated the means of his time by the character of his music 300 performers give an opportunity of judging."

Those of Mr. G. W. Martin and Mr. Henry Leslie suggest another:—

"The *Messiah* of the Sacred Harmonic Society is a continued struggle between band and chorus; that of Mr. Martin gives the chorus its own way. Not a few amateurs object to the former; and it must be a consolation for them to have the latter at command, provided they can tolerate an orchestra which makes up in independence what it wants in power. * * * * *

"How far the high training which Mr. Leslie's Choir has undergone is specially useful in oratorio remains undecided, some arguing for the less refined vigour of Exeter Hall. In any case, it is well to have the two renderings, because, while the majority may love energy, not a few prefer polish."

Our able contemporary will find both sentient and dissentient voices. Let him make the best of each. Neither can greatly hurt his argument.

Leipsic.—A fifth *Suite* by Herr Franz Lachner was most favourably received at the eighth Gewandhaus concert. M. Delaborde, pianist from Paris, performed several pieces, among them being Chopin's "Concert-Allegro," and Bach's "Toccata" in F major; but he failed to enlist the sympathies of the audience. Mdme. Walter Strauss sang an air from *Don Juan*, as well as a recitative and air from *Judas Maccabæus*. The orchestral piece was Cherubini's overture to *Medea*. The programme of the ninth concert included a novelty in the shape of a Symphony in C major, by Herr Vierling, of Berlin. It did not meet with a very flattering reception Mdme. Peshka Leutner sang a soprano solo, and the band also performed the overture to *Oberon*.

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THE DEVIL AS A MUSICIAN.*

That the results of the ominal spirit of a people, manifested in the form of the myth, very frequently, under utterly different conditions, at different epochs, and among perfectly different races, exhibit a strange similarity, exceeding even to the details, is a fact that might be proved by hundreds of examples. I will merely mention the Tell legend, which is to be met with in various countries, as in Denmark, for instance, and that, too, several centuries earlier than in Switzerland. This phenomenon is still more striking in such myths as concern well-known historical individualities, and first sprang up when whatever happened was handed down by a thousand pens from the Present to Posterity. Tartini is not the only person who to a dream fiddled with the Devil for a bet, and transcribed the opponent's performance for us as the "Devil's Sonata." The same thing is recited of another musician, quite as important among his own set to his own age—the genial Ibrahim of Mosul, Court Singer of the Caliph, Haroun Alraschid in Bagdad.

Ibrahim had begged a holiday to sacrifice at home to Bacchus and Venus. As he was seated, to the midst of his wives, at table, he perceived—de-pite the orders given to the porter that he was to admit to one—an old man enter the apartment. Notwithstanding his dissatisfaction, Ibrahim greeted his visitor, and begged him to take a seat. Having entered into conversation with him, on history and poetry, Ibrahim, to his surprise, found the old man well informed to everything connected therewith. The two drank together, and, at last, the old man asked Ibrahim to do something for their amusement. "Ibrahim, my boy, sing us something; something you have sung to kings and others!" Ibrahim felt angry at the unbecomingly familiar way in which he was addressed, but he sang notwithstanding. After he had concluded, he received, however, only the same praise conveyed in the words: "Very good, oh, Ibrahim!" When he made no reply to this impolite behaviour of his uninvited guest, the latter continued: "Will you not sing something else? Do what you can, and I will afterwards imitate your example." Ibrahim exerted himself to the very utmost, and sang as he had never sung before. When he had finished, the old man praised him, and begged permission to sing in his turn. Ibrahim consented, but thought to himself: "What a fool, to wish to sing after *me!*" The old man preluded, and then sang several songs, so beautifully that Ibrahim was perfectly transported with delight. When the old man had concluded, he said: "Oh, Ibrahim, remember these songs, and teach them your maidens." He then suddenly vanished.—All present were affrighted; all had heard the beautiful strains. They ran to the doors, but found every one of them securely locked. The door-keepers had seen nothing of any old man. Ibrahim, immersed in thought, returned to his seat, when suddenly a voice from one corner of the room whispered to him: "All (and searching is of no avail; I am Iblis" (the Devil). "It was I who was your guest."—Ibrahim resolved to profit by what had occurred. He rode off to the Caliph, related the circumstance, and had to sing him the "Devil's Song." Haroun, in his turn, was entranced with them; fell to carousing with Ibrahim; and trusted that he, too, might hear the Devil sing.

Ibrahim was of Persian stock, while the leading musicians of that day in the Caliph's dominions were Nabatheans (from the southern part of Mesopotamia). When twenty-three years old, Ibrahim ran away from his home, and led a genial, but very rough life, as a leafer, or rather a robber. In the society of kindred spirits, he lay in ambush on the highways, pillaged travellers, and spent the booty in dissipation. This period was so far useful to him that he learned many songs from his companions. Leaving the district where he then was (the neighbourhood of Mosul), he made his way to Persia, and accidentally attracted the attention of an emissary of the Caliph. He was ordered to sing to the official, who gave him a sum of money, with which he went to Obolla, and perfected himself under a celebrated master. The Caliph Almehdi then summoned him to the Court in Bagdad, and gave him an honourable appointment. Ibrahim led a very merry life, but was particularly fond of wine. Despite the warnings of the Caliph, he would not reform, and at last that potentate ordered him to receive three hundred blows with the stick, so that, as he himself says, "the world appeared to him yellow, red, and green." The Caliph further commanded him to be imprisoned; and, for a time, placed in a coffin and put in a tomb. Ibrahim escaped, however, and remained concealed, not reappearing till Almelidi was dead, and Haroun Alraschid, Caliph. He was restored by the latter to his former dignity, and continually being presented with the most costly gifts. Haroun was a passionate admirer of his singing, and had him nearly always in immediate attendance. When Ibrahim died, the Caliph made his own son recite the prayer over his corpse.

Songs were then handed down orally, the master singing them over and over till the pupil remembered them. Many singers used to purchase female slaves, whom they taught and then sold for large sums to amateurs. Cases are sometimes said to have occurred though, when a singer practised a melody, to gain money by singing it to the Caliph, and another listened under his window until he, too, knew the melody, and then, running off, sang it at Court, and thus gained the advantage over the original singer. As a rule, singers were but very lightly esteemed, a fact for which they had probably to thank their mode of life.

Ed. S.

* From the Leipsic *Signale*.

BISHOP HOPKINS AND THE HOPKINSES *V.* EVERYBODY.

We take the subjoined spicy article from the *New York Musical Review*:—

"The *Orphoenist and Philharmonic Journal*, the first number of which has just reached us, objects to everybody and everything—excepting C. Jerome Hopkins, the Rev. John H. Hopkins, and the late Bishop of Vermont, whom we take to be Bishop Hopkins, the father of C. Jerome. Etiquette would have placed the father first; but the business sign of C. Jerome must read thus:—C. Jerome Hopkins, Rev. John H. Hopkins, and father. 'Ourselves' and 'we' whenever alluded to, are italicized. This does not occur once only. On page two is an article which is hard upon the directors of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn, more particularly one of them, Mr. George W. Warren, who wrote a mazurka called the '*Little Gipsy*' but the '*Wind Demon*' by C. J. H. Next, the *Review* catches it; but as our particular griefs do not concern the public, we will forbear to wipe our eyes on it. The next notice is to the effect that (our) C. Jerome Hopkins 'did play and conduct as well as our poor abilities and hearty laughter, would allow' in Boston. Twiglit gets mangled next. Dr Peck gets a hard rub for wearing kid gloves 'at an 'oratorio' as conductor. Bernard Boekleman comes in for a column, in which his grammar, 'business,' local habitation and name are rather indefinitely handled. F. L. Ritter gets a goodly share of 'knock down.' Mr. Ritter who has the largest musical library in the country, comprising 3,000 volumes, in all languages, and who has written several symphonies oratorios, overtures, classic songs, pianoforte pieces, and concertos for almost every instrument, dares to lecture on the subject of music! Poor Mr. Ritter, we believe, has abandoned the idea on account of these strictures in the *Orphoenist*, and will only appear on the nights announced. The recent so called 'National Musical Convention' gets the next canister—in which a statement is made that 'we, (Hopkins and the Hopkinses) feel like the Pharisee and are inclined to thank Providence 'that we are not as other men are.' Other men are alike thankful for this arrangement. The Messrs. Steinway & Sons then get a shot. They unfortunately own a hall and organ, a 'wheezy,' 'asthmatical' old machine. But the organ of the Young Men's Christian Association is praised on account of a 'drum and bell accompaniment' which it contains. 'These novelties,' says the *Orphoenist*, consist of a 'bass drum,' 'side drum,' 'cymbals,' a 'complete set of bells,' and an attachment by which to imitate a hail storm!' And the Steinways are asked to furnish another kindred monster of discord. St. Cecilia forbid! Happily Hopkins cries havoc in vain. As was the case with Benedick, 'nobody regards him'—save for merriment, and the marvel is that he will still keep talking."

WAIFS.

The Monday Popular Concerts will be resumed on the 10th of January, with the welcome return of Mme. Arabella Goddard, whose style is so identified with the poetry of the piano, and not with its hammering. Herr Straus is to be first fiddle, Piatti and Paque violoncello, Ries second violin, and Zerffi viola. W. Friedemann Bach's Pianoforte Fantasia will be played by the Queen of Pianists, who will be associated with Piatti in Mendelssohn's Sonata in D major. As Beethoven's Septet and Schubert's Quartet in C major are composed in this scheme, it is evident that it will be a "sensational" evening.—*The Queen, Dec.* 25.

The provisional theatre at Dresden has been opened with Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

Prince Poniatowski is preparing his opera, *Pierre de Medicis*, for the Carnival season at Milan.

Madame Volpini has been singing in *Faust* and the *Traviata* at Mocnow, and been received with enthusiasm.

Herr Lehmeyer commenced a series of six concerts at the Store Street Music Hall on the 22nd.

Wachtel terminated his Paris engagement by playing Elvino in the *Sonnambula*. Mdlle. Semi was the Amina.

Verdi will pass the winter in Genoa. Offenbach is to Vienna, producing his *Princesse de Trebizond*.

Wagner's *Phantom Ship* has been produced at Rotterdam, and his *Maîtres Chanteurs* at Weimar.

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The Italian Opera at Brussels has failed. Concerts have been given for the relief of the artists.

Herr Stockhausen, the bass-baritone, it is said, is engaged by the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, for their forthcoming season.

Messrs. Ketterus and Goffrie announce a provincial tour next month, with the sisters Doria, Mdlle. Jarvis Rubini, Herr Kreutzer, and M. Paque.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—All difficulties about the Italian Opera being housed in the forthcoming season at Drury Lane Theatre have been surmounted.

Mario has resumed his professional duties in St. Petersburgh, his three daughters are with him. Adelina Patti has been playing in *Figlia del Reggimento*, Calzolari and Gassier being the other singers.

In consequence of the great success of the carol concert given by the parish church choir, at Wakefield, last year, a similar concert—says the *Wakefield Journal and Examiner*—was to be given on Christmas day.

The 250th anniversary of the birth of Racine was celebrated at the Théâtre-Français, by the performance of *Mithridate* and the *Plaideurs*; at the Odéon, by *Athalie*, the fifth act of *Phèdre*, with the recital of *Théramène* by Beauvallet, and the *Plaideurs*.

Madama Sainton-Dolby's farewell provincial tour ends early in February. She will close her distinguished musical career next June, giving, meanwhile, ten concerts of English music on the 7th and 14th of January, in St. James's Hall.

Miss Georgina Maundsley, who gained the Westmoreland Scholarship of the Royal Academy of Music at the last competition, is a pupil of Mr. Wallworth, another of whose pupils (Miss Aiwina Lohman) obtained the Westmoreland Scholarship at the Exhibition of April, 1868.

The Parisians are to be afforded the opportunity of appreciating Madame Arabella Goddard as a pianist this season. It is to be hoped she will make her *début* at the Conservatoire in one of Mendelssohn's concertos. It would be too much perhaps, to ask the French to try one by Sterndale Bennett.—*The Queen, Dec. 25.* (Unfortunately this is incorrect.)

Mr. John Boosey announces that the London Ballad Concerts will be resumed in St. James's Hall during the four Wednesdays in January, conducted by Mr. J. L. Hatton—chief singers: Mesdames Sherrington, Lichtert, Jewell, Patey, Elton, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Patey, with Madame Arabella Goddard as pianist. The Orpheus Glee and Madrigal Union, directed by Mr. Fielding, will assist.

Herr Gottschalk's concerts have created a *furore* in Rio Janeiro. Tickets are sold eight days in advance, and speculators realise twenty-five dollars premium on seats. The Emperor, Imperial family, and Court attend at all his entertainments. A fantasia on the national hymn of Brasil composed by him and performed at his concerts, has highly pleased the Emperor and delighted the people. (Yankee puff.)

One day a poet read a new play before the reading committee of the French comedy. It was unanimously declined. The poet went up to M. Samson the well-known actor, and said to him: "I have a right to complain of you; you voted against my piece, and yet you slept all the time I was reading." M. Samson wittily replied: "Sir, in literary matters sleep is an opinion." Is not the rule as applicable to sermons as to plays?

In answer to the question, "How fast does sound travel?" Billings says he thinks it depends upon the sound you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitation to get up in the morning, I have known to be three quarters of an hour going up two pairs of stairs, and then not have strength enough left to be heard."

There was a funny scene at the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore on Saturday night. The operetta, *A Rainy Day*, was performing, and the mimic rain behind the scene was well managed. In the midst of it real rain began to descend through a ventilator in the dome, and sprinkled the occupants of the orchestra chairs and the musicians. Several umbrellas were raised among the audience, amid the most demonstrative cheers and laughter.

The first number of a musical paper in the Russian language has just appeared at St. Petersburgh. Its name translated, into English, is the *Musical Season*, from which it may be surmised that it will only be issued during that period of the year when operas and concerts are in vogue. We believe we are correct in stating that this is the first time a periodical exclusively devoted to music was ever published in Russia. Let us hope that the *Musical Season* of St. Petersburgh may turn out to be an independent advocate of the interests of art, and not what so many similar journals in Italy, France, Germany, and even England are—mere shop circulars.

A writer in the *Salut Public* of Lyons, just arrived from London, says that in a small theatre he witnessed the representation of a melodrama entitled *Tropmann; or, The Human Tiger*. All the details of the crime are faithfully produced. The audience is present at the assassination of the six victims. The comic business devolves on the *gendarme*, Ferrand. The pursuit of Tropmann recalls that which Victorien Sardou has dramatised in the *Pommes du Voisin*. The last act represents the court of assizes. Tropmann is on the bench of the accused. The jury is about to deliver the verdict. Suddenly a noise is heard, a door opens, and their appears—Kinck. senior. *Tableau*.

In response to a circular addressed to seventy choral organizations in Massachusetts, by Dr. Tourjée, having for its object the formation of a State Musical Society, a meeting was held at Boston Music Hall, November 17th. Resolutions were adopted styling the association the "Massachusetts Section of the National Musical Congress," and providing that its officers shall consist of an executive committee of seven, to be elected annually from the state choral societies. A resolution was also adopted recommending that all choral organizations throughout the country unite, without further delay, with the National Musical Congress, under the provisions of the constitution of that body, and pledging the efforts of the delegates present in that direction.

Attention, London!—A movement has been inaugurated in New York for a grand celebration of the centenary of Beethoven's birth. Several meetings have been held, and much interest is felt in the enterprise. At a meeting held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, November 20th, William C. Bryant was chosen president of the association. Among the board of managers are Messrs. A. T. Stewart, S. B. Chittenden, Moses H. Grinnell, Horace Greely, George Wm. Curtis, &c. It was resolved that the festival should consist of a succession of musical observances for a number of days, and that application be made to the Central Park Commissioners, asking them to appropriate a site for a building for the festival, and to take charge and management of the same.

The peal of bells lately founded at Loughborough for Worcester Cathedral are deposited in the north transept preparatory to their elevation to the tower. They are 13 in number; 12 will ring in peal, and the 13th is the semi-tone required for the Westminster chimes. About 3,000*l.* has been raised by public subscription to defray their cost. They vary in weight from 6cwt. 3qrs. 19lb. to 50cwt. They are named after the Apostles, the great bell being St. Peter. Each is ornamented with a band of Gothic work, and the name of the Apostle inscribed on the waist, in letters of the 15th century. The total weight is 221cwt. 3qrs. 22lb. When the bells are hung it is proposed to have a dedication service to inaugurate the peal.

Reports just now about operatic engagements for the ensuing season must be received with caution. We may cite the instance of Mdlle. Marie Roze, who, according to several of our contemporaries, was secured by Mr. Wood for his Italian operatic company some time since; whereas, in fact, Mdlle. Roze is engaged in an engagement with M. Perrin, of the Académie Impériale. Another young pupil of M. Wartel's, however, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitsky, Russian by birth, of whom there has been no little talk recently in Paris, is, we are informed, pledged to Mr. Wood, and, if rumour may be believed, is likely to create a new sensation. M. Wartel has been singularly fortunate in his pupils, several of whom, among them Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, having obtained European reputation. It is to be hoped that Mdlle. Lewitsky may prove herself worthy such fellowship.

A contemporary might have found more materials for his notes on "Mendelssohn and Handel" if he had looked a little further into Mendelssohn's *Letters* and Devrient's *Recollections*. He has quoted the letter to Devrient of September 30, 1833, and the later undated one; but if he had looked into the *Recollections* under August 2, 1834, he would have found not only that Mendelssohn did at length receive the "Te Deum," but that it was performed (though not at a "winter concert"). "Oh," he says, "accept my thanks for sending the 'Te Deum' we shall do it on the 17th of August in the church, and the choruses already go quite charmingly." And this is corroborated by a sentence in another letter to Schubring of July 15:—

"This summer we have done in the church a mass of Beethoven's, one of Cherubini's, cantatas of Sebastian Bach's, an 'Ave Maria,' and 'Give to us peace' [by Mendelssohn himself], and next month we shall do Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*. I need not say that they are by no means perfect; but one hears the things, and both performances and performers improve each time."

It thus seems to be certain that the "Te Deum," as performed at the oratorio concert of the 8th, was the fruit of Mendelssohn's ultimate corrections, his mature judgment of the manner in which "additional accompaniments" should be put to Handel.

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"Parepa-Rosa" says an American paper "was singing 'Casta Diva' at San Francisco. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eyes, she commenced with her Æolian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a gush of plaintive, supplicating harmony that vibrated through every chord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, silver powdered, and there was a sweet pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and the audience, wild with enthusiasm, were demanding *encore*, when my companion raised her large serene eyes to my face, and said, 'Isn't it sad?' 'Yes,' I replied, quickly, sharing her feeling, 'although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord.' 'O, nonsense,' she exclaimed, 'I don't mean that! You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men in California bald-headed? I wonder if it isn't dissipation, or the climate, or what? Do you know I have been picking out bald heads down in the parquet, and, would you believe it, I actually counted out twenty-five!"

"One day as I was returning to Tallahassee from a hunting excursion in Florida," says a recent traveller (who writes for the Marines), "we were rowing along by the shore, about sunset, when suddenly a strange, grave, and prolonged sound struck my ear. At first I thought it must be a drone, or fly of extraordinary magnitude; but seeing nothing I questioned my guide as to what it could be. 'Oh, massa' replied he, 'dat is de fish what sings. Some call it siren, or mermaid fish, and others musico.' A little way on we heard a greater chorus of these strange voices, reminding me faintly of the music of church organs. I stopped the canoe, the better to study this strange phenomenon; when, at my request, my sable oarsman threw a net into the water, and soon laid at the bottom of the boat about a score of little fish each about two inches long, resembling the grey mullet very closely in outward form. 'Dese be mermaids, massa,' said the negro; 'but in the name of hebben, don't eat dem!' 'Why not?' quoth I. 'Because they hab the lub poison.' 'Lub poison?' and pray what's that?' 'Yes, massa; when you eat one ob dese fish, you fall so deep in lub you can never get out again.' I tried to laugh my black friend out of his notion, but in vain. In spite of what he said, however, I had my musico fried that evening, and found, as I expected, that it was none the worse for the experiment. The musician fish is white, with a few blue spots near the belly. It is about sunset when these fish begin to sing, and they continue their music during the night."

Herr von Dingelstedt, director of the Vienna Opera, is about to break through the traditions of ballet. He believes it to suffer from want of humour, and proposes to deal with the next new ballet facetiously. Amusing scenes are to awaken the public, and Herr Berg, a farce writer, has been charged with the task of providing a libretto full of absurd situations. It would be difficult to find anything more absurd than the ballets with which we are favoured, unless it is the situation of the spectators, who applaud the eccentricities of artists when, attempting to make themselves appear ridiculously graceful, they appear disgracefully ridiculous. Much might be done for this kind of entertainment by introducing the current topics of the day. The Southwark election, for instance. The *corps* would consist of electors. Mr. Layard, with castanets, would take his departure for Madrid. General dance, expressive of grief, by the *corps*. *Pas seul* by a "working man." *Pas de deux* by advanced Liberals, also calling themselves "working men." *Pas seul* by a Conservative. *Pas de quatre* by all the candidates. Dance, expressive of hesitation, by the *corps*. Music expressive of economy and retrenchment. *Grand tableau*—the House of Commons. Defiant dances by leaders of both parties. The majority pursue the minority round the stage. The successful candidate, as an independent member, trips to the footlights; music expressive of peace and progress. He dances round the stage pursued by whippers-in of both sides. The doors of the House fall down. Working men, licensed victuallers, local authorities, and habitual criminals join in a dance of a legislative description. Blue and orange lights flash and mingle, and the curtain falls to music expressive of the millenium.

COLOGNE.—Handel's oratorio of *Solomon* was performed at the eighth Gürzenich concert. The principal vocalist was Mdme. Joachim.

SALZBURG.—Herr Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Heimkehr aus Babylon*, was produced at the Mozarteum a short time since, and it is to be repeated in a week or so.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The programme of the second concert given by the Musical Society of Russia this season, contained Mozart's G minor Symphony; Beethoven's Violin Concerto, played by Herr Auer, professor at the Conservatory; the air, "Che farò senza Euridice?" from Gluck's *Orfeo*, Mdlle. Lawrowskaja being the vocalist; the "Festklange," by the Abbate Franz Liszt; a chorus from Handel's *Samson*; and Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal" for January, 1870. Edited by William Spark, Mus. Doc.; "First Sonata" for piano and violin, by Walter Macfarren.

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"No. 6. CUPID AND HYMEN, though less attractive than the other numbers is not without merit, and will possibly please many, more than would better music.

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THE AMERICAN PRESS NOTICES CONTINUED,

ON THE PERFORMANCE OF

MISS ROSE HERSEE

AT

Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, &c.

"Arline (Miss Rose Hersee) created a profound sensation as her first notes broke upon the audience. Much had been expected from this *prima donna*, but few there were present, who imagined that she would prove the rival of any they had ever heard on the operatic boards. She held her hearers spell-bound, and won for herself the wildest applause ever awarded a soprano in this city. Jenny Lind had fire and enthusiasm, and few heard her who did not feel the power and brilliancy of her offerings; Kellogg imitated the Swedish nightingale with success—Piccolomini sings as earnestly and sweetly, Patti with more force and eloquence, Parepa with equal brilliancy and more art, but Rose Hersee has a school of her own; delicious and ecstatic to her hearers. Her advent among the stars who shine to illumine the fine arts of the nineteenth century marks an era, and none dispute her claims to the high place to which she is entitled.—*Pittsburgh Daily Gazette, Oct. 21st*, 1869.

"The most favourable accounts had been reported from the other cities of this charming songstress, yet but few could have anticipated such excellent vocal powers. The very first tones of her beautifully pure voice, at once strengthened the regard that her appearance suggested. The new *débutante* succeeded so admirably that nothing read be feared for her in the future. Her skill at once established her as a favourite, and this good opinion of her merits must grow with every occasion of hearing her. She was twice called before the curtain, and was, throughout the opera, favoured with the heartiest applause."—*Chicago Republican, Oct. 27th*, 1869.

"Her voice is a very pure soprano of clear, bird-like quality. She has remarkably brilliant executive powers, and some of her sustained tones (notably in her opening scene) were made as purely as their counterparts in the orchestra on the flute. One does not need the mouth of prophecy to augur that she will be a decided favourite in all her *rôles*."—*Chicago Tribune, Oct. 27th*, 1869.

"The second night of the season has come and gone, bringing with it the celebrated cantatrice, Miss Rose Hersee, who has created such a sensation in New York and Philadelphia. Well, the result is soon told—she came, she sang, she conquered. . . . . She was called before the curtain at the close of the second act, and again at the *finale*."—*Chicago Evening Journal, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Miss Hersee's *début* was a most emphatic success. Had she not sung quite as she did, the bright little Rose would still have had a good testimony of applause. But she won it doubly, for she sang charmingly. When we say that Miss Hersee is an artist fit to alternate with Mdme. Parepa-Rosa, and add that on this occasion she received several encores, and two calls before the curtain, we say a great deal, and in fact all that we have to say to-day."—*The Evening Post, Oct. 27th*, 1869.

"The *Bohemian Girl* was given last evening at the Operahouse to the largest audience of the season, an audience which literally filled every inch of standing room in the house. The *prima donna* of the evening was the charming little Hersee, who made her second appearance, and to whom the sight of such a vast audience must have been highly gratifying. It was a splendid compliment to the modest little singer. Her reception was very cordial, and during the progress of the opera cordiality developed into enthusiasm. She has established herself as a general favourite."—*Chicago Tribune, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Miss Hersee in the part of Arline confirmed the good opinion that was expressed of her Amina. Her voice has a wide range of expression, and is quite as effective in a simple ballad as it is in an aria that depends for its effect upon ornamentation."—*Chicago Republican, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Miss Rose Hersee, as Arline deepened the impression made by her Amina. Her sprightly acting, her twinkling eyes and laughing mouth, her style so perfectly *natee* and piquant, and above all, her clear and beautiful voice, carried the audience fairly by storm."—*Chicago Evening Journal, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"On Tuesday night Miss Rose Hersee made her *début* here in *Somnambula*. This young lady is small in figure, a *blonde* with a profusion of golden hair, a pleasant, sparkling manner, a clear, pure voice, and very bird-like execution. She is young and pretty, and apparently unaffected. I regard it as a great hit to have engaged her in this *troupe*; her Amina was a lovely personation, not indeed betraying a life-long study of stage business, but by its freshness absolutely more delightful to the audience than a performance would have been that manifested a more prolonged acquaintance with the stage. In voice she was entirely equal to the demands of the music, leaving nothing to be desired! On Thursday night *The Bohemian Girl* was given, Miss Hersee as Arline. Miss Hersee made if possible, a more favourable impression than on Tuesday night."—*Dwight's Journal of Music, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Stopping a few days in Chicago. I find that the charming little *prima donna*, Rose Hersee made quite a sensation in the *Somnambula*. There was about 2800 dollars in the house, and the golden-haired little songstress captivated everybody by her delicious vocalisation and winning manner on the stage. She has a very brilliant career before her in this country. The entire press of the city were quite lavish in her praise."—*New York Evening Telegram*. (Correspondence.)

"La jeune artiste a interprété le chef-d'œuvre de Bellini avec un rare talent. Elle joint à une voix des plus séductrices une grâce d'exécution qui charme l'auditoire. Fantôtve maugre-t-elle, dans les situations pathétiques, de cette vérité qui se développe avec l'age, mais elle n'en est pas moins charmante et gentille à croquer. Elle a joué la scène de somnambulisme du seconde acte avec un fini que l'on trouve rarement sur les plus grandes scène d'Europe."—*L'Amerique, Chicago, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Her pretty voice and her charming singing lent some grace even to the hackneyed song which introduces Arline, and, as well in the choruses as in her solos, Miss Hersee may claim all the credit of the few encores that were given. Though her voice is exceedingly light, its quality is so pure, and her method and articulation so accurate that it is heard, in all its sweet and sympathetic quality, throughout the house, and everybody is perfectly willing to be fascinated with it and the possessor."—*Chicago Times, Oct. 29th*, 1869.

"Mozart Hall.—The *Marriage of Figaro* was performed last night for the first time in Cincinnati before the largest audience that ever assembled on a similar occasion in the city. A song by Miss Hersee, 'Dove Sono,' with which the second act begins, obtained the first hearty applause of the evening The rendering was more tender, the tones were more sympathetic, the expression was more touching than in any of Miss Hersee's former efforts, and the encore was deservedly won." —*Cincinnati Gazette, Nov. 20th*, 1869.

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The Musical World.

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The Lent Term will commence on Monday the 17th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 16th of April.

Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on Tuesday the 13th inst., at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing at Swaffham, on the 13th January; Cambridge, 3rd of February; Lynn Philharmonic Society, 11th February. Can accept engagements *en route*. Communications to be addressed to her residence, 3, Canning Place, Palace Gate, Kensington.

MR. KENNEDY, the celebrated Scottish Vocalist, will make his First Appearance in London, since his highly successful professional tour in Canada, the United States of America, and California, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for THREE ENTERTAINMENTS ONLY, Friday, 14th, Monday, 17th, and Tuesday, 18th January. Pianoforte—Miss KENNEDY.

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Tickets—3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., now ready at the Society's office, 6, Exeter Hall.

Note.—On Friday, January 21st, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Principal Vocalists—Madame Sinico, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley. Tickets as above.

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MR. HARLEY VINNING may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—care of Musical and Operatic Agency, 135, Regent Street, W.

MISS JESSIE ROYD will sing BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Guildford, on Thursday, January 20th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing at Hertford Town Hall on the 17th inst., and Hemel-Hempstead on the 18th, WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," and ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MISS ALEXANDRINA DWIGHT will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new waltz aria, "THE NAIDES," and his ballad, "THE SPRING," at Hertford and Hemel-Hempstead on the 17th and 18th inst.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing in RANSFORD'S popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), at Swaffham, January 13th.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY having terminated his engagement for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's provincial tour, requests that all Letters may be forwarded to Bedford Chambers, 29, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, until the 20th January 1870, after which date he is engaged for Mr. Santley's tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing at Manchester, Chester, Leicester, Nottingham, Doncaster, Leeds, &c., the following popular songs, commencing January 4th:—W. VINCENT WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY," Irish melody, "AWAY FROM DEAR ERIN;" and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new waltz song, "THE NAIDES."

MADAME MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. For terms and particulars respecting Lessons, &c., address — Madame Montserrat, 45, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.

SIGNOR ROMANO (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

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MR. SANTLEY has the honour to announce that his FIRST CONCERT TOUR in England, Ireland, and Scotland will commence in January, 1870. Mr. Santley will be assisted by Madame SINICO, Miss EDMONDS, Herr WILHELMJ, the celebrated violinist, and Madame ARABELLA GODDARD. All applications for the engagement of the party to be made to Mr. Wood, Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.

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SOMETHING ABOUT FRANZ SCHUBERT.*

I.

"Quand on est mort, c'est pour longtemps"—said Désaugiers. We lost poor Schubert on the 19th November, 1828—it was nearly forty years afterwards, in October, 1868, that the ceremony of laying the first stone of the Schubert Monument took place in the Stadtpark. I was present on the occasion with two other old friends of him who had gone so long ago, Franz von Schober, and Franz Lachner. Unfortunately, Moritz von Schwind of Munich, Schubert's favourite in the fresh days of youth, was unable to attend. It was but natural that we who did attend should indulge in reminiscences of the years we had all spent together.

I will here endeavour to describe a few events from the period in question, in so far as they refer to our common friend. Schubert was brought up in the *Convict*,† but resided afterwards with his father (a schoolmaster in the Rossau), whom he assisted in the capacity of usher. That this pedagogical occupation did not especially please the young genius is a fact which is very easy of comprehension. However, in the midst of sorrows and anxieties of all sorts, Schubert kept composing away, unknown and nameless, his talent being appreciated only by a few friends.

Franz von Schober, a clever young fellow, only a year or two older than Schubert, received him free of expense in the home he shared with his mother. Delivered from the burdensome yoke of the school, the young artist breathed freely, and gave himself passionately up to incessant composition, feeling irresistibly impelled to do so, because, after being snatched from his wretched position, he had suddenly plunged into what to him was a new world, and, also, found a large circle of friends, among whom were Mayerhofer, the poet; Kupelwieser, the painter; the philosophical Bruchmann, and others. It was there, too, that he first became acquainted with the celebrated dramatic singer, Michael Vogl. The representative of Orestes, of the Patriarch Jacob, of Talasco, of Count Almaviva, &c., equally at home in literature and art, a singer possessing a perfect musical education, and then in the zenith of his fame, soon perceived what a rich spring of music flowed from the young man's earliest songs and ballads. It was Vogl, too, who first introduced poor Franz to the Viennese public.

The "Erlkönig," sung by Vogl in the Kärntnerthor-Theater, and accompanied by Schubert on the piano, produced a great sensation and soon made the round of the world. The ice was now broken, and the hard hearts, also, of the publishers began to thaw a little, though those gentlemen still obstinately persisted in not opening their purses very wide to the newly discovered genius who was to be duly worked out for their benefit.

For some time, Schubert led a hard life, giving pianoforte lessons, and composing whatever was offered him, even sacred things. Very acceptable, therefore, was the proposal made him in the summer of 1818, by Count Johann Esterhazy, to go and spend a month or two on his estate of Zelcz, in Hungary, giving in return the young Countesses a few pianoforte lessons. How pleased and delighted he felt there is shown by a letter addressed, under cover to Schober, to his friends in Vienna:—

"*Zelcz*, 3rd *August*, 1818.

"My best and dearest Friends,—How could I forget you, you who are everything to me! Spaun, Schober, Mayerhofer, Senn, how are you; well? I myself am well. I live and compose like a God, as though I must do so. Mayerhofer's 'Einsamkeit' is finished, and, I think, it is the best thing I have done, for I was *free* from care. I hope you are quite well and happy, as I am. At present, I really live, thank God; it was high time, for otherwise I should have been a musician spoilt. Get Schober to give my respects to Herr Vogl; I shall soon take the liberty of writing to him also. If it is possible, I shall ask if he will not be kind enough to sing a song by me, whichever one he chooses, at the Runzisches Concert in November. Greet all and every of my acquaintances. Write to me very soon; every single letter of the alphabet from you is dear to me. Your ever true friend, FRANZ SCHUBERT."

A long letter to his friends generally, of the 18th September, 1818, describes, partly in a jocose manner, his mode of life in the castle at Zelcz:—

"I was just attending an ox and cow licitation," he writes, "when your much prized letter was handed to me. I read it with incessant laughter and childish delight. It seemed as though I was holding my dear friends themselves in my hands."

Further on in the epistle he says:—

"That the opera people in Vienna are so stupid at present as to produce the finest operas without me," is a fact that sends me into a small rage. In Zelcz I must be my own everything: composer, editor, audience, and I know not what besides. For what is true art not a soul here has any feeling, or, at most, now and then (if I am not mistaken) only the Countess. I am therefore alone with my Beloved whom I am obliged to hide in my room, in my piano, in my breast. Though this frequently renders me melancholy, it raises me, on the other hand, all the more.——During this period, I have produced several songs, and I think they are great successes."

Of the celebrated Milder he speaks very shortly but very happily; "He sings most beautifully and shakes most badly." Speaking of the inmates of the castle, he says:—

"The cook, tolerably rakish; the ladysmaid, thirty years old; the housemaid very pretty, frequently my companion; the nurse, a good old soul; the steward, my rival. The two equerries are much better towards horses than towards human beings. The Count, somewhat rough; the Countess proud, but of gentler mind; the young Countesses, good girls. That I with my natural sincerity, get on extremely well with all these people is a fact which I need scarcely tell you, who know me." The epistle concludes thus:—"And now, my dear fellows, fare ye well, all, and write to me very soon. My dearest and most valued source of amusement is to read your letters ten times over. Greet my beloved parents, and tell them I yearn for a letter from them.—With eternal love, your true friend, FRANZ SCHUBERT."

Appended are two letters of the years 1823 and 1824, to Schober,

(*To be continued.*)

ANTWERP.— Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has been produced here with great success.

SCHWERIN.—Herr Wilhelm Claussen, the first holder of the Meyerbeer Exhibition, and a composer of very great promise, died here, in this his native town, on the 22nd December, in his twenty-sixth year.

FLORENCE.—Signor Petrella's *Giovanni di Napoli* was produced with great success on the opening night of the season at the Pergola. There is a report that Signor Edvardo Vera's opera, *Valeria*, will shortly be brought out at this theatre.

MUSIC AT HOME.—The man who comes here for musical enjoyment may find himself sometimes disappointed. The season of Advent has commenced. I can only tell German readers, who probably derive their ideas concerning these musicians of nature from the familiar "Pastoral" in Handel's *Messiah*, that, on hearing the first few notes, I experienced a deep sense of shame at the infatuation which caused me to laugh at the edict of the wise syndic of Mireval, in which that worthy individual defined instrumental music as "a standing invitation to disorder, and a constant cause for mutual hatred among fellow citizens." It is here that, from these wretched notes, Handel distilled one of his freshest instrumental pieces, but I know better than all his biographers where he laid the foundation for the ruin of his nervous system, a calamity for which he first found a remedy in the health-giving springs of Aix-la-Chapelle. This precious music has now begun for the last week punctually at five o'clock in the morning, before the image of the Madonna under my window. First there is the bagpipe with its sustained chords, and then suddenly commencing on the sixth, the fearful *zampogna*, with a tone resembling the shriek of a tortured ape, hurrying down, with certain quick cross figures, to the tonic; stopping there for awhile, and then beginning the horrible process from the commencement again. A man must possess a strong constitution, in order, when subjected to such continuous torture, not to have his brain filled with melancholy notions or fixed ideas—for instance, that on an appointed day all the peripatetic disciples of art intended meeting before the image of the Virgin for the purpose of giving a monster concert. If ever they do so, I shall beg your permission to go into the country for a few days.—*Correspondent of the "Kölnische Zeitung."*

* By Herr Bauernfeld.

† A Convict or Convictorium is an establishment where students board very cheaply at German universities.—J. V. B.

‡ In the original: "ohne meiner," a fault against grammar. It should be "ohne mich."

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OPERA BOUFFE FORTY YEARS AGO.

Forty years ago, a Cincinnatian, named Curtis, conceived the idea of a novel and grand concert, with which he hoped to find favour with the Ohio River boatmen. Living near "Western Row," where cats abounded, Curtis did not lack the opportunities to study the musical capacity of the feline race. They had kept him awake many a warm moonlight night, when he preferred sleep to their infernal serenades. So he determined to get up a grand Philharmonic concert, in which cats should take a prominent part. Taking a few cats to experiment on, he tried various modes of bringing out the notes they were addicted to, or excelled in. He pinched their ears, stuck pins in their rotundities, and used other unpleasant devices to develop the music. But he found no way so certain to bring out the sound as the application of the back of a case-knife across the tail. This never failed to elicit the note, if there was any talent at all in the animal—the modulations, *piano* and *forte*, being easily obtained by making the blow light or heavy.

Curtis employed an Englishman named Johnson, a drinking man, but musical withal, who could build organs, or make one to serve as an accompaniment to the cat voices. Johnson informed him that one of six octaves would do at least for the experiment. Curtis reckoned up the octaves, and found that four dozen cats would fill the bill. But he ordered two dozen more for fear that some might have defective voices, or prove obstinate and capricious, like the operatic tribe generally. Six dozen, then were ordered, and accommodations were prepared for them in sundry boxes, barrels, kegs, &c., in the back yard. Johnson went on with the building of the organ, and the adaptation of the cats' heads keys to the cats' tails. He arranged that the singers should be confined in narrow boxes, which, while they allowed free play to the lungs, guarded against clawing by having four holes in the bottom through which the legs protruded. The tails were enclosed in tubes provided with longitudinal slots, across which the black keys worked. These extra keys were connected somehow with those of the organ, so that the keys and the appropriate voices should be in perfect unison, and thus produce the expected concord of sweet sounds.

Curtis, on his part, proceeded with the musical education of the cats, aided occasionally by Johnson, and in a month or so had a complete choir, from the kitten of two months, his trebles and falsettos, and his pussy sopranos, up to the venerable toms who growled out double bass equal to Carl Formes. But at length the organ was completed, and the six octaves of cats arranged in due order. A few rehearsals were given. The second story of a warehouse near the landing was rented; a stage drop-scene and tiers of seats provided—the whole intended to accommodate four or five hundred people. The organ and cats were safely transported to the place of exhibition or performance without accident, save that the two principal basses, being accidentally put in the same box, had an awful fight all the way up from Western Row, and were obliged to appear before the public with very rueful faces and bloody noses, which, however, did not detract from their popularity. Every thing being in readiness, Curtis had flaming posters stuck up, all about the levee, displaying in huge letters:—

CURTIS'S CAT HARMONICON!

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!

Forty-Eight Cats!

&c., &c., &c.

The house was crowded at an early hour by the jolly boatmen, the spaces not big enough for men being filled, as usual, by boys. After the usual delay, the curtain rose, and the grand Cat Harmonicon was disclosed to view; two rows of cat heads, two dozen each, glared with their lustrous green and yellow eyes straight at the audience. Little ruffles were around their necks; miniature music stands, with books and candles, were placed before them; the aforesaid two basses, whose beauty was spoiled by the fight, being provided with muslin bands, which added to the gravity of their countenances. The whole was indescribably comic, and received with due applause. Seated at the organ was Johnson, in a clean shirt, and as sober as he could afford to be on so grand an occasion. As soon as he could be heard, Curtis advanced and stated to the audience that the first song of the evening would be "Auld Lang Syne" (or, as he pronounced it, "Old Lang Zion"), which would be followed by "Hail Columbia," "Clar de Kitchen," and other patriotic and devotional songs. Johnson squared himself for the task, ran his fingers tenderly over the keys by way of prelude, and then dashed boldly and vigorously into "Old Lang Zion," producing such a burst of music as was never heard on this continent before, nor ever will again until another Curtis arises to carry into more successful execution his brilliant experiment. The cats were excited to fury by the new uproarious audience, and still more under the unusually severe pounding of their tails. They forgot all their lessons they had been taught, they paid no attention to either tune or tune, rhyme or reason, but squalled and mewed, and yelled, and spit, and phizzed in the madness of pain and terror, drowning the sound of the organ, which could occasionally be heard droning out its "Old Lang Zion" in the rear of the unearthly tornado of caterwauling. Never was an audience so completely enchanted — never was delight so universal, so unbounded, and so vigorously expressed. Shouts, roars, yells of laughter, such as Western men alone can give, burst from the crowd, shaking the building from roof to foundation. Curtis was delighted, the cats were furious, Johnson was beside himself with joy, and hammered away at the keys with all his strength, making, with the aid of the choir and the plaudits of the audience, a "concord" of diabolical sounds never before heard this side the infernal regions. Unfortunately, in his delirium, he forgot the strength or weakness of the bellows which supplied the organ with wind, and which he worked with his feet. He had not reached the end of the song when the bellows gave way and brought the performance to a sudden close, the cats alone continuing the song or noise till one after another they became silent, and stood winking and blinking at the spectators, in mute fear of a recommencement of the torture. The audience got up furious yells, stamping with all their might. In the midst of it the platform came down with the audience, and then there was laughter, swearing, and blows, and the boys began to pelt the cats with sticks. Curtis fearing for the safety of his pets, and unable to remove them bodily from the scene of danger, lifted off the upper planks, which confined their necks in their places, and set them at liberty. The terror-stricken creatures darted away in every direction, mostly among the feet of the spectators, adding to the confusion. Whoops, yells, hurrahs, and shouts were followed by a general smash-up of windows. The boys, running down the stairs raised the cry of "Fire!" Citizens and watchmen crowded the streets to learn the cause of the uproar, and the engines had great difficulty in getting near enough to perform their part of the work. There was no sign of fire, not even of smoke; but the old "Liberty No. 2" could not afford to come all the way down there for nothing; so she poured a deluge of fresh water through the front window, drenching the whole crowd inside to the skin in half a minute. Peace was instantly restored, and the late belligerents came rushing and trembling pell-mell down the stairs.

Thus ended Curtis's grand Cat Concert, an event that was talked of and laughed over for many years by the jolly Boaters of the Ohio. The projector was ordered to appear before the mayor next morning, and explain the cause of the riot, and was let off with the admonition to do so no more—and he didn't.

—o—

POETRY.

(*Communicated.*)

Messrs. Virtue & Co. have just issued a volume of poems by Reginald Robert Cooke, B.A., entitled *Purpose and Passion*, being *Expiation* and other poems, about which we extract the following from the *Norfolk News*:—

"We have now said all that we feel called upon to say in the matter of fault-finding with this work. There is abundance to commend. It is full of high and noble thought expressed in high and noble verse. There are some thoughts respecting the Divine Being, from 'A Reveal at Night,' which may be placed beside anything that has ever been written on the subject.

> 'Thus look on God—God that with artist hand
> Works out his poem-pictures of the world,
> Globed into one huge drama, without pause
> Between the acts; setting men's hearts to work
> Through plots and climaxes and counterplots;
> Their souls his vivid hues, made fair about
> By resting-places of fresh vales and hills,
> And forest canopies of incent leaves.'

> 'Shepherd of worlds that give the myriads food,
> Maker and builder up of all the stars,
> Lord of the hanging fires of the heavens,
> Centred within mid souls, and love, and life,
> By speechless twilights that reveal no end—
> *The name of Father is not great enough,*
> *The name of Mother is not sweet enough,*
> To give Him praise.'

"But, as we regard it, incomparably the finest poem in the volume is 'Ex Astro.' It is a magnificent discourse on the great mysteries that have ever had a fascination for enquiring minds. Among the other poems, the well-known story of 'Esau and the Ring' has been given in a fine dramatic sketch. The classical subjects are handled with the facility of a scholar, and are resplendent with the colours thrown around them by a warm imagination. We believe we have not heard the last of Mr. Cooke. We are greatly mistaken if he does not make his mark upon the literature of his age, and we look with much interest for the produce of his second harvest."

—o—

VENICE.—Signor Mallpiero, the composer, is again the manager of the Fenice for the season of Carnival and Lent. The prospectus promises *Crispino, Lucia, Il Barbiere, Marino Faliero*, and *Le Figlie del Reggimento*. Besides these operas, there will be three novelties; Signor Petrella's opera, *I promessi Sposi*; M. David's *Ercolano*; and *L'Orio Soranzo*, by Ruix.

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THE INTELLIGENT UNDERSTANDING OF MUSIC.

(From the "Choir and Musical Record.")

The majority of the music performed in our concert-rooms and not unfrequently in the home circle, might, we fear, be aptly described as "that which all hear but few understand." When we say this we are far from saying that it falls on an inattentive or unappreciative audience, but we simply assert what must be patent to all who exercise the most ordinary power of observation, that an intelligent understanding of the great mass of the symphonies, sonatas, or even of the minor pieces we so constantly hear, is the exception and not the rule. That this should be the case is not surprising. Although musical education, so-called, forms a part of the normal schools at our ladies' schools; although choral societies and church choirs are at work all over the kingdom; although concerts form the most popular entertainments, even in the village school,—still these all tend chiefly to familiarize those who assist at them with musical sounds, and fail to impart any substantial aid towards the mental effort which must be made before those same sounds can be connected in the hearer's mind with anything more than a mere pleasurable sensation, which it is one, but one only of their true ends to produce. In the case of other sciences some attempt is usually made by the professor to impart instruction as well as amusement in the exercise of his art. The Owens and the Tyndalls of our day do not content themselves with demonstrations and experiments calculated only to attract and astonish the eye or the ear. The lecturer on chemistry does not consider his work is done when he has produced brilliant combinations of colour. The electrician is not satisfied with mystifying a crowd of eager listeners with effects, of which the causes are beyond their ken. In all these cases, the popular exposition of the science is made the medium of conveying an explanation of its deep principles, which would not only be unintelligible but unpalatable to the ordinary and too often uneducated mind if placed nakedly before it. But when music is the subject treated, a totally opposite course is adopted. As a rule it is left to speak for itself. Symphony follows overture and song follows sonata night after night, season after season, and it is not too much to say that a very large number of the audience rise from their seats without even realizing the meaning of the varied forms in which the compositions are cast, much less the intention of the writers or the extent to which they have carried them out. The analytical programmes provided by the director of the Monday Popular Concerts for the use of his friends, and by the old and new Philharmonic and other societies have been stimulated to supply, are, it is true, steps in the right direction, but even these are couched in language which is unhappily still a dead letter to the great body of amateurs, and thus they scarcely meet the want to which we are alluding. That it is a want of the age, is, we think, undeniable, and therefore it is worthy of consideration, whether, with the means already at our command, we cannot do something towards applying it.

To this question a practical answer has been afforded during the past few weeks by the Musical Professor at Edinburgh University, whose efforts to promote the education of the amateurs of the art in the northern capital are forming so worthy a fulfilment of the objects which the founder of the Chair of Music had in view. Professor Oakeley has, as our readers have learnt from the frequent records we have published of his performances, given during the University sessions a series of organ recitals to which he has invited the citizens as well as the students, thus making the class-room in Park Place just what it should be—a centre of musical life for the whole city, as the University itself is the centre in every branch of learning for the country. In the programmes he has never failed to give an educational bearing to the recitals, and in selection and arrangement his scheme has hitherto been highly satisfactory, but to these advantages he has now added another at the opening of the present season by prefacing each piece with a few remarks either historical or descriptive, thus furnishing that very aid to an intelligent understanding of the music to the general absence of which we have alluded. Thus what in ordinary cases would be a mere organ concert has become a means of direct musical training, calculated not only to create a desire to search further into the deep things of the art, but to impart a totally fresh interest to the music played. Here, then, in a rough form, is the remedy for the evil to which we have called attention, a means ready to hand of raising music from the unworthy place to which it has been too habitually lowered, and of imparting to our concert-rooms a higher element than is now often to be found in them. On many occasions perhaps a running commentary on a performance would be out of place, but at such recitals as those of Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, which are ostensibly designed to elevate the taste and to afford intellectual entertainment to those who are anxious to be taught, we believe the system would be found to work most admirably. Indeed we question whether it might not with equal fitness be applied to all classical performances; and whether with a capable speaker, the introductory remarks would soon be regarded as an integral part of the evening's entertainment. The days have, we would fain hope, for ever passed away when music was regarded merely as the pastime of an idle hour, and we believe that some such assistance to intelligent progress would be gladly welcomed. It is impossible to watch an audience at a Monday Popular Concert without feeling that the brain as well as the mere sentimental enthusiasm of a large body of the almost breathless listeners is being called into exercise; and we are therefore ascribing to them nothing more than they deserve when we assert that they would rejoice to rise still higher in the world of art opened out before them by the touch of a Goddard, or the love of a Joachim.

At any rate, whether the adoption of such a system in ordinary concerts would be wise or not, of one thing there can be little doubt, that the establishment of a series of concerts in which explanatory remarks would form a component part of the scheme is highly desirable. If the music-room at Edinburgh is crowded, it cannot be doubted that an equally eager band of amateurs would be found in London and in other large towns in the kingdom; and it would indeed be casting a slur upon the profession to argue that its foremost members are unable thus to argue that its foremost members are unable thus to set forth in intelligible language the meaning of the tone-poems to which their artistic skill impart life and reality. Say more, if in every district some such course were adopted, and if instead of the chief interest of a concert being centred on the special excellencies of the "star," the beauties of the music and the design of its composer were set forth with clearness and brevity, we can but think that the interests of art would be promoted, and that a powerful means would be provided of making the English la reality as well as in name a music loving people.

A new musical association, the "Société Soleildieu," has been founded at Rouen. It proposes to give periodical concerts with orchestra and chorus.

The *Messe Solennelle* has just been performed in Moscow, under the direction of Herr Nicholas Rubinstein. The Sisters Marchisio and Signor Stagno took part.

Don Pasquale is to be produced at the Lyrique for the *début* of a new singer, Mdlle. Cerny. Much has been said, in advance, about Mdlle. Cerny's talent.

Another German musical paper has just ceased to exist: the *Süddeutsche Musikzeitung* of Mayence. Our late contemporary died at the age of eighteen.

Milan.—The Teatro della Scala was opened on the 26th ult., with Prince Poniatowski's opera, *Pierre de Medici*, and the ballet of *Don Parasol*. The performance went off, on the whole, rather coldly. The opera was tolerably well received, and would have been received still better, there can be no doubt, but for the execution, which was far from satisfactory. Madame Sass, however, came up to the expectations formed of her. Signor Medini, the bass, was also applauded, but not so Signor Zaccometti, the tenor, whose vocal ability is not of a kind suited to a first-class theatre. Signor Storti, baritone, and Signor Corsi, tenor, are nothing very great. The composer, Prince Peniatowski, was called on several times. The ballet was a failure.

Moscow.—The Italian operatic season is going on swimmingly. Madame Artôt-Padilla and the Sisters Marchisio are very great favourites. So is, also, the conductor, M. Dupont. Among the operas already produced are *Saffo, Semiramide, La Cenerentola, Il Barbiere, Fra Diavolo, Roberto, Guillaume Tell, Faust*, and *La Figlia*.—The Russian Musical Society lately gave their first concert. The programme included Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Beethoven's Fourth Symphony; fragments from Schumann's Manfred; and Herr R. Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*. The society have, also, announced that they intend giving very shortly a performance of Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, with Mdme. Artôt-Padilla, the Sisters Marchisio, Signori Stagno and Rota.

Ratisbon Embarrassing.—A short time ago, in a provincial town in France, the bills announced the production of a piece which had been performed with great success in Paris. Suddenly, however, the leading actor was taken ill. What was to be done? In the company there was another actor who never appeared without exciting a storm of hisses. The manager entrusted him to undertake the character that was to have been sustained by the actor who had been taken ill. After refusing a long time, the poor devil consented. What did it matter to him whether he was hissed off the stage in one piece or not? The evening of the first performance at length arrived. When the unpopular actor made his appearance, there was a volley of hisses. The audience, however, listened to him. Soon afterwards a murmur of approbation went round the house; then there were some isolated bravos; and, lastly, when the curtain fell, tumultuous applause and a call! The actor appeared, looking very pale and alarmed. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "being convinced that I should have the misfortune to displease you, I thought that you would not allow me to play further than the end of the first act at the very most—so it is the only act I learned; I do not know a word of the two others."

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THE BURIAL OF MOZART AT VIENNA ON THE 7TH (6TH) DECEMBER, 1791.*

(From Information furnished by Mozart's Wife and by my Foster-Father.)

After receiving Intelligence of Mozart's death, Count Dehm, known under the name of Müller (and proprietor of the Cabinet of Art near the Rother Thurm), called in the forenoon of the 7th (6th) December, and took a plaster-of-Paris cast from the face of the great Deceased.

Gottfried, Baron van Swieten, the worthy son of the celebrated Gerhard van Swieten, and then Prefect of the Court Library, like his father, also visited the house of mourning, and offered to do everything he could, either by words or deeds. Emmanuel Schikaneder was apparently inconsolable. He had managed to turn Mozart's musical powers to such good account as to build himself the largest theatre in Vienna. But it never entered the head of him or of any one else to erect a simple tombstone with the name of Mozart upon it, in memory of the illustrious man they had lost, though, in the year 1791, the expense of such a stone would not have been more than two florins. Such was the ungrateful, pitiful manner in which Vienna then behaved with regard to the corpse of a man whom Europe calls its greatest composer. It was not till sixty-four years after his death that a memorial was raised to him. Eight florins, thirty-six kreutzers were paid for the funeral service, and three florins for the hearse. This is now the price of a box in the new Operahouse, when his *Don Juan* is performed.

In the death-register of St. Marx, we read: "The 6th December, 1791, died Herr Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Imperial Chapelmaster, and Chamber-Composer, at No. 970, Rauhensteingasse, of violent purple fever; visited; 36 years old. In the cemetery of St. Marx, 1st class: 8 florins, 36 kreutzers paid to the parish of St. Stefan; hearse, 3 florins."

Furthermore, Mozart appears in the Vienna *Diarium* of 1791, No. 99, at page 3162, containing the lists of deaths. We there find: "The 5 December in the city: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Imperial Chapelmaster and Chamber-Composer, 36 years old, at No. 970, Rauhensteingasse."

For a long time, complete obscurity veiled the spot where Mozart had been, without more ado, plunked into the earth. It was not till sixty-three years had elapsed that his last resting-place was discovered, in the following strange fashion:—

On the same day that Mozart died, there died in the Weihburggasse, Michael Kneil, *Verunker*, and, in the Wollzeile, a milkwife; these two persons were buried a few hours sooner than Mozart, who was deposited in the same grave as they were, he being on the top of them. Katharina Harruschka, and her son, Franz, assistant grave-digger, were still in the cemetery, when Mozart's corpse arrived late in the evening. Katharina Harruschka, called Frau Kathi, the licensed beggar of the cemetery, asked the driver of the hearse whether any carriages with mourners were coming. The driver replied in the negative. Frau Kathi then asked: "What, no mourners, then?" "A chapelmaster," was the answer. "What, a musician?" said Frau Kathi. "They are poor people; I shall not wait to get anything more to-night; perhaps some one may come out to-morrow." The driver laughed and said: "I, too, have been done; not a kreutzer to get a drop of something to drink."

These three persons were well acquainted with the spot where Mozart lay, and frequently spoke about it at home. Katharina Harruschka lived till she was 84, and her son, Franz, also attained a great age. It was by the instrumentality of these persons, that F. Gloggl, music publisher, Vienna, was enabled to appear, one day, before the Burgomaster, Dr. von Seiler, with a memorial in which he asserted that he could point out exactly Mozart's resting place, and, at the same time, as most of his assertions rested upon oral communications, begged that the correctness of the same might be corroborated by official investigation, since he felt convinced that it would only be gratifying a universal wish to rectify the previous defective and erroneous statements respecting the resting-place of the great composer.

The result of the official enquiry was, considering the circumstances, favourable. Three of the witnesses examined, who had come to the knowledge of the fact at issue in perfectly independent and different manners, pointed out unanimously, and in conformity with their profoundest convictions, the parallelogram which looks towards the old entrance of the St. Marx Cemetery, on the right of the principal path in the fifth row of graves, and planted with a clump of willows, as the spot where Mozart's body was buried, on the 7th (6th) December, 1791.

When the spot had been thus certified by the above unanimous depositions, the Burgomaster considered that it would be simply an act of pious reverence to raise to the memory of the great composer a monument worthy of him, and to have a medal struck off in his honour.

The Common Council of Vienna voted the money for the erection of the monument, which was uncovered on the 5th December, 1856 (1859).

A.

* From the Vienna *Morgen-Post*.

INSIDE ST. PETER'S.

(By a "Special.")

I heard the silver trumpets, as I have heard before, and saw the Pope carried in his chair of state, as I have seen before, but to much more advantage and with grander associations. On the opening day the Pope descended from his chair immediately on entering the church, so that he and the Fathers without their mitres were lost among the bayonets and shakoes. But on this day, after long waiting, and after the Fathers were nearly all seated, distant music was heard, a movement, and then a silence passed over the multitude. The clergy, the ladies, and the Zouaves not on duty were looking about to see how they could kneel, and I looked down the nave to the great bronze doors few people see moved on their hinges more than once or twice in their life. Already a strange apparition was suspended in mid-air, high over the heads of the people and standing out clear in the comparative gloom of the tower nave. It was the group made by the chair, the canopy, and the fans, and as it advanced it widened, till it seemed to stretch from pier to pier. The chair is a tall throne, the footstool of which stands a yard over the heads of the people. The canopy must be about 15ft. high, and 20ft. long—itself a light fluttering, but showy thing; and the fans are arranged to look like wings to the central mass. The whole is white and silver, excepting just the back of the throne. The appearance floated awards as a bright cloud—a water spirit, perhaps, formed of mists and vapours rather than the rapid messenger of some heavenly behest. Still the effect was most unearthly—" uncanny" I had caught myself saying, but overpowering on the nature we are made of. The canopy at times looked like the fringes of a cloud, and as it moved the whole looked undefined and incorporeal. It approached, it hung over the crowd collected round the tomb of St. Peter. Had I wished to kneel I could not, nor could any about me, and I had also to use my eyes. The Pope was occupied as he always is on such occasions, and it is one of those mysteries of his singular state which one would not wish to probe. He was looking about for some features in which he could trace, by a special instinct, the faith, the affection, and the dutifulness that might merit and justify a blessing, which therefore he bestowed with fixed look and with the usual movement of the hand. It was the act of one sifting the crowd. Of course, it is not easy to conceive a process so simple, so brief, and with the successful results so entirely a matter of faith, being repeated continually, now for a quarter of a century, with the same intentness and fervour; but that is not our affair. This the Pope was seen to be now doing, as he was borne round the marble balustrade and the high altar to his throne, now placed for the occasion on the south side of the choir. His bearers had to wheel round for this, but they did it well. He was soon on his throne, and the service began. No doubt this was all as usual, but I could see little of it. It was in the midst of 700 tall mitres, besides functionaries, Swiss Guards, soldiers, and Royal and diplomatic personages in raised tribunes. The high altar stands above all this, as much as five feet above the floor; on the act of celebration one could see, as, indeed, almost all could. All good Catholics know to a moment of time, by some sort of secret calculation, when the miracle is to be done. A quarter of a minute earlier "Attention!" had been shouted down the nave; then all a word some 500 muskets were grounded, then a silence of prayer and expectation, and then those wondrous sounds which all must feel and remember. The trumpet notes rise and fall, and roll round the dome, and linger in the air, and hardly die away. Again they sound, and again, as if echoes of themselves. Beautiful indeed they are, and whoever has heard will wish that he may hear them again; but they are more sweet than solemn, more mysterious than awful. They are an incantation. It is not a word one likes to use, nor can it be high said that the ancient music of the Church has this character; but though the sweetest, most soothing, and most delightful of incantations, that, I confess, seemed to me what I heard. But rolling far above, it filled all the church, entered every ear, and must have thrilled through every soul. Common strains were feeble after this, and it was not very long before the blessing was pronounced, the white mitres began to strain off like a glacier down the nave, the Pope was again in his tottering throne, and no doubt very glad to escape into the side separated for the use of the Council, and thence to the palace behind. For the comfort, the beauty of the spectacle, and for the opportunity of seeing the Fathers, the opening day was nothing to this.

[Better read Mendelsohn and Spohr—especially Mendelssohn—about the ceremonial music of St. Peter's.—ED.]

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has gone to St. Petersburgh for the purpose of conducting a series of concerts.

PADUA.—A new opera, entitled *Le Avventure d'un Poeta*, has just been successfully produced. It is by Sig. Dalla Baratta.

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AN AMERICAN ON MUSIC IN PARIS.

The following extract from a private letter has been published in *Dwight's Journal of Music*. It will be read with interest:—

"Went yesterday afternoon to the Cirque Napoleon to hear Pasdeloup's orchestra. They play almost to perfection; a little feeble in the clarionet and oboe, and decidedly so in the horns, but as nearly perfect as need be in other respects. We had a *Suite* by a certain Marmontel, which was interesting and stupid by turns. Rather inclined to be queer than beautiful. The last movement (*alla marcia*) was especially full of unexpected freaks of instrumentation. The public seemed to like it though. Next came an *adagio* from one of Mozart's symphonies. Beautifully played and enthusiastically received. Then came my favourite of favourites that I never expected to hear out of Boston—Schumann's *Genoveva* overture. If the *Leonora* No. 3 is the king, this is certainly the princess of overtures. Pasdeloup took the *allegro* a trifle fast for my taste, and the horns were almost inaudible in the little passage in triplets that keeps recurring throughout the movement; but the orchestra played *con amore*, and the public was rapturous. Then we had Beethoven's Symphony in C major, played to absolute perfection and cheered after every movement. The *andante* was encored, and the *scherzo* and trio had to be repeated. I never saw so *intelligently* attentive an audience. In the trio of the *scherzo* the whole house laughed, as they would at a Warren farce, as that little *crescendo* run on the violins led back to the regular beat on the reed instruments. It is something when an audience knows when a joke is meant.

"The concert finished with the *Tannhäuser* overture. Not so perfectly played as it might have been. The passage where the clarionet comes in with Venus's enticing theme was fearfully flat. At the end the audience rose like one man and cheered like mad, and it took all Pasdeloup's generalship in getting the orchestra off the stage to prevent the whole overture from being *bissée*.

"And now I will tell you a true story. When I first went to the opera here, I was struck with the thinness and weakness of the trombones as soon as I heard them. During the *entr'acte* I noticed that they were the Saxtrombones with cylinders and pistons. I noticed the same weakness in all the operas, but I thought it might be prejudice on my part. Yesterday at the concert I was so placed that I could only see the violins and a few 'celli. When the trombones came in in the Masonnet *Suite*, where, by the way, they have a good deal to do, I said to myself I must for once own up to the Saxtrombones. I never heard such splendid tones in my life. Before the next movement the two men who had been standing up in front of me went away, and I saw three trombones up in the orchestra, *all* on the old slide pattern. The horns and even the trumpets (!) were without valves in all the classical pieces. It is a significant thing that in the finale, the best quartette of the instruments, they should be the first to go back to the old horns and trumpets. Nevertheless, I admit that, when horns and trombones are so clumsily written for as in the Italian scores, the valve instruments are preferable.

"In the evening I went to the Concert de l'Opera. Orchestra of about a hundred and chorus of ninety—Litolff conducting. They played a little better than our H. M. A., but not very well. In the slow movements they leave our orchestra very far behind, but in the *allegros* they don't seem quite at home. The concert began with the *Freischütz* overture. The opening movement was beautifully played—the *allegro* regularly butchered. The Hector Berlioz pieces that followed were very interesting. They were three movements from his *Damnation de Faust*—'Menuet des Feux-follets' 'Ballet des Sylphes' and 'Marche Hongroise.' The Menuet in *spiritual* and taking, rather than beautiful; but the Valse, for muted violins, now and then some flutes, reeds, and horns, with harp *obbligato*, is a gem. It was enthusiastically *bissée*. The 'Marche Hongroise' is maddening—a good movement. It is one of the most *entrainant* things that I know of in music. We next had a *Suite* for orchestra by Saint-Saëns, conducted by the composer. It is what the newspaper critics call 'a thoughtful and musician-like composition' for the legitimate old Mozart or Haydn orchestra, which had rather a soothing effect after Berlioz, who would make music out of a cart-load of bricks if it came into his head to do so. There are many and great beauties in it, and also much science, the introductory *pastorale*, in especial, being at times painfully contrapuntal. But the whole had rather the air of a first-rate exercise than a composition for the concert-room. Somehow these modern Frenchmen, when they write anything in the extreme classical and nasenational way, remind me of a passage in Thackeray referring to Pendennis and Blanche Amory; 'O! Phyllis and Corydon! Here are two young London rakes, talking about country lanes, and imagining themselves in love.' (Jo change, peutêtre, quelque chose au texte, mois c'est le fond des idées.')

"We then had an air from Mozart's *Prise de Jericho* (whatever that may be) sung by Mdlle. Reboux. Then followed a fragment for chorus, solo, soprano, and orchestra. 'L'exorcism des Djinns,' from the "Selom" *Symphonie orientale*, by Beyer, conducted by the composer. Very fine and exciting; well sustained and full of fire. Then came the Beethoven Symphony in A. Pretty well played. The orchestras here don't seem to enter into the spirit of Beethoven's later works. The *allegretto* was better given than I have ever heard it. Imagine the whole operabouse at each pause in the movement and at each stage in the *crescendo* shouting bravo, as only Frenchmen can shout. When the 'cello and violas had finished the theme in A minor, *Bravo!* When the 2nd violins had done, *Bravo! Bravo!* When the whole orchestra had repeated the theme, BRAVO!!! *Hah! ouhs! Hah!!!*—When the theme in A major, for flutes, clarionets, and bassoons, with waving accompaniment for violins, modulated into C major, *Ahh—h! Oh! Bravo!*—and at every brave old Litolff would wave his bâton more ferociously.

"Then came a most beautiful march for strings and flutes, and a solo and chorus from Gluck's *Alceste*, given to perfection. The march was interspersed with 'Ah's!' and 'Oh's!'—Then came Schumann's 'Träumerei' from the *Kinder-Scenen*, arranged for muted strings, oboe, and horn, wonderfully played. This sort of thing is very much the fashion here; but I think I like it on the piano better. It was *bissée*. Then followed a *scherzo* of Schumann's, which was very pretty and took well. The whole thing wound up with the 'Hallelujah Chorus'—pronounced *Allelwia*, with a decided French 'u'—'Il reignera,' etc., sung with great spirit and precision however. I am not sure that I don't prefer the chorus without organ, and sung and played as perfectly as it was last night, to our accustomed style. Every vocal and instrumental part stood out distinctly. The tenors especially were splendidly metallic and strong.

[It is to be hoped that the whole of the foregoing will be taken cum *grano salis*. The mere idea of M. Pasdeloup's orchestra playing "to perfection" is enough.—ED.]

BALLAD CONCERTS.

The first concert of the new year took place on Wednesday night, when Mr. John Boosey's annual series (the fourth) of four ballad concerts commenced at St. James's Hall. The programme was similar in character of previous entertainments; consisting mostly of ballads. Several new compositions of this class were brought forward and received with a hearty welcome. That the pieces had full justice done to them may be inferred from the names of the vocalists engaged:—Mesdames Sherrington, Patey, and Anna Jewell; Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Santley, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Patey. Among the successes of the evening was Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Birds in the Night" (a serenade from *Cox and Box* set to fresh words), which was sung by Madame Sherrington. Mdlle. Liebhart also gained great applause for her piquant delivery of a new song, "Some other day," by Offenbach. Another new song, "Half-mast high"—announced as "the last composition of Claribel"—was among the special features of the programme, and, as sung by Miss Julia Elton, was received with much applause; as was also a third novelty of similar character, entitled "Since long ago," the production of Mrs. Alfred Phillips—the singer in this case being Madame Patey, whose fine voice and style the new song showed all possible advantage. Still another novelty (or quasi-novelty) was Miss Virginia Gabriel's "Remembered," gracefully sung by Mr. Montem Smith. Although nearly all the ballads were of home manufacture, there were some of special interest. Schubert's "Whither?" effectively sung by Mdlle. Liebhart, and Haydn's "She never told her love," given with genuine pathos by Madame Patey. The modern style was well contrasted with several specimens of the old English school—among the rest, Boyce's "Heart of Oak," finely declaimed by Mr. Santley (the verses repeated), and "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," capitally sung by Mr. Patey. The first part comprised, besides pieces already enumerated, Linley's "Primroses deck the bank's green side," sung by Miss Julia Elton; Bishop's "Come live with me and be my love," by Madame Anna Jewell; Hatton's "Christmas Bells"—which derived its fullest effect from Mr. Santley's delivery, and was one of the encores of the evening; and Miss Virginia Gabriel's "Yet once again," given in the form of duet singing by Mr. and Madame Patey. The programme comprised many more ballads unnecessary to particularize. Several part-songs were effectively sung by the Orpheus Glee Union. The vocal music was very agreeably contrasted with some brilliant pianoforte playing by Madame Arabella Goddard, who gave Benedict's effective fantasia on subjects from *Der Freischütz*, and Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," with splendid execution, and, being unanimously and persistently encored in the former, substituted, with no less effect, Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Hatton accompanied most of the pieces. The hall was well attended, and the vehemence of the applause proved that the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed.

H. L.

LEIPSIC.—Herr and Mdme. Jaell played at the tenth Gewandhaus Concert. Their joint performance of Bach's D minor Concerto for two pianos, and Reinecke's "Improvisata," on the old French national song, "La belle Griselda," was greatly applauded. Herr Jaell played, also, the Concertstück in G major, Op. 92, by Robert Schumann. Mdme. Peschka-Leutner sang two *arietias* from Handel's *Susannah*, and recitative and air from Weber's *Euryanthe*. The band performed the *Coriolenus* overture, and the B flat major symphony of Beethoven.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE NINTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "O cessate di piegarmi"—Mr. Santley .. .. *Scarlatti.*
FANTASIA, for Pianoforte alone—Madame Arabella Goddard (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts) .. .. .. *Friedmann Bach.*

PART II.

SONATA, in D major, Op. 58, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Madame Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONGS, "Dirge des larmes," and "Hark, hark the lark"—Mr. Santley .. .. *Schubert.*
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabasso—MM. Straus, Zerbini, Papé, Wendtland, Hutchings, Reynolds, and Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 8s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

Mondays, January 10, 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14 (1870).

Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12 (1870), the Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame Arabella Goddard will appear on Mondays, January 10 and 17; Herr Pauer on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. Charles Halle on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Herr Straus will lead the Quartet on Mondays, January 10 and 17, and after that date play Viola till the end of the season.

Madame Norman-Neruda will make her last appearances on Monday Evening, January 24, and Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of principal Violoncello, Herr L. Ries, that of second Violin, and Mr. Zerbini, that of second Viola, till the end of the season.

Mr. Benedict will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Bagatelles for Organ by Jadassohn & Co., 324, Regent Street, W.

Symphonie by Jean Baptiste de Lalo, Professor of Solfeggi at the Imperial Conservatoire. Arrangements to be had of Messrs. Ewer & Co., 390, Oxford Street.

Nouvelle et Grande Méthode de Violon, Elie du Hoy Fourcroys de Gouvy. Arrangements to be had of Messrs. Ewer & Co., 390, Oxford Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Purple Powis had better direct his inquiry directly to Mr. Horace Mayhew.

Fanatico.—No. Madame Adelina Patti has never played the *Africaine*.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1870.

A WORD FOR BEETHOVEN.

"QUITE superfluous!"—do you say? We think not. It is true that the name of Beethoven is great among us; that those of his compositions we can understand are applauded to the skies; that all the others are heard with a firm faith in their greatness; and that to say a word against Beethoven is to commit unpardonable blasphemy. Nevertheless, Beethoven has scarcely been adopted by England, as have Handel and Mendelssohn. He is still, to some extent, a name rather than a power; a vaguely defined idea of something big, with its head in the clouds, rather than a personality known and "read" of all men. Because this is so, there is need to preach Beethoven till he occupies his rightful place, till he reigns in the heart of the nation, as well as receive, the homage of its intellect.

A good opportunity for preaching Beethoven will come to us with next December. True, it is a "far cry" to next December; but we want to give timely warning. A good deal might be done in eleven months; and if the chance pass, the fault will not lie at our door. Be it known, then, that the 17th of December, 1870, will bring the centenary of Beethoven's birth; and, in connexion with that event, there should happen a commemorative festival such as might force some notion of the man's greatness upon the masses of our countrymen. Stimulants to this end are not wanting. Let us look at some of them.

The event itself is worth some little honour, so long as times and seasons are observed among us. Need we assert that Beethoven's genius was the greatest ever sent out of heaven, or that the full extent and power of it has yet to be manifested? These things are patent. Since, then, we keep high festival over anniversaries having to do with men below Beethoven in stature, why not keep highest festival over the Beethoven centenary. Let us be consistent in this matter; above all, let us give no cause for a belief that we can make a fuss about men only when fussiness is likely to be profitable.

There is another reason why something should be done next December. It is not pleasant to be left behind in any worthy race. Moreover, in a race for art-honours, England can, least of all, afford to lose. Rightly or wrongly, we have a great reputation for Philistinism; the taint of "shopkeeping" clings to us, and we are supposed to import artistic things as exotics for the refined few. Because this is not wholly true, it is the more unpleasant, and no chance should be lost of giving it the lie. But the chance will elude us if Germany and France, and even the United States, show a greater appreciation of Beethoven than we do ourselves. In each of those countries, earnest men are already hard at work for the master's honour. Germany, of course, may be expected to take the lead, and Bonn will, once more, for a while, be the musical capital of Fatherland. But shall New York shame London? That it will do so, unless we bestir ourselves, the following extract from an American journal shows:—

"This proposed imposing festival in honour of the greatest musician that ever lived is now the 'town talk.' The idea is said to have had birth in the fertile brain of Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, and was moulded into shape by frequent discussions between the directors of the Philharmonic Society and outsiders of musical taste. Subsequently, a call was issued for a general meeting of the 'heavy' men, and the result was that money enough was represented by managers' names to buy Central Park ten times over.

"Soon after this a meeting of organists and choir-masters was called, which was numerously attended, and resolutions were adopted expressive of their full concurrence with the grand scheme, and determination to do all in their power to further it by recruiting singers from all quarters.

"As for ourselves, we rejoice with more of the Psalmist's 'exceeding great joy' than can well be expressed, that so grand and honourable a design has been safely launched, and that it now rests in such good hands.

"It is intended to have a building erected for the purpose in Central Park, and rumour has it already that the renowned genius of architecture, Mr. J. Wrey Mold, has been commissioned to draw plans for the same. We hope this is true, for apart from the acknowledged genius of that gentleman in his profession, he is also

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a deeply read musical student, and this last will be of infinite service to him for planning a building for musical purposes.

"Success to the Beethoven Centennial!"

Clearly, there is no time for us to lose—if we mean to do anything at all, and not let the occasion pass ingloriously by.

The question—What shall be done?—is a wide one, and must be considered in detail. First, let us follow the example of New York, and co-operate. Every society might keep the feast in its own way; but there should be a colossal manifestation of the kind that alone adequately impresses the popular mind. Grant this, and the first step is taken in the direction of one and honourable to all concerned in reaching it. We need not here discuss particulars. For that there will be time enough. Meanwhile, will the leaders of music in England give heed to the coming event? Let us hope so.

ARABELLA GODDARD AT GREENOCK.

(From the "Greenock Telegraph," Dec. 15.)

On Monday, Greenock was honoured with the presence of Madame Arabella Goddard, the pride of the three kingdoms as a pianoforte artist, and without a rival the first lady executant in the realm. That the Temperance Institute (we deeply regret to say) was but meagrely attended, we must attribute wholly to the very boisterous weather; as, doubtless, on the occasion of an event like this, more tickets would be eagerly bought up a week before the time than would fill the hall to overflowing. As it was, however, to appearance, such a welcome of so great an artist—and a lady, too—Greenock nor the world at large never witnessed. We are thankful that the programme was—by Madame Goddard's amiability—proceeded with; and she never played better, even in her warmth of inspired enthusiasm to a few friends than she did last night. She opened the programme with a sonata, peculiarly her own (she was the first to introduce it at the Monday Popular Concerts in London), Mozart's No. 5, in B flat, and under her elastic fingers, new beauties sprang forth in musical colouring, such as must have astonished every amateur present. The light pearly treble was enchanting. The *allegro* was taken well up to time, the *andante amoroso* a little slower than usual, and the *rondo* played with as with a pet canary, so frolicsome, so gay, so wonderful throughout.

A selection of five movements from the eighth and last book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* followed. As comparatively unfinished snatches from the imagination of the most young and fertile musician of his age, these are buoyant and refreshing, although we would not have given book one, number one, or the "Bees' Wedding" for the whole of the five movements. The third piece, Weber's *Invitation pour la Valse*, was in some respects the gem of the evening. This is in the very frame-work of the style in which Madame Goddard takes the lead of all pianists. No fingering could be more perfect, more liquid, more equal and even than hers in the exacting right-hand passages, the manipulation of which seemed to strike every one with wonderment. The storm of applause at its close was almost as refreshing as the piece itself, and something to remember. In the opening of the second part, we had the classical work of the evening—the famous grand sonata of Beethoven in D, Op. 28 (the *Pastoral*). It was exquisitely delivered—like a fine spic poem, from beginning to end. The *andante*, in D minor, indeed, we have never heard so well played—not only with wonderfully-sustained expression, but with a new reading, as it seemed to us, of the major episode. The witty *scherzo* was also most bewitchingly played; and so was the eccentric *rondo*, which was captivating. But we can do nothing but praise such a truly gifted artist as Arabella Goddard; so when we further say that, in answer to two enthusiastic recalls, she played Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," as she only can play it, and an arrangement of the "Last Rose of Summer"—partly Thalberg and mostly Goddard—we must wish her God speed. We have been highly honoured by her visit, as we have before said; but we should feel heartily ashamed to invite her back again. We might have expected our whole musical population up and waiting to receive with open arms this eminent lady—the first, the best, the greatest honour to our nation, in her sphere, of the women of our age. In Glasgow, in Edinburgh, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in London, in every town and city of consideration in the three kingdoms, the name of Arabella Goddard is the signal for a crowded attendance, and we are of opinion that even at the antipodes nothing short of an earthquake could prevent the rising of every white-faced man to do the celebrated lady honour.

Miss Annie Edmonds gave, at intervals, some very quaint and semi-classical snatches of song. In every instance she was happy and pleasing.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE second of the Royal Artillery Concerts, under the direction of Mr. J. Smyth, band-master, took place on Wednesday, before a large audience of officers and friends, who were much gratified. The orchestra, consisting of about seventy performers, gave Schubert's Symphony, No. 8, in B minor, Mendelssohn's overture to *Meeresstille*, and a selection from *Le premier Jour de Bonheur*, finishing with Carl Vogler's waltz, "The Rosario." The performance proved the admirable tact and judgment displayed by Mr. Smyth in drilling the orchestra to its present state of perfection. An oboe solo, played by Sergeant Jones, who possesses a very fine tone and excellent execution, diversified the programme, together with some part-songs, sung by the members of the band. A solo, by Sergeant A. Mansfield, was also heard with pleasure and applauded.

MISS JOHN MACFARREN gave a second concert of pianoforte and vocal music, under the auspices of the Islington Literary Society, on Thursday, December 30. Mrs. Macfarren's solos were the *adagio* and *rondo* from Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Vincent Wallace's "Etude de Concert," Sydney Smith's "Tarantelle" in E minor, and her own *caprice*, "The Pearl of Erin." She was assisted by Mr. Walter Macfarren, in his new duet, "Fête d'hiver sur la glace," and in Osborne's "Les Huguenots." An attractive feature of the programme was Miss Jessie Royd's singing of "Lo, here the gentle lark," with Mr. Churchill Artidge's flute *obbligato*. Miss Annie Sinclair and Signor Bellini sang with much spirit the *buffo* duet from Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*, and Miss Emma Forbes effectively gave the *bravura*, "He is gone," from G. A. Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened*; Misses Royd, Sinclair, and Forbes sang the trio from *Il matrimonio segreto*, as well as Mr. Lewis, and Signor Bellini gained a like compliment in Mattei's "Il farfallone." The concert gave manifest satisfaction. Mr. Walter Macfarren acted as accompanist.

THE "London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association" gave a concert the other night in aid of its library and reading-room fund. There was a very fair audience, the majority of whom took such a lively interest in the proceedings that they applauded everything without distinction. The chief feature of the evening was Mr. Charles Malcolm, who was introduced, by a circular distributed with the book of words, as a special interpreter of Abbé Liszt. The compositions of that "magnificent master" and "profound musician" are, it appears, "but seldom heard, in consequence of their presenting difficulties of execution which no ordinary player can overcome." Happily, "sixteen years of constant work have enabled Mr. Malcolm to attain that command of his instrument which is essential to their development." This contingency excited by this announcement was strengthened when Mr. Malcom played, very badly, the pianoforte part of Mozart's Sonata in A major (Op. 13). It was evident that his study of Liszt had been exclusive. But, after a performance of Abbé Liszt's fantasia on *Rigoletto*, it was no less evident that even exclusive study had served Mr. Melcolm little. He must be congratulated, however, on his choice of a master, because in a rhapsody of Liszt a few false notes more or less are of no particular account. Among other noteworthy things were Mr. John Thorpe's capital performance of his own new harp fantasia on airs from *Marta*, and a violin solo by Herr Carl Deichmann. The vocal music—ballads for the most part—was contributed by Miss Kingsley, Miss F. Poole, Miss Milton, Messrs. Carter, Lawler, and Dawson. The last named gentleman acted also as director of the concert.

BRESCIA.—A very successful performance of Rossini's *Mosse Solennelle* was lately given by the Società del Concerti.

THERE is an opera-house in Guadalajara, Mexico, on the Plata, fronting the Palace, erected by the city, but not yet finished. It has already cost 350,000 dols. in coin, and will require 50,000 dols. more. It is occupied, but has little scenery, only a white cloth drag curtain and white-washed walls. The proportions are magnificent, and the house will seat 4,000 persons comfortably and be one of the finest on the continent.

MADAME OURY, the accomplished pianist, has been presented by the publishers of her "Souvenir d'Ecosse" (first introduced at the Edinburgh audience by Madame Arabella Goddard) with a handsome gold watch and chain bearing the following inscription:—"From Messrs. Paterson & Sons to Madame Oury, as a testimonial for 'Mos Souvenirs d'Ecosse.'"

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PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—From a Liverpool journal we extract the following about Madame Sinico's singing in the *Messiah* at the Philharmonic :—

"Madame Sinico's execution of the soprano part was highly satisfactory, especially in pronunciation—he more to be wondered at considering that she has hitherto confined her efforts almost exclusively to Italian. The purity of her delivery in 'Rejoice greatly' was especially noticeable; and this proved on the whole her greatest success. Her share of 'He shall feed His flock' was remarkable for true vocal art and refined religious sentiment."

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent sends these particulars :—

"The concert given on Tuesday by the Sacred Harmonic Society was very successful, from a musical point of view. Miss Blanche Cole (especially in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'), Miss Julia Elton, Mr. George Perren (notably in 'Thou shalt break them'), and Mr. Winn were highly successful. Among the principal instrumentalists were Mr. Gutteridge (leader), Mr. Nibbs (violinist), Mr. Roe (organ), and Mr. Landfried (trumpet). Mr. T. W. Wisite conducted.—Mr. Santley's announced concert for the 24th inst. is attracting considerable attention from the amateurs of Brighton. Mr. Santley is to be assisted by Madame Sinico, Miss Annie Edmonds, Miss D'Alton, Herr Wilhelmj, and Madame Arabella Goddard."

LIMERICK.—In the *Limerick Chronicle*, December 18, we read that :—

"Mr. de Pin's two concerts took place, the first in the Theatre Royal, last evening, and the second in the Athenæum this afternoon. Taken as a whole these concerts were most agreeable, and gave considerable satisfaction to the large and respectable audience. Miss Marie Stocken made a perfect conquest of her audience last evening. This young and fascinating artist is possessed of an exceedingly mellow and perfectly educated soprano voice. Her various efforts to please her not easily satisfied audience were more than successful. In the 'Echo' song, Miss Stocken was really fascinating, her grace and demeanour co-operating powerfully with the charm of her voice. Most anxious to please, this young lady responded to the frequent encores which poured upon her, *ad finium*" (*sic*), "from all parts of the house."

It is very evident that Miss Stocken "made a perfect conquest" of at least one among her audience.

CORWEN.—In a letter from this North Cambrian town we read :—

"Miss Anna Jones (of the London Academy of Music) gave her first public concert on December 22nd. It was a complete success, the room being crowded in every part. She was assisted by Miss Meenan (pupil of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington) and Mr. Lenton (of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society). The charming cadze, 'Il Bacio,' by F. Schira, admirably rendered by Miss Anna Jones, was encored, and 'O luce di quest Anima,' substituted. Her other songs were very effectively sung. Miss Jones undoubtedly possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of great power and sweetness. Miss Meenan was heard to great advantage in 'Home, sweet Home' and 'Il Segreto.' Mr. Lenton's voice was very telling in Gounod's 'Nazareth' and 'The brave old Oak.' We must not omit to mention 'La ci darem,' sung by Miss Anna Jones and Mr. Lenton, and loudly redemanded. Mr. Rawlings, accompanist, played Thalberg's 'Home, sweet Home,' and Schnloff's 'Carnival de Venice.'"

EDINBURGH.—Says a correspondent :—

"A large audience attended the first 'Classical Chamber Concert,' in the Freemasons' Hall. The following programme was gone through with credit to the artists and satisfaction to the audience :—

'Sonata, Op. 45, piano and violoncello, Mendelssohn; Song, "Mid the Light Ripples," Schubert; Solo, Violin Concerto (Dramatic), Spohr; Aria, "S'altro che Lagrime," Mozart; Quartet in E flat, Op. 74, Beethoven; Song, "Abendlied," Schumann; Trio in B flat, Op. 99, Schubert.'

"Mendelssohn's sonata was entrusted to Mr. Adlington and Herr Daubert, and Spohr's violin concerto to Mr. A. Kuchler, who proved himself an accomplished violinist. Beethoven's quartet was capitally played by Messrs. Mackenzie, Kuchler, Meeks, and Daubert, and Schubert's trio by Messrs. Adlington, Kuchler, and Daubert. Miss Ellen Anderson was the vocalist, and acquitted herself satisfactorily, especially in Mozart's *aria* from *La Clemenza di Tito*. Mr. Mackenzie accompanied the vocal music in musicianly style. The next concert is announced for the 18th inst."

CROYDON.—A correspondent sends the following from this semi-metropolitan place :—

"Mr. George Russell's annual concert is always looked forward to with interest by amateurs here, because the programme is sure to contain music of the best class. The concert given in the Public Hall on Wednesday evening, the 15th ult., was no exception to the general rule. Among the principal pieces played by Mr. Russell were Sterndale Bennett's *Caprice* in E (with quintet accompaniment by Messrs. Buziau, Viereck, West, Reed, and Percival), Hummel's Quintet in E flat minor, Chopin's grand *Scherzo* in B flat, and a duet by Mendelssohn for violoncello and piano. These were executed so as to satisfy the most fastidious connoisseur, and that they were appreciated by the audience was beyond hardly remark. As a contrast to the foregoing Mr. Russell played a cleverly written 'show-piece' of his own, in the form of a *Volka de Concert*, which, by-the-bye, we think he introduced at his concert last year. Besides this Mr. Russell gave specimens of his vocal compositions, 'The Cottage Window' and 'Friend-ship' (the latter encored), both of which are charming, and were charmingly sung by Miss Banks. Mr. Russell also played the pianoforte accompaniment to Mendelssohn's violin concerto, the violin part being in the hands of M. Buziau. Mr. George Perren and Miss Eatman were the other vocalists, the latter gaining a well deserved encore for Claribel's 'Strangers yet.' The concert, which ended with the laughing trio by Martini, gave entire satisfaction."

STROUD.—About a recent concert in this Gloucestrian town, a correspondent says :—

"A concert was given on the 30th ult., in the Subscription Rooms, which have recently been altered and tastefully decorated. A large audience attended, and the proceeds are to benefit the Hospital. The vocalists were Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Lana Baxter, Mr. S. Bejjeman, and Mr. Harley Vinning; instrumentalists, Mr. H. Blagrove and Mr. Sidney Smith; conductor, Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Mdlle. Liebhart sang 'Roberto, tu che adoro' and 'Little bird, so sweetly singing,' which latter was encored. In response, Mdlle. Liebhart, substituted a piquant rendering of 'Oh dear! what can the matter be?' Miss Armytage's lofty sighs and tears made much effect in a seasonable ballad of her own composition, called 'Under the Mistletoe.' Miss Baxter was recalled after Benedict's 'By the sad sea waves,' and a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Bejjeman for his 'Death of Nelson.' Mr. Harley Vinning showed considerable dramatic feeling in Duggan's 'Samson,' and was recalled. He was also very successful in Molloy's 'Vagabond,' both songs being well suited to his voice. Mr. Blagrove played De Beriot's *Rondo Russe*; and Mr. Sidney Smith, in one of his own charming compositions, was highly successful. The concerted music, under Mr. C. J. Hargitt's guidance, was well sung, especially Signor Randegger's trio, 'I Naviganti.'"

Shuber Silber across the "Bohemienne," &c.

Paris, Jan. 4.—La Bohémienne has been produced; and the public of the Théâtre Lyrique, more than that of any other theatre in Paris, trained upon masterpieces, appears satisfied. Balfe's opera had already been played in French, at Rouen—at the theatre to which Madame Dovary, M. Bovary, and the "little student" went, on a night well known to novel readers, to hear *Lucie*. In crossing the channel the parts have somehow got inverted. French critics look upon the Queen of the Gipsies as the principal character; whereas, in England, Arline, who dreamt she dwelt in marble halls, is the heroine, the Gipsy Queen being a subordinate personage. Now of his own work I have the impression that the Bohemian Girl was Arline. She is not a Bohemian; but she is at least a girl, while the Gipsy Queen is neither girl nor Bohemian. However, as the Gipsy Queen is now the chief character, we must assume that it is she, and not the kidnapped daughter of Count Arnheim, who gives a title to the work. In the French, "Arline" becomes "Sarah." There is no great harm in that;—the daughter of an Austrian nobleman might, no doubt, be called "Sarah." But fancy "Stenio," for "Thaddeus," as the hero—a proscribed Pole! Fancy, the gipsy chief of her tribe, being styled "Queen Mab!" The indifference of composers as to the meaning of "words" is well known. We wonder if all the same that Mr. Balfe did not think it worth while to point out that "Stenio" is not the name for a son of that "fair land of Poland," which, according to the late Mr. Bunn, was "ploughed by the hoof," and that "Mab" is not the name of a gipsy, but of a fairy queen. One would have thought that this fact in Shakspearean mythology must be known to every one, if only from Mercutio's "Ballade de la Reine Mab," in Gounod's *Roméo et Giulietta*.

M. Weber, writing in *Le Temps*, says that the piece is in the melodramatic style, the music in the style of *opéra comique*. Another critic describes the music as composed in that mixed style, half italian, half French, cultivated by Nicolai, Flotow, and other composers in Germany. Théodore de Banville, paradoxical author of *Odes Funambulesques*—in prose as in verse, always on the tight rope—executes a *pas seul*, to the accompaniment of M. Balfe's music, in the *National*. He throws his adjectives about in marvellous style. The action of the piece takes place "dans un cadre *curieux, vivant, pittoresque*." The "intérêt" is "toujours *ardent renouvelé, palpitant* de ce poème *agissant et passionné*;"

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and "la musique de Balfe, *brulante, amoureuse, extasiée et vraiment dramatique*, avec son entrain *haletant* et *déchaîné*, sa verve *somptueuse*, son éclat *fascinateur* et *splendide*"—one adjective in every three words! Neither Paul de St. Victor nor Théophile Gautier could do more. Being a poet, M de Banville sees at once what other critics do not discover—that M. de St. George's libretto, far from being a convent melo-drama, is a masterpiece. So is the ballet of *La Givana*, on which the *Bohemian Girl* is founded. So is Cervantes' *Gipsy of Madrid*—a masterpiece, not only as a tale but as a study of manners—from which both are derived.

Among the most successful pieces "la romance du rêve dite par Sarah" is mentioned. But we find no reference to our melancholy old friend, "The heart bowed down with weight of woe;" nor is the tenor solo cited. That must be the fault of the tenor, as every one will admit who has heard "When other lips" sung by Mario, Giuglini, or Sims Reeves.

A monthly review was started on the 1st of January, at Florence, under the ample title of *Authors' rights in respect to Literary Articles and Musical Works, and to Dramatic and Lyrical Representations*. An "office for authors' rights" is established in connection with this journal, and said office will undertake to correspond "in distinctively" with authors, in Italian, French, Latin, German, and Spanish. The review devotes itself in particular to articles and reports on international copyright, and is published under the direction of Signor Enrico Sciajola, son of the late Minister Antonio Sciajola, known as author and proposer of the International Copyright Act, passed in 1865, between Italy and France. The *Review* will turn for documents and decisions affecting its views to the Italian Government, which promises support, and seems resolved to take energetic steps for the protection of Italian composers and authors against foreign pirates.

At Madrid, the French Minister has, at the instance of M. Hervé, called upon the director of one of the theatres to abstain from performing a Spanish version of *La Petit Faust*, which the adapter, with brilliant originality, has called *Mefistofeles*. French authors and composers are terribly swindled; neither their own customs and laws, nor the artistic conditions of other European countries, allow them to retaliate. But it appears absurd that diplomatic action should be taken in an affair where legal process ought to suffice. Fancy the French ambassador in London prote-ting against the frauds practised by English adapters on the dramatists of France! The weakness, in an international sense, of the French position is this:—France produces every year a dozen pieces which are played in the rest of Europe; whereas the rest of Europe does not, in a dozen years, produce one piece which is played in France. Phabet Gifbert.

RUSSIAN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

The New York correspondent of a Philadelphia paper gives an amusing account of the Russian opera company at the Théâtre Français. He says:—

"As Russian baths are all the rage with us, I suppose it was natural enough for the Russian opera to visit us also, and try to make itself a popularity. I have a great respect for the Russian bear, but, 'poo rep,' as Ainsworth says, I cannot bear that bath or the opera we have imported from St. Petersburgh. The Russian opera is, in fact, judging from what I saw of it at the Théâtre Française on Wednesday night, the funniest solemnity, or the most solemn funniness, I have ever witnessed. The Russian opera *troupe* is unmistakably Muscovite. It is none of your make-believes. There are thirty-two members of it, counting in all its *attachés*, and every soul has a name that you can only pronounce by sneezing three times, coughing twice, and then saying through your nose, 'Skoldirovinski.' If you are afflicted with a chronic catarrh and a dislocated jawbone, it is surprising with what an approach to accuracy you can roll out the patronymics of these Sclavonic vocalists. There is but one g-nt-leman of the press here, though, who pronounces those names in perfection and with a melodious ease that renders him the envy of the profession. He is the dramatic critic of a new weekly paper called *The Insomnious Weasel*. He fell off the front platform and under the wheels of a Third Avenue railroad car, about a month ago, and had his head horribly smashed. It was thought he would die at the time, but he recovered, and the pronunciation of Russian has been his *spécialité* ever since!

"The Russian opera *troupe* has a handsome capital in gold, and pays its way independent of all contingencies, like a Czar. It only arrived here some three weeks ago, but it 'fell among thieves'—to use Biblical diction—and suffered accordingly. It gave one concert, which was so well advertized that nobody heard of it except a junk-dealer down in Baxter Street, and he went in as a 'dead-head.' The receipts of that concert summed up, I am told, just forty-one dollars and fifty cents, while the bill brought in by the agent for advertising alone came to exactly two thousand and seventeen dollars! Is it any wonder that the thirty-two Muscovy ducks proposed an immediate flight, in disgust, back again to the banks of the romantic Neva, the picturesqas Volga, &c.? They incontinently took passage for Europe in the steamer of last Saturday, but were encountered on the gang-plank, as it were, going on board by manager Taylesure. He has a tongue which drops the 'bonny of Hyshe,' and a manner so genial and prepossessing that it is irresistible. Five minutes' conversation with Taylesure induced the *chef* of the Russian opera corps to conclude to lose a few thousand dollars more in this benighted city, and consequently we had Verstovski's *Askoldova Mogila*, a comic opera, the leading scene of which is cheerfully laid in a graveyard! The corpses did not rise from their tombs to chant funeral knells to polacca music, but they might as well; for it is the perfection of Muscovite art to walk the stage after the fashion of Hamlet's father, with arms folded in repose, to exhibit the most imperturbable contempt for all displays of emotion and to sing nothing but dismal airs, occasionally accompanied by a deadly lively chorus. Any respectable town-pump could act as gracefully as a Russian *prima donna*, and far more demonstratively so far as the gesture of the arms is concerned. I am not sure that, with a vigorous effort at the ungreased handle, a decent pump could not favour us with an equally effective melody. Such grotesque costumes, too, as these Russians wear on the stage! And such petrifying dances as they amaze us with! Such unparalleled uniqueness in every thing! But I will say no more, lest your readers, oh! good *Dispatch!* all rush on here *en masse* to escape dying of curiosity, and so leave your city a 'desolate and aching void'—which heaven forfend! But no matter; I have seen the Russian opera! Nuff sed."

On the same subject the *New York Weekly Review* observes:—

"The introduction of Russian opera at the French Theatre had in every respect the charm of novelty. The language, the music, the costumes, and especially the acting, all combined to present a very peculiar and novel entertainment. Perhaps the only exception was the music, which sounded like that of a good German scholar, although written by a thorough Russian—Verstovskaja. This composer evidently knows his profession. The treatment of the ideas is skilful and artistic, and the handling of the orchestra very often superb. The ideas themselves have the stamp of the Russian nationality, but are not strikingly original. They are, on the whole, exceedingly doleful and gloomy, and made us start with surprise when we read that 'Asoold's Tomb' was intended to be a comic opera! The entire audience seemed to share our impression, for the further the opera proceeded, the sadder everybody seemed to look. Whether it is the spirit of oppression under which the Russian people have suffered so long or not, certain it is that this music is very apt to produce a great depression of feeling, and we doubt whether even Mark Tapley—while listening to it for some time—could preserve his well-known jollity."

WAIFS.

Spontini's *Vestale* is about to be revived at Berlin.

M. Aimé Maillart is reported as getting the better of his serious malady.

M. Offenbach is at Nice, where also, are the Schneider and Signor Botteslni.

The Paris theatres, concert-rooms, &c., received, during November, 1,915,864 francs.

M. Bagier has been authorized to perform Italian operas in the French language.

Herr Ludwig Straus has been playing with great success at the Brussels popular concerts.

M. Fontana, a papil and friend of Chopin, and editor of his posthumous works, hanged himself the other day.

Madame Patti was recalled twenty-eight times, after a performance of *La Figlia* at St. Petersburgh. What nonsense!

Madame Borghi-Mamo and Signor Junca are engaged at Venice, for the carnival season. They will appear in Donizetti's *Parisina*.

Mdlle. Nilsson was to reappear at the Grand Opéra on Monday last, in *Hamlet*—of which she must be pretty well tired we imagine.

Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombra*, is proposed to be put in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique. Madame Ugalde will take the principal part.

The director of the Hague opera has renounced *Rienzi*, which had previously been announced. This is a good case of timely wisdom.

According to *La Télégraphe*, Prince Poniatowski's *Pierre de Médicis* was a great success at Milan. The Prince was "called" eight times.

A Mannheim sportsman, afflicted with Wagnerism, has respectively named four of his horses, Hans Sachs, Eva, Ritter Stolzing, and Lohengrin.

M. Lefébure Wely, the well-known French organist and composer for the organ, fell dead, a few days since, at the foot of his organ, in the church of St. Sulpice, Paris.

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The first twenty representations of *La Princesse de Trebisonde*, produced 86,622 francs. Who would not be an Offenbach, from a financial point of view?

Mdlle. Liebhart is engaged as *prima donna* by the directors of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Mdlle. Liebhart joins the *troupe* on their provincial tour at the end of February.

Of M. Lefebure Wely, the great French organist and composer, who died suddenly last week, we shall have something to say in our next number. He was at least a "notability."

The Rotterdam opera has brought out Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* with success. We wonder if success is due to the odd notion of a Dutchman being able to fly under any circumstances!

A Conservatoire jury (Paris) did a terrible day's work on Thursday week. It listened to, and pronounced upon the ability of 130 pianists. The members are reported as well as can be expected.

Virginie Morel (Baronne de Verger) since a pianist of note, died in Paris, December 17th, at the age of 70. She was a pupil of Louis Adam; and, at one time, pianist to the Duchess de Berry.

M. Pasdeloup's programme last Sunday was as follows:—Overture (*Oberon*), Weber; Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven; Air de ballet, *Dardanus*), Rameau; Prelude (*Lohengrin*), Wagner; music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn.

The father of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (in Sweden) being dangerously ill, it was doubtful, according to our latest advice, whether she would be able, for some time at least, to make her *rentrée*, as Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, at the Grand Opéra.

The Roman censorship has been doing fine things lately. It has ordained that the music of the Huguenots in Meyerbeer's work shall be given to the Catholics; that Mephisto in *Faust* shall be a doctor; and that the monastery in *La Favorita* shall be a hospital.

Napoleon III. pays for his box at the Opera, 100,000 francs annually; at the Opéra-Comique Italiens, and Théâtre Français, 30,000 francs; at the Gymnase and Odéon, 10,000 francs. No wonder that the Government proposes to put an end to such extravagance.

Mdlle. Maria Rose has made her *début* at the Grand Opéra in Paris, as Marguerite, in *Faust*, with moderate success. It is but fair to add that she was suddenly called upon to replace Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and had had no rehearsal. Moreover, the vast stage of the Opéra was quite foreign to her experience.

At the annual general meeting of the subscribers to the Llandaff Diocesan Church Choral Association, held on Tuesday, at the Cardiff Town Hall, the Lord Bishop of Llandaff in the chair, it was arranged that a Festival of the English Choirs should take place in Llandaff Cathedral on Wednesday, the 20th of July.

A new Mass, in D, composed by Mr. George D. Butler, who is well known in Australia as a distinguished amateur and composer, was produced, for the first time in this country, on Sunday last, in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Grove-end Road, under the direction of the composer. The *soli* parts were sustained by Miss Bailey, Madame Laura Baxter, Mr. Larwell, and Mr. Perugini. There was a large auditory of professors and others, who appeared much pleased with the music. Mr. Charles Hargitt presided; the whole performance was satisfactory.

The Leeds papers announce the first performance, on the 14th inst., by the Madrigal and Motet Society (Lord Londesborough, president), of Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, to be followed by a miscellaneous selection. The principals are Mdlle. Clara Doria, Miss Annie Anyon, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. G. Hale Rushworth. Mr. Burton will conduct, and Dr. Spark presides at the grand organ, on which instrument the work will be accompanied. The chorus numbers about 200 singers, who have been for years under Dr. Spark's training, and who sang at the recent Nilsson Festival Choral Concerts. Such a combination, at moderate charges of admission, ought to command the support of Leeds amateurs; and we trust to be able to record a triumphant success both for Dr. Bennett's work, and the undertaking *quand même*.

There is aggressive amateurism in New York, as in London, and it has moved the *Orpheonist* thus to speak about one of its manifestations:—

"A lady, 'distinguished amateur' and 'from Paris,' has been singing at the Academy of Music. We cannot think of infringing so much upon the sacred limits of domestic privacy as to mention this Parisian denizen's name, nor can we even allow ourselves to attempt to describe her performance; it would be a presumption, for how could we be qualified to judge such exalted beings as 'amateurs,' and 'from Paris,' too? When the lady condescends to do something for Art, resigns foreign affectations (which also always flavour American 'Stilton' cheese), and rises to the dignity of a professed countrywoman and a confessed artist, when she can summon courage sufficient to snap her fingers in the faces of the addle-pated sprats of effete New York 'fashionable' society, then, and not till then, may we in conscience do her the honour and ourselves the unalloyed pleasure of sounding her name abroad. We regretted this lady's appearance at the Philharmonic rehearsal of November 12. It was a reprehensible innovation, and a dangerous precedent. We thought that the Philharmonic was for artists, and for none *but* artists. To turn our glorious society into a place for the vain-glorious display of any mere amateur is questionable policy, at best."

The following bit of characteristic criticism appeared recently in the New York *Orpheonist*. The lash might be similarly applied in this country with good effect:—

"Mr. J. E. Hammer, whose education is European, whose profession is that of pianist, and whose picture not only adorns bar-rooms and music-stores, but also an entire page of his programme, gave his first *matinée* at Steinway Hall on November 20th. We are always afraid of these 'furnish-taught' chaps, who know so much and play so splendidly, and our native modesty will assert itself—paralyzing our arm as soon as we attempt a *critique* upon them. If we differ with their opinions, we tremble lest they may retort by shaking an old cigar stump of Von Bülow, or a worn out toothpick of Tausig in our face, to prove the incontestibility of their claims to the respect of us mere 'natives,' and if we tell the truth we are accused of being 'professionally jealous' of the 'proud position,' &c., if these gentlemen; so we will, for once, write a lie which shall be a 'whopper'—viz., Mr. Hammer's playing was magnificent! Without the slightest ill-feeling to the pianist, we assure him that he had better give up acting as if he thought the American public could be hoodwinked by printer's ink and lithography in the matter of piano-playing. Mr. S. B. Mills, Richard Hoffman, Gottschalk, and one or two more, have taught us too much for *that*. Mr. Hammer had better gather his portraits together again, and put them in pickle until he becomes a pianist—that is, if *they will keep*."

The New York *Orpheonist* thus warns a Professor of something or other not musical to respect the proverb "No suter," &c. The lesson has its application nearer home:—

"Prof. Comfort, of Princeton, has been assuring us that music is splendidly developed in this country, but that we have no grand buildings in which to preserve rusty pennies. The last may be true, but the first assertion we have to be false. The Professor's remarks were made at a meeting of the Union League Club, for the purpose of founding an Institute of Art, in which we do not believe any place would be found for a historic banjo, or a Revolutionary Jewsharp. We do not enjoy Prof. Comfort's acquaintance (rather he does not enjoy ours), but that we do not know whether or not he is jealous of music, but it is no new thing for scientific men in other departments to assume the belligerent attitude with relation to our art, although we think not a very honourable one. Prof. Comfort should not *cry* comfort when there is no comfort, or peace when there is no peace. Music is by no means well developed in our country. We wish these learned literary and statistical giants would let us alone and not bring us into their speeches as comparisons or metaphors. They never touch us without becoming ridiculous, from their ignorance of musical things and people. Dean Swift's abomination was music. Dicky Steel fired off his best pop-guns at music, and at Dr. Arne; and even 'the gentle Elia' lowered himself to the same amusement.

> 'Cannot a man live free and easy
> Without admiring Pergolese,' &c.

But all such things have not helped the poets much, while they have certainly hurt us *less*; and it is with feelings of profoundest respect and distinguished regard that we smile, smirk, shiver, and blush at being compelled to beg these intellectual pyramids most kindly and deferentially to—mount to—*let us alone and mind their own business*. Do we meddle with syntax, logarithms, and hexameters? Not we!"

The *Pittsburgh Gazette* tells of a strange dance of death:—

"A few evenings since a ball was held in one of the halls of the city, at which a large number of young folks were in attendance. Among the attractions was a prize, a gold ring, offered to the lady who should out-waltz all competitors. At twelve o'clock the band struck up 'Il Bacio,' and a dozen competitors took their places. At the expiration of twenty minutes four gave way leaving the rest twirling and whirling. One hour more, there were but two couples on the floor, and the dance went on till another hour had passed, another couple gave way leaving the remaining two pair of terpsichorean devotees. The band played and played and played, and the dancers danced and danced and danced, till even those who looked upon them grew sick and dizzy. At the end of the fourth hour the musicians grew feeble, and from the finger-ends of the violinists the blood trickled to the floor; but still they supplied the moving power to keep the dancers going. The excitement grew intense as the fifth hour came on, and there were those present who insisted on putting an end to the merry, though reckless suicide. However, no interference was permitted, and the prize dance over the jaws of death went on. After five hours had elapsed, one of the ladies fainted, her partner quickly followed her example, and, amid cheers, the prize was awarded to the couple

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that kept the floor. Then came a summing up of damages. The two contesting girls were nigher death than life, and had to be conveyed to their homes, together with their partners, who were as badly used, in carriages, and all have since been in a precarious condition. The girls had to have their shoes cut from their feet, and their limbs were swollen to an enormous size. The young men will hardly recover, and the musicians suffered terribly, and will never again play at a terpsichorean contest. So much for foolishness."

We add, hopefully, so much for fibbing.

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Branches—HAMPSTEAD HEATH and BRIGHTON.

(RESIDENT STUDENTS.)

F. C. Weber, Secretary.

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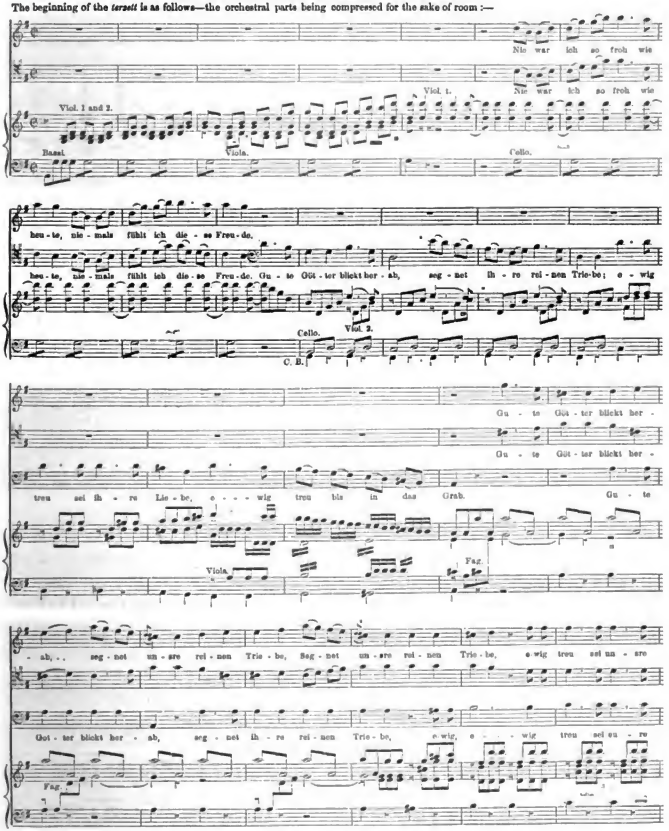
BEETHOVENIANA. No. V.*

(*Continued from page* 863).

VIII.—FINALE TO A SMALL OPERA HITHERTO UNKNOWN—*continued.*

The beginning of the *tersett* is as follows—the orchestral parts being compressed for the sake of room :—

Nie war ich so froh wie
Viol. 1.
Nie war ich so froh wie
Viol. 1 and 2.
Basst.
Viola.
Cello.
heu - te, nie - mals fühlt ich die - se Freu - de.
heu - te, nie - mals fühlt ich die - se Freu - de. Gu - te Göt - ter blickt her - ab, seg - net ih - re rei - nen Trie-be; e - wig
Viol. 2.
Cello.
C. B.
Gu - te Göt - ter blickt her -
Gu - te Göt - ter blickt her -
treu sei ih - re Lie - be, e - - - wig treu bis in das Grab.
Gu - te
Viola.
Fag.
- ab, . . seg - net un - sre rei - nen Trie - be, Seg - net un - sre rei - nen Trie - be, e wig treu sei un - sre
Göt - ter blickt her - ab, seg - net ih - re rei - nen Trie - be, e wig, e - - wig treu sei un - re
Fag.

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN.
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—The Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley.
Principal—Professor W. Sterndale Bennett.

The Lent Term will commence on Monday the 17th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 16th of April.
Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday the 13th inst., at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.
By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ANGELL TOWN INSTITUTION, BRIXTON. Director—Mr. RIDLEY PRENTICE. FOURTH CONCERT, Tuesday, January 26th. Quartet in D, Beethoven; Duet for two Pianofortes, Ciprini Potter; Fantaisie-Impromptu, Chopin; Sonata in G (Op. 30), Pianoforte and Violin, Beethoven. Misses H. Blagrove, F. Ralph, R. Blagrove, W. H. Aylward, Walter Macfarren, and Ridley Prentice. Vocalists, Miss Annie Edmonds and Mr. Harley Vinning. Tickets, 3s. 6d., 2s., and 1s., to be obtained of Mr. Ridley Prentice and at the music shops.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing at the British Monthly Popular Concert on the 26th inst., and at the Royal Artillery Concert, Woolwich, in the "MESSIAH," on the 26th inst. For Concerts, Oratorios, &c., address 16, Malcolm Road, Penge, S.E.

MR. KENNEDY, the celebrated Scottish Vocalist, will give his Entertainment on the Songs of Scotland at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday and Tuesday, next, January 17th and 18th. Pianoforte—Miss Kennedy. Commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s.; at all the Musicsellers, and at the Rooms.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Basso Cantante) has returned from Italy. Letters respecting Engagements to be addressed to 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MISS MINA POOLE and MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing Offenbach's popular duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from his operetta, "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Chester, January 19th.

MISS JESSIE ROYD will sing Benedict's admired song, "HOPE ME TO KEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Guildford, on Thursday, January 20th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing at Hertford Town Hall on the 17th inst., and Hemel-Hempstead on the 18th, Wellington Gurney's new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," and Ascher's popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MISS ALEXANDRINA DWIGHT will sing Wellington Guernsey's new song, "THE NAIADES," and his ballad, "THE SPRING," at Hertford and Hemel-Hempstead on the 17th and 18th inst.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY having terminated his engagement for Millie, Christine Nilsson's provincial tour, requests that all Letters may be forwarded to Bedford Chambers, 28, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, until the 26th January 1870, after which date he is engaged for Mr. Santley's tour in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

MADAME MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. For terms and particulars respecting Lessons, &c., address — Madame Montserrat, 48, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.

SIGNOR ROMANO (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

MISS ANDROMEDA OXLEY (Soprano). For Engagements, and Lessons in Singing and the Pianoforte, address — Miss Oxley, 1, Adelaide Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting Engagements with his Pupil, Miss Bessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. Tennells Calkin, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

THE ORPHEUS QUARTET can be engaged, on moderate terms, for Institutions, Public and Private Concerts, &c., &c., on the shortest possible notice. Address—Mr. Alfred Peirson, Secretary, 46, Regent Street, W.

MR. ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Baritone) may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—Nelson House, Slough.

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Sung by Mr. HARLEY VINNING,

"SAMSON,"

By J. F. DUGGAN.

"THE TROOPER,"

By G. B. ALLEN.

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Musical and Operatic Agency,

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LONDON.

MR. SANTLEY has the honour to announce that his FIRST CONCERT TOUR in England, Ireland, and Scotland will commence in January, 1870. Mr. Santley will be assisted by Madame Sinico, Miss Edmonds, Herr Wilhelmj, the celebrated violinist, and Madame Arabella Goddard. All applications for the engagement of the party to be made to Mr. Wood, Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.

THE SURREY CHORAL SOCIETY. For Ladies and Gentlemen. All Saints School-room, Westmoreland Road, Walworth, (near Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, S.E.) Conductor, Mr. Leonard Walker. Accompanists, Mr. H. W. Little, Jun. Secretary, Mr. A. Lloyd, L.D.S., R.C.S.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. "Unquestionably the most comfortable concert rooms in London."—*Vide Athenæum.* Any portion of these unique Rooms may be let. Apply to Mr. Hall.—Robert Cocks, Proprietor.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD will perform WOELFL'S SONATA (in C minor), Op. 22, No. 1 of W. S. BENNETT'S CLASSICAL PRACTICE, at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, on the 17th inst. Published at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street.

W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S "SONATA DUO," for PIANOFORTE and VIOLONCELLO, will be played by MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD and SIGNOR PIATTI at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT, on the 17th inst. Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street, Publishers of all Professor Bennett's works.

IMPORTANT.

A RESIDENT MUSIC and SINGING MASTER is required in a first-rate School near London. He must be a Gentleman in Habits and manners, and able to give good references. Salary, with Board and Lodging, £120 per annum. A graduate of Oxford or Cambridge preferred. Apply to H. H., Post Office, Sutton, Surrey.

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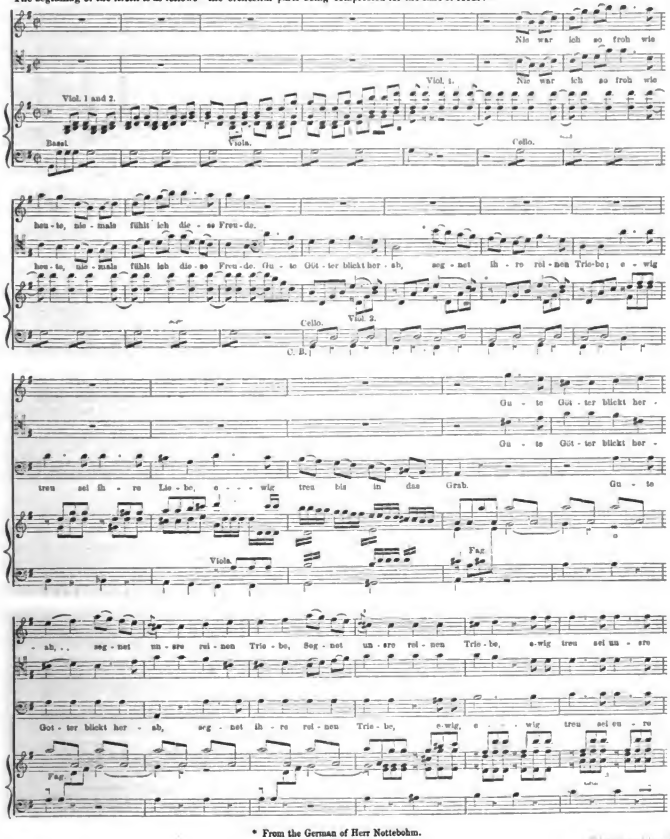
BEETHOVENIANA. No. V.*

(*Continued from page 863*).

VIII.—FINALE TO A SMALL OPERA HITHERTO UNKNOWN—*continued.*

The beginning of the *tersett* is as follows—the orchestral parts being compressed for the sake of room :—

Nie war ich so froh wie
Viol. 1 and 2.
Viol. 1.
Basso.
Viola.
Cello.
heu-te, nie-mals fühlt' ich die-se Freu-de.
Gu-te Göt-ter blickt her-ab, seg-net ih-re rei-nen Trie-be; e-wig
Viol. 2.
C. B.
treu sei ih-re Lie-be, e-wig treu bis in das Grab.
Fag.
-ab, seg-net un-sre rei-nen Trie-be, Seg-net un-sre rei-nen Trie-be, e-wig treu sei un-sre
Got-ter blickt her-ab, seg-net ih-re rei-nen Trie-be, e-wig, e-wig treu sei un-re

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

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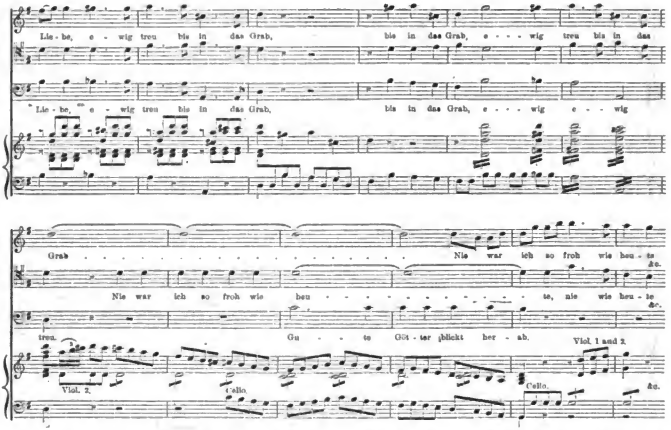
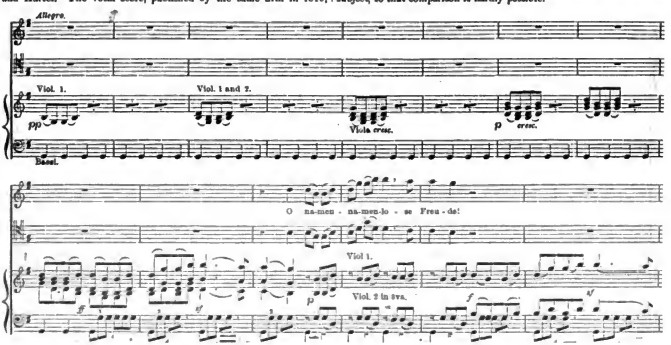

Lie - be, e - wig treu bis in das Grab,
bis in das Grab, e - - - wig treu bis in das
Lie - be, e - wig treu bis in das Grab,
bis in das Grab, e - - - wig e - - wig
Grab
Nie war ich so froh wie heu - te
Nie war ich so froh wie heu - te, nie wie heu - te
treu.
Gu - te Göt - ter blickt her - ab.
Viol. 1 and 2.
Viol. 2.
'Cello.
Cello.

The similarity between this beginning and that of the duet, "O namenlose Freude," in the first version of *Leonora* (1805), is obvious at a glance. For the sake of comparison, we give a few bars of this duet taken from an old manuscript, revised by the composer, and at present in the same library with the trio, on the first page of which stand the words, "alte oper," in Beethoven's handwriting. With this MS. agrees the vocal score of *Leonora*, edited by Otto Jahn, for Breitkopf and Härtel. The vocal score, published by the same firm in 1810, and now out of print, is taken from the second version of the opera (1806), in which the duet is altered and materially shortened from 213 to 124 bars.

The main subject, which in the first version recurs three times, here comes but twice; but at the beginning, for 50 bars or so, both versions agree pretty closely. In the third version, known as *Fidelio*, the alterations are made both at the beginning of the duet and in the chief subject, so that comparison is hardly possible.

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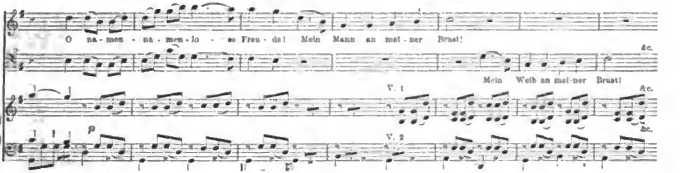
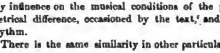

It will be seen that, putting the accompaniment on one side, the principal themes are exactly alike in all the various respects of key, time, succession of keys, figures, motifs, &c., with the exception of one note. This is the first D given to the word "O," in the duet, which does not exist in the trio—a difference too trifling to alter the melody or to have any influence on the musical conditions of the piece. It is a mere metrical difference, occasioned by the text, and disappearing in the rhythm.

There is the same similarity in other particulars. Thus the motif,



sung by Leonora and Florestan, first in half and then entire, although occurring in another position, and somewhat changed in form, will be found in the *terzett* to the words, "Gute Gotter, blickt herab."

Other differences, relating to the rhythm, and the relation of the music to the text, are most important. In the trio, the subject is only once repeated, and that by the voices; while, in the duet, it is repeated in turn by orchestra and voices, so as to come four times over, the voices pausing after and before the first time. In the trio this pause does not occur. There the lovers sing two verses without interruption, and are then silent for Porus. In the duet, Leonora and Florestan repeat the words, "O namenlose Freude," to the chief subject, and then part to reunite further on.

The trio, as a whole, is of more simple and primitive character than the duet. In the first part, all that follows the first solo of Porus is developed out of the preceding themes; while, in the duet, fresh themes and episodes are introduced. In the remainder of both pieces the thematic work of the first part is chiefly employed with a new idea here and there. The duet, however, is longer than the trio, in consequence of the great extension of its first portion. Both pieces are in *Rondo* form.

If from the form we pass to the musical spirit of the two pieces, there is no difficulty in giving the duet the preference. The emotion of joy lies at the base of each, but the expression of the emotion is more imaginative and forcible in the duet than the trio. The means of expression in the duet are so thoroughly suited to the words and the situation, that it is impossible to understand how they can have been equally well applied in the trio. Thus the pause which occurs after Leonora and Florestan have sung the words, "O namenlose Freude," for the first time, is certainly significant, and intended to express the breathless joy of the lovers. It is surely also appropriate to the situation that Leonora and Florestan should sing so few words, and repeat those they have already sung. Such emotion as theirs does not deal in many words—" the thoughts are too far from the lips."

Again the *fermate* which suddenly occurs at the word "lust," and the transition to a slower *tempo*, seem like points of rest and collectedness in the overpowering emotions of the lovers: but of such expression the trio shows nothing. The lovers there repeat none of the words which express their first outburst of pleasure. Porus sings a stanza of four uninterrupted lines, after which the lovers appear to forget their delight and implore the blessing of the gods. The piece does not contain a single pause, and the *tempo* with which it started rules throughout.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(*From our original Correspondent.*)

The reprise of *Freischütz* with new scenery and costumes is in preparation at the new operahouse for the beginning of January next. Finanzrath Baron Max von Weber, having accepted an invitation of Director Dingstedt, will come from Dresden to be present at the first performance of this very popular work of his immortal father.

The second abonnement-Concert, two Concerts of Frau Schumann, three Concerts of the florentin-quartett, and the annual performance of the *Creation* of Haydn, have been the best (more or less successful) musical entertainments of the last two weeks.

At the operahouse a beginner, Frl. Busse has made a very favourable impression as Contessa, in the *Nozze di Figaro*. This Lady is in possession of a very sympathetic *mezzo-soprano*, as well as of a good singing method. Her fina figure and Ladylike manners are quite suited to the part she chose for her *début*; but wanting pathos and istrionical power, I do not think that she will be so successful in other parts requiring more animation than that of the apathic countess.

The celebrated Wiener Mannergesangverein gave their first Concert this season on the 19th instant, bringing out on the occasion three novelties for chorus and orchestra, by the Herren Buck, Gernsheim, and Goldmark, which (perhaps with a little modification for the last named Gentleman) are just what the garman call "Machwerks," that is to say, made up without any inspiration, and endouvering to describe with orchestral and polyphonical effects the signification and sentiment of every word of the poem they have put in to music. The *Desert* of Félicien David was capitally rendered at the same Concert. The first concert this season, of the *Orchesterverein*, a society of first rate *dilettanti*, under the direction of Herr Heisler, took place on the 21st December, proving once more, that real amateurs can arrive through perseverance to excell in art. The Concert went on splendidly, and it gave opportunity to Frl. Carolina Schmerhofsky (the pupil of the Conservatoire of whom I spoke already in my last) to reveal her extraordinary talent and capital voice. She sang on this occasion a most beautiful, but extremely difficulty *aria di bravura* from the opera *Le billet de loterie* by Stonar (a gem nearly forgotten), and the amazement and enthusiasm of the public were so great, that after having recalled eight times the young songstress, they insisted upon calling forth her singing mistress, Mme. de Marchesi, who was obliged to bow from her seat, and thank the audience, among vociferouses applauses. Frl. Schmerhofsky, only seventeen years of age, is a very pretty girl, and in possession of every requisite to make a first rate singer. Let her learn two years more, and no doubt she will become a star of the greatest magnitude in the musical firmament. That is not only my own prognostic, but the opinion of the whole Viennese press in general, and the one expressed by Dr. Hanslick in the number 1909 (21st December) of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

The Direction of the Imperial Operahouse, having failed to find a Convinient substitute for Mlle. de Murska, is endeauvering to engage once more this celebrated *Prima donna*. *En attendant*, Mlle. de Murska is going to give a few performances here with *abonnement suspendu* previous to her departure for Paris. Her first appearance as Martha, on thursday last, was a grandious triumph from the beginning to the end of the opera, and the variations of Proch, which she sang at the end of the third act, brought the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Happy new year.

Vienna, 31st December. SALVATORE SAVERIO DI BALDASSARE.

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THE LIBRETTO OF *DER FREISCHUTZ.**

A short time before his death (on the 25th June, 1844), Friedrich Kind published at Leipsic a work entitled *Das Freischützbuch*, containing, besides the libretto of *Der Freischütz*, some curious details concerning the relations between Kind, and his collaborator, Carl Maria von Weber, from which we extract the following particulars:—

"Some time during the year 1816, Herr Schmiedel, *Kammermusicus*, called upon me, and brought with him a stranger dressed in black, and having a pale but clever face. Judging from his long arms, and his unusually developed hands, I at first took him for a pianist; it was Carl Maria von Weber. I was delighted at making his acquaintance; he had already a certain amount of reputation. He had set to music some popular songs, taken from those of Herder and Wunderhorn, of Körner and myself. This had flattered me all the more, as, up to then, I had never had any communication with him. I knew, moreover, that he was to have the post of chapel-master at Dresden.

"The conversation became animated; we spoke of a variety of subjects. At length, Weber said to me: 'You must write me an opera.' The proposal made me laugh. I had tried my hand at various kinds of composition, it is true, but the notion of writing a libretto had never entered my head. I rather liked the idea; besides, it is my firm conviction that nothing ought to be impossible for a poet. I frankly confessed to Weber that I scarcely knew my notes. He said that that would make no difference. 'It is settled; we shall understand one another; we will arrange the rest some other time!' We took leave of each other like two old friends.

"Weeks and months passed by; I had all sorts of work to do, but this did not cause me to renounce my project. I remembered that certain of my poems had been set to music, and proved successful; I remembered, too, having read, somewhere or other, that, by long study, the art of opera, tragedy not excepted, is capable of perfection. Lastly, Weber came and settled at Dresden, though I forget when.† He called and again spoke of my libretto. I at first affected unwillingness, but I did so like a girl who only desires to get married. I had often heard of the exacting disposition of composers, who look upon the opera merely from a musical point of view, and compel the author to introduce all sorts of modifications and alterations. I spoke out frankly to Weber on the subject. 'I will set your book,' he said, 'just as you send it in, of that I give you my word; as for details, which will require simply a stroke of the pen, you will, out of friendship for me, not refuse to change them.'

"The question was now to find a subject; I wanted a popular one, suited to Weber a peculiar kind of talent and my own. We looked through Musæus and Benedictus; collections of romances and of tales. At length we decided on Apel's *Freischütz*, but we afterwards gave it up. The censure was severe; the subject might be considered dangerous, as leading to propagate superstitious ideas. Besides, in Apel's story, the lovers die. This would not be allowed on the stage. All these difficulties discouraged us, and we parted without coming to any determination.

"But the notion had taken a firm hold of me; my heart beat high; I paced up and down my room, exciting my imagination with the fresh poetry of the forests and of popular legends. At length, the mists cleared away, and the dawn began to appear. That same evening, or the next morning very early, I ran off to Weber. 'I will do *Freischütz* for you. I will tackle the devil himself!' I go back; I will have nothing modern. We are living at the end of the Thirty Years' War, in the midst of the Forests of Bohemia. A pious hermit has appeared to us! The white rose is a protection against the Demon hunter! Innocence comes to the aid of the Strong one, when the latter is boasting; hell succumbs, and Heaven is triumphant!' I narrated my plot at length, and we flung ourselves in each others' arms, exclaiming; 'Long live our *Freischütz*!'"

M. Edmond Neukomm relates (*History of Der Freischütz*, Paris, A. Faure, 1867) how the two friends came to quarrel after the triumph achieved by their work at Berlin, on the 18th June, 1821:—

"Weber had only returned a short time to Dresden, when his recent joy was succeeded by a feeling of sorrow, caused by the susceptibility of his collaborator, Kind.

"Kind accused Weber of not having brought him sufficiently forward, and, in addition, with having used him merely for his own ends. It was in vain that Weber appealed to their old friendship, and reminded him of his letters immediately after the first representation of their work at Berlin. But nothing was of any avail. Quite the contrary: just as the success of *Der Freischutz* increased, the greater was the amount of dissatisfaction manifested by Kind, who, at length, gave full vent to his feelings. It was at the end of 1821. *Der Freischutz* had made its way triumphantly through all Germany; it had been represented simultaneously at every large theatre in that country. Its success had everywhere proved the same, immense and nearly unopposed; the work had, in consequence, brought in the sum of 1693 thalers to its author, in less than six months. Weber thought this was the time for making another attempt at reconciliation with his friend Kind. He wrote him a charming letter, one of those letters which he so well knew how to write, a letter which was dictated by the heart from beginning to end. Considering his embarrassed circumstances, Weber begged Kind to accept thirty ducats, a sum equal to that they had fixed for Kind's share, and which had been paid . . . . 'My dear fellow, allow me to slip this into your hand, and promise me you will lay it out in some way agreeable to yourself, and to your friends, so that I may see my sole object in sending it gratified, namely: a wish to please you.'

"But Kind was not in the slightest degree touched by Weber's delicacy. He returned the present, accompanied by a letter, in which he complains of composers, who purchase a poem dirt cheap, and then consider the business settled, while they continue to exhaust every one else, singers, machinists, choristers, and even lamp-men, to profit by the large sums the opera brings in. He summed up by saying that a person, worthy of belief, had stated that Count Brühl had sent 800 thalers for him, but that he had not seen a rapp. He returned, therefore, the thirty ducats to Weber, and looked upon the business as terminated. Weber kept his sorrow to himself, and said nothing."

REACTION.

(*From the "New York Tribune."*)

Two years ago, when half the town ran madly after her rollicking Highness of Gerolstein, and clapped their hands for joy that in the new French Apollo they had a greater god than any of the old Italians whose lays had charmed us before, a few sober people who had not been caught by the prevailing mania cried out that the musical art had got its death-blow, and we were all rushing to moral and æsthetic destruction. And it seemed indeed for a while as if they might be right. From the Grand Duchess to the Fair Helen was only one step, and from Troy to Brabant was another. The lofty levels of Offenbach's Parnassus and Parnassa at one end of Fourteenth Street, the faces of musicians grew sad and anxious at the other. Artists raised their voices in vain amid the solitudes of the Academy, while shapely women were flaunting their skirts and saying naughty things on the boards of the French Theatre. So the doors of the operahouse were locked one day, the cotton covers were drawn over the gilded boxes, and the dust was left to settle on the great stage until such time as the world should get through with its frolic and recover its senses. Mrs. Grant White and others might well know that art was departing for ever from the stage, and more nonsense and frivolity coming to permanently take its place. At last, however, the frolic became so daring that innocent eyes were opened to its real significance, and ladies found out that the fair Helen and the unhappy Genevieve were not very good company for them; and then the musical art had got its death-blow, but in *opera bouffe*, and such a marked change took place in the character of its patrons, that after the second season not a vestige of that style of entertainment was to be found in the whole city.

Then it was a serious question at first, however, whether the true art and the false had not both been overthrown. Very few supposed that musical taste would revive without at least a year or two of depression. But fashion is as fickle in music as she is in skirts and bonnets, and goes back as readily to a discarded composer as she does to an abandoned petticoat. We dare say that the great jubilee at Boston has had its effect in turning the public away from their false gods, and convincing them that they can worship with quite as much pleasure and quite as much style at the feet of Rossini as at the calves of Offenbach. We dare say that the recently held festival of singers must be ingratiate in the art of music. A seat at the Philharmonic concert is an unpurchasable luxury for which a New York belle would sacrifice the best ball of the season. The centenary of Beethoven is to be celebrated here with a grandeur which will make Boston blush with mortification and howl with envy. One English opera company has sung for us and gone away with full pockets, and another follows it with the same success. And finally, Italian opera, thought to be the most hopelessly prostrate of all lyric enterprises, basks in such a sunshine of favour that manager and singers must be amazed at their own prosperity. All these successes are well deserved, but they are not the less remarkable for all that. A good performance of *William Tell* is a blessing which descends upon America only once in a decade or so; and a performance with such an Arnold as the new tenor who had now fired the town would mark an epoch in the musical history of any city; yet music is so seldom rewarded as it should be that there is perhaps more reason to be surprised at the fashionable enthusiasm than if it wasted itself upon the dyed locks and stuffed anatomy of the ladies of the ballet. Frankly, we must say that fashion has shown a degree of sense for which we were quite unprepared.

IT OUGHT TO BE TRUE, IF IT IS NOT.—According to the *Patrie* Richard Wagner lately sent a copy of his *Judaism in Music* to Offenbach After reading what the "Musician of the Future" had to say about Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and other Jewish composers, Offenbach wrote as follows:—"My dear Wagner, I think you would do better to stick to music." On receiving this laconic epistle, Wagner forwarded Offenbach the score of *Die Meistersinger*. Two days later, Wagner received a second letter which ran thus:—"My dear Wagner, after mature reflection, I feel convinced that the best thing you can do is to confine yourself to writing books."

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* From *Le Guide Musical*.

† He left Berlin on the 12th January, 1817, and arrived the next evening at Dresden.

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RETROSPECTIVE.

The musical history of 1869 is of a chequered character. In some respects, encouraging; in others, it gives little cause for congratulation. The question arises—On which side is the balance? We believe on the side of progress. In music, as in so many other things, one must look beneath the surface for a fair estimate of results. To those who do so, the fact is clear that right principles of art are making more and more way; that a greater power of appreciation is noticeable; and that musical education, amid a good deal which is absurd, or simply weak and futile, really goes on. But we have not so much to discuss the evidences of an advanced artistic taste, as to look back over the year 1869, and note what was done. Our survey can only take the form of a slight sketch, the filling up of which must be left to the refreshed memory of the reader.

Church music has continued to receive the attention which it still so sadly needs. That good results have been secured a very slight acquaintance with the matter proves. We are sorry to say, however, that these results are mainly confined to parish churches, the cathedrals participating in them little, if at all. The question of cathedral music reform has made hardly any visible progress during the year. There are still the glaringly bad arrangements which so long ago excited the wrath of men who felt that cathedral churches should be an ensample to all others. The singers are still underpaid, and, as a consequence, often inefficient. Moreover, they are still too few for the purposes they pretend to serve; while the music used calls loudly for change from feeble twaddle or contrapuntal inanity, to that which shall stir devotional feeling in the hearts of worshippers, and be worthy the service and place with which it is connected. But while all these things continue, public opinion has ripened for reform. Many parish churches have shot ahead of the cathedrals and shame them by contrast. There only remains for some authoritative hand to work upon the latter in the direction of an efficient musical service. From the comfortable nests wherein repose comfortable dignitaries protests might be heard; but the world outside would have to note a like impotence in the acquiescence. An improvement in one department of church music has attracted much attention during the year. We refer to the healthy reaction in favour of genuine organ music, as against the bastard stuff known by the name of "arrangements." Some regular and adequate test of fitness have appeared, lacks nothing of force and completeness. How much good it is certain to effect, both as regards encouragement to a branch of musical composition, and improvement in a department of executive art, need not here be stated. By-and-bye, perhaps, we shall have to note a like improvement in the taste with which organists use their instrument during divine service. In many cases, just now, we see the augmented resources of the organ made a nuisance by the way they are used. A change for the better depends, we fear, upon the establishment of some regular and adequate test of fitness for an organist's work. If this be really the case, improvement may come with the Greek Kalends! hardly before.

Concerts of sacred music were not too numerous during the past year. Such as took place, however, proved, on the whole, interesting. A very important feature was the establishment of Mr. Barnby's Oratorio Concerts, and the appearance of a prospectus which went beyond the range of half a-dozen familiar works. Mr. Barnby's production of *Jephtha* in the spring, and recently of *Acis* and the *Impiegato*, with Mendelssohn's accompaniments, were events of more than ordinary importance, not only for their own sake, but also for their stimulating effect upon other societies. The latter result is evident. Early in the year, for example, the Sacred Harmonic Society moved its huge bulk in the bringing forth of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and now in the same composer's psalms. We have since had *Deborah*; and expect soon the great Mass in D of Beethoven. Upon the National Choral Society good example has had a less apparent influence. Whether this result from a spirit of resistance or a feeling of weakness is a question not to be decided here. The two festivals of 1869, held at Norwich and Worcester, need be recalled only for the sake of an allusion to Mr. Pierson's *Hezekiah* at the former town, and Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* at the latter. *Hezekiah* threatened to be a source of woe, but expiation speedily died out; and as it is a good prospect for 1870 that nothing further is said about getting up a performance of the oratorio in London. The success of Mr. Sullivan's work at the Crystal Palace is an event so recent that bare allusion to it will suffice.

Orchestral concerts were numerous enough in 1869, and their number may be regarded as a favourable sign. How the Philharmonic Society popularized itself by reduced prices and a removal to St. James's Hall; and how it gave better performances of capital music, everybody remembers. It should also be borne in mind that the programmes were not deficient in novelty; and that, generally, the old society made an earnest effort to accommodate itself to new conditions. The New Philharmonic ran its venerable rival hard, and Dr. Wylde's season was noticeable for the production of several works of interest, such as Herr Hiller's pianoforte concerto in C, and Cherubini's overture, *Zu Portugiesche Gasthof*. So much attention is deservedly paid in these columns to the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, that we need only indicate in as few words as possible, how well their reputation was sustained during 1869. Other musical doings at the Crystal Palace have been legion. The Rosolni Festival; the summer concerts (with a larger infusion of the classical element); the great gatherings of children; and, last of all in every sense, the Tonic Sol-fa monstrosity in imitation of Boston—these secured to Palace frequenters a round of musical entertainments from the beginning of the year to its end. Among the other orchestral concerts given were those conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie (to whom the public are indebted for a hearing of much interesting music) and the few which an unkind fate permitted Mr. Hargitt to conduct at Holborn Amphitheatre.

Concerts of chamber music have been mainly confined to well established institutions, with the "Monday Populars" at their head. Mr. Arthur Chappell never entered more successfully for his public than during 1869. How, in the early months, he produced novelty after novelty, and how, at late, he brought forward the distinguished violinist, Madame Néruda, are well remembered facts. They are, moreover, facts doubly pleasant to contemplate, because showing that, after ten years of existence, the "Pops" are as vigorous as ever; with a promise of long life about them, affording a guarantee of abundant future pleasure. Among other concerts of note must be mentioned the unique pianoforte recitals given by Madame Arabella Goddard; recitals, the importance of which, like the transcendant ability which carried them through with success, hardly obtained sufficient recognition. Mr. Hallé's recitals presented nothing new, and can be passed with simple mention; while the concerts given in Mdlle. Nilsson's name at Exeter Hall, have been very recent subjects for comment.

Turning now to opera, we have to note a futile attempt at coalition and monopoly. As was readily foreseen, and confidently foretold, the Gye-Mapleson alliance proved every way hurtful. No good came of it to art or to the public, because the managers could profit by monopoly, with a minimum of exertion on their part. Hence the reason was, in a musical sense, the worst ever known. Of course such a state of things could not last, and the year just commenced will witness a rivalry out of which, whatever may happen to the rivals, gain will come to the public. In these remarks we have paid no heed to the miserable business at the Lyceum, which only resulted in annoyance and injury to a number of respectable artists. English opera, so long out in the cold, found a home, or, rather homes, in 1869. *Aida* and *Galatea* was brought out at the Princess's Theatre with a completeness which the manager has since, perhaps, regretted; and, at the Crystal Palace, Mr. George Perren carried on a series of performances which obtained much favour. As these are to be resumed we still indulge a hope that they may prove the beginning of better things. All circumstances favour this result. The appliances are to hand, artists might readily be found, an admirable orchestra is on the spot, and possible failure does not mean possible ruin. If such circumstances are not duly taken advantage of, the fault will be serious, and the consequence unfortunate.

In the midst of all this work death has not been idle. Berlioz, Meliqne, and Grisi, each illustrious in the world of music, have departed from us, in company with a host of others less known. Nor has this loss been balanced. We still wait the "coming man" who is to show us that musical genius has not gone back to heaven. Will he come in 1870?

THADDEUS EGG.

ARABELLA GODDARD AT GREENOCK.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In your notice of Madame Goddard's concert the attendance is attributed "to the very boisterous weather," which I hardly think quite correct, as, though the stormy night had a good deal to do with it, the main cause of the failure of such entertainments in a pecuniary sense is attributable to the existence of a feeling among our townspeople of what I cannot describe by a better term than "caste," which unfortunately keeps many from availing themselves of the opportunities of hearing good music. Simply because they cannot afford to pay for the first seats they prefer punishing themselves and their families by staying at home, fearing that if seen in second seats they would be voted mean and shabby by friends sure to be found in the front. At the annual choral concert, with its free tickets, people are seen in area and gallery who will tell you that they would not go there for the world at a "pay" concert; so that gentility appears to consist of the cost of admission to an entertainment: and until this absurd notion is got rid of I fear that, as hitherto, there will be the same account to give of all the high class and high-priced entertainments in town. A CONCERT-GOER.

ANGOULEME.—A tragical event happened at the Alcazar in this town, a short time since. In consequence of an altercation with the proprietress of that establishment, the prompter, drawing out a pistol, shot her dead. As she fell to the ground, the poor creature exclaimed, "Avenge me! I am dead!" On hearing the report of the pistol followed by the above words, the master-carpenter rushed up. He asked the assassin how he could commit such a fearful act, when the latter fired off a second pistol, aimed at the unfortunate carpenter. "If that is not enough for you, I will let you have another charge," said the murderer as he fired. But it was enough! the poor carpenter fell down dead, without uttering a word. The prompter was seized and carried off to the prison of St. Roch.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE TENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 17TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Swallow, swallow"—Mr. SANTLEY (Violoncello obbligato, Signor PIATTI) .. .. *Piatti.*

SONATA, in C minor, Op. 25, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. *Woelf.*

PART II.

SONATA, in A major, for Pianoforte and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*

SONG, "Go not, happy day"—Mr. SANTLEY .. .. .. *Seymour Egerton.*

QUINTET, in A major, for Clarionet, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. LAZARUS, STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mozart.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 29TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. .. *Schubert.*

SONATA, in A major (No. 2 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER .. .. *Mozart.*

SONG, "The Star's Message"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Tours.*

TRIO, in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*

Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAYS, January 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14.

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, the Subscription to the Sola Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Mondays, January 17, March 14, Saturday, March 12; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLE on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Herr STRAUS will lead the Quartet on Monday, January 17, and after that date play Viola till the end of the season.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearances on Monday Evening, January 24, and Saturday Afternoon, February 12.

Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Signor PIATTI will hold the post of principal Violoncello, Herr L. RIES, that of second Violin, and Mr. ZERBINI, that of second Viola, till the end of the season.

Mr. BENEDICT will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Published by CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, W.

Monday Popular Concerts.—Mr. Sainton begs to announce that a limited number of Subscription Tickets for the remaining Concerts may be had at his residence, 6, Eaton Square, S.W.

Mr. Benedict will be glad to learn the address of Mr. Hollier, late of New Tottenham de Montmorency Road, Islington, in order to forward a Prospectus of his Concerts.

MARRIAGE.

On Dec. 9th, at Ahmednuggur (India), Christ Church, by the Rev. H. W. Bagnell, Mr. ROBERT HARPER VINCENT, District Inspector of Police, to CONSTANCE, only daughter of Mr. W. MONEY, Bandmaster 3rd K. O. Hussars.

DEATH.

On Jan. 9th, JOHN ALEXANDER POUTRAT, aged 74. In Mr. Gye's service 35 years, and treasurer to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, since 1847.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Victor *Ego*, not Victor Hugo—at least, so says Sir Caper O' Corby of Castle Crowe.

AMATEUR.—Yes, the fragments from Mendelssohn's *Christus* were performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1849.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

A HOT BATH.

IT is not often that Bath has to be spoken of in musical journals. That city of the past is chiefly connected with buns, chaps, Beau Nash, Mr. Samuel Weller's immortal "swarry," and half-pay gentility of a gone-to-seed description. If we were asked to describe Bath in few words, we should say that it combined the gentle sadness which comes of looking on monuments of departed glory with the fierce excitement of competitive lodging-letting to scarce lodgers. The idea of Bath distinguishing itself in music under such circumstances is scarcely reasonable. Its harp must be hung on the willows by the banks of Avon; and all its faculties must be engrossed by the bill in the window. Nevertheless, Bath has distinguished itself. It went to hear the *Messiah* on New Year's Eve, and behaved in the manner following. Mr. Sims—but, no; the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* shall tell the story:—

"Anxiety is generally felt as to the appearance of the favourite tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves. But, after the announcements that he had 'arrived' in the city, all anxiety was allayed, and a crowded attendance was the re-sult. The overture finished, 'And the glory,' was essayed, and proceeded with through angry and loud marks of disapproval at the non-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves. The *Messiah* without 'Comfort ye' and 'Every valley' is like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark; and surely if such an omission was intended, a few words of explanation were required. Had it been stated previous to the commencement of the overture that Mr. Reeves was present, but suffering from such indisposition as to be obliged to ask for the indulgence of the audience, in not singing all set down for him, then the unnecessary demonstration, so much out of place in a sacred performance, would have been spared. It is not our duty to blame any one in particular for this omission. We have simply to record the proceedings, which must have been particularly painful to those who were interested in the matter.

"After the chorus, 'And the Glory,' not a note of which was heard to anything like advantage through the interruptions, Mr. Thomas rose to sing the recit, 'Thus saith the Lord,' when he was assailed by hisses from all parts of the room. Mr. Thomas treated this mark of disrespect (which we can assure Mr. Thomas was not intended *personally*) very cavalierly, and, notwithstanding, essayed two or three times to execute his part. But the audience would not have it. At last the explanation required at the first was given, from which we learned that Mr. Sims Reeves was unable to sing the complete tenor *rôle*. After that the performance proceeded, but it was evident great dissatisfaction was felt."

Pigs of Prince Bladud!—here was a pretty row! What had come to Bath? Had it indulged in plum-pudding, to the injury of its digestion? or were the lodgers chary of Christmas boxes? Perhaps it had drank largely of "mountain port" and "Hambro' sherry." Something must have happened to bring about such a cataclysm. Stay!—in the *Bath Chronicle* we see a letter from "One of the Audience," which clears up the whole matter. It was not plum-pudding, nor conspicuously absent Christmas-boxes; it was not "Cape" port, nor North German sherry, but

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a notion that singers are fair game to be shot at and hunted at will. "One of the Audience" talks about "these male singers" and their "affected snobbishness" (we should imagine him a competent judge of the real article), he calls Messrs. Reeves and Thomas "these people," and hopes that should either "visit Bath again, that the people will show their appreciation of their conduct by giving them an empty room." Finally,—"One of the Audience" declares with all the horror of a gentleman's gentleman, in presence of a disrespectful "Buttons," that Mr. Thomas came on to sing "Why do the nations?" "without his gloves"!!! Mr. Thomas, how could you? You, a native of Bath, ought, of all men, to know that Bath, though born of Prince Bladud's pigs, was nourished by gentility. Have you never read *Pickwick*, and never inwardly digested the polite epistle of the Bath footmen therein contained? Has it never dawned upon your benighted mind that Bath looks down from an immeasureable height upon "male singers" like yourself, and regards them as only fit for kicking or patting, according to the whim of the moment. How dare you, sir, in presence of the people once ruled by Beau Nash, pretend to have any feelings? But you are wiser now; and so, doubtless, is Mr. Reeves. When next our eminent tenor—for he is eminent among "these people"—goes to Bath he will no more venture to be indisposed than you will venture to appear gloveless. Both of you, in short, will stand up and meekly receive whatever insults half-pay gentility and its landlordism may choose to heap upon you.

Seriously, the whole matter is a disgrace to Bath. The audience can only point to one extenuating circumstance:—the non-explanation of Mr. Reeves's absence. But for that Mr. Bianchi Taylor, or whoever had charge of the concert, was to blame; and, in any case, the persistent hissing down of Mr. Thomas was a gross insult to an artist who had done nothing whatever to deserve such treatment. It is of small use to say that the hissing was not meant for Mr. Thomas personally. When, flinging at No. 1, you must hit No. 2 also, the latter will hardly be appeased by declaring that he was not the target. As regards absence from the platform, we may observe that singers do not let themselves out to be stared at but to be heard; and that when conductors omit to allow an advertised interval the consequences should be on their own head. To sum up the whole matter, we hope that artists will put a black mark against Bath, and leave it to decay and its own bad passions.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Elijah was given by this Society on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The soloists were Madame Rinderdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. G. Perren, and Mr. Renwick, all of whom acquitted themselves well; more particularly Madame Rudderdorff, who was much applauded after "Hear ye, Israel," and Mr. Perren, whose success was made in "If with all your hearts." The band was efficient to a more than usual degree, and the chorus, though less numerous than on former occasions, exerted themselves satisfactorily.

Among the arrangements for the Hereford Festival in August next, are the following:—Engagements have been accepted by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Santley, and it is hoped that the assistance either of Mdlle. Nilsson or Madame Patti may be secured. The works already selected include Mendelssohn's unfinished *Christus*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*. A novelty in the scheme will be a performance of the *Reformation* Symphony in the cathedral. Mr. Townshend Smith, we have the honour to salute you.

Leipsic.—Mdlle. Therese Schneider, of Berlin, lately appeared very successfully as the heroine of Cherubini's *Medea*.

Brussels.—M. Boger has been "starring" at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Herr Carl Hause's concert in the Hanover Square Rooms on the 6th inst. was one of special attraction. The instrumental works played were Hummel's trio in E flat for piano (Herr Hause), violin (Herr Ludwig), and violoncello (Signor Piatti); an introduction and *Polonaise* by Chopin for piano and violoncello; two movements from the Kreutzer Sonata, and three of Herr Hause's pianoforte solos. All these selections were more or less well rendered, and more or less well received by a large audience. The vocalists were Madame Bauermeister and Mr. Santley. The latter gave Herr Hause's song, "A Mother's Smile" with immense effect, and had to submit to an encore. He also sang Balfe's "I love you." Madame Bauermeister's two songs were both composed by Herr Hause.

Thursday, the 6th inst., being an open night at the Royal Artillery Mess, Woolwich, Sir Michael Costa came as the guest of Colonel Clerk, and the following programme was performed by the full orchestra of the Royal Artillery, consisting of 70 performers, under the directions of Mr. J. Smyth, bandmaster:—

"Overture, *Meerestille*, Mendelssohn; Grand Selection from *Naaman*, Sir M. Costa; *Andante con moto*, from Symphony in B minor, Schubert; Operatic Selection, *Il Barbiere*, Rossini; Grand March, *Naaman*, Sir M. Costa."

After the performance Sir Michael Costa sent for the director, Mr. Smyth, and expressed his gratification at the manner in which the selections from his oratorio had been performed. Sir Michael had previously presented a full score of the work to Mr. Smyth, as a testimonial of his esteem for that gentleman's ability, which has afforded so much gratification to the members of the band and the officers of the corps.

An operatic and dramatic performance was given at the Cavendish Rooms on Thursday the 6th inst. before a crowded and fashionable audience, the pieces represented being Miss Virginia Gabriel's operetta, *Widows Bewitched*, and *Delicate Ground*, by Mr. Charles David. The operetta was efficiently sustained by Miss A. Buckland and Miss Palmer (the eminent contralto), Mr. W. Shakespeare, and Mr. John Gill. The Dioner-scene and the duet at the end created roars of laughter. After this, Mr. George Buckland sang one of his *bufo* songs; and the comedietta of *Delicate Ground* was well played, by Miss Palmer as Pauline, Mr. John Gill as Citizen Sangfroid, and Mr. Poole as Alphonse. The performance, under the direction of Mrs. Roberts (Miss Rebecca Isaacs) appeared to give entire satisfaction, the only drawback being the lateness of the hour at which it terminated.

Dresden.—A performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* was lately given in the Kreuz-kirche, in aid of the Pension Fund of the chorus at the Theatre Royal.

Cologne.—At the sixth Gewandhaus Concert, the prelude to Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nuremberg* was performed for the first time here. In all probability, it will not be encored, for it was evident that the Cologne public is not yet advanced enough to appreciate Herr Wagner's transcendental effusions! At the same concert the fugue from Beethoven's C major Quartet was given with 32 violins, 10 tenors, 12 violoncellos, and 9 double-basses; but the experiment did not prove a success.

Cassel.—Herr Heinrich Schulze's "grand romantic opera," *Die Rosatrappe*, has been at length produced, and—not proved a success. The composer calls himself the Rector of the Conservatory of Music in this town. Referring to this fact, the correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* says:—"Is there such a thing as a Conservatory of Music here? As far as we are aware, no musician in the place has had anything to do with such an institution; there was merely a pompous announcement inserted last year in the papers by Herr Schulze, to the effect that the most eminent local artists were to be engaged as professors. Since, now, without the co-operation of such artists, or that of artists summoned for the purpose from elsewhere, there can be no Conservatory of Music in the place, the conviction forced itself justly, as we think, upon us, that the grand staff of professors exists only in the imagination of Herr Schulze, and is represented wholly and solely by himself. That, under the circumstances, there is no such thing as a Conservatory of Music in Cassel—though there is a great deal of talk in papers published elsewhere about one—is a fact that must be clear to anyone, even though he be not a musician. We were still more strengthened in our opinion by the representation of *Die Rosatrappe*, which we would fain be excused from criticizing, because it is beneath criticism.

If this performance is to be taken as a specimen of what the Conservatory of Music can do, the public will be able to form a correct idea of that institution, seeing that its founder, conductor, professor, &c., has pronounced his own condemnation." The above is "*vaide !*" as M. A. Dumas, junr., makes one of his characters exclaim. What will Herr Schulze have to say in reply?

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PROVINCIAL.

THE WEST LONDON CHORAL SOCIETY gave a performance of *Elijah* at St. George's Hall, on Wednesday, December 22nd, which was largely attended. The principal vocalists were—Madame Florence Lancia, Madame Levesque, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. Ralph Wilkinson. Madame Lancia was in good voice, and sang her music with great care. Mr. Wilkinson gave the music of the "Prophet" with considerable discretion and power. The other solos were effectively sustained; and Misses Scott and Pond, Messrs. Perry and Kilbey were successful in the second quartet. The band of 70, which has amongst its members some of the principal amateurs of the day, played very carefully. The chorus of 300 was successful throughout, especially in "Thanks be to God," "He watching over Israel," and "Be not afraid." The performance reflects the highest credit on the able conductor, Mr. William Beavan.

LEEDS.—Dr. Spark's organ recital, at the Town Hall, on Tuesday last, was one of much interest. The programme included several selections from the last part of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*; among them being Silas's "Melody," Smart's "Postlude," and the two pieces by Batiste. There were also, in the scheme, Bach's Grand Fugue in C minor, and the *finale* to Macfarren's Organ Sonata.

LENTON.—A correspondent says:—

"A concert of an interesting character took place at the village of Lenton, near Nottingham, on the 7th of January, for the benefit of the poor, and the result was a great success; the room being crowded, and the audience delighted. The concert was originated by Mr. Henry Farmer (who lives in the village), and reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned. This is the third time Mr. Farmer has given similar concerts with a good result. At the last about eighty old people received, from his hands, 6s. each. The profit this time will amount to £40."

SHEFFIELD.—The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, of Jan. 7th, says:—

"Last evening, Dr. Spark gave a lecture on music for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institution, illustrated by compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. He was assisted by Miss Winder, Miss Annie Anyon, and Mr. G. H. Rushworth. The lecturer presided at the pianoforte. Dr. Spark gave a brief outline of the career of Handel, and opened the musical portion of the entertainment by introducing Miss Winder, who rendered various airs from the *Messiah*. Dr. Spark played the overture to Samson. 'With verdure clad' was selected from Haydn's works. Miss Winder sang the melody with great sweetness. Mr. Rushworth sang 'Honour and Arms' (Handel), and 'Oh Lord, I have laboured' (Mendelssohn). The remainder of the selections were secular, the following: 'Leave me, deceiver,' from Handel's *Rinaldo*. 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' followed. Miss Winder sang Haydn's 'Mermaid's Cave,' and received a merited encore. The next song by Mr. Rushworth, 'Sir Page,' from *Figaro*, was also encored. Miss Winder and Miss Anyon sang at the conclusion duets by Mozart and Mendelssohn."

A CORRESPONDENT from Sheffield writes as follows:—

"The last of Mr. Freemantle's sub-criptions concerts in the Music Hall, was well attended. The Anemoic Union (Mr. Henry Nicholson, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Charles Harper, &c. &c., Mr. William Shakespeare, conductor) assisted and justified the eulogies of the provincial press. Mrs. Thaddeus Wells gave some ballads with genuine feeling. The instrumental solos included one for oboe (Mr. Crozier), one for clarionet (Mr. Lazarus), one for bassoon (Mr. Wootten), and two for pianoforte, by Mr. Shakespeare (Liszt's *Rigoletto*, and a *Rondo* by Mendelssohn), in both of which proved himself a master of his means. A quintet by Beethoven was remarkably well played by the members of the Anemoic Union, and Mr. Freemantle deserves the thanks of all amateurs for so admirable a concert."

WATERFORD.—The *Waterford Mirror*, of December 29th, speaks thus respecting the Harmonic Society's second concert:—

"The continuation of the first concert of this society took place on Wednesday night, before a very large audience, in the Assembly Rooms, City Hall. As our readers know the tempestuous weather last week prevented the arrival of the London artists, but the committee took advantage of their subsequent presence in Limerick, to renew the engagement. The vocalists were—Ildille. Marie Stocken, Miss Geraldine Somers, Mr. Charles Stanton, Miss Kate Gordon, and Mr. Joseph Bilton, who officiated as conductor, whilst Mr. Tiffin, Waterford Artillery, led the orchestra. In Guglielmo's 'Echo Song,' Miss Stocken was admirable. Miss Stanton displayed much talent in 'Stride la Vampa,' Offenbach's 'I'm an Alsatian' (Mdlle. Stocken and Mr. C. Stanton), which had to be repeated. Mr. Stanton acquitted himself admirably in his songs. Miss Somers accompanied herself in Macfarren's 'Late, so late,' and had to follow it with 'Home, sweet Home,' retiring amid enthusiastic plaudits. Miss Gordon played selections from some of our first masters, in highly creditable style. The orchestra acquitted itself to satisfaction."

MADAME SAINTON'S CONCERT.

On Friday evening Madame Sainton-Dolby gave, in St. James's Hall, the first of two concerts, which are all that "will be given by her in London prior to her final farewell of the public in June next." The occasion was interesting, therefore; and, the programme being attractive, it must be assumed that only the wretchedest of the many wretched evenings we have had lately prevented the room from being crowded in every part. But, in any case, there can be as little doubt of the esteem in which Madame Sainton-Dolby is held, as of the regret with which music lovers will part with one who has so long and oft delighted them. The programme was rich and various, aiming to satisfy both classical and popular tastes. Among the higher order of works selected was Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, in which M. Sainton (who appears as a soloist less often than he should) was associated with Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Both artists played their best—that is to say, they played very well indeed, and held the attention of a miscellaneous audience to the last bar. M. Sainton also performed Wallace's fantasia on "The Last Rose of Summer" in admirable style, as did Miss Zimmermann Benedict-Tracy-transcription of "Where the bee sucks," and two smaller pieces. Many of the songs were of interest. Madame Sainton-Dolby, for example, gave Haydn's "Spirit Song;" "Vineta," a new composition by Henry Smart; and Purcell's "Full Fathom Five," obtained for the latter an imperative encore. She also appeared with success as a composer, her effective and decidedly original "Bridal Song" (charmingly given by Mr. W. H. Cummings) being among the "repeats" of the evening. Other pieces which attracted notice included "Cease your tunning," song for Madame Rita with much ability, and encored; Handegger's new "Christmas Bells," in which Mr. Lewis Thomas did ample justice; and Blumenthal's "The days that are no more," sung (twice) by Mr. Byron. The concerted vocal music was given by Mr. Barnby's excellent choir. That gentleman's carol, "Holy night," obtained a deserved encore; and Sullivan's "Hush thee, my babie," as well as Reay's "Dawn of day," had a not less good rendering. A "Noel," by Gounod, lately referred to in our reviewing columns, was in the programme, and its effect, as sung by Madame and M. Sainton, and choir, fully sustained the opinion we expressed about it. The concert was, unfortunately, deprived of Miss Edith Wynne's services by illness. Mr. Thouless conducted.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Saturday, the most unmusical day in the week, is gradually assuming a new character. A little while ago concert-givers never took it into their schemes, but gave it up to theatres and exhibitions, which have unquestionably made a good thing of the monopoly. Why the day was supposed to be one of ill-omen for music is hard to tell, and probably those most concerned had no further reason for regard to it than that of custom. How the Crystal Palace managers violated this custom to the public advantage and their own is matter of history. The "Saturday Concerts," directed by Mr. Manns, have made Saturday a mount in music that we wonder the example was not followed long ago. It has been followed at length, however; and a series of orchestral and vocal entertainments, directed by Mr. George Wood, began last Saturday evening, in Exeter Hall. There is no reason whatever why the enterprise should not be successful; and there is every inducement to wish it so, because the want of popular orchestral concerts is great, and their non-supply a serious deficiency.

Mr. Wood has started his scheme under favourable conditions. The hall is large enough to make "popular prices" remunerative; artists of the highest standing are at command; and, judging by the first programme, the director has a nearly accurate notion of what to put before his public. His notion is not quite accurate, perhaps, because he appears to think that one specimen of dance music may be acceptable. In this, we think, he is mistaken. Those who are attracted by the staple of his programme are not likely to hear dance music with much patience. We are encouraged to hope that Mr. Wood will withdraw these pieces. In the first programme a waltz had the place of honour; in the second it is properly degraded to the task of playing the audience in; from the third, perhaps, it will be expelled altogether.

The orchestral works performed on Saturday, under the painstaking direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, were three—each in its way a master-

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piece. First came Haydn's well-known Symphony in G (letter O), to which an efficient orchestra, led by Mr. Weist Hill, did justice. The second work was Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor; the solo instrument confided to Miss Agnes Zimmermann. So familiar a composition, one which every amateur knows and loves, requires no comment from us, and it is only necessary to say that Miss Zimmermann acquitted herself well of a formidable task. Her execution of the elaborate difficulties in the *allegro* and *presto* was marked both by fluency and precision; while the sadness of the *adagio* was happily expressed. The fair pianist deserved her recall. Last of the orchestral selections came the overture to *Oberon*, which was played, though last in the programme, to an attentive audience. Besides the concerto, Miss Zimmermann gave two little pieces by Stephen Heller.

The vocal music calls only for simple mention. Mdme. Sinico gave "Qui la voce" and a new song by Henry Smart, "The birds were telling one another," the latter encored. Signor Foli contributed a *scena* by Bordese, "David singing before Saul," and was encored in Beyloff's "Over the Rolling Sea," and Mr. Santley delighted his audience by a perfect delivery of Donizetti's "O Lisbona," "O Ruddier than the Cherry," and, in response to an encore, Arditi's capital "Stirrup Cup."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily News.")

These excellent entertainments were resumed on Monday night, when Herr Straus and Madame Arabella Goddard appeared as leading violinist and solo pianist, both for the first time during the present season. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet, in F, No. 1, Op. 18 ...	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Song, "O cessate di piegarmi" ...	...	...	...	Scarlatti.
Fantasia, in A, Pianoforte ...	...	...	...	Friedemann Bach.

PART II.

Sonata (in D major, Op. 58) Pianoforte and Violoncello				Mendelssohn.
Songs, "Eloge larmes." "Hark, hark, the lark"			...	Schubert.
Septet, in E flat, Op. 20 ...	...	...	...	Beethoven.

Beethoven's quartet, the first in his grand series of seventeen, belongs to that period of the composer's career (1798-1800) when he was under the influence of Mozart. To this date also belongs the septet, which still remains, and is likely ever to remain, the finest work of its kind. Among the curiosities of musical history is the recorded alteration of Beethoven's opinion of this work—at first highly prized by him (as shown by his several arrangements of it in other forms) and afterwards so unjustly depreciated when his genius developed into that vast region of the abstract and sublime that passes beyond the confines of constructive rules. As neither of the works referred to are new, to readers or to Monday Popular Concert audiences, it will be sufficient now to say that they were again admirably played at this concert; the leading violin sustained by Herr Straus with his usual excellence of tone, style, and mechanism. His coadjutors in the string quartet were Mr. Zerbini (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello)—all of whom were warmly welcomed on their re-appearance in their accustomed places. These artists were associated in the septet with M. Papé (clarionet), M. Wendtland (horn), Mr. Hutchings (bassoon), and Mr. Reynolds (contrabass), whose excellence has before been proved here in the same music. Mdme. Arabella Goddard's first entry was received with a loud and general tribute of applause from an audience which was evidently mindful of her long and frequent association with these concerts, and with the great works there interpreted. The speciality of the evening, as to novelty, was the Fantasia of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach—a piece which, we believe, has only once before been played in public in London, at one of Madame Goddard's recitals in June last. Friedemann Bach was the eldest of the many sons of Sebastian, most of whom were celebrated as musicians, the most so having been Carl Philip Emanuel, the second son Friedemann, however, was probably the greater genius of the two, judging by those of his works which are extant, but a small portion of which were published recently. His eccentric and indolent habits alone prevented him from obtaining that recognition to which he was unquestionably entitled. While his organ music presents more of analogy to that of his great father than that of any of the other sons, it must be conceded that Emanuel has exercised more lasting influence on pianoforte music, by a change of style which prepared the way for that soon afterwards developed by Haydn; being, in fact, the foundation of the modern school. The Fantasia of Friedemann Bach, now referred to, consists of four movements; an introductory kind of prelude, full of bravura passages and rapid arpeggios; a graceful *allegretto* in E minor, in which there is little trace of the antique; a quaint *moderato* in A minor; and a final *rondo* in A major, in which again there is a large approximation to the modern school. The few specimens of this composer hitherto published have been chiefly compositions for the organ, on which he was one of the greatest performers of his day. From the examples of his music for the pianoforte (or rather for the instruments which preceded the pianoforte) it would seem that with more activity of character, he would have exercised at least as great a contemporary influence as his brother Emanuel. The beauty and power of each movement of the Fantasia referred to, were fully appreciated in Monday night's performance; which it is scarcely necessary to say was of high excellence. The crispness of touch, certainty of execution, alternate power and delicacy of Madame Goddard's playing were beyond all praise, and the executant and the work were received with marked approval. The Fantasia is just published by Duncan Davison & Co., of Regent Street, and forms the first number of a projected series (edited by J. W. Davison), under the title of "Revivals," which is to "consist of pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript, or which have been out of print." In these days of growing interest in the music of the past, such a collection cannot fail to be of the highest interest. Often as Madame Goddard has played here and elsewhere, Mendelssohn's fine second duet sonata, she has never given it with greater brilliancy and impulse than on this occasion, when its performance, enhanced by the splendid tone and style of Signor Piatti, produced one of the chief effects of the evening. Mr. Santley was the vocalist, which should be tantamount to saying that the songs were given to perfection. The grace and pathos of the old *aria* of Scarlatti, and its refined and finished execution, called forth a universal encore, which was replied to by a repetition of the second verse. Mr. Benedict was in his usual place as accompanist; and how valuable and important his co-operation is every one knows. The great room of St. James's Hall was crowded in every part.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

With reference to Friedemann Bach's Fantasia at the Monday Popular Concerts, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"The pianoforte solo was the Grand Fantasia by W. Friedemann Bach, which attracted so much attention at Madame Arabella Goddard's recitals last season. Of course, it was played on this occasion by the lady who first introduced it—as she has introduced so many others—to public notice. Of the Fantasia itself, now just published, we shall have another opportunity of speaking. Enough for the present that the verdict of last season's audience was confirmed, and that the work must be regarded as a curious example of anticipation, by an almost forgotten composer, of what we are pleased to consider modern effects. Madame Goddard played the Fantasia in her very best style—that is to say, nothing was wanting in execution or expression. A more perfect rendering of unfamiliar music cannot be imagined; and the audience recognized its merit by a specially hearty recall."

The *Daily Telegraph* has the following exordium to an article on Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts:—

"Mr. John Boosey has just commenced a short series of the Ballad Concerts, which have been found so attractive during several past winter seasons. He has found out that there are very many people who appreciate a simple ballad, well sung, far more than all the classical music ever composed; and he has turned his discovery to good account. Whatever vanity there may be in tastes, there is no doubt that 'whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well;' and Mr. Boosey takes care that his ballads shall be rendered by the most competent available artists."

The exordium to the *Pall Mall Gazette*'s notice of the same concerts ran thus:—

"The fourth season of these concerts began on Wednesday night, in St. James's Hall, under Mr. John Boosey's direction. A good deal has been said against the entertainment Mr. Boosey offers; some even going so far as to urge that it is harmful, because encouraging a taste for trashy music. This, however, is as it may be. All ballads are not worthless; and many have as legitimate a right to be heard as anything can have which belongs to a higher order of art. From another point of view, we can imagine the giving of ballad concerts as a department of practical philanthropy. Few entertainments appear to confer so much innocent and hearty pleasure. St. James's Hall on Wednesday, for example, was crowded with people of every degree, who sat out a programme thirty-one pieces long, not only with patience, but with demonstrative enjoyment. A sight of that audience when Mr. Santley was declaiming 'Hearts of Oak,' or Madame Sherrington giving, with all her distinctive expression, 'The Harp that once,' might have formed part of the process which made a philanthropist even of Mr. Scrooge."

COPENHAGEN.—M. Gade's newest work, *Gefion*, words by Oehlenschlæger, was successfully performed, for the first time, at the last concert of the Musical Union.

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SOMETHING ABOUT FRANZ SCHUBERT.*

II.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

Appended are two letters of the years 1823 and 1824, to Schober:—

"*Vienna, the* 30*th December*, 1823.

"Dear Schober,—For some time past, I have been wanting very much to write to you, but I could never get to do it. You know how that happens. Before doing anything else I must send you a lament on the state of our set, as well as on everything else; with the exception of my health, which (thank God) now appears as though it would become settled, everything is going on wretchedly. Our set lost in you, as I plainly foresaw it would, its † fulcrum. Bruchmann, who has returned from his journey, is no longer what he was. He appears to be adapting himself to the forms of the world, and by that fact alone he loses his nimbus, which, to my mind, consisted only in the persevering disregard of all worldly business. Kupelwieser, as you probably already know, has gone to Rome (but is not especially pleased with his Raphael). What relates to the rest, you know better than I do. As compensation for you and Kupelwieser, we got, it is true, four individuals, namely: the Hungarian"—[here follow the names, which it is better to omit.] "But the majority of *such* individuals render the society only more insignificant instead of more sterling. What do we want with a lot of quite ordinary students and Government officials? If Bruchmann is not present, or, consequently, ill, you hear nothing for hours together, under the supreme direction of Mohn‡ (the painter) "but eternal conversations about knitting and fencing, and horses and dogs. If things continue in this fashion, it is probable I shall not be able to stand the set much longer.

"Matters connected with my two operas, moreover, are very bad. Kupelwieser" (secretary at the Imperial and Royal Court of the palace) "has suddenly left the theatre. Weber's *Euryanthe* turned out badly, and, in my opinion, did not deserve to be well received. These facts, and a fresh separation between Palfy and Barbaja, leave me scarcely any hopes for my opera. It would really, however, be no advantage to have a work brought out, as everything is now done most horribly.

"Vogl is here, and has sung once at Bruchmann's and once at Witzeck's. He devotes himself almost exclusively to my songs. He writes out the vocal part himself, and, so to speak, lives upon it. And now let me have a line from you. How are you? Have you already appeared before the eyes of the world?"

Schober was then living in Breslau, with Schatt, Steffens, Holtei, and other clever friends. It was his intention to go upon the stage, an intention he afterwards carried into execution.

"I entreat you to let me hear from you very soon, and, satisfy in some degree my earnest desire to know something about you, by writing to say how you are and what you are doing. I have composed nothing since the opera except one or two Miller's Songs. They appear in four parts, with vignettes by Schwind. I hope, by-the-bye, to recover my health, and, if I am fortunate enough to do so, it will make me forget much that I have had to bear. So, my dear Schober, I shall never forget, for what you have been to me, no one else, unfortunately, can ever be. And now fare right well and do not forget your ever loving friend, FRANZ SCHUBERT.

"My address:—Stubenthor-Bastei, 1187. First floor."

The other letter is as follows:—

"*The* 21*st September*, 1824.

"Dear Schober,—I hear that you are not happy! and must sleep off the fumes of your despair! Is this so? Schwind is my informant. Although this grieves me profoundly, it does not astonish me in the least, as this is the lot of nearly every man of intelligence in this wretched world. Besides, what should we do with happiness, when mis-fortune is the sole stimulus left us. Were we only together, you, Schwind, Kuppel, and I, every bit of bad luck would weigh but lightly with me; we are separated, each in a different corner, and it is *that* which is really my misfortune. I feel inclined to exclaim with Goethe: 'Wer bringt nur eine Stunde jener holden Zeit zurück!'‖ of that time when we used to sit cosily together, and each of us, with motherly bashfulness, uncovered the children of his art and showed them to his companions, awaiting, not without anxiety, the judgment affection and truth would utter—of that time, when one inspired the other, and thus a united endeavour to attain what was most beautiful animated us all. Now here I am alone, far away in this land of Hungary, whither I unfortunately allowed myself to be lured a second time, without having one single human being with whom I can exchange a sensible word. Since the time you went away I have composed scarcely any songs, but I have tried my hand on some instrumental things. What will become of my operas, Heaven only knows! Though I have been well for five months, my good spirits are frequently clouded by the absence of yourself and Kuppel, and I sometimes pass very wretched days; in one of those hours of melancholy, when I felt with especial acuteness the do-nothing insignificant life which characterizes our age, the following piece of poetry escaped from me. I send it only because I know that you reprove even my weaknesses with love and indulgence:—

"KLAGE AN DAS VOLK!

"O Jugend unerer Zeit, Du bist dahin!
Die Kraft zutätigem Volke, sie ist vergeudet,
Nicht ehrer von der Menge sieht unterscheidet,
Und nichts bedeutend all' vorüberzieh'n.
Zu grosser Schmerz, der nächstig mich verzehrt,
Und nur als Letztes jener Kraft mir bleibet,
Dem thätlos mich auch diese Zeit zer stäubet,
Die jedem Grossen zu vollbringen wehrt.
Im stillen Alter schleicht dies Volk mehr,
Die Thaten seiner Jugend wähnt es Träume,
Ja spottet thöricht jener gold'nen Reime,
Nichts achtend ihres Kraft'gen Inhalt mehr.
Nur Dir, o heil'ge Kunst, ist noch gegönnt
Im Bild die Zeit der Kraft und That zu schildern,
Um weniger den grossen Schmerz zu mindern,
Der nimmer mit dem Schicksal sie versöhnt.

"With Leidesdorf (the publisher) things have gone badly up to this *datum*; he cannot pay, and buys nothing from anyone, neither my music or anybody else's, except mi-serable effusions that are the fashion.

"I have now made you tolerably well acquainted with my present position, and I anxiously look forward to hear as soon as possible what yours is, what I should like best would be for you to return to Vienna. That you are in good health I do not doubt. And now fare right well, and write to me as soon as you can.—Yours,

SCHUBERT, Adieu!!!

"My address:—Zelcz, Hungary, by Raab and Torok, at Count Joh. Esterhazy's."

NEW MUSIC.

Dr. Spark has issued the fifth part of his *Organist's Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions* (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), and we shall be surprised if it do not receive a special welcome. The pieces it contains are, for the most part, short, and all of them are within the reach of ordinary players. We are glad to see that the Editor has taken a thoroughly practical view of his task; and issued music likely to be practically useful. The number opens with a *fughetta*, by G. Kühmstedt, of Erfurt, which has a singularly quaint subject, and is so well written that brevity becomes a fault. An introductory voluntary, by Henry Smart, is very pleasing, and contains a full allowance of the composer's characteristic elegance. A melody by E. Silas is more difficult, and also more dry. But Herr Silas is always clever, and something can always be learned from him. Dr. Steggall's *Allegretto Pastorale*, runs smoothly enough, without exciting extraordinary interest; while Dr. Spark's choral hymn, "In Memoriam," arrests attention by its unaffected pathos. A prelude and postlude, by E. Batiste, will highly delight those who affect organ music of the French school. The latter is a specially vigorous composition, and secures bold effects by a small expenditure of means. Both are easy. A *larghetto* by G. A. Macfarren, and a well-written theme by F. W. Bird, complete a number of exceptional value.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of *Chappell's Organ Journal* (Chappell & Co.) are devoted to arrangements by Dr. Spark of movements from the *Messe Solennelle*. No 1. contains the "Sanctus" with its introductory *ritornelle*; No. 2, the "Domine Deus;" and No. 3, the "Gratias agimus." In each case the arranger has kept strictly to the composer's text; and laid out his music for organs of moderate capacity with considerable skill. The result is certain to please those who wish to delight their congregations with Rossini's last strains.

Among the songs recently published by Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. is "The Song of the Breeze," music by W. H. Holmes, a work which shows plainly enough the hand of an experienced musician. The melody is bright and animated throughout, while some passages, as, for example, that beginning "I have stolen away on my silken wing," are particularly charming. We know no new song more likely to obtain extraordinary favour. "My Bonnie Soldier Lad," by T. Arnaut, and "The great sea calmly sleeping," by R. Hogarth Patterson, are also just issued by Messrs. Davison & Co. The first is a simple ballad, wherein a maiden declares her trust of an absent lover; its music is appropriate and expressive. The second, in which Mr. George Hogarth has set symphonies and accompaniment, is, also, unpretending, but not without a certain unaffected gracefulness.

"The Turn of the Tide" (Weekes & Co.), by Nicholas Heins, is not the particular "Turn of the Tide" which street-ballads so often bid us wait for; but a very well written sentimental song. In some passages of it there is

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* By Herr Bauernfeld.

† Here again Herr Bauernfeld directs attention to another error of style, the employment namely of "*seinen*" in lieu of "*ihre*" when Schubert is referring to the feminine noun *Gesellschaft*.

‡ "Who will bring back but one hour of that sweet time!"

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evidence of more than average power, though the shape in which it appears is of an ordinary sort. The words, by Miss Agnes Trevor, are good, and the song is dedicated to Mr. Frank Bernard, whose play seems to have suggested it. A waltz entitled "Buttercups and Daisies" (F. Montrie), by Arthur J. Birtchnell, is a very ordinary affair. We wonder, for the hundredth time in connexion with waltzes, who advised the composer to print it. Another waltz, "The Duchess" (J. Williams), by Henry Farmer, has merit, and may claim to be a good example of its kind.

Among recent revivals are fragments from Stradella's *Medea* (C. Lonsdale), edited by J. Pittman, and printed "from a rare and unpublished MS." This interesting work comes to us as an old world waif, of no practical value, but, nevertheless, one which every musical student should possess, as an example of an eminent master, and a good specimen of the operatic music of his period.

MR. DICKENS'S READINGS.

On Tuesday night Mr. Charles Dickens resumed the series of farewell readings which was interrupted by his illness last year. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the large room of the St. James's Hall was well filled; and only very few even of the sofa stalls remained vacant throughout the evening. As this ample attendance on a wet and disagreeable evening showed that the readings are as attractive as ever, so the warmth of the applause which greeted Mr. Dickens's appearance proved that the reader himself has not during his temporary absence from the platform lost his hold upon the sympathies of the public. The portions of his works which Mr. Dickens read were selected from *David Copperfield* and the *Pickwick Papers*.

OPERA IN NEW YORK.

After the rational enjoyment of freedom the highest manifestation of civilisation is, undoubtedly, found in a respect for and culture of esthetic art, and Music, by reason of its universality and bearing upon popular morals, is certainly one of the most important means of refinement; and in this aspect of the subject we feel, therefore, no light interest in the good management of the Academy of Music in New York city. It is but justice to say, in this connexion, that we feel greatly indebted to Mr. Max Maretzek, not only for the good taste he has displayed in resisting the invasion of that new French school whereof Offenbach and Hervé are the leaders, but for his persistent efforts, year after year, to make possible and permanent among us a legitimate opera interpreting the highest style of musical profession. To Maretzek, indeed, we are indebted for the position—at least in the third rank—which our Academy occupies among musical nations, since, if we rate behind Paris and Milan, we are in advance of London and St. Petersburgh; while, for an artist to have been adopted by the public of New York is already a successful step in ascending the French or Italian stage. Mr. Maretzek's present artistic company is, perhaps, the most complete ever presented on the Academy boards, which justifies the real *furore* exhibited at the first performance. Certainly our public owes something to its favourite *impresario*, and appreciates his struggle to promote an opera worthy of the metropolis. But why is not popular favour seconded in other quarters quite as directly interested? Why are stockholders so sharp, and artists so dull, too often, in their prejudices? Why, instead of recognizing in their manager, a friend and partner, do they so frequently treat him as a foe? Why, instead of smoothing his path (which is their own), do they hamper it with needless difficulties? We can understand, of course, that mediocre talent, jealous of praise, should be chagrined when the public neglect or directors decline to run after it? But when ample success consecrates such genuine merit as that of Madame Brid, who proved herself the superb artist in *Trovatore*, or that of Cottone, who has won distinction in Havana, we confess our inability to comprehend why any professional jealousy should influence their artistic inclinations. No tenor has dared since Duprez to sing *Guillaume Tell*—that master-piece of the greatest musical school. Yet we have now on our New York stage a tenor who fears not to attempt the part, M. Lefranc, a French omnibus conductor, who five years ago was on his box, collecting six cents apiece from passengers, and who to-day commands thousands of dollars from the American public—M. Lefranc is ready to sing *Guillaume Tell*, and Maretzek is willing to encounter the expense of such a representation as would be a triumph of operatic art. But Madame Briol objects to the *rôle* of Mathilde. Why? Well, because it is against the established etiquette or precedence! If you desire to know more, you will be disappointed. These heroic scruples are not intelligible to common mortals. Neither you nor we can understand why Madame Briol, after winning a triumph in Leonora of *Trovatore*, shall decline to appear in Mathilde of *Guillaume Tell*. But so it is; and we can only hope that the accomplished lady may be better advised and consent to look at things from a higher point of artistic view, satisfied that her audiences will not fail to recognize her artistic power under whatever character it manifests itself. As for M. Cottone, that excellent baritone, we counsel him, in the kindest spirit, to avoid becoming entangled by unworthy complications. He has a career before him, and ought not to blunder. In conclusion, we trust all differences will be speedily adjusted, so that our opera-going public may enjoy a winter of real gratification. With a roll of such names as Lefranc, Barili, Ronconi, Reyal, Cottone, Kellogg, Briol, &c., Manager Maretzek, with the sympathy and co-operation of his company, ought to give us a brilliant season, compensating alike to director and artists.—*American Paper.*

[The exordium of this article, wherein the musical position of New York is asserted, must be taken for what it is worth.—ED. *M. W.*]

WAIFS.

Signor Bottesini has returned to Paris from Nice.

Ferdinand Hiller has left Cologne for St. Petersburgh.

Mr. John Barnett has arrived in town from Cheltenham.

Alois Baldeneecker, late director of the orchestral concerts at Wiesbaden, died, November 28th, in a Hamburgh hospital, aged 37 years.

Mdlle. di Mureka was to make her *rentrée* at the Italiens on Sunday last, in *Marta*.

At the Italiens, Nicolini has replaced Fraschini in *Fidelio*, with success.

M. Richelieu, of Marseilles, has taken out a patent for a new method of constructing stringed instruments.

Mdlle. Ilma di Murska is at present fulfilling a short engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Mdlle. Nilsson's *rentrée* at the Opéra was greeted with enthusiasm. Bouquets and crowns rained upon her.

M. Perrin, of the Opéra, has engaged Signor Padilla, husband of Mdlle. Artôt. The Signor is now in Moscow.

Rêve d'Amour is looking up, and enormous audiences have assisted at its later representations.

The first Paris *bal de l'Opéra* took place on the 8th inst. The orchestra was conducted by M. Strauss.

Signor Gardoni has returned to Paris but is expected in London after an absence of six weeks.

Madame Viardot is passing the winter at Weimar. She has been invited by the Grand Duke to sing at the Court concerts.

The reported death of M. Fontana, late professor of singing at the Conservatoire, is untrue.

Mdlle. Marie Battu and M. Vieuxtemps have returned to Paris after a two months' tour in Belgium and Holland.

Signor Tamberlik has been named Commander of the Order of Charles III. of Spain.

M. Roger has returned from Brussels to sing at the Monnaie in *Le Prophète*.

M. Sainte-Foy has set out for St. Petersburgh. He will make his *début* in *Le Voyage en Chine*.

Signor Delle Sedie and Mdlle. Veneri have renounced their engagements with M. Bagier.

The mother of the Sisters Milanollo died at Malzeville lately, aged 72.

The centenary of Beethoven's birth will be celebrated at Cologne, in connection with the Feast of Pentecost. Herr Franz Lachner will act as director.

The family of the late M. Halévy, acting in conjunction with M. Georges Bizet, have withdrawn *Noé* from the Lyrique, alleging that M. Pasdeloup's artists are not able to do it justice.

The Brussels journals deny the rumour that M. Fétis had resigned his post as director of the Conservatoire de Musique, and was to be succeeded by M. Gevaert.

Mr. John Barnett, our eminent dramatic composer, is at present in London, where, by the way, it would be well if some of his music could be heard now and then.

Victor Massé, according to *Le Figaro*, is working "*avec passion*" at his *Paul et Virginie*. He means to give it all the time necessary "*sans forcer l'inspiration.*" May much come of it.

M. Pasdeloup's programme of last Sunday was as follows:—Symphony in E flat, Mozart; Overture, *Isles of Fingal*, Mendelssohn; Concerto for violin, Boscherkray; Ballet air from *Prometheus*, Beethoven; Fragments from *Damnation de Faust*, Berlioz.

At the annual general meeting of the subscribers to the Llandaff Diocesan Church Choral Association, held on Tuesday, at Cardiff, Lord Bishop of Llandaff in the chair, it was arranged that a Festival of the English Choirs should take place in Llandaff Cathedral on Wednesday, the 20th of July.

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Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (*La Bohémienne*) is an undoubted success at the Théâtre Lyrique. The composer is still in Paris, we regret to say, not yet quite recovered from his indisposition.

Mr. Oberthür leaves London, on Monday evening, for a professional tour on the Continent, commencing at the Philharmonic Society, of Calais. From Calais he proceeds to Lille, where he is to play his Concertino for harp and orchestra, at the Société du Cercle du Nord. From Lille he goes to Saxe Meiningen, Berlin, and other German towns, where he is invited to perform at the Court concerts.

The Gipsy musicians at the "Hopfengarten" in Pesth put a five fly in the hand of the individual whom they choose to go round and solicit money. He is required to have the fly still alive when he returns, as proof that he has not opened his hand, and, consequently, not helped himself to any portion of what he has succeeded in collecting. If he cannot show the fly, he gets nothing. The plan is ingenious, but does not say much for the opinion the Gipsies entertain of one another's honesty.

"Mr. Walter B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac. Oxon," says the *New York Weekly Review*, "has been appointed organist of Trinity Chapel, Fifth Avenue. Mr. Gilbert is known in this country as the composer of some popular hymns, and in England as a writer of cathedral music, and author of the oratorio of *St. John*."

The continued success of our countrywoman, Miss Anna Trafford, in Italy, is farther testified by the following from Saluzzo, dated December, 26:—

"*Ebreo* bene. Piacque molto la prima donna esordiente Anna Trafford (allieva dell'egregio maestro Sangiovanni). Alla sua aria ebbe una vera ovazione e chiamate. Bene Gozzolini, non male Azzolini e Cherubini (quanti *ini*)."

At the meetings of the Tonic Sol-fa College, just concluded (Young Men's Christian Association, Aldersgate Street), Mr. Curwen gave three lectures on the Art of Teaching, including the principles of written and oral method. Mr. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S., gave a lecture on Just Intonation, showing the importance of the partials (or harmonics) in the practical working of harmony. These partials were in just intonation, whatever our artificial instruments might be. After illustrating his subject by means of diagrams, he compared the different kinds of temperament with just intonation, by means of concertinas carefully tuned. Other papers were read by Mr. Ashcroft, on the Essential Conditions of a People's Song in Church; by Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, on Musical Notes on the Continent; by Mr. J. Proudman, on True Expression in Music, &c. Model lessons were given, by Mr. Proudman, on the mental effect of tones in key, and by Mr. Warr. Considerable discussion took place on the French *Langue des durées*, which has recently been adopted as a part of the Tonic Sol-fa method. The series of meetings ended with competitions for prizes and certificates, in various branches of musical knowledge and skill. The subjects included copying by ear, sight-singing, solo-singing, composition, and harmonium playing. There were sixty competitors, and prizes to the amount of £17 were distributed.

RIGA.—The centenary of the opening of the Theatre was celebrated lately by a special performance of Gluck's *Orpheus*.

MUNICH.—Herr Bargiel's "Prometheus Overture" was performed at a recent concert of the Musical Academy, under the direction of Herr Wüllner, for the first time in this capital.

KARLSRUHE.—Herr Emil Devrient, at the earnest solicitation of his physicians and friends, has resigned his post as Director-General of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, after having held it for 17 years. Herr Emil Devrient is now seventy. He will be succeeded by Herren Gustav Freitag and Bodenstedt.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.—"Farewell," song, by George Gaff.
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A GERMAN ON THE SOCIAL POSITION OF MUSICIANS.*

The most varied opinions prevail regarding the position musicians occupy in society, what position they are justified in occupying, and in what way they should strive to achieve, and maintain it; every opinion is founded upon a different view of the subject; each claims to be the correct one; and each contains as great an amount of truth as of error. Good society affirms that it welcomes most cordially every musician worth anything; that it receives him on a footing of perfect equality, and that, even though he may not be very celebrated or particularly gifted, still, as an artist honourably striving to do his best, he may reckon upon a most friendly reception; that, among leading musicians, only the presumptuous and arrogant, and, also, such as combine insignificant productions with grand pretensions, find themselves slighted and humbled; but that their dissatisfaction is not the result of the treatment with which they meet, but of the too high opinion they entertain of themselves, an opinion which prevents them from obtaining a clear idea of their positions and their rights. We hear, on the other hand, reproaches against good society and its caprices; it is charged with patronizing only artists of great talent who have already attained a reputation with the public, and no longer require the patronage of individuals, or the marks of honour bestowed by them; that, among second-rate artists, the most friendly reception is by no means accorded to those striving honourably to achieve great things, but to those who understand how to gain the favour of the leading or the rich members of high society, and that it is utterly incomprehensible how many who have never been known to produce aught of importance meet with so much favour, and are admitted into the best circles, while others, who enjoy a higher rank in art, are left unnoticed. These opinions find an echo among artists themselves, according to their respective positions and circumstances. Among the great and celebrated who are honoured and esteemed, some entertain the honourable and sound belief, that they exclusively to sincere and unbiassed enthusiasm for art the marks of distinction which they receive; others are pleased that they, as individuals, should mix in high society and be made the objects of its attentions; that is sufficient for their ambition, and all searching questions are a matter of indifference to them. Second-rate musicians, of course, judge general social relations according to the place assigned in those relations to themselves. The composer or virtuoso who is often invited to dinner or to an evening party, by her influence the Countess-and-So, or by Madame la Commerzienrath Three-Stars, and introduced to their acquaintances, feels perfectly charmed by the amiability of such society, and cannot, or will not, comprehend how anyone can doubt the sincere love of art and the mission of artists of eminence to assist and maintain the freedom and independence of their position more than they hitherto have done, because they are the only persons who can do so.

In former times, the patronage and encouragement accorded to art proceeded—and in the case of music, exclusively—from the higher classes. The nobility of South Germany cultivated music with assiduity, and many families maintained private musical establishments (*Kapellen*) of their own; it was the members of this aristocracy that subscribed to concerts, which were never got up unless a subscription had been previously opened. The history of the greatest composers shows that the patronage of the nobility exercised the greatest influence upon their career—it proves to anyone who considers the question attentively that Haydn, one and all, were dependent to every day of their fate, and was so modest and amiable, enjoyed in a high degree the patronage of the aristocracy, while the independent Mozart, who looked the world more boldly in the face, is always complaining, in his letters, that he has to worry himself to no purpose. Beethoven was the first who ventured to place himself on an equality with the aristocracy; he succeeded, because a man so grandly endowed by nature could not fail to take the upper hand; how far the little word "can," which, before the decision of the *Landesgericht*,† was regarded as a predicate of nobility, contributed to the fact that the highest aristocracy treated him with such great consideration, and even put up with his outbursts of temper, is something to which we may here cursorily refer—that many members of this same aristocracy were sincere admirers and thorough judges of music; and that they would have recognized Beethoven as a great genius, even had he not come before them as "van Beethoven," are facts that cannot be contested, but it is equally impossible to deny that in a country where there existed a separate tribunal for cases affecting persons of noble birth, the fact that the great musical genius was of (supposed) noble descent, must have exercised at first a very great influence upon his social relations.

In North Germany, matters always were a very different aspect. The higher classes there had far less influence upon the intellectual development of the nation, and scarcely troubled themselves about music at all. Even the example of the great Frederick who cultivated music—in his own way, it is true*—honouring art and artists, found no imitators among the aristocracy. The middle classes have been, from the middle of the last century, the patrons of music; in every town of any importance there have been well-attended subscription concerts, and it was not in the capitals of the princes of North Germany, but in Leipsic and Hamburgh that the greatest musicians and teachers resided; it was to the latter city that Ph. Em. Bach, among others, removed, though he held in Berlin the post *emeritata* to the great monarch.

This short retrospective view of the matter is instructive for the present age, inasmuch as the latter exhibits a continuation of the relations formerly subsisting between musicians and the upper classes. Although the South German nobility no longer occupies the politico-social position, in which it gave the tone to all artistic relations, it still exhibits a lively and active interest in any one or any thing of importance; and though, on the other hand, the higher classes in the North of Germany manifest a far greater sympathy for art than is manifested in former times, the centre of gravity of art-life is still situated in the towns inhabited by the middle classes more exclusively; it was not in the capitals that Hiller, Mendelssohn, and Schumann worked and laboured. The musical festivals for which *St. Paul* was composed, were founded by commercial and manufacturing towns, and while, even at the present day, the incentive to a good portion of the artistic successes achieved in the South still proceeds from the higher classes, causing those successes to extend still further, there are good reasons for asserting that most successes in the North have forced their way from the towns to the capitals, and that it is the great reputation first achieved by composers at musical festivals and at subscription concerts that has served to guide the elegant concert-public in the preferences of the different capitals. The cases of very great virtuosos, who have played in empty or only half-filled rooms, but who after immense successes elsewhere (Leipsic, etc.), reported here, (in Berlin), have given concerts, when the rooms have been crammed to suffocation, and still continue to be so, are too well-known, that it is immaterial to mention particular instances or to cite names.

What are we to conclude from this? Simply, thus much: that musicians will never obtain an independent social position until those who are not celebrated no longer condescend to guide that to

"REVIVALS."

(*From the "Sunday Times," Jan.* 16.)

Welcome to the beginning of an act of justice which, for completion, requires the help of all who know what masterpieces of music the world has passed by and forgotten. Now that we have no great creative genius among us, men are beginning to search out the works of composers who, living in the wonderful era which began with Bach and ended with Mendelssohn, were neglected for masters greater than themselves. There are many such works; not o few of them such as desire a high place in public esteem; and he who brings them out into the light does e specially good service, not loss to his generation than to the memory of composers. For this reason we are pleased to receive No. 1 of a series of "Revivals," which "will consist of pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript or which have been out of print, selected from the works of eminent masters." The firm undertaking the grateful, and we hope profitable, task of publication is that of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., while the editor, Mr. J. W. Davison, is a gentleman whose fitness for the work nobody will think of questioning, and whose name affords a guarantee of judicious selection. A good beginning has been made by the issue of W. Friedemann Bach's grand Fantasia, as played by Madame Arabella Goddard at the last Monday Popular Concert. Concerning this work we shall do well to quote from Mr. Chappell's annotated programme. "No reference is made," says the writer, "to this interesting, original, and masterly composition in the *Catalogue raisonée thematique*, &c., of the works of W. F. Bach, which forms part of C. H. Ritter's comprehensive book—*Carl Philipp Emanuel und Wilhelm Friedemann Bach und deren Brüder*. That it has, hitherto, remained in manuscript may, therefore, be considered certain. Herr Ritter not only describes in his catalogue works that are printed, but speaks of a vast number that are unpublished. Nevertheless, he is evidently ignorant of the Fantasia, as well as of a great many more compositions by the same hand." Under the conditions thus pointed out, the publication before us has a special interest, which the fact that W. F. Bach's work is one of merit increases. The writer above quoted says it is "as much in the style and plan of a sonata as more than one of the sonatas of Beethoven. It comprises four movements, the second, third, and fourth of which are as regular in form as any movement of the kind which could be named. The first movement only is o free fantasia. The oldest Bach himself has left examples of the kind; so has Mozart; so has Beethoven. Little matters the form, however, when there is so much that is beautiful as in this Fantasia by W. F. Bach." Finally, we read: "When it is remembered that the Fantasia, the exact date of which it is impossible to ascertain, must be, according to a fair calculation, considerably over a century and a quarter old, the freshness of its ideas is something to wonder at." After hearing and reading the composition for ourselves we have nothing to say of it but words of praise. The first movement begins with some brilliant *arpeggios* in E minor, and is continued by a series of passages running through various keys, and showing not only fertile but graceful fancy. All are written with singular freedom, and savour as little as may be of the starched and formal style generally associated with music of the period. The second movement in E major is an effective contrast. Placid in character and regular in form, it is at the antipodes of the erratic Fantasia preceding. Its first two phrases bear a singular resemblance to the corresponding phrases in "Away with melancholy;" and it is upon these in their primary form, inverted, or slightly varied, that the movement is chiefly built. The simple grace of the music deserves all that can be said in its praise. The *Andante*, in A minor, is written mainly in two parts, upon a quaint and characteristic theme which appears alternately for either hand. Its treatment is original, as well as marked in an eminent degree by the "freshness of idea" already pointed out. A sustained pedal, during which the first theme breaks up and fades away, brings this admirable *Andante* to an end. The *Rondo finale* in A major, if less novel than the earlier movements, is equally attractive as regards the charm of its music. Moreover, it reveals in an equal degree the accomplished master whose graceful themes are combined with artistic treatment in such a manner that the art is concealed, and we think only of the beauty it has produced. Let us say, finally, with reference to this work, that if subsequent numbers of "Revivals" prove equal in interest, music lovers will owe a good deal to the editor and publishers.

Esmeralda, an opera by Signor Fabio Campana, has been brought out at St. Petersburgh, with success.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

After an interval devoted to pantomime and other holiday amusements, the Crystal Palace concerts began again last Saturday, in a manner that promises well for the rest of the season. Mr. Manns had evidently laboured hard to bring his orchestra up to the mark, below which a long spell of pantomime music must have forced it. He succeeded admirably; the first overture—Beethoven's *Coriolan*—being played with splendid unity and power. The work itself is a fine example of dramatic music. In the words of the annotated programme, "it is indeed a work of Roman grandeur and stern Roman compression and conciseness; but with a vein of pure, noble beauty, revealing the well-spring of grace and sweetness which was always playing beneath the stern exterior of the great musician." There is not, perhaps, in all music a more effective contrast than between the two subjects of this overture; the one, vigorous and stern as Coriolanus himself, who

"——— By his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport;"

the other, as gentle and graceful as the woman who adorned the hero's home. Such an example of Beethoven's greatest power ought to have been applauded to the echo. But as the audience let it pass with little notice, we can only say so much the worse for the audiance. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor—that in which is recorded for all time the vivid impressions made by Scottish scenery upon a young and poetical nature. About the work itself there is no need to speak. Every bar is known as it deserves, and no music of the kind holds a higher place in general estimation. It ought to be mentioned, however, as an interesting fact that, in a letter to his friend, Klingemann, dated "Edinburg, July 30, 1829," Mendelssohn penned the first sixteen bars of the symphony he did not complete till 1842. No doubt can exist, therefore, even if the character of the music were not sufficient evidence, that the "A minor" was directly inspired by its composer's now historical journey. Every movement was heard on Saturday with unflagging attention. Which of the four met with the greatest favour is hard to tell, but it may have been the *scherzo*, that "wonderful compound," according to the official annotator, "of health and life, heath and moor, blowing wind, screaming eagles, bagpipes, fluttering tartans, and elastic steps of racing Highlanders, all rounded off and brought into one perfect picture with the most consummate art that ever human eye painter, poet, or musician ever possessed." Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*, another favourite composition with the Crystal Palace audience, followed the symphony and closed the concert. The instrumental solos were Mendelssohn's organ sonata, No. 4, and Bach's prelude, in E flat, with the "St. Ann's" fugue. The official announcers, of the brothers Arthur and Charles Le Jeune that it would be almost enough to mention them in connection with these great works; but the performance of each was specially remarkable for all that constitutes perfect organ playing. Master Charles Le Jeune, playing Bach's magnificent fugue in knickerbockers, amounts to a marvel. Mr. Santley was the vocalist, and gave, with great success, Sullivan's admirable ode, "I wish to tune my quivering lyre."

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Elijah was given by this society on Wednesday evening week in Exeter Hall. The conditions of its performance were not entirely favourable. In the first place Mr. Martin's chorus mustered in such scanty numbers that the entire orchestra could not have counted 400 heads. We were sorry to observe this, because the chorus has, hitherto, been the strength of the society, and its falling off has an ominous look. The occurrence, however, may have been accidental—at any rate it in so to be hoped. In the next place, some of the principal singers failed to appear. Hence, the double quartet was given as a double trio; and, if we do not mistake, the conductor himself had to assist vocally in "O, come, every one that thirsteth." On the other hand, the orchestra was more than commonly efficient, and such of the chorus as did put in an appearance sang vigorously and well. The soloists were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Renwick. Madame Rudersdorff again showed that she stands at the head of interpreters of the "widow music." In "Hear ye, Israel," moreover, she made a great effect, and was greatly applauded. Miss Palmer and Mr. Perren sang carefully; the latter being very successful in "If with all your hearts," which he gave with a good deal of refined expression. Mr. Renwick's voice is hardly as pleasant as could be wished, and he used it on this occasion so as to suggest a ranting prophet rather than the dignified Man of God whom the Bible depicts and Mendelssohn coloured with his consummate art. Mr. G. W. Martin conducted.

At the next performance Mr. Martin promises the *Walpurgis Night* and a motet by Mendelssohn. T. E.

Figaro states that the Emperor never gives less than 5000fr. for a box at any of the theatres.

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LEFÉBURE-WÉLY.

By the death of this great virtuoso, aristocratic and elegant Paris has lost its own particular organist, I mean that one among contemporary organists whose talent was a more faithful expression than that of any one else of a class of persons of the present epoch, who pursue the road to Heaven with every possible regard to their own comfort. This favour, this reputation, was something he saw spring up and grow without much effort on his part, for he simply obeyed his artistic temperament, and followed the impulses of a lively disposition, and of an extraordinarily fertile imagination.

Lefébure (Louis James Alfred), born at Paris, the 13th November, 1817, was the son of an organist of St. Roch. It is very certain that he knew his notes and his keyboard before he knew his letters. At the age of eight, he played his first mass. When he was fifteen, he acted as his father's substitute, and, about the same time, carried off at the Conservatory, where he had Halévy for master, the prizes for organ, counterpoint, and fugue. It was on the organ of St. Roch that he began to indulge in his picturesque and daring extempore playing, always elegant, and sometimes grand and elevated; it placed him at the head of a new school, which possesses the secret of combining, in due proportions, melody and sentiment with science.

On being appointed organist to the Madeleine, in 1847, he found an instrument of Cavaillé-Coll's. Its resources, until then ignored, were destined to put it in his power to realize all his inspirations. With what ardour, with what skill, did he not assist the impulse given to the organ-building of modern times by physical science! By constant application, he acquired the art of combination, exquisite taste, a happy mixture of the different stops, an inexhaustible variety of sonorous effect, and, lastly, his mechanical execution. He found, too, in the church, select, delicate, and impressionable hearers, who responded to his natural inclinations, and mundane tastes, and, by their suffrages, furnished with wings his exhibitions of extempore playing.

Lefébure was at the apogee of his reputation, when, in the month of April, 1863, he took possession of the great organ at St. Sulpice. In his new position, he found himself exposed to the jealousy of his rivals, and to a fresh outburst of criticism. The principal charges against him were the want of religious character in his ideas, and their pretension; these, however, constituted a great portion of the secret by which he achieved success in a church, the services of which should be distinguished by a great austerity of character. He could not bring himself not to shine, not to please, not to "faire diverisre," and for this he sacrificed seriousness. The mathematical side of his art, the cold and inflated style of the fugue, damped his dashing nature. Not that he ignored or did not appreciate these things; far from it. In his note-book, under the date of May, 1863, I extemporized calmly an interminable fugue for them; I hope they will not now say that I can play only polkas!" He was a profound harmonist, and no one was more capable of coming back to his melody, by a series of chords, sometimes astonishingly daring. On other occasions, a simple modulation sufficed to carry him away from the original theme. Yet, such was his love for art, that he neglected nothing which could contribute to expand and embellish the theme. For instance, every Sunday, he used to read over the particular Offertory of the day, and then extemporized according to the sense and character of the words. Quelle ressource every good organist to do the same? His extempore playing was, indeed, the accentuated re-echo of his nervous disposition. He entranced and carried away even those who did not like his manner. Rossini said to him one day, very justly: "People like you much more for your faults than for your good qualities."

A blade so thoroughly tempered, naturally wore out the scabbard. On the organ at St. Sulpice, an organ requiring a great deal of physical strength, Lefébure, whose health was already much shaken, expended his energies with an ardour that accelerated his end. He was eaten up by fever; his extempore playing revealed his state. "He seemed to fear," as our colleague, Hip. Prévost wrote, the other day, "that he would not have sufficient time to sing, in his own harmonious language, all the melodies in his soul." The moment arrived, however, when he was compelled to beg M. Louis Dessane, the organist of the choir, to take his place "up there;" when he was compelled to trust his reputation to that gentleman, as distinguished as modest, who, during this fatal time, he designated as his successor—and this artistic testament will, doubtless, be carried out. It was only with great difficulty that Lefébure could now ascend the steep stairs leading to the organ loft. One day, not long since, he promised to perform at a marriage, and he wished to keep his word. He was, therefore, laboriously making his way up, when suddenly the sound of the blow, given by the Swiss with his halberd, announced the commencement of the ceremony. In less time than is required to write down the fact, the gallant artist, ran up forty steps, and, bathed in perspiration, and suffering from a cough which brought the blood-tinged foam to his lips, he placed his hands upon the keyboard. He was never, perhaps, grander. It was his last piece of extempore playing; the farewell of the organist to the organ, the strains of which are like an echo of the Infinite.

Lefébure-Wély wrote a great deal for his instrument; for the harmonium; and for the voice. I will cite merely his "Cantiques," which are exceedingly well known; a remarkable "O Salutaris;" a collection of "Offertories;" some pieces composed expressly for the Mustel Harmonium; a fantasia entitled *Titania*, for piano; the "Dite sympathique," dedicated to his two daughters, &c. At the Opéra-Comique, he brought out a work, *Les Recruteurs*, in which Capoul made his first appearance, but which was not a success. It is but a few days since that, with a hand already struck by death, he traced his last reminiscence: "Le chant du Cygne," a melancholy reverie, for piano-forte and harmonium, in which we perceive very plainly the presentiment of his approaching death. He has left some posthumous works. "In all that he composed"—as M. Ambroise Thomas, a most competent judge, proclaimed, at the tomb—"*we must always admire the grace, the good taste, the purity of the style.* He has left works, noble in character, and elevated in sentiment, which will bear evidence of his passage among us, *and of the influence he must have exerted.*" A sure, devoted, and faithful friend; endowed with exciting frankness, tempered, however, by a large amount of kindness; an amiable companion; generous with the calculating spirit peculiar to musicians; witty and caustic like a real child of Paris, as he was, and, moreover, a spoilt child of Paris; of naturally distinguished manners, an enemy of everything trivial and commonplace; possessing, like all men on whom fortune smiles when they are young, a very strong opinion of himself individually, and never neglecting an opportunity of declaring his own merit, such, with well-defined activity, and exceeding versatility of humour, is the complete physiognomy of Lefébure-Wély, whose reputation extended to foreign countries, especially Germany.

This valiant and sincere artist has left his mark. In the gallery of organists—St. Sulpice, in which Nivers represents Corneille, Clerambault, majesty; Coppeau, religious unction; Nicolas Séjan, elevated thought; Louis Séjan, elegance of form; and Georges Schmitt, impetuosity, and brilliancy; Lefébure-Wély may claim many of the qualities of his predecessors, adding the radiant charm of melody, and the scintillations of a most charming fancy.

He leaves many sympathizing friends, whose feelings of esteem are now, alas! directed exclusively to his two charming daughters, his son, and his wife, herself an eminent artist, who appreciated him so well, and loved him so much.

ED. MATHIEU DE MONTYS.

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

An adjourned meeting of the supporters of this Festival has been held at Norwich—Lord Stafford in the chair—to consider future arrangements. A report was read from a special committee, who stated that they did not take a gloomy view of the future of the Festival, as they believed that the financial failure of the 1869 meeting arose from purely local causes, and also from the depression of trade throughout the country. In the 1836 meeting there was a deficiency of £231, but at the next meeting, in 1839, there was a surplus of £821; in 1854 there was a deficiency of £103, but in 1857, at the following Festival, there was a surplus of £1,873; in 1836, there was a profit of £2,399; in 1827, one of £1,673; in 1830, one of £536; in 1833, one of £448; in 1839, one of £821; in 1842, one of £550; in 1845, one of £950; in 1848, one of £500; in 1852, one of £370; in 1857, one of £351; in 1860, one of £916; in 1863, one of £1,236; and in 1866, one of £971. Thus a deficiency at one Festival was not to be considered a bar to complete recovery at the next. The committee did not consider that any reduction could be advantageously made in the expenses of the Festival, but they recommended that the prices of admission at the next Festival should be reduced from 21s. and 10s. 6d. to 15s. and 7s. 6d. at the evening concerts, with some unreserved seats at 3s., some unreserved seats to be also provided at the morning oratorios, at 5s. each. The committee further recommended that the next Festival should be held in the week following September 20, 1872; that the committee should commence the arrangements for the Festival in June, 1871; that the number of the sub-committee should be reduced to ten; and that the introduction of novelties should be limited to one great work, which must be ready for rehearsal six months before the Festival. A general committee was appointed, after some discussion, and to the general committee the report of the special committee was referred for further consideration.

A RUSSIAN COUNT, when he found a tenor visiting his wife early in the night, made the singer sit at the piano and sing opera airs for five hours under the cover of a pistol.

SIGNOR VERA'S opera, *Valeria*, which was so successfully given at Bologna last year, is to be performed at Turin at the Vittorio Emanuele Theatre, in a few days, where it will be sung by Mesdames Vera Lorini and Mazzucco, and by Signori Urio and Coliva. The same opera is to be given during the carnival at Florence, at the Pergola Theatre, with Madame Biancolini, and Signori Perotti and Sparapani.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The *Creation* was given on Friday se'nnight to the crowded audience invariably attracted by Haydn. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley appeared as soloists. The lady is, perhaps, heard to better advantage in this oratorio than in any other. It affords full scope for the display of her bright voice, and gives less occasion for the peculiar expression in which she is apt to indulge. "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens" were well sung and loudly applauded. Mr. Vernon Rigby was hardly in such good voice as usual, a fact to be explained, most likely, by recent illness. This, however, did not account for his dwelling on every high note in the popular tenor song, to the destruction of rhythm, and the balance of Haydn's well-balanced phrases. We counsel Mr. Rigby to avoid the habit. Mr. Santley sang his music as usual; and how that is we have no need to tell. As a matter of course he was vehemently applauded. The choruses were given with immense power. "The heavens are telling" was alone worth going to hear. Sir Michael Costa conducted. *Elijah* was to be given last night. T. E.

THE GREAT SOUTH KENSINGTON ORGAN.

The following is the official specification of the grand organ for the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, South Kensington, now in course of construction by Mr. Henry Willis, of the Rotunda Organ Works, Camden Town, London:—

The instrument consists of five Claviers. The compass of the four Manual Claviers extends from CC to C in altissime (five complete octaves, or sixty-one notes), and that of the Pedale from CCC to G (two octaves and a fifth, or thirty-two notes). The *Pedal Organ* consists of 21 stops, viz.:—

1. Double Open Diapason, wood, 32 feet.
2. Double Open Diapason, metal, 32 feet.
3. Contra Violone, metal, 32 feet.
4. Open Diapason, wood, 16 feet.
5. Open Diapason, metal, 16 feet.
6. Bourdon, wood, 16 feet.
7. Violone, metal, 16 feet.
8. Great Quint, metal, 12 feet.
9. Violoncello, metal, 8 feet.
10. Octave, wood, 8 feet.
11. Quint, metal, 6 feet.
12. Super Octave, metal, 4 feet.
13. Furniture, 5 ranks.
14. Mixture, 3 ranks.
15. Contra Posaune, wood. 32 feet
16. Contra Fagotto, wood, 16 feet.
17. Bombarde, metal, 16 feet.
18. Ophicleide, wood, 16 feet.
19. Trombone, metal, 16 feet.
20. Fagotto, wood, 8 feet.
21. Clarion, metal, 8 feet.

The inside pipes belonging to those stops that contribute to the front are similarly shaped in month, body, and foot.

The first Manual Clavier or *Choir Organ*, contains 20 stops, viz:—

1. Violone, 16 feet.
2. Viola da Gamba, 8 feet.
3. Dulciana, 8 feet.
4. Lieblich Gedact, 8 feet.
5. Open Diapason, 8 feet.
6. Vox Angelica, 8 feet.
7. Principal (harmonic), 4 feet.
8. Gemshorn, 4 feet.
9. Lieblich Flöte, 4 feet.
10. Celestiana, 4 feet.
11. Flageolet, 2 feet.
12. Piccolo (harmonic), 2 feet.
13. Super Octave, 2 feet.
14. Mixture, 3 ranks.
15. Corno di Bassetto, 16 feet.
16. Clarionet, 8 feet.
17. Cor Anglais, 8 feet.
18. Oboe, 8 feet.
19. Trompette harmonique, 16 and 18 feet.
20. Clarion, 4 feet.

The pipes in this organ are of metal. The effect of wood is imparted by the harmonic construction, and the disadvantage of using wood for small pipes is therefore avoided. The stops numbered 1, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, and 17 are intended to represent what is called the "Echo Organ" in some large organs, and in them placed on a fifth Clavier.

The second Clavier, or *Great Organ*, contains 25 stops, viz.:—

1. Flûte conique, partly harmonic, 16 feet.
2. Contra Gamba, 16 feet
3. Violone, 16 feet.
4. Bourdon, 16 feet.
5. Open Diapason, 8 feet.
6. Open Diapason, 8 feet.
7. Viola da Gamba, 8 feet.
8. Claribel, 8 feet.
9. Flûte harmonique, 8 feet.
10. Flûte à Pavillon, 8 feet.
11. Quint, 6 feet.
12. Flûte Octaviante harmonique, 4 feet.
13. Viola, 4 feet.
14. Octave, 4 feet.
15. Quinte Octaviante, 3 feet.
16. Piccolo harmonique, 2 feet.
17. Super Octave, 2 feet.
18. Furniture, 5 ranks.
19. Mixture, 5 ranks.
20. Contra Posaune, 16 feet.
21. Posaune, 8 feet.
22. Trompette harmonique, 16 and 8 feet.
23. Tromba, 8 feet.
24. Clarion harmonique, 8 and 4 feet.
25. Clarion, 4 feet.

Of the above Stops only the basses of the Bourdon and Claribel are of wood.

The third Clavier, or *Swell*, contains 26 stops, viz.:—

1. Double Diapason, 16 feet.
2. Bourdon, 16 feet.
3. Salicional, 8 feet.
4. Open Diapason, 8 feet.
5. Viola da Gamba, 8 feet.
6. Flûten à Cheminées, 8 feet.
7. Claribel Flute, 8 feet.
8. Quint, 6 feet.
9. Flûte harmonique, 4 feet.
10. Viola, 4 feet.
11. Principal, 4 feet.
12. Quinte Octaviante, 3 feet.
13. Super Octave, 2 feet.
14. Piccole harmonique, 2 feet.
15. Sesquialter, 5 ranks.
16. Mixture, 6 ranks.
17. Contra Posaune, 16 feet.
18. Contra Oboe, 16 feet.
19. Baryton, 16 feet.
20. Voix Humaine, 8 feet.
21. Oboe, 8 feet.
22. Corropean, 8 feet.
23. Tuba Major, 8 feet.
24. Tuba, 4 feet.
25. Clarion, 4 feet.
26. Super Octave, 2 feet.

Of these stops only [the basses of the Bourdon and Claribel Flute of wood.

The Fourth Clavier, or *Solo Organ*, is to contain 20 stops, viz.:—

1. Contra Basso, 16 feet.
2. Flûte à Pavillon, 8 feet.
3. Viola d'Amore, 8 feet.
4. Flûte Harmonique, 8 feet.
5. Claribel Flute, 8 feet.
6. Voix Celeste, 8 feet.
7. Flûte transverière, 4 feet.
8. Concert Flote, 4 feet.
9. Piccolo harmonique, 2 feet.
10. Cymbale.
11. Corne di Bassetto, 16 feet.
12. Clarionet, 8 feet.
13. Bassoon, 8 feet.
14. French Horn, 8 feet.
15. Ophicleide, 8 feet.
16. Trombone, 8 feet.
17. Oboe, 8 feet.
18. Bombardon, 16 feet.
19. Tuba Mirabilia, 8 feet.
20. Tuba Clarion, 4 feet.

Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, and 17 are enclosed in a swell box.

The following are the *Couplers*, 14 in number:—

1. Solo Sub Octave (on itself).
2. Solo Super Octave (on itself).
3. Swell Sub Octave (on itself).
4. Swell Super Octave (on itself).
5. Unison Solo to Great Organ.
6. Unison Swell to Great Organ.
7. Unison Choir to Great Organ.
8. Swell to Choir.
9. Solo to Choir.
10. Solo to Pedals.
11. Swell to Pedals.
12. Great to Pedals.
13. Choir to Pedals.
14. Sforzando.

A double acting vertical movement struck by the heel of either foot instantly detaches and connects the movement of the Pedal Organ from all but the Bourdon, Violone, Open Diapason (metal), and Octave, and also draws and withdraws the pedal coupler to Great Organ. Eight patent pneumatic combination pistons govern the whole of the stops of each Manual Organ. These thirty-two pistons appear immediately below and in front of each clavier, concentrated so as to be at all times within reach of the hands of the performer. Six pedals govern the stops of the Pedal Organ by means of ventils. Two pedals apply and detach a movement that causes the sforesaid six pedals governing the Pedal Organ to act also upon the combination movement of the Great Organ. Six pedals govern and combine in various ways all the other accessories, and thus, by one instantaneous operation of the performer, vary the effect of the whole instrument at once. Two tremulants, governed by pedals, one to the Swell, the other to the Solo Organ, are supplied. These tremulants act only upon suitable stops. The Sforzando is brought into action by means of a pedal. Two pedals govern the great to pedal coupler. The patent atmospheric contrivance of 1862 for actuating the Swell independently of the swell pedals is also applied.

The internal metal pipes consist of 5-9ths lamb-stamp commercial tin and 4-9ths soft lead, and the scales of these, as well as those of the front, are suitable to the proportions of the building. All the front pipes are made of tin 90 and lead 10 in 100 parts, and are burnished and polished in the same manner as those in the best Continental organs. The key fittings are elegant in design, the combination pistons being plated with gold and engine-turned. The claviers are made of very thick ivory.

The main reservoirs in which the compressed air is forced are placed in a chamber prepared in a clean and dry locality. The feeders supply the air by steam power, are of the most ample size, and constructed to receive their wind from the room above, and not from the locality in which they are placed. To carry out this arrangement (of the highest importance) passages are provided for the wind shafts to and from the organ to the chamber in which the main reservoirs are placed. The main reservoirs deliver their wind to numerous reservoirs in immediate connection with the pipes.

HERR JULIUS STOCKHAUSEN the well-known baritone-base, has been engaged by Mr. Mapleson, and is now on a tour with Mdlle. Tietjens, &c. We believe that Herr Stockhausen is also to sing during the operatic season at Covent Garden.

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MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS, MUS. DOC.

Expression belongs to composition as well as to execution. In composition, it is required, not only that pieces be regular and grammatical in their structure, but that they have a design so definite and so well elaborated as to accomplish its end. Like a public address, a piece of music must have an object, a method, and a manner which can be appreciated. It must have "a beginning, a middle, and an end." He who reasons illogically, talks loosely and at random, having nothing before his us than self-display, is simply a vain, impertinent fellow. He is like a clown who comes into a splendid parlour without an errand and who will soon be shown to the door.

So it is, or should be, with the composer. He must mean something, and must say what he means, and render himself reasonably intelligible. If he is dealing in mysteries for the initiated, let him give them suitable subjects for study and reflection; but when he composes for the benefit of the community at large, let him render himself intelligible, and not cater to the mere prejudices of a blind admiration. Pieces intended for amusement or display claim a wider latitude; and, though they often lose by it, they are not equally amenable to the canons of criticism. But the art, as already intimated, has been given to us for more important and beneficent purposes. For the accomplishment of these purposes, which are truly normal, our principle, just as in prose and poetry, must for ever hold good. It is as fundamental to art as to mental science and to literature. To speak for the purpose of showing off our own acquirements is one thing; to speak in self-forgetfulness, for the presentation of some important subject is quite another. This is a broad distinction, and one which in ordinary matters is universally appreciated.

Distinguished musicians in modern days, we are sorry to say, have lost immeasurably by so often setting this principle aside. Miriam was not engaged in Antichristian when she sounded her timbrel beyond the Red Sea, nor David when he sang and played before the ark of God in the solemn procession, nor Paul and Silas, who sang at midnight in the depths of a dungeon; and chief musicians on these ancient occasions, it may be presumed, were not labouring for self display.

But, it will be said, musicians have to gain their support; and must commend themselves to the public patronage as best they can. Yet, whether the blending of fundamental distinctions has not been the means at once of lessening the effecting power of music and the claims of a healthful patronage may well demand a doubt. Certain it is, that the religious and moral influence of music has not kept pace with the progress of artistic refinements.

A few oratorial examples may serve to illustrate our position.

The oratorio has been termed a musical feast. It embraces vocal and instrumental music in its multiplied varieties, combinations, and attractions. Its subject *claims* to be religious. Its *topics* are so for the most part; yet, in reality, it is intended for amusement and artistic display, and not at all for religious worship in the evangelical sense. Its design is histrionic, and even in this respect it often proves a failure.

Haydn's *Creation*, for instance, was for a long time exceedingly popular. The attraction of fine, rich, inimitable strains of music was irresistible. Who could presume to criticise such a genius, or point to suspected hints of any real deficiency? But the time has come when a just estimate can be formed. Considered merely as a *drama*, it is a splendid failure. The introductory page of unwonted discords reminds us of a *musical* chaos, from which we are glad to be relieved by the sudden introduction of *harmonies* which are to pass for the creation of *light*. His "Verdure clad," gives us sweet music in the person of a *prima donna* whose *style* and *manner absorb* attention. His is full of mimicries, which are fanciful enough. We perceive when large beasts spring to life, because they are heavy, treading at the bottom of the base staff; and the dove advertize themselves by cooing, as if already enjoying a comfortable inclosure. His choruses are animated and genial. He excites within us, while the piece is new, an abundance of what might be termed social good feeling and artistic enchantment. But whence derived *legitimately from his Creation* any exalted conceptions of creative energy, vastness, or awe-stricken sublimity? There is enough of free-hearted gladness, but it seems rather earthly than heavenly. We receive impressions of full-hearted joyousness, but not of true devotion. The people were, at all events, to be pleased; and the chief purpose was artistic. But why should sacred words be thus treated, even for splendid amusement? Is there no danger of desecrating tenderness and associations? And do not such things react upon the Christian mind against the real power and normal effect of musical appeals?

Handel, the father of English oratorios, whose style has become antiquated, has more depth of sentiment. He sometimes astonishes us by the sublimity and grandeur of his appeals, by the power of his descriptive imitations, and by the melting tenderness of his pathetic passages. But he has a mixed congregation before him, and must give pleasure to the different classes of hearers. So he affords amusement occasionally, by the queer leapings of frogs and the strange buzzings of "all manner of flies." He shows us the sun standing still, by a single long-drawn note of the violin on the letter A in sit, through several pages, resisting the united attacks of the orchestra to the full end. He represents us with a vocalist striving to outmaster the accompanying instrument in setting forth the trumpet alarm of the resurrection! He gives us a duet of singers vying with each in exclamations of universal triumph over the sting of death. He brings before us a double chorus of Jews and heathens, striving each other in the attitude of praise, while Dagon's party makes the sweetest music. And, amid all the masterly strains of his *Messiah*, we find in the chorus which he most prized for its *skill*, and deservedly so,* the Jews apparently, as in real life, striving with each other for the skilful utterance of the most awful blasphemies!

These were some of the follies and the sins of Handel, which have been too often and too successfully imitated by later composers. Witness the "Stop thief!" chorus, and the chorus, "Stone him to death!" through which biographers hope that he finally died a true Christian, was, in his years of activity, a man of profaneness. who, when angry, could "swear in five different languages successively." But he had wonderful powers of conception, and in his religious pieces, doubtless, often *aimed* to touch the true chords of evangelical piety. The productions of this sort, clothed as they are with histrionic associations, are important models for the study of expression. They are not perfect. They are by no means to be selected indiscriminately. Nor are they to be closely imitated. Nor yet is his antiquated phraseology to be used. But his masterly powers of conception and expression, which are still unrivalled in modern days, may well engage our earnest and critical attention. The follies and sins to which we have alluded were multiplied because of his blending of distinctions. He must often show off himself and his singers, even while our attention ought to be absorbed by the considerations presented in the topic before us.

Here was a fault of no trivial nature. If a Handel could so often commit it, we need not wonder at the greater temerity of his numberless successors.

We have now two classes of religious music, so-called, which in practice are continually confounded. We have what properly might be termed a concert style, for the exhibition of art; and a devotional style, which holds art in true subordination. Just in proportion as æsthetic motives prevail, the former will gain precedence of the latter. Artistic sentimentalities may become very pleasing to us in hours of devotion, but will they lead us in the direction of the Holy of Holies? That is the true question. Many good people, we fear, are too much under the influence of habit to catechize the real nature of enjoyments which *fine music* gives them. But, nevertheless, unmistakable signs of a declining interest in music which is purely devotional have become painfully manifest. This continual blending of distinctions which are fundamentally at variance will not answer. It may live out its day and do mischief, but the sooner we can be rid of it the better.

Let us not here be misunderstood. We are not offering principles which are newly discovered. We have nothing to hazard by the presentation of such criticisms as the above. They are fully authorised by the best writers in England and elsewhere, even among men who were sceptical in religious matters. Musical students should not be unmindful of the broad distinction we have been here considering. It is one which lies at the very basis of all true expression.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The second of these concerts proved in many respects better than the first. There was greater unity in the orchestra; the programme was free from dance music; and a crowded audience gave *éclat* to the performance which reacts so pleasantly upon itself. We are glad to note these things; and hope that at last a successful effort is making to bring cheap orchestral music home to the doors of Londoners.

The concert began with the overture to *Der Freyschütz*, which was redemanded by a large portion of the audience, but not repeated. Mozart's Symphony in G minor opened the second part. So graceful and beautiful (yet, withal, so scientific and masterly) a work could not fail to arrest attention. Every movement was heard by the great crowd with an interest pleasant to witness; and, at the close, vigorous applause showed that the popular mind is not wholly below Mozart's level. The final overture was Nicolai's bustling prelude to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Herr Wilhelmj, a violinist, whom our readers will remember as having played, three years back, at the Monday Popular Concerts, made his *rentrée* on this occasion, and was well received. His performance of a very uninteresting concerto by Ferdinand David, and of Ernst's well-known *Elegie*, was marked by extraordinary executive ability (the octave playing being simply wonderful); and, also, by a luscious beauty of tone as rare as it was beautiful. We shall speak more at leisure of this violinist, and it must suffice, now, to add that his success was undoubted. The *Elegie* was encored. Madame Sinico, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli supplied the vocal music, and each obtained favour with the audience. Mr. Reeves never sang better in his life. His rendering of "Adelaide," "My own, my guiding star," and "Tom Bowling," songs belonging to as many different schools, was perfect alike in taste and expression. The applause after each was tremendous; and persistent efforts were made to force encores for both the ballads. But Mr. Reeves was more persistent in his refusal, and won the event.

T. E.

* Usually omitted in this country.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 29, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire)—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*
RECITATIVE and AIR, "Mi tradi quel alma ingrata"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Mozart.*
SONATA PATETICA, in C minor, Op. 13, for Pianoforte alone Mr. FREDERIC H. COWEN .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SERENADE TRIO, in D major, Op. 8, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The mighty trees bend"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin, No. 10 of Hallé's Edition—Mr. FREDERIC H. COWEN and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. *Mozart.*

Stalls, 8s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAIN, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 29TH, 1870.
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A major (No. 3 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "The Star's Message"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Tours.*
TRIO, in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS
WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAYS, January 24, 31, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14.

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, the Subscription to the Reis Stalls for which is REDUCED AT £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Saturday, March 12, and Monday, March 14; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLE on Saturday March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearance on Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance on Saturday Afternoon, January 29, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Subscription Tickets to be had of Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and of Messrs. DEVRIENT, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Subscribers are requested to give early notice of their intention to renew their Subscriptions for the ensuing season, as the Rooms cannot be kept vacant after the 1st of February.

Programmes of the Concerts may be had of Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and of Messrs. DEVRIENT, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Subscribers are requested to give early notice of their intention to renew their Subscriptions for the ensuing season, as the Rooms cannot be kept vacant after the 1st of February.

A limited number of Subscribers can be received at the Reduced Subscription of £1 10s. for the Reis Stalls.

A Programme of the Concerts may be had of Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and of Messrs. DEVRIENT, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W.

A perfect copy of this Programme, engraved on Copper, may be had of Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, and of Messrs. DEVRIENT, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W.

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Subscription Tickets to

POOR Levassor, whose death was announced by the London papers on Tuesday, partly lived by holding us English up to ridicule. His favourite caricatures were the bluff John Bull and the French raw recruit, and he was equally felicitous in both. But we laughed just as heartily at one as at the other of his capital caricatures, as every frequenter of the St. James's Theatre can testify. Yet the French papers said on Monday night that the sensitive sons and daughters of "*la perfide Albion*" pelted him out of the playhouse when he attempted to appear on the stage, because he had dared to caricature them. This is how history is written by the Père-Loriquets of the French press. Among the French actors who played in London, Levassor was one of the most, if not absolutely the most, popular. Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, may, perhaps, think it worth while to correct this blunder, instigated by ill-nature. No one knows better than that enterprising gentleman what a large number of friends and well-wishers M. Levassor had in this country.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE second London Ballad Concert, given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, was absent of some of the advertised attractions by the illness of Madame Goddard and Mr. Vernon Rigby. In place of the former, however, Mr. Wehli appeared and played some solos in a style which appeared to give infinite satisfaction to the audience. The other artists who took part in the concert were, for the most part, those who sang on the previous Wednesday. As regards the programme, nothing could have been better adapted to the tastes of ballad-lovers; and the enjoyment of those present—all, presumably, ballad-lovers—was of an uncommon order, judging by the applause bestowed. We need not enter into particulars with regard to what was done. Enough that songs old and new followed each other through a lengthy programme, that nobody had reason to complain of not receiving money's worth, and that everybody went away more than satisfied.

MADAME PUZZI gave the first of three musical evenings, at 24, Belgrave Square (by permission of the Marquis of Downshire), on the 10th inst. She was assisted by artists of eminence; among others, by Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Regan, MM. Ciabatta, Caravoglia, Foli, Paque, R. Blagrove, and Mattei. The programme was, as usual, on such occasions, of a varied character. Among the pieces encored, were "Qui stagno" (Signor Foli), "La dove amor" (Madame Sinico and Signor Foli), "Le Bearnois" Galop de Concert (Signor Mattei). Other successful performances were those of Madame Sinico, in Schira's exquisitely beautiful *réverie*, "Sogna!" and with violoncello *obbligato* by Mr. Paque; of Mr. Cobham in "Alice where art thou?"—and Mdlle. Regan in Rossini's "La Partenza." Mr. Ganz and Signor Pilotti acted as accompanists.

No songs are so well-known and popular as those of Scotland; and no interpreter of them is so well-known and popular as Mr. Kennedy. It would almost suffice, therefore, if we said, merely, that Mr. Kennedy gave three of his admired entertainments at Hanover Square Rooms on Friday week, on Monday, and on Tuesday. But since his last appearance in London the Scottish vocalist, *par excellence*, has been on his travels, and now prefaces each song with "anecdotes illustrative of the effect produced by our country's songs upon the native American, and the Scot abroad." Further, he gives between the parts "glimpses of Salt Lake City" (recollections of a visit to the Mormons). It is needless to say that both anecdotes and recollections are highly amusing, and help to pass away a most agreeable evening. Miss Kennedy accompanies the songs, and further diversifies the performance by playing a selection of reels, strathspeys, &c.

THE second concert of Madame Sainton's short farewell series was given in St. James's Hall on Friday night. As in the instance of its predecessor, the programme was well made out. Madame Sainton herself sang "By the simplicity of Venus' doves," Barnby's "Rainy Day," Levey's "Many a year ago," Claribel's "Children's Voices," and "Caller Herrin'." Loudly applauded after each, the artist obtained a deserved encore for "Children's Voices." In future Madame Sainton will be known as a composer rather than a singer; and it is pleasant to state, therefore, that one of her new songs, "Marjorie's Almanack," sung by Miss Edith Wynne, was encored, and another, "The Village Bridge," sung by Mr. L. Thomas, made a decidedly favourable impression. Both display not only good musicianship, but the power to seize upon and express the sentiment of the verses. Other ballads were given by Miss Wynne, Madame Ilata, Miss Angele, Mr. Byron (encored in "The Thorn"), Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Thomas. Among the pieces sung by Mr. Barnby's Choir were Leslie's "My Love is fair," Barnby's "Sweet and Low," "A Spring Song" by Pinsuti, and, to go from small things to great, Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Judge me, O God." The instrumental soloists were Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti. The former played her own adaptation of Handel's second organ concerto, and Taubert's "La Campanella;" the latter his fantasia on Scotch airs, and, with Miss Zimmermann, Mendelssohn's variations for violoncello and piano. That both played well will be taken for granted. Mr. Thoulless was again the accompanist. We must not omit stating that Mr. H. Cummings was unfortunately prevented from taking his share of the programme by illness.

MR. DENISON NEWTON'S Annual Concert took place on the evening of the 12th inst, at St. George's Hall, and offered a novelty, in addition to a well sustained programme, in which he had the assistance of Madames Grace Corridale, Ellen Glanville, Fanny Armytage, Jessie Royd, and Adelaide Newton, as well as of Messrs. Banton, Chaplin Henry, T. Calvert (a recitation), Frank Thornton and Ellen Roberts, Harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Mr. M. E. Walker, a young performer on the concertina, from Dublin, exhibited a refined musical ta-te, and, as in the case of Begoedi, caused a regret that the capabilities of the instrument are so inadequate to the depths of the performer's artistic feeling. The novelty above alluded to, was the production of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's lively *opera di camera, Doctor Ambrosius, his secret*; which, it will be remembered, was brought before the public, about eighteen months back, when the cast was sustained by the same company viz., Miss Royd (soprano), Miss A. Newton (contralto), Mr. Wallace Wells (tenor), Mr. D. Newton (baritone), and an amateur bass. As might have been anticipated from the long interval between the representations, there was much of the character of a "first time" about the performance, and some few lapses of memory; but there was success enough to warrant all concerned in following up the impression made, and pressing forward on the path made by Mr. Gilbert Rowe. Compact and concise works of their class, supported by a few clever actor vocalists, would soon take root in the public affections; and recommend themselves to managers also, as involving no outlay, or very little, in mounting them. Mr. D'Oyly Carte and his coadjutors may well be congratulated upon the agreeable innovation; and as a natural consequence, exhorted to search among our old-fashioned farces, for the material of another *opera di camera* without loss of time. The "situation" in the second act was most creditably developed, and called into action the dramatic powers of the *troupe*, so as to win great applause; and no small praise is due to the composer, who has so ably treated a situation which from its nature affords but little scope for music.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of the second concert of the year was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet, in C major, Op. 59, No. 2	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Song, "Swallow, swallow"	...	...	...	Piatti.
Sonata, in C minor, Op. 25, pianoforte		...	...	Woelfl.

PART II.

Sonata, in A major, pianoforte and violoncello			...	W. S. Bennett.
Song, "Go not, happy day"	...	...	...	Seymour Egerton.
Quintet, in A major	...	...	...	Mozart.

Two of the instrumental pieces were introduced for the first time at these entertainments—the solo sonata of Woelfl, and the duet sonata of Professor Sterndale Bennett. The first-named, revived by Madame Arabella Goddard at one of her recitals in May last, was played by her with equal success on Monday night. Joseph Woelfl, born in 1772, was a contemporary and rival of some of the greatest pianists and composers of the early part of this century, including Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, Cramer, Hummel, and Beethoven. So happy was he in improvization that he could maintain his ground in this respect, even in competition with Beethoven. Although Woelfl had not the rich and tactile genius of Dussek, he was a more thoroughly trained musician, and might easily have won higher and more permanent fame, as well as a happier condition, with greater prudence of worldly conduct. This eminent musician settled in London, where he died his life miserably in 1811 (?)—his resting-place being now unknown. Woelfl has left compositions in the most important forms of instrumental music; including orchestral symphonies, one of which (in G minor) was revived at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, in March last. His chief works are for the pianoforte, on which instrument he was a performer of remarkable power. Perhaps the best of all his many solo sonatas is the one in C minor, revealing as it does consummate science, grandeur, and elevated sentiment. The introduction and fugue, the impulsive *allegro*, the sublime *adagio*, and the quaint final *allegretto*, are sufficient in themselves to stamp their composer as a remarkable man. The beautiful duet sonata of our most distinguished native musician

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is one of several works by the same hand, for the hearing of which we have been of late years indebted to Madame Goddard. Since the cessation of Professor Bennett's own exquisite performances in public, that lady alone has kept his admirable concertos in general remembrance by her occasional splendid performances. The Sonata in A met with the reception which might have been expected from an audience long accustomed to music of a highly intellectual order. Each of its four movements was received with manifest expressions of pleasure. The grace and refinement pervading the whole, the melodic fluency, and the ornate richness of the passage writing distributed between the two instruments, were alike recognized as emanating from the hand of a master. The minuet, with its *alternativo*, narrowly escaped an encore. How finely the work was played by Madame Arabella Goddard at the pianoforte, and Signor Piatti at the violoncello, the simple mention of those artists will imply. Of the "Rasoumowsky" quartet of Beethoven, symphonic in proportion and grandeur of style, and the clarionet quintet of Mozart—the one given for the fifteenth, the other for the eighteenth time—it is only necessary to say that the first was led by Herr Straus, and the last by Mr. Lazarus. Mr. L. Ries was second violin, and Mr. Zerbini, viola—the latter acting as accompanist in the absence of Mr. Benedict. Both the songs were finely sung by Mr. Santley, and both encored—the first, the composition of the renowned violoncellist, enhanced by his own *obbligato* accompaniment, the other the production of a distinguished amateur.

H. L.

—o—

PROVINCIAL.

CARDIFF.—We read in the *Cambria Daily Leader* as follows:—

"The concert given for the opening of the new organ in Hannah Street Congregational Church was a success. The building was crowded, and the performance satisfactory. The principal vocalists were Miss Edmonds and Simester, Messrs. Hunt (Gloucester) and Grove (Newport). Miss Edmonds sang, with all her usual grace and finish, 'O had I Jubal's lyre' and Mr. Brinley Richards's 'Pilgrim's Path' (both encored); Miss Simester was obliged to repeat 'The marvellous work,' the solo in which she rendered in admirable style. The chorus, conducted by Mr. Lewis, won credit in Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The organ, erected by Mr. Vowles of Bristol, under the direction of Mr. Marychurch, possesses a fine tone."

MANCHESTER.—The *Manchester Examiner and Times* of Jan. 17 writes a flattering account of a recent concert given by Messrs. Forsyth at the Free Trade Hall, when the artists consisted of Mr. Mapleson's tour party. We extract as much from it as our space will allow:—

"A large audience assembled on Saturday evening, attracted by the names of Mdlle. Tietjens and other popular artists. This, we believe, was the first concert given in Manchester by Mr. Mapleson's company since the famous 'coalition,' which was to suspend operatic hostilities in London. Instead, however, of union, the present *troupe* suggests differences. We are reminded by the changes in the list of companions to Mdlle. Tietjens that desertions have taken place from the 'grand double company.' Some of the losses are of great importance. Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley are not to be readily replaced, and Signor Della Rocca cannot make us forget the tenors accustomed to travel with the party. In Signor Stockhausen, however, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have secured an artist of the highest ability. He is now one of the finest singers before the public. His voice is a baritone of considerable range. Throughout the register his notes are even and beautiful. In everything he sang he proved himself a finished artist. His first performance at once created a favourable impression. This was increased in the trio from Rossini's Mass. Perhaps his greatest success was in the German *Lieder*, which were perfectly delivered. He was recalled several times."

We all remember Signor (formerly Herr) Stockhausen, who was last in England some dozen years ago, singing everywhere, with Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim. His reputation in Germany is very great. After speaking in very favourable terms of Signor Tito Mattei's pianoforte playing, the writer proceeds:—

"Mdlle. Tietjens was enthusiastically received, and sang with the feeling and taste that have for long made her so great a favourite. There is no trace of decay in the superb tones of her magnificent voice, which certainly was never heard to greater advantage. As an encore to 'L'Ardita' she sang 'Home, sweet Home,' in English, which, of course, created great enthusiasm."

The other singers were Mdlle. Vanzini, Mdlle. Scalchi, and Signor Tagliafico. The programme was of the usual "miscellaneous" character.

LEEDS.—Dr. Spark gave an organ recital on the 18th inst. in memory of the late Lefébure-Wély. The programme was headed by the following note:—

"Lefébure-Wély was one of the most brilliant and eminent of French organists and composers. For many years he held the post of organist at the Madeleine Church, in Paris, and subsequently left there to preside at the immense instrument erected by the famous Cavaillé Coll, in the Church of St. Sulpice. Upon the latter instrument he greatly distinguished himself by the beauty and brilliancy of his extemporaneous and other performances. In company with our own eminent organist, Mr. Henry Smart, I heard him play on this and other organs, with great effect, about two years ago. He possessed the true soul of music, and was a kind-hearted, generous gentleman. Only a few days ago he died suddenly at the foot of his beloved organ in St. Sulpice. *Requiescat in pace!* WM. SPARK."

All the pieces played were selected from Wély's compositions, save one—the Dead March in *Saul*.

HERTFORD.—A correspondent writes us as follows:—

"A concert was lately given in the Shire Hall, under the patronage of R. Dundale, Esq., M.P., which attracted a full audience, the artists engaged were Madame Marie D'Elise, Miss Alexandrina Dwight, Mr. Walter Reeves, as vocalists. Miss Amy Perry, Master W. Parker, R.A.M., Miss Patty Parker, and Messrs. Wilton and Parker, were the instrumentalists, under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, R.A.M., and an instrumental quintet varied the programme, by playing some overtures and symphonies. Miss A. Dwight displayed a fine soprano voice in a waltz song, 'The Naiades,' and De Grom's 'I'm a Fishermaiden,' and with Marie D'Elise in the duet from *Semiramide*, created quite a sensation. Mr. W. Reeves gave, with his usual taste, 'Alice, where art thou?' and was encored. Master Parker, of the Royal Academy, was loudly applauded in two violin solos, as was Miss Perry in two pianoforte pieces. Mr. L. Cottell presided at the pianoforte, and the whole was a perfect success."

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

FRIEDEMANN BACH, WOELFL, AND BENNETT.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday spoke thus about the works recently played by Madame Arabella Goddard at the Monday Popular Concerts:—

"Yesterday se'nnight the new old thing was the fantasia by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, played for the first time within the memory of man at one of those interesting recitals of pianoforte music given by Madame Goddard towards the end of last season. Not only is the work still in manuscript, but it is unknown to Herr Ritter, the industrious compiler of the lives of the junior members of the great Bach family. Though a century and a quarter old, the sonata—or fantasia, as it is styled, though it is for the most part constructed on as symmetrical a plan as an orthodox sonata—is in some respects as modern in character as though it had been written but yesterday; especially to be noted for the absence of all traces of age is the *allegretto*, as fresh and charming a movement as can be imagined. The sensation created when Madame Goddard first played the fantasia, in spite of a select afternoon audience, was naturally repeated to a much higher degree when it was listened to by the enthusiastic amateurs who on Monday nights throng into St. James's Hall. How the lady played need not be said; enough that the exquisitely limpid delicacy of her touch, and the luscious fulness of tone she contrives to draw so easily from the hard keyboard, were alike manifested in Friedemann Bach's recovered masterpiece. Another 'find' of Madame Goddard was brought forward by her last night—an introduction, fugue, and sonata in C minor by Woelfl, whose short-lived triumph has been succeeded by a period of undeserved neglect. The sonata played last night exhibits Woelfl's genius in the most striking light. The elaborate and throughout interesting fugue is introduced by a short *adagio* full of sustained dignity, the strong contrast between the two movements mutually heightening their effect. The long *allegro* which opens the sonata proper is remarkable for the art with which variety and unity are simultaneously preserved; the themes are sufficiently similar to give the movement a homogeneous character, while a constant diversity of treatment imparts increasing interest. The *adagio* is in our thinking, somewhat monotonous; but the *rondo* brings the sonata to a vigorous and satisfactory conclusion. Long as the work is, Madame Arabella Goddard firmly held the attention of her hearers until the very last note, when they broke out into hearty plaudits, and recalled her to the platform. She was joined by Signor Piatti in Professor Sterndale Bennett's little-known sonata in A major—a work, which, from beginning to end, is full of beauty and feeling. We will not dwell on each movement; but the *minuetto* must be specially noted, inasmuch as it displayed conspicuously the delicate fancy which is the author's chief characteristic, is charmingly written for both instruments, and won last night the most cordial applause. It is not the least of Madame Goddard's many claims to admiration and sympathy that she is the most devoted exponent of our gifted countryman's genius."

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COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The pantomime, which first occupied the entire evening, is now preceded by a *lever du rideau* in the shape of M. Offenbach's pretty operetta, *Luschen and Fritzchen*. The toilet out of place and the buy-a-broom girl whose nausea form the title of the piece, and who are absolutely the only characters employed in it, are impersonated with much vivacity by Miss Julia Mathews and Mr. Wilford Morgan. The gentleman has a good voice, which he has learnt how to use, and the lady an unfailing fund of animal spirits, which, however, she would do well to husband somewhat in case of need. The operetta is of the slightest for so large a house as Covent Garden, but it served its purpose of introducing the glories of the pantomime. The story of *The Yellow Dwarf* is now told more quickly than on Boxing-night, and the unnecessary vocal pieces have been expunged, while the costumes, as artistic as they are sumptuous, and the admirable views of Steel Castle and its interiors, are as effective as ever. The harlequinade, moreover, has the peculiarity of being really amusing.

HENRY C. WATSON.

Our readers, to whom the name of *Watson's Art Journal* must be familiar, may have asked—Who is Watson? Here is an answer to the question taken from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*:—

"The most distinguished musical critic in this city, and perhaps in the United States, is Mr. Henry C. Watson. Born in London in 1820, Mr. Watson came of a distinctly musical race, and his father was a well-known composer in England. His talent as a boy was evinced as a vocalist, and wondrous things were predicted by the London critics of the day respecting the child-singer. These, however, were all to be falsified. He developed early a tendency to literature, which overcame his musical disposition, and thrust him upon the press. While yet merely a youth he came to New York—it was in 1840. At that time the press of the metropolis was an open field for strangers, and he almost immediately became known. Securing a position upon the *New World*, the popular weekly of that day, he made his début both as a critic and as a poet. In both these positions he achieved an instantaneous success. So pronounced, indeed, was this, that he received a liberal offer from the New York *Albion*, at that time the most critical paper published in this country. From this time, his progress has been steady and sure. Many writers upon music have appeared at his side, but they have not succeeded in obliterating his position as decidedly the leading journalist, who deals intelligibly as well as scientifically, with music in this country. At the same time, it is not simply as a musical critic that Mr. Watson has become known. Among numerous other journals with which he has been connected, he, in conjunction with Edgar A. Poe and Charles F. Briggs, started the *Broadway Journal*, while from 1856 to 1861 he was editorially connected with this paper. Discursively, however, upon almost every subject save politics, as his pen has been employed, it is principally as a musical critic that he will most probably be remembered, although as a writer of songs—both as poet and musician—he holds a distinct and most enviable position. While writing upon the *Daily Tribune*, some years since, his review of Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* was translated both into French and German, as well as republished in England—a sufficiently rare honour, as connected with American criticism, to be worth chronicling. Indeed, his capability and wholesome energy as a reviewer have brought him so prominently before the public, that he has invariably been selected by his brethren, musical or literary, as their spokesman, upon all such occasions as the receptions of Jenny Lind, Sontag, Catherine Hayes, and other of the musical and vocal celebrities who have visited these shores. Among other of his labours, it may also be mentioned that he organized the great Mendelssohn Memorial Concert at Castle Garden, where an assemblage of at least 16,000 persons paid homage to the departed genius. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that it was by his unwearied exertion also, that the American Musical Fund Society, for the benefit of aged and impoverished musicians, was originally created. His address to Jenny Lind procured for it, from that estimable lady, the princely donation of 3,000 dols.

"Mr. Watson has recently assumed the position of art critic upon the *Democrat*. His trenchant and wholesome pen will undoubtedly make the mark through that sheet which it has invariably done upon every journal with which it has been connected. There are yet sufficient musical abuses to need the professional scalpel of a keen and determined critic, while there are numberless meritorious and struggling artists to whom a kindly word may be of almost priceless value. Knowing Henry C. Watson as thoroughly as we know him, we feel certain that he will not flinch from the use of the first, nor refrain from the utterance of the last."

ORATORIO CONCERTS.—On Thursday evening Mr. Barnby gave Haydn's *Seasons*, of which performance we must defer speaking till next week.

THE death of M. Levassor, the popular French actor, mimic, and vocalist, of the Palais Royal, Paris, and the St. James's Theatre, London, is announced—in his 63rd year.

A COUNTRY CRITIQUE.

Who is the musical reporter of the *Knottingley Business Circular and General Advertiser*? We should like to know him, because original genius is rare. Here is a specimen of his contributions, the publication of which must speedily result in our friend's removal to the metropolis:—

"On Thursday evening the Knottingley Town Hall was crowded by a respectable audience who realized perfect enjoyment in listening to the dulcet strains of Handel's immortal *Messiah*. No wonder that so exceptional a musical banquet brought together the most genteel audience that may be found in this district. There was present H. E. C. Childers, Esq., M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, who was very warmly cheered. Before the oratorio was in action the audience had a chance to survey the room, which created one burst of admiration. The orchestra was thronged with nearly 100 performers, who made the place ring again with the most genuine music that ever was heard. The *bâton* was skilfully wielded by the celebrated Dr. Spark, to add one sentence to whose universally-recognized ability would be simply fulsome. We could not discover one blur throughout the evening. The music ran gloriously.—Those of our readers who did not hear four splendid vocalists, in the persons of Mdlle. Clara Doria, Miss Annie Anyon, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. G. Hall Rushforth, missed a prodigious treat. We could have sat, most comfortably, an hour longer to hear such singing.—Mdlle. Clarla Doria is possessed of a mellifluous voice, from which the gushing, rippling notes convinced her delighted hearers that she is a charming vocalist. It would be superfluous to comment on any particular piece that was sung; everything was rendered faultlessly.—Miss Anyon is the best contralto we have heard. Those who have heard her sing 'He was despised' will not soon forget that lady.—Mr. George Perren mightily pleased us. His rich voice, telling enunciation, admirable conception, and gigantic execution, lead us to see in him a great tenor. It is needless to record that comparisons are invidious; nevertheless, we have discovered in Mr. Perren a formidable rival in the much-admired Sims Reeves. —Mr. Rushforth is a first rate basso. He obtained a good share of deserved applause.—Dr. Spark has been highly eulogized for his selection of principals."

THE WALTZ OF THE PERIOD.

We really didn't know it, but there is a great deal in the waltz of the period. Here is what an American writer says about it:—

"The waltz of to-day is the passion poem of motion, and, written by first-rate composers, is a circle of beauty complete in its parts; not long, but rich; not solemn, but full of grace, dignity, and love. The very movement of three steps to the bar, one accented and two unaccented, gives a richocheting proportion that is indescribably graceful. Then, too, the intense accents of the modern school, the rainbow-archings of the violinism of the orchestra, the dazzling rapidity of the small flute, the clarionet, the cornet—all afford as large or larger scope for genius than much serious music, whose dignity is dulness and whose sacredness is the blind, stereotyped admiration of mere phantoms.

"The waltzes performed by Thomas's great orchestra, in his recent concerts here, were lyrics. They embraced instrumentation, melody, double counterpoint, imitations, progress, climax, and a general dramatic drift and scope, the world adorn the best symphonies.

"Exactly rhymed, each eight bars corresponding to four lines of poetry, and answering, by some mystic law, the symmetrical exigencies of the human heart, exposing, in rapid utterance, every shade of passion from turret to block tenors of the lowest—these great orchestral divisions, separately or partially or wholly combined, are all lavished with the exuberant hand of passionate and heroic genius in the construction of the waltz of to-day."

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—A new theatre will shortly be erected, exclusively for opera. The cost is estimated at five hundred thousand florins. Of this sum four hundred thousand florins have been already subscribed.

CARLSRUHE.—Madame Vlardot-Garcia's operetta, *Der letzte Zauberer*, is in rehearsal at the Grand-Ducal Theatre. The fair composer has added some new pieces, among them being a *bravura* air, for Mdlle. Murjahn, who will sustain the part of Stella.

CORFU.—After a lapse of eighteen years, Halévy's *Guido et Ginevra* has been very successfully revived. On the day following the first performance, the Duke created Madame Fichtner-Spohr (Ginevra) and Mdlle. Geri (Ricciarda) Ducal Chamber-Singers (*Kammersangerinnen*).

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WAIFS.

Maillart's *Lara* is in rehearsal at the Opéra-Comique.

Herr Gottschalk is reported to be dead. He has lately been giving concerts in Brazil.

The Denmark and Winter Garden is the name given to the new theatre in Leicester Square.

M. Th. M. Wider has been appointed organist of St. Sulpice, in place of the late Lefébure-Wély.

A new operetta by Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein, formerly of the Haymarket Theatre, is in preparation at the Queen's.

We regret to learn that Mr. W. G. Cusins has resigned the post of conductor of the orchestral and choral practices of the Royal Academy of Music.

M. Gounod's *Médecin malgré lui* is to be performed at the Lyrique, which theatre, *on dit*, will soon be again under the management of M. Carvalho.

A telegram by Atlantic Cable dated New York Jan. 11, says:—"Mr. Fechter made a very successful *début* last night at Niblo's Theatre, in the drama of *Ruy Blas*."

Mr. John Hullah has been appointed conductor of the orchestral and choral practices at the Royal Academy of Music, vacant through the resignation of Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Professor Sterndale Bennett's daughter is to be married this day at Christchurch, Lancaster Gate, to Thomas Case, Esq., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford.

James Russell Lowell has written a poem called "The Cathedral," whereof the word of promise speaks exceedingly well. The poem will be published in the January number of the *Atlantic*.

The Cubans manifest their admiration for opera artists in an odd way. Instead of throwing bouquets on the stage, they throw a young negro covered with bracelets of gold and jewelry. The black is, in fact, the favourite's jewel-casket.

The committee of the Liverpool Society of "Friends of Foreigners in Distress," have addressed a vote of thanks to Signor Arditi, "for the permission given them to play for the first time his new waltz. "The Lancashire Witches" (dedicated by permission to the Duchess of Manchester), at their grand ball." The waltz was greatly admired.

Several foreign papers are engaged in discussing the question of ecclesiastical music in churches, which may be brought before the Roman Council. Some advocate nothing but plain chant (Gregorian); others modern music and tonality; while others say—why not both?—and only banish the operatic airs and adaptations now so frequently used in Roman Catholic churches?

When the idea of learning to sing by note was first introduced into New England, something more than a hundred years ago, it was strongly opposed on religious grounds. It was regarded as nothing less than Popery in disguise. The *New England Chronicle* put it in this form:—"If the singing of songs by rule is allowed, the next thing will be to pray by rule and preach by rule, and then comes Popery." In the town of Braintree, several members of the church were expelled because they advocated singing by note.

While the Richings English Opera Company lost money by their operatic engagement at the Grand Operahouse, the Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company is coining money out West. Crowded and brilliant audiences have attended them everywhere, the receipts ranging per night sometimes as high as three thousand dollars. The fact is, that Parepa-Rosa is herself a dominant attraction, and, surrounded as she is by a company so admirable in every respect, it can hardly be a matter of surprise that crowded audiences are attracted wherever she appears. The arrival of Parepa-Rosa and her star company in New York is anxiously expected.

THE VENUS DE MEDICI.—No ancient statue is more celebrated than the Venus de Medici; indeed, it is looked on by connoisseurs as a perfect model of female loveliness. M. Bonomi has been taking the measure of this statue. He finds that, allowance being made for the stooping position, her height is about five feet and two inches. This is rather below the middle height. The foot of the Venus is exactly nine inches in length, rather more than one seventh of the whole height. Her waist is of course uncompressed, and of its natural size, and does not appear to be either too slender or too stout to be in perfect harmony with the figure of this famous goddess. The Venus de Medici was discovered in the villa of Hadriana in Tivoli.

All who take an interest in the elevation of the drama amongst us will regret to learn that Mr. Barry Sullivan has been obliged to give up his brilliant effort to uphold "the intellectual drama" at the Holborn Theatre. The season terminated on Saturday night, Mr. Sullivan's speculation, we regret to say, having cost him little less than the heavy sum of eight thousand pounds. The fact is, the English public care very little about the so-called intellectual drama now-a-days. The scene-painter, the burlesque writer, and actresses with petticoats as short as the Lord Chamberlain will permit, are the only means by which managers may hope to attract audiences large enough to pay. After all, this does not say very much for the nineteenth-century civilization of which we are all so proud.

OLD HOUSES.—I love old houses best for the sake of the odd closets and cupboards, and good thick walls that don't let the wind blow in, and little out-of-the-way polyangular rooms with great beams running across the ceiling—old heart of oak, that has outlasted half a score of generations—and chimney pieces with the date of the year carved above them, and huge fire-places that warmed the shins of Englishmen before the house of Hanover came over. These and delightful associations that ever made me feel, and think, and fall a-dreaming, are excited by old buildings—not absolute ruins, but in a state of decline. Even clipped yews interest me, and if I found one in any garden that should become mine, in the shape of a peacock, I should be as proud to keep his tail well spread as the man who first carved him.—*Robert Southey.*

William Spencer Jones, lessee of the Jarrow Theatre, was summoned before the South Shields magistrates for having assaulted an actress named Mary Montague. The complainant said when they were rehearsing a piece, Mrs. Jones (defendant's wife) asked her if she would take a certain part, but witness declined. On Mrs. Montague refusing, Mrs. Jones seized her by the hair and dragged her across the stage to where defendant was, and they then both endeavoured to throw her down some stairs. Mrs. Jones, failing in that, caught complainant in her arms and tossed her to Jones, saying, "Catch her." Whereupon Jones swung his arm round her, and getting her head in his left arm, commenced to batter her face with his fist. He struck her several blows under the chin, and knocked seven of her teeth out. She thought Jones was going to kill her, and "she gave them her all to God," saying, "Lord, take my soul." When defendant relaxed his hold of her, her jaws were locked, and it took her two hands before she could open her mouth, and when she did so several teeth fell out. Defendant had since run away. The magistrate considered the case a very bad one, and imposed a fine of £5 and costs, complainant to receive half of the fine (!!!)

For months past the organ of St. Joseph's Catholic Church has behaved in the most strange and unaccountable manner. Frequently, at the beginning of the service, when the organ struck a high key, the instrument would give forth a loud wail, and then prolonged the same or two, regardless of time or tune; and before the close of the service it sometimes happened that one or more of the low tones would take a similar "kink," and utter a sound similar to an engine blowing off steam, that could neither be stopped or regulated. The organist was immensely puzzled by these pranks, which were the more curious from the fact that they were intermittent—on some Sundays the instrument behaved with faultless propriety. At length, one recent Sunday, the organ let out such an unendurable "yowl," at a most impressive portion of the mass, that a thorough search was resolved on, when, wonderful to relate, it was found that an old cat had been blessed with a litter of kittens; she was wont to stretch herself and family across some of the interior cords or valves of the organ in such a manner as to produce the unearthly sounds referred to. The squatters were rejected with indignant promptitude, and blower induced to resume his post, and the organ being faithfully exercised, has behaved itself ever since.

We take the following from *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"The *New York Tribune* office can supply almost any class of sensation at the shortest notice, from an editor who steals the telegraphic news and insults Greeley, to an individual who shoots a defenceless man, or a musical critic who proposes to inflict corporal punishment upon artists in public. Editorial forging and stealing, though very rare, are second-hand sensations now: shooting down men is a popular amusement; but sticking pins into a lady in public, for not singing with sufficient *abandon* to move the æsthetic soul of the *Tribune* critic, must be accepted as a first-class novel sensation. The chaste and refined sentence in which this proposition to stick pins into Miss Sterling is to be found, must be read to be fully appreciated—it could only be published in the *Tribune*. It is understood that that powerful journal is about to establish a Regulator, to oversee the operahouses and concert-rooms, and inflict corporal punishment upon artists, in proportion to their crimes against the ears of the *Tribune*. If a tenor sings flat, he will be 'prodded' with a pitchfork; if a basso does not throw out his arms and pound his chest, he will be 'batted' over the head; if a soprano does not coax ears at the regulator, she will be 'nipped' on both arms; and if a contralto does

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not pump out expression, she will have 'pins stuck into her.' This delicate system of enforced education cannot fail to have its effect upon singers, and will probably give rise to a new style of criticism—a new *Tribune*-ism, indeed. Thus, 'Signor Stretto sang his grand *aria* with great ease and brilliancy; there was, however, an evident tendency to flatten on the upper notes, but a little judicious 'prodding' soon brought him up to the right pitch. Signor Large threw wonderful vocal tenderness into his charming *ballata*, but his action was tame and insipid, and we regret to say that he was 'batted.' Or, 'Signora Grupetti executed her *arietta* gracefully, and in very pure style; but as the expression could not be seen, a sharp application of 'pins' was necessary, after which an expression was very visible, indeed.' Thus it is that the *Tribune* leads the public opinion.

Some Parisian electrician has developed a brilliant idea: he electrifies singers just before they "go on," and they electrify the audience. They sing with spirit, energy, fire—all derived from the battery at so much per shock. Thus the work of a manager becomes simple: as he depends for light on the gas company, he will henceforth depend for the life and vigour of his operas on some new electrifying company, contracting to do the work nightly. Vocal genius will be laid down in wires, and turned on or off as required—the charge so much per Grisi-power. If the singers do not sing well, the gallery will know that it is the manager is stingy or has no funds; or that, through a dispute with the company, the electric supply is cut off. But if it is true—if brilliant singing can be bought for cash—why not extend the principle? Could not sublimity and startling eloquence be distributed in "mains" all over the land, with connecting pipes, and of course meters, to every town-hall and assembly room? could not even a hostess secure a certain amount of electricity to enliven a dull dinner party—just as now she secures table ornaments and flowers? Could not Exeter Hall, before all and above all, could not the nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninty-five dull pulpits in the land—the total number of pulpits being twenty thousand—be electrified, so that the plague of sleepy sermons might finally be exorcised?

Of Miss Nattie Sterling, whom some of our readers will remember, a New York paper says:—

"Miss Sterling went forth to be an earnest student, and it need hardly be said, *ad* one who could be so severe a self-critic, that she brought high intelligence to her studies. We have been privileged to hear her since her return, and we can conscientiously say, that her labour has been well rewarded, for the results have exceeded our expectations. Her voice was always fine; its body full, its resources of power very great, and she used it with considerable skill. But it was not equal; it had an abundance of rough energy which needed refining, toning down, and, in some parts, building up. Her impulse and enthusiasm were great, but these, too, needed that control which could only be accomplished by the self possession which perfect knowledge gives. Miss Sterling has achieved these ends. Her noble voice has attained its full power. It has been thoroughly equalized, and now presents that combination, of ample power, cultivated refinement, and passion controlled by intelligence. She has now, in addition to one of the finest voices ever heard, an artistic style and finish which fits her as well for the operatic stage as the concert-room, and we predict for her a brilliant success in both departments. We believe the stage to be her true mission, and if she follows out the true instincts of her nature. America will have had the honour of giving to the world two of the finest contraltos—Miss Adelaide Phillips and Miss Nettie Sterling—of the present century."

The subjoined flattering testimonial was presented to Mr. David Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, during his professional visit to Canada:—

"To David Kennedy, Esq., Scottish Vocalist.

"Sir,—The members of the Caledonian Society of Montreal have observed with interest and satisfaction the unprecedented success which has attended you throughout the two years of your professional career, amongst the people inhabiting the northern portion of the American continent. It is peculiarly gratifying to us, as citizens of Montreal, that you should have selected our city as your starting point, a happy circumstance in itself, and one which, you have been pleased publicly to state, secured you elsewhere a cordial and enthusiastic reception. Your visit to America has been an event of national importance. You have taught the people of this new world what Scotland and her people are. They learn from you that Scotland is not the land of bigoted nor ascetic; that around the firesides of the followers of John Knox and the sons of the stubborn Covenanters children laughed, and young people made love, and old age told its stories, and sang its songs; stories which were worth telling, songs which were both sensible and sweet. We cannot refrain from expressing to you thus publicly our high opinion of your extraordinary gifts. Your compass of voice, so thoroughly disciplined, and your unparalleled power of coupling the sentiment of the melody with the sentiment of the song, never fail to awaken the most intense enthusiasm, and to elicit from your audiences unmistakable manifestations of their admiration; while your selections have invariably been such as to elevate and improve the musical taste and moral tone of the general public. And we have marked your open-handed and unostentatious generosity, manifested by the frequent occasions on which you have cheerfully given (as you and your accomplished daughter give to-night), your time and talents for the benefit of philanthropic institutions. And, lastly, we can all testify to the geniality of your nature, the charms of your manner and conversation, and the excellencies and virtues of your private life.

"It is in appreciation of all this, that your friends of the Caledonian Society desire now to present you with the gold medal, and a certificate of honorary membership in their society, together with this locket and chain for Miss Kennedy, which may serve to remind you, when sojourning in lands far awa', of the many warm-hearted friends you have left behind you in the City of Montreal.

"Signed on behalf of the Caledonian Society of Montreal,

"David Cunningham, President.
"William McRobie, Secretary."
"*Halloween*, 1868.

THEN AND NOW.

Eternal Rome! who sat on seven hills,
Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
Sent forth her legions, thick as Egypt's ills,
To grind opposing nations to the dust.

And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,
Nor yet a city where ye may not find
Her legions now, as in the ancient time;
They still go forth, their mission still to grind!

To Shirley Brooks, Esq. Cuddley Pidding.

Constantinople.—*Robert le Diable* and *La Muette* have been produced with extraordinary success.

Moscow.—Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* was performed for the benefit of the Conservatory. The Sisters Marchisio were greatly applauded in it.

Warsaw.—M. Moniuszko lately gave his annual concert, the programme of which included the first part of his popular work, *Walma*, and a new ballad for orchestra, chorus, and solo-singers, founded on Mickiewicz's *Pani-Twardowski* (the Polish *Faust*). Reversing the usual order of things, however, M. Moniuszko makes Mephistopheles a tenor, and Twardowski (Faust) a bass.

Aix-la-Chapelle.—In consideration of the fact that the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth falls during the present year, it has been decided that, at the forthcoming Musical Festival to be held in this town at Whitsuntide, the programme of the first day shall be devoted entirely, the programmes of the other two days shall be devoted preponderatingly, to the works of the great master.

Dresden.—On the 16th inst., Herr Joseph Tichatschek celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his artistic career. He began in 1830 as a chorister at the Kaerthnerthor-Theater, Vienna. In 1838, he was engaged at the Theatre Royal in this capital, and has remained a member of that institution ever since.

Darmstadt.—A new opera, *Theodor Körner*, music by Herr W. Welsheimer, words by Luise Otto, was to have been produced on New Year's Day, a sort of προοιμιον to it, *Heinrich lasst Brücken*, having been previously brought out with success in Leipsic and Düsseldorf. Scenery had been painted, new and splendid costumes made, and all was ready, when the Grand-Duke sent to say he desired to read the libretto. An hour afterwards, he forwarded a message to the management, intimating that the opera could not possibly be produced in Darmstadt. To all prayers and entreaties, his Highness replied that he himself felt sorry, but that, if the composer, Herr Welsheimer, was not a Russian, he could not fail to perceive that the production of his opera was entirely out of the question, as the story was based upon a disgraceful episode in the German War of Deliverance, when the Hessians were opposed to the volunteers commanded by Lützow.

Operatic Activity.—Our facetious contemporary, *Il Trovatore*, gives the following list of new operas written by Italian composers, or by foreign composers for Italian theatres, during the year 1869. 1. *Maria*, semi-grand, Count Sampieri, Teatro Contavalli, Bologna; 2. *Chatterton*, serious, Signor Mancini; Cingoli; 3. *Piccolino*, serious, Count Cavalcabò, Teatro Sociale, Rovigo; 4. *Sullia a Roma*, comic, Fred. Ricci, Fantaisies Parisiennes, Paris; 5. *Granicllo*, serious, Sig. Decio Monti, Teatro Doria, Genoa; 6. *Eleonora d'Arborea*, serious, Sig. Enrico Costa, Cagliari; 7. *Giovanna II. di Napoli*, serious, Sig. Patrella, Teatro San Carlo, Naples; 8. *Ildegonda*, serious, Sig. Meinedo Morales, Teatro Pagliano, Florence; 9. *Valeria*, serious, Sig. Eduardo Vera, Teatro Comunale, Bologna; 10. *Fieschi*, serious, Sig. Montuoro, Teatro della Scala, Milan; 11. *Ruy Blas*, serious, Sig. Fil. Marchetti, Teatro della Scala, Milan; 12, *La Martire*, serious, Sig. Peraldi, Teatro della Pergola, Florence; 13. *I Tutori e le Pupille*, comic, Sig. Dechampa, Teatro della Pergola, Florence; 14. *Caterina Howard*, serious, Sig.

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Vezzosi, Catania; 15. *Alba d'oro*, serious, Signor Battista, Teatro San Carlo, Naples; 16. *Goretta*, semi-serious, Signor San Germano, Teatro Re, Milan; 17. *Le due Amiche*, serious, Signora Teresa Seneke, Teatro Argentina, Rome; 18. *Armando e Maria*, serious, Signor Carlo Alberti, Teatro Fiorentini, Naples; 19. *Matilde d'Inghilterra*, serious, Signor Zecchini, Teatro Contavalli, Bologna; 20. *Gulnara*, serious, Signor Libani, Palazzo Pamphilli, Rome; 21. *Costanza Francavilla*, serious, Signor Sante Coppa, Teatro Carcano, Milan; 22. *La statua di carne*, serious, Signor Marchio, Reggio (d' Emilia); 23. *La serva padrona*, comic, Signor Tancioni, Teatro Alfieri, Turin; 24. *Una Notte di Novembre*, comic, Signor Iremonger, Teatro Re, Milan; 25. *Cristoforo Colombo*, serious (and posthumous), Signor Marcora, Bahia; 26. *Gonzales Darvilla*, serious, Sig. Mouvoisin, Syracuse; 27. *Lucchino Visconti*, serious, Sig. Amadei, Lugo; 28. *I promessi sposi*; serious, Sig. Petrella, Lecco; 29. *Umberto di Savoja*, serious, Signor Luigi Sivieri, Cittadella; 30. *Amore e Capriccio*, comic, Signor Stefano Tempia, Circolo degli Artisti, Turin; 31. *Le Avventure d'un Poeta*, comic, Signor Dalla Baratta, Padua; 32. *Alberigo da Romano* (first produced in 1846, at Venice, but afterwards altered), serious, Signor Malipiero, Teatro Apollo, Venice; 33. *Il Maestro di Scuola*, comic, Signor Parisini, Teatro Bennetti, Bologna; and 34. *Gabriella di Vergy*, serious (and posthumous), Donizetti, Teatro San Carlo, Naples.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Oh! whisper but the gentle word," song, by James Greenhill; "La Tristesse," mélodie pour piano, par Joseph Romani; "Home of my heart," song, by L. M. Watts. "Grande Valse de Bravoure," par Robert Berinzer.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA. On FRIDAY, February 11, MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE" and ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER." Subscription Concert. Tickets 3s., 5s., and stalls 10s. 6d., at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

MR. J. GREENHILL begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING, February 21, when he will be assisted by the following artists:—Vocalists: Miss Robertina Henderson, Miss Annie Hall, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. J. Bonheil, and Mr. Miles Bennett; Instrumentalists: clarionet, Mr. Clinton; pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache; Conductors, Signori Randegger and Fiori. Tickets to be obtained at LAMBORN COCK & Co., New Bond Street.

MR. J. GREENHILL will sing Meyerbeer's admired song, "HERE ON THE MOUNT," Clarionet obbligato, Mr. Clinton) at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

MR. J. GREENHILL will sing his new song, "OH! WHISPER BUT THE GENTLE WORD," at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

MISS SEAGRAVE (Pupil of Madame Monsterrat) will sing WALDTEUFEL GERMAN'S popular waltz airs, "THE NAIADES," at the Beethoven Rooms, February 11th.

MADAME MONTSERRAT will sing WELLINGTON GERMAN'S ballad, "THE SPRING," at the Bijou Theatre, Westbourne Grove, February 2nd.

MR. AGUILAR will play his Romances, "EVENING" and "LAST LOOK," also his popular galop, "COULEUR DE ROSE," at his performance of Pianoforte Music, February 3rd.

THIS EVENING.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Saturday Evening Concerts, at Exeter Hall.

MISS JULIA ELTON and Mr. ARTHUR BYRON will sing NICOLAI'S popular duet, "ONE WORD," at Mr. Chaplin Henry's Concert, Store Street, Feb. 2nd.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GERMAN'S Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA WAKE," and ASCHER'S "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Concert for St. Mark's Parochial Schools, Notting Hill, Feb. 2nd.

MISS ALEXANDRINA DWIGHT will sing WELLINGTON GERMAN'S "THE NAIADES," at Victoria Hall, Bayswater, Feb. 2nd, at a Concert for the benefit of St. Mark's Parochial Schools, Notting Hill.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig (Pupil of Joachim), Herr Jung (Pupil of Ferdinand David); Viola—Herr Borgas; Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANZ ROMER, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing ASCHER'S popular Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" BERGONZI'S Romance, "SULLA DA TE BEL ANGELO," and the Tenor part of HAMPTON'S Trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Madame Montserrat's Soiree Musicale, 11th February, at the Beethoven Rooms.

"I NAVIGANTI."

RANDEGGER'S Popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), will be sung by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Montem Smith, and Herr Carl Stepan, at every Concert during Madame Rudersdorff's Tour in the month of February.

"BENEATH THE BLUE TRANSPARENT SKY," RANDEGGER'S admired song, will be sung by Madame Rudersdorff at every Concert during her Tour in the month of February.

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LIKE TO LIKE.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

Being an English version* of MM. MELILHAC and HALÉVY'S *Frou-frou*, written by H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

CHARACTERS.

Royston.	*Toole.*	*Louise.*
Henry Vivian.	*Zanetto.*	*Lady Lorimer.*
Lord Walsingham.	*George Vivian* (a child).	*Susan.*
Sir John Lorimer.	*Isabel.*	*A Governess.*

TIME—Present Day.

ACT I.

Elmtree Park, Royston's country seat. Scene represents a drawing-room, opening, by two doors at the back, on to a terrace, leading to a park. Between the two doors a table. Work-table L., sofa R.

Susan discovered arranging the furniture. Suddenly, hearing a noise, stops and listens, turning her head towards the back of the stage, and then walking to door on R.

Susan. Who can this be? (*Looks through the door.*) Miss Isabel and Lord Walsingham, galloping like mad. Miss Isabel is first—No, he can't overtake her—it is no use his whipping his horse like that.—Ah! here she is.

Enter Isabel in a riding habit, very much out of breath.

Walsingham. Yes, I am beaten.

Isabel (*scarcely able to speak*). Presently, Susan! I am too tired to dress now.

Isabel. I've won, I've won! (*She runs to the table at the back, and takes up a newspaper.*) (*Enter Lord Walsingham.*) Here is the *Times*. (*Gives Mary her riding whip and sinks down on the sofa.* [*Exit Susan.*

Walsingham. I am beaten, I acknowledge it.

Isabel. You speak as if you were not quite certain? Did I not fairly win? (*Folds the newspaper into the shape of a fan, and fans herself with it.*)

Walsingham. You won and I lost; but after all I gained by losing.

Isabel. How so?

Walsingham. Because I gained the pleasure of seeing you riding before me, which I naturally should have missed if I had allowed myself to come in first. You have a delightful little figure, and sit your horse charmingly.

Isabel. That's pretty, very pretty!

Walsingham. No, it's you who are pretty—very pretty—and a great deal more than very pretty; and when you jumped the ditch, your habit flew up, and I saw a foot that was also very pretty, and so very, very small!

Isabel. What do you mean?

Walsingham. I mean that you have a very little foot, and so you have—just look. (*He looks at Isabel's foot, which peeps out from beneath the skirt of her habit.*)

Isabel. Oh! (*draws in her foot.*)

Walsingham. Deny it if you can.

Isabel. Please behave yourself. Be serious.

Walsingham. You choose a nice day for giving me that advice when I have got something so prodigiously serious to say to you that I really (*laughing*) don't know how to begin.

Isabel (*also laughing*). Is it so serious as all that?

Walsingham. You will see——

Isabel (*rising*). Well, presently. Because if you have something very serious to say, I, for my part, have something very serious to do—I have to dress for dinner.

Walsingham. I wonder whether you have a heart, Isabel?

Isabel. Isabel, indeed? How dare you? Ah, here's papa.

Enter Royston and Lady Lorimer also in a riding habit.

Royston. What is the meaning of this, Isabel? what is the meaning of your galloping off in that wild style, and leaving us behind together?—Not that I complain of it.

Lady Lorimer. I should think not.

Isabel. I will tell you, papa. It was a bet, which of us two, Lord Walsingham or myself, should get to the house first, come into the room and take up the *Times* newspaper from the table. And I won.

Royston (*taking the paper from her hands*). And a nice condition the paper is in!

Isabel. Well, papa, you know you never read it.

Royston. And the clitch I told you particularly not to jump?

Isabel. Come, papa, don't scold me; it only hurts you. Besides, if I was imprudent I have been well punished for it. I want to speak to you (*she takes his arm*). I have something to tell you about Lord Walsingham. He has been saying such things to me——

* This version is sanctioned by the authors and published with their approval, in conformity with the requirements of the International Copyright Act of 1852 (signed H. MEILHAC, LUDOVIC HALÉVY. Paris, January 26, 1870).

Royston. What?

Walsingham. I said nothing, Mr. Royston.

Isabel. Well, papa shall hear. A girl who is properly brought up tells everything to her father, doesn't she, papa? He said I had no heart, papa, and called me Isabel. (*Exit with her father, R.*

Walsingham (*following them to the door*). She encouraged me, Mr. Royston. Your daughter encouraged me.

Lady L. Ah, Lord Walsingham, Lord Walsingham!

Walsingham. What have I done?

Lady L. I have known you now for nearly four years, and if I were to tell you what you really are——

Walsingham. What I am, Lady Lorimer?

Lady L. Yes.

Walsingham. A poor devil who is dying of love for you.

Lady L. For the last four years!

Walsingham. For the last four years without ceasing.

Lady L. (*rising*). In the meanwhile you have been here two days, and during the whole of these two days you have thought of nothing but Isabel.

Walsingham. It's a manœuvre of mine, Lady Lorimer. Don't mention it, but it's a manœuvre.

Lady L. To make me jealous?

Walsingham. Yes. But seriously, it is what we must all come to at last, end she is a charming little girl.

Lady L. I don't understand.

Walsingham. There is no true happiness except in the married state. That is the conclusion I have arrived at.

Lady L. (*bursting with laughter*). What do you say?

Walsingham. I say there is no true happiness——

Lady L. You mean that you are going to take a wife? (*Walsingham inclines his head.*) And who is the fortunate lady.

Walsingham. We have already named her, and the day she and I get married a charming marriage it will be.

Lady L. Music by Offenbach?

Walsingham. But why not? It will be a suitable match in all respects. My estate, which you can see without a telescope from the window, joins her father's on one side, as Vivian's joins it on the other. Royston must have been impelled by destiny when, a year ago, with two marriageable daughters, he bought this place just between the habitations of two single men; and you may depend upon it neither Vivian nor myself will fight against the decrees of fate. We shall both get married; and what a sight, what an interesting, touching sight it will be if we both get married the same day. Marriage No. 1: Henry Vivian, Esq., of Lyncombe House, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Jonathan Royston, Esq., of Elmtree Park. Music by Haydn — an admirable union of wisdom and prudence. Marriage No. 2: Percy Mountjohn Fitzfotheringay, Lord Walsingham, of Walsingham Castle, to Isabel, second daughter of Jonathan Royston, Esq.—an admirable union of precisely the contrary.

Lady L. Do you know what you are talking about? What reason have you for supposing that Mr. Vivian is in love with Louisa, or that he has any intention of marrying her?

Walsingham. What makes me think so?

Lady L. Yes.

Walsingham. Well, if not, why should he, who never comes into the country when he can possibly help it—why should he this autumn spend two entire months at Lyncombe House? If he were not in love with Louisa and wanted to marry her, why should he come here day after day to see her?

Lady L. (*rising*). Is that all you know about it? I begin to think you really are in love!

Walsingham. What do you mean?

Lady L. Of course it is not impossible that Louisa may appreciate Mr. Vivian's numerous good qualities——

Walsingham. Well, then, it is quite evident——

Lady L. Yes, very evident indeed! You are in love! There is no doubt about it. You are in love, Lord Walsingham. (*Curtsies to him, and exit laughing.*)

Enter Sir John L. from the back, L.

Sir John Lorimer. Where is my wife? She promised to wait for me. I thought she was here with you.

Walsingham. So she was, and if I could have prevailed upon her to stay I assure you that she would be here now.

Sir John L. I quite believe you, Walsingham. Lady Lorimer is a charming woman, only she is rather unimpressionable. But you know that as well as any one.

Walsingham. I? How am I to know it?

Sir John L. (*sitting down*). And you are not the only one. Dear me, what a number of men have made love to Lady Lorimer! I have watched them at it.

Walsingham. With interest?

Sir John L. No, with comparsion. Poor devils! You young'—

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Walsingham. I? Why, I never once——

Sir John L. You did—on three distinct occasions. You have made three separate attempts. First of all, as a matter of course, the day I introduced you. Secondly, two years afterwards at a military ball. You were in uniform, and the uniform of a hussar is, I admit, to some women irresistible—but not to Lady Lorimer. The third attempt was made here, in this very house, two days ago, and because she would have nothing to say to you, you suddenly began to make love to Ettie Isabel.

Walsingham. You have been consulting a somnambulist.

Sir John L. You were quite right to give it up. There is nothing to be done with Lady Lorimer. I made my mind up on that point long ago. *(Rises.)* Here, you see, is a temperament which has its good as well as its bad side. It is not all I could desire for my own sake, but it is very re-assuring in regard to others.

Walsingham (rising). I quite understand that.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Some letters. *(Gives eight or ten letters.)*

Sir John L. Are they for me? Lady Lorimer, Lady Lorimer—all for Lady Lorimer. Poor fellows, poor fellows! [*Exit L.*

Enter Royston, R.

Royston. Oh, you are still here. I am glad of it; I want to speak to you.

Walsingham. I want to speak to you also.

Royston. Once for all I must have an explanation with you.

Walsingham. That is just what I was going to observe.

Royston. What were you saying just now to Isabel?

Walsingham. Nothing that a young lady ought not to hear.

Royston. Not in your opinion!

Walsingham. Exactly so. Besides, even if I did go a little too far, what can it matter when my intentions are strictly honourable?

Royston. What?

Walsingham. When I am on the point of proposing to her.

Royston. Proposing to her! You?

Walsingham. Why not?

Royston. What can you be dreaming of?

Walsingham. I can assure you, Mr. Royston, that I never was more serious in the whole course of my life.

Royston. Even that is not saying much. Look here, Walsingham. I am very fond of you. We have been a good deal to the opera together—we have supped together a good deal. You eat me out with Rose, I eat you out with Nelly.

Walsingham. As for that——

Royston. What! I did not eat you out with Nelly?

Walsingham. Well, if it pleases you to say so——

Royston (emphatically). I did not eat you out with Nelly?

Walsingham. Well, then, you did. Of course when I am going to ask you something of the highest importance I should not be likely to contradict you.

Royston. I eat you out with Nelly, and I like you immensely; but as for giving you my daughter—never as long as I live!

Walsingham. Then you are wrong. I should think of nothing but her happiness, and I could make her very happy. I am sure of it. Come, you must give your consent.

Royston. Never. Lord Walsingham.

Walsingham. But why not, when you say yourself that you have so much regard for me?

Royston. It is precisely because I like you, or rather, for the very reasons which make me like you, that I can't listen to your proposition. *(Enter Louisa.)* Oh, you have just come in time. You had better speak to Louisa about it. See what she will say.

Louisa (to Walsingham). Is it all about?

Walsingham. Oh, it is no use trying to frighten me.

Royston. Is it not perfectly understood that whatever wisdom belongs to the Royston family is centred in this little brain—that whenever anything serious has to be discussed, it is Louisa who must be consulted?

Louisa. Well?

Walsingham. Well, I will tell you what it is. I have just made a formal proposition to Mr. Royston for the hand of your sister Isabel.

Louisa (laughing with laughter). Oh!

Walsingham. I am waiting your reply.

Louisa. My reply is that you are not dressed, and that the same thing will happen to-day that happened yesterday—you will be late for dinner.

Royston. There. You had better take the hint. I must go and dress also.

Walsingham. Of course, if there is a dead set made against me——

Louisa. Go and dress!

Walsingham. Not until you have given every single reason you can think of for objecting to me.

Louisa. If you wait for that you will be late for dinner.

Enter Servant from the back, R.

Servant. Mr. Vivian.

Enter Vivian.

Vivian. How do you do?

Louisa. Did you meet papa?

Vivian. Just this moment. *(To Walsingham.)* How are you, Percy.

Walsingham. Quite well, thank you *(with a gloomy air).* I say quite well but if you only knew how they treat me in this house!

Louisa. You will never be ready for dinner.

Walsingham (looking at Louisa, who laughs in reply). I will go this moment, Miss Royston, this very moment. [*Exit L.*

Louisa. How late you are to-day! *(She points to a chair. He sits down.)*

Vivian. I think it arises from this: I left home rather earlier than usual.

Louisa (laughing). You are too clever for me.

Vivian. Well, I will explain to you. *(Sits down.)* I got on horseback, and started at a gallop, so anxious I was to get here soon. However, when I was within about a hundred yards' distance of the avenue, I pulled up, turned my horse's head, and rode off in another direction. Three times I came back to the avenue, and three times I hesitated, and went away again. At last I behaved like a coward who is determined, for once in his life, to be brave. I rode on without looking where I was going, and here I am.

Louisa (still laughing, but with some emotion). But what was the meaning of this hesitation?

Vivian. The reason was this: I had made up my mind to say, this very day, something that has been weighing upon my heart for the last three months. That is why I was so nervous when I came in, and why even now——

Louisa. But if what you have to say is so very serious——

Vivian. It is indeed.

Louisa. Perhaps it would be better to wait a little.

Vivian. No, no, this very day. I have made up my mind. But before I say one word I must reflect for a moment on the kindness you have invariably shown me.

Louisa. Of course I have. But would it not be much better. You must understand that, if you hesitate, it is quite natural that I, on my part——

Vivian. No, I will speak at once. I have your father's permission——

Louisa. Oh. if you have papa's permission.

Vivian. Ha not only gave me his permission, he told me it was absolutely necessary, in the first place, to speak to you.

Louisa. Well then?

Vivian. You cannot guess? I have long been attached——

Louisa. You have long been attached?

Vivian. I am, in fact, desperately in love—with your sister, Isabel.

Louisa. Isabel!

Vivian. Were you not aware of it?

Louisa. No—was not aware of it.

Vivian (without looking at Louisa, and as if speaking to himself). And I fancied everyone must have noticed it!

Louisa. You wish to marry Isabel.

Vivian. Yes, and in making that confession, I rely on the friendship and kindness which you have so constant'y shown me. There is no one in the world in whom I have so much confidence as in you. Tell me what you think of my avowal—tell me rather, at once, if you see no objection to my marrying your sister.

Louisa (aside). Isabel!

Vivian. You do not answer.

Louisa. I know what you say. You love Isabel and you ask me——

Vivian. Whether you think I should make her a good husband.

Louisa (rising). Certainly. I said nothing, did I, to make you imagine that I had the least objection?

Vivian. You said nothing, but——

Louisa. As far as I am concerned, yes—yes, without doubt.

Vivian. You will take my part, then?

Louisa. I will, for I know no one so good, so worthy in all respects.

Vivian (rising, and seizing her hands, which she withdraws, as though he were hurting her). Thank you, oh! thank you.

Louisa (slowly, and looking at Vivian with a melancholy smile). At first I was rather startled. I did not understand you all at once. Now I am a little more accustomed to the idea. In fact, the more I reflect on it the more I perceive that you are the very husband I should have chosen for Isabel. I have often thought of her getting married and I confess that I have thought of it with alarm. With all my love and esteem for her, her frivolity sometimes frightens me.

Vivian. Oh!

Louisa. And it never occurred to me till now that to counteract this danger the best thing that could possibly happen to Isabel would be to marry a man like you. *(She sits down on the sofa.)*

Vivian. Do not let us blame her for what you call her frivolity, for, to tell the truth, it is partly for that very frivolity that I love her so much. I must try to cure her of it, though—but gently, very gently.

Louisa How fond you are of her!

Vivian. Indeed I am.

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Louisa. But what made you come and speak to me about it?
Vivian. Your father told me to.
Louisa. Oh, yes! Well, now you have said all you had to say and I have answered you. Is there anything more?
Vivian. Yes, I have something more to ask. (*Sits down.*)
Louisa. What is it?
Vivian (*as if asking her a great favour*). You must — you must speak to her for me.
Louisa. Ah!
Vivian. If I were to attempt to speak to her myself I know what would happen. I should get frightened and leave the room. Or if I did summon up courage that would be still worse, perhaps. She would begin to laugh, and then I don't know what I should do. No, I would much rather that you would speak to her. Say all you fairly can in my favour, and if you go a point beyond it will do no harm. Only don't say too much, please, about my serious qualities. That is the dangerous point, I know. Tell her, that in spite of my solemn demeanour, in spite of my awkward manner, I love her as ardently and far more devotedly than any of the harebrained young men who are always running after her. (*Rising.*) Ah! if you only knew how often I have envied Wasingham!—Tell Isabel not to think too much of the outward husk, and that it is not my fault if, by some unlucky fatality, those who love the most sincerely are almost always the ones who are the least able to talk of love.
Louisa (*rising*). Yes, I will indeed.
Vivian. You will speak to her?
Louisa. Yes.
Vivian. When?
Louisa. Directly I see her. Almost immediately; before dinner.
Vivian (*with emotion*). Immediately?
Louisa. You do not wish me to?
Vivian. Yes, yes; only not before me—not before me, please.
Louisa. Certainly not. But what will you do in the meanwhile?
Vivian. I will tell you what. I will go into the garden and walk up and down before the window. If she says Yes, you need only make a sign. If she says No——
Louisa. If she says No?
Vivian. I shall get on horseback and ride home. That is all.
Louisa (*sadly*). That is all?
Vivian. Precisely. Yes or No. My whole life depends on that.

Enter Isabel, dressed for dinner. She carries a bracelet in her hand.

Isabel. Louisa, just fasten that.
Louisa. What?
Isabel. This bracelet. I can't manage it (*Louisa fastens the bracelet.*) Good heavens! what is the matter with you? How your hand shakes. How do you do, Mr. Vivian. (*While Louisa fastens the bracelet on her left hand she gives her right hand to Vivian.*)
Vivian. I hope you are quite well.
Isabel. And you are trembling too? (*Vivian and Louisa look at one another.*) What, both of you? Indeed, indeed! what does all this mean?
Louisa. Well, Mr. Vivian, as it is impossible for you to remain——
Vivian. I must beat a retreat.
Isabel. Really!
Louisa. Go and take a walk.
Vivian. —— I will go and take a walk. [*Exit at back,* L.
Isabel. My dear Louisa, how sorry I am——
Louisa. Sorry?
Isabel. Yes, to have rushed in like that, and spoiled *your tête-à-tête.* But why did he go away? You would have seen how I should have managed it. I should have just walked round the room, picked up something or other off the table, and in a moment you would have lost sight of me.
Louisa. On the contrary, you arrived just in time. For we were speaking of you as you came in.
Isabel. Of me?
Louisa. Mr. Vivian has proposed for you.
Isabel. What are you talking about?
Louisa. I say that Mr. Vivian has proposed for you. He had spoken to papa before, and papa, knowing how much I love you, my dear Isabel, asked him to come and speak to me.
Isabel. Mr. Vivian has proposed for me!
Louisa. He has.
Isabel. Impossible! you must make a mistake.
Louisa. Not in the least.
Isabel. Then he makes a mistake. He is in love with you!
Louisa. He is not aware of it. It is you he wishes to marry.
Isabel (*greatly astonished*). Ah!
Louisa. He just told me, and he entreated me to tell you, and——
Isabel. And——
Louisa. And he is waiting outside for your answer.
Isabel. Indeed! what, directly? Without giving me time to breathe? And you say that he has already spoken to papa!
Louisa. Certainly he has.
Isabel. How cunning of papa. He would not give him an answer; he thought he would leave it all to you.
Louisa. Papa could not give him an answer; that must depend upon you.
Isabel. Upon me?
Louisa. Upon you, of course.
Isabel. It is too serious an affair for me. I have always said to myself that when the time came to talk about my getting married, I should go to my dear Louisa, who is a sensible person, and beg her——
Louisa. But really——
Isabel. I am like papa—I throw all the burden on you. Decide for me. I will do whatever you tell me.
Louisa. If that is the case, I advise you——
Isabel. You advise me?
Louisa. I advise you to accept him.
Isabel. You mean what you are saying?
Louisa. Certainly I do. Everyone knows that Mr. Vivian is a man of the highest qualities.
Isabel. Oh! I know that he has plenty of good qualities, perhaps rather too many.
Louisa. How so?
Isabel. I render full justice to Mr. Vivian. I agree with you that he is a man whom it is almost impossible to refuse. I know what a high opinion everyone has of him—what do they say he will be one of these days?
Louisa. I don't know. A minister somewhere, an ambassador.
Isabel. And I should be an ambassadress!——However, if I render justice to him I must also render justice to myself. I know what faults I have, and they seem to me of the very kind that would just suit a man like Mr. Vivian, if his object in getting married is to have a wife who will make him thoroughly wretched. (*Louisa makes a gesture of dissent.*) You think he will be able to correct them? I doubt it. I have always been spoiled, first by papa, then by you—above all by you. I am used to it now, and I don't think I could do without it.
Louisa. He is devoted to you.
Isabel. Are you sure?
Louisa. Did you not see him just this moment?
Isabel. He certainly, just this moment, seemed rather upset——He is in love with me, then, is he? It is certainly a strange idea!
Louisa (*getting excited in spite of herself*). And you think it is nothing to be loved by a man like him? You think nothing of seeing him tremble and stammer before you, like a child, until he scarcely knows what he is saying?
Isabel (*watching her sister*). I don't think I am mistaken.
Louisa (*more and more excited*). I think if I were asked what man I loved best I should feel happy and proud at being able to reply: look on all sides until you see one who is superior to all around him, *that* is the man I love best!
Isabel. So superior as all that?
Louisa. Decidedly.
Isabel. Do you know one thing, my dear Louisa?
Louisa. What?
Isabel. I shall not marry Mr. Vivian.
Louisa. Why not?
Isabel. Because hitherto I have always fancied that you were in love with him, and at this moment I am not at all sure——
Louisa. If I were in love with him should I advise you to marry him?
Isabel. How can one be certain of anything with you? Don't I know, Louisa, that you are quite capable of sacrificing yourself for me and revelling in the very sacrifice?
Louisa. Now, Isabel, you are going too far. I have certainly a very great affection for you; but, great as that affection may be, I certainly would not, if I were in love with a man, allow him——
Isabel (*not knowing what to think*). You mean it?
Louisa (*with assumed gaiety*). I do; and really if that is your only objection——
Isabel. Oh! as for objections, I could think of plenty. Whether they are worth anything is another question; I can't say. However, being in doubt, I will do what I have always done. Louisa—place myself in your hands. Act for me. Be prudent or imprudent: it is your affair. Shall I accept or refuse? (*Louisa is about to speak.*) No, don't be too quick. Let me tell you to be serious this time, and, before you make up your mind, think of everything.
Louisa. I have thought of everything.
Isabel. And what is your opinion?
Louisa. My opinion is that Mr. Vivian will be too happy with you, for you not to be happy with him.
Isabel. Then I had better accept?
Louisa. You had better accept.

Enter Royston.

Royston (*to Louisa*). Well, did you speak to her?
Louisa. Yes.
Royston. And?——
Louisa. She accepts.

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Royston (kissing Isabel). Ah, you are a good girl.
Isabel. Then you are pleased, papa?
Royston. Delighted! Besides, I can now give a decided answer to our dear friend Lord Walsingham.
Isabel. What?
Royston (laughing). Don't you know that he actually proposed for you this morning? Fancy Walsingham a married man.
Louisa (laughing). Yes, fancy Walsingham making you an offer.
Isabel (to her father). And it makes you laugh? *(To Louisa).* And you also. I dare say if he had spoken to me about it I should have laughed more than both of you together. But who can tell? It would have been folly; but perhaps it would have been the wisest thing all the same. However, it's decided now.
Royston. But——
Isabel. If it is decided, let us say no more about it—now I am an ambassadress.
Royston. Then I had better call Vivian in—the poor fellow is walking up and down in a terrible state of agitation.
Isabel. Out in the garden?
Royston (pointing to the back of the stage, L.). Yes, there he is.
Isabel (with some emotion). Oh, call him in.
Royston (going to the back of the stage). Vivian, I say, come here a moment, I have something to tell you.
Enter Walsingham in evening-dress, with an enormous camelia in his button-hole.
Walsingham. You see I am not late for dinner after all *(observing that every one is silent).* What is the matter here? Something has happened?
Enter Vivian.
Louisa (to Vivian). You must stop to dinner, Mr. Vivian—at Isabel's invitation.
Isabel (giving him her hand). Yes, you must stay.
Vivian (kissing Isabel's hand). Ah—if you only knew how much——
Isabel. Yes, yes, I know——
Walsingham (aside to Royston). And what about me?
Royston (aside to Walsingham). No. You must not carry the joke too far. Besides, she is engaged now; it's all settled.
Walsingham. Impossible! Now, they never *will* believe that I am in earnest.
Enter Sir John and Lady Lorimer.
Walsingham. Ah! Lady Lorimer, what a charming dress!
Lady L. (aside to Walsingham). What has happened?
Walsingham. It seems that the most beautiful eyes are also the sharpest.
Lady L. Which, being interpreted, means——
Walsingham. That you saw long ago, what I could not see at all.
Lady L. (walking round the room). Ah! Vivian and Isabel.
Walsingham. Yes.
Lady L. Is it all settled?
Walsingham. It looks like it. Whose music is this?
Lady L. Music of the future! I shall be curious to see what comes of it.
Walsingham. In the meanwhile you know that I am devoted to you.
Sir John L. (walking gently towards Walsingham). Fourth attempt!

END OF ACT I.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The programme of Saturday's concert ran thus:—

Overture, *Son and Stranger*	...	Mendelssohn.
Song, "As when the dove," *Acis and Galatea* (with Mosart's additional accompaniments). Miss Jose Sherrington	...	Handel.
Symphony in C minor, "The Tragic" (second time of performance)	...	Schubert.
Air, "Would you gain," *Acis and Galatea* (with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments). Mr. Montem Smith ...	...	Handel.
Adagio and Rondo Brillante, Madame Norman-Neruda	...	Vieuxtemps.
Variations, "Ah vous dirai-je," Miss José Sherrington	...	Adam.
Song, "The Violet," Mr. Montem Smith	...	Mozart.
Romance, violin and orchestra, Madame Norman-Neruda	...	Beethoven.
Overture, *The Sapphire Necklace*	...	A.S.Sullivan.

Mendelssohn's pretty overture was very welcome. Looked at in the abstract there is hardly anything more unaffected and charming in the entire catalogue of orchestral music; while, regarded in connection with the object for which it was written, it touches every heart by its homliness. The overture has a fireside character, and the "affectionate salute" with which it opens is only the prelude to what may, without exaggeration, be called the loving talk of reunited friends. That such a work was heard with pleasure needs no assertion. Schubert's symphony made a greater effect than at its first performance. The lovely *andante*, the *minuet*, so full of humour, and the *finale*, a movement as beautiful and as busy as the *finale* to Haydn's "Oxford" symphony, were received with the delight which only a work of the highest genius can call forth. The "Tragic" was admirably played, some portion of its enhanced effect being due, perhaps, to a novel rearrangement of the orchestra. Herr Wilhelmj appeared in place of Madame Neruda, and astonished his audience by an easy mastery of the great difficulties in Ernst's fantasia on *Otello*. He also played an *andante* by Bach with equal success. Sullivan's capital overture to *The Sapphire Necklace* made its usual effect. The vocal music calls for no remark. We were sorry to observe that, owing to illness, Mr. Manns was compelled during the latter part of the concert to resign his *baton* into the hands of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who proved an efficient deputy.

T. E.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

These entertainments appear to be established in that career of prosperity which they deserve. Of the first two concerts we spoke at some length on each occasion. That the third, on Saturday last, was quite equal to them may be inferred from the following programme:—

PART I.

Procession March	...	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "David singing before Saul"	...	Bordese.
Aria, "Ah, fora 'è lui" (*La Traviata*)...	...	Verdi.
Song, "The Requital"	...	Blumenthal.
Recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn" ... ... (*Acis and Galatea*)	...	Handel.
Aria, "O rud'dier than the cherry"		
Fantaisie (*Otello*)	...	Ernst.
Trio, "Alma infida" (*Roberto Devereux*) ...	...	Donisetti.

PART II.

Symphony in C (No. 1)	...	Beethoven.
Song, "Anita"	...	Brinley Richards.
Song, "The birds were telling one another" ...	...	Henry Smart.
Song, "Cleansing Fire"	...	Virginia Gabriel.
Song, "The Divers"	...	Edward Loder.
Solo—Violin, Air	...	Bach.
Duet, "The Lord is a man of war"	...	Handel.
Overture (*Masaniello*)	...	Auber.

Again the fine singing of Mr. Sims Reeves was a prominent feature, and again this great artist was received with enthusiastic welcome. The applause for his performances was as creditable to the public as it was justly due to the artist. Mr. Richards' song (accompanied by the composer) was encored. Madame Sinico also had to repeat Verdi's aria; Mr. Santley, Polyphemus's song, and that composed for him by Miss Gabriel; and Signor Foli, Loder's characteristic ballad. The duet from *Israel in Egypt* was sung by Mr. Santley and Signor Foli. Herr Wilhelmj fully maintained the impression which he created at the concert of Saturday week. His execution of Ernst's brilliant fantasia was admirable for its facility and certainty. The air of Bach is adapted by Herr Wilhelmj from a *suite* with accompaniments for stringed instruments. The varied interest of the orchestral music is shown by the list given above, and it only remains to add that the band and the conductor (Mr. Henry Leslie) were as efficient as on the previous occasions, as also was Mr. S. Naylor, the accompanist.

H. L.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society gave a performance of *Elijah* in Exeter Hall on Friday week, to an audience which filled the place almost inconveniently. Like the *Messiah* and the *Creation* Mendelssohn's dramatic work rather increases than relaxes its hold upon public affection. The sign is a good one, because the more such music is heard, the greater its influence in refining and elevating public taste. Madame Sinico, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Santley were the principal vocalists, assisted by Mrs. Sydney Smith, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Chaplin Henry. This was Madame Sinico's first appearance in *Elijah*, and, therefore, her evident over anxiety for textual correctness, to the neglect of expression, must be excused. This remark, however, does not apply to "Hear us, Israel," which Madame Sinico gave with very considerable effect. There is no doubt that the lady will soon become as proficient in oratorio as in opera. Madame Sainton repeated "O rest in the Lord," which, we need hardly say, was rendered after a fashion no other artist can approach. Mr. Perren sang with great care, and obtained much applause. As for Mr. Santley, he was perfection. The choruses were given magnificently; and the performance of "Thanks be to God" was, perhaps, the finest ever heard. Sir Michael Costa conducted.

T. E.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.—The *Memoirs* of this composer are to be published in Paris next April—at least so says report, as embodied in a paragraph that has lately been making the round of the Continental press.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Saturday Review," Jan. 22.)

Whatever may be doing in the theatres, it can hardly be denied that the tendency of our musical performances, exceptions here and there allowed for, is in a healthy direction. For some years it has been our agreeable task to record the unimpeded progress of the Monday Popular Concerts—not merely because they were consistent from the outset but (and that chiefly) because the principle upon which they started, was sound. Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, who, to employ the conventional phrase, "originally organized" these entertainments, and who has superintended them up to the present time, steadily keeps in view the object for which they were professedly instituted. What this object is we have already stated more than once; but these can be no harm in reminding our readers that the Monday Popular Concerts were set on foot, if not with the sole, at least with the paramount idea of making the vast body of music-lovers resident in or near London acquainted with those masterpieces of art which, though long recognised by the few, had been previously almost a sealed book to the many. That the idea has been satisfactorily realised none who have studied the history of the last decade, in its relations to the art pronounced "untrue," can reasonably gainsay; and that the Monday Popular Concerts have helped to make London musical more effectually than even the Philharmonic Concerts, which for upwards of a half a century appealed exclusively to a privileged class, or than the Sacred Harmonic Society, which in the first place chiefly sought sympathy from the musically-inclined religious world, and in the second has for its basis a repertoire based upon some half-dozen masterpieces since the beginning, is no less unquestionable. At the Monday Popular Concerts we have music for itself, and for itself alone—music precisely as it was intended by the composers who produced it, and with no other temptation than any kind to make it pass muster. Of course efficient execution with such an end in view was a *sine qua non*, and this, in various degrees of perfection, has been obtained. String quartets, pianoforte sonatas, and other compositions coming under the head of "chamber music," represent art in its highest manifestations. He who can listen to them with attention and pleasure shows himself essentially an amateur, inasmuch as he finds gratification in music simply as music, and not as music set off by this or that extraneous aid. That many such exist is evident, or otherwise, instead of 333 concerts, which, from February, 1859, to the present time, Mr. Chappell has been able to give, he would never, in all probability, have advanced so far as the first half hundred. Meanwhile, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., are become "household words" in a closer sense than was ever the case before. We previously knew Mozart by his operas, Haydn by his symphonies (in a small degree, be it understood) and vocal canzonets, Mendelssohn by his oratorios and his intimitable *Lieder ohne Worte*, almost alone. Now we can begin at the beginning and learn in detail the intimate relations—listening to what they said and thought while "musicizing" (as Richard Wagner would say) at their own firesides, for the love of art, and for nothing else. But it is not only with these bright stars that Mr. Chappell is making us thus familiar. He has exhibited some luminaries—"lesser lights" if we will—which have afforded only less gratification. If all musicians were Mozarts and Haydns and Beethovens and Mendelssohns, a painful sense of oppression, we cannot but think, would ensue. A perpetual intercourse with giants might tend to become irksome. True, Haydn, in his way, was an occasionally condescending giant; but tha others, Beethoven in particular, were apt to exhibit themselves in such a manner as to persuade lookers-on that all the rest of the world were dwarfs. For this reason, if for no other, one must feel a strong sympathy for men like Dussek, Woelfl, Sterndale Bennett, &c., who, giants enough compared with ordinary musicians, reveal, nevertheless, certain shortcomings which allow us freely to criticise them, and, while envying their powers, to love them all the more. To the works of men like these, not forgetting Clementi, Hummel, and others, we have been now and then introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts; and rarely has one been heard, when adequately performed, without affording unalloyed satisfaction. The comprehensiveness, in short, with which the scheme of these entertainments is carried out forms by no means one of their least salient attractions.

But to quit generalisation, we may proceed at once briefly to comment upon what, up to this moment, have been the leading incidents of the twelfth season. A detailed account of particulars is uncalled for, inasmuch as it would be tedious alike to our readers and to ourselves were we to enter into new descriptions of works that have long been recognised, and, until the system of Herr Richard Wagner becomes the accepted doctrine, will continue to be recognized, as masterpieces. Let us first state that Mr. Chappell had, as usual, provided well for the legitimate success of his speculation, by engaging the services of a quartet of string-instrument players of proved ability. At the head of these was a lady, whose singular genius absolved her from any necessity of claiming precedence under shelter of the universally-accepted motto—"*place aux dames.*" Woman though she be, Madame Norman-Neruda holds her position by right of thorough ability to sustain it with honour. She has for some time enjoyed a reputation on the Continent as the greatest lady-performer on the violin since Teresa Milanollo, who played "first fiddle" at some of the concerts of the "Beethoven Quartet Society," instituted by the late Mr. T. Alsager (one of the most enthusiastic amateurs of his day), more than a quarter of a century since. But, in our opinion, Madame Neruda surpasses her famous predecessor in more than one respect. During her short visit to England last summer, she showed herself to be possessed of fantasia and concerto—of the free and severe styles of *bowing* playing. At a concert in St. James's Hall she also declared her capacity in another way, by admirably leading Mendelssohn's quartet in D major, No. 1, Op. 44. At the Monday Popular Concerts, during an interesting series of performances, she has now emphatically proved herself, without distinction of sex, a master of quartet-playing inferior to few that could be named. To say that she possesses a tone equal in strength and richness to that of Herr Joseph Joachim, or that in depth of sentiment and vigour of execution she emulates that greatest of all living masters of the violin, would be to say what is untrue; but where Madame Neruda falls short of Herr Joachim is where, on such an instrument as the fiddle, a woman must inevitably fall short of a man. On the other hand, she has graces of her own which Herr Joachim would no more attempt to rival than Mars to rival the fascinations of Venus. Her handling of the "instrument of instruments" is, in its manner, perfect. Her tone, though wanting in breadth, is perfectly sweet and agreeable; her mechanism, almost invariably true, is in certain respects prodigious; her intonation is rarely, if ever, at fault; and her expression is enchanting, not only because it is always natural and unaffected, not simply because it is utterly devoid of commonplace, but because it bears the stamp of original thought. One of the great attractions of this lady's expression is the entire absence of exaggeration; and this, combined with a manner of phrasing which could scarcely by any possibility be more finished, lends an indescribable charm to her playing. Enough that, in Madame Neruda, Mr. Chappell has celebrated both a new attraction for the public and a mainstay for his quartets, when "the inimitable J. J."—as Herr Joachim is familiarly (and appropriately) styled among amateurs—is not at disposal. The other members of the quartet, during the concerts preceding Christmas, were Herr Ries, who has been "second violin" from this commencement; Signor Zerbini, an occasional and very serviceable, because very competent, viola; and Signor Piatti, whose absence from the quartet of the Monday Popular Concerts would, we think, be more severely felt than that of any other performer. A violinist may lead, and, for a time, Herr Joachim not be missed; but a violoncellist, no matter who, can never play without creating cause for regret that Signor Piatti is absent. Happily, Signor Piatti is now invariably present-sir, his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts being for the uninterrupted series, season after season.

And now, in a few sentences, we may state what Madame Neruda played, and what she played the best. At the first concert the quartets were Mendelssohn's in D major (already mentioned), and Haydn's in D minor (so often compared with that of Mozart in the same key, which Mozart dedicated to Haydn). With Mendelssohn we were reminded—as was the case last summer; but with Haydn we were beyond measure charmed; purer expression of music that is purity itself could hardly be imagined. At the same concert the lady-violinist gave to perfection the sonata of Mozart in B flat, for violin and pianoforte, written for Mdlle. Strinasacchi—the Norman-Neruda, doubtless, of Mozart's day, although her fame is now exclusively due to the sonata composed expressly for her by the man who also composed *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*. In this performance Madame Neruda received valuable assistance from Herr Ernst Pauer, a worthy coadjutor, we need hardly say. At the next concert Madame Neruda led a quartet by Haydn, in B flat—a display of execution as superior to that in Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet, No. 2 (E minor), first upon the programme, as the quartet of Beethoven is superior to that of Haydn. Here we could not but feel that beyond a certain line the genius of the new and interesting violinist, however unique, could not travel. The ripe productions of the greatest of musicians are out of her intellectual reach. At the subsequent concert, however, she not only showed that she could play Mozart's quartet in D minor as well as she had already played its counterpart, by Haydn, in the same key, but she roused the audience to enthusiasm in the *adagio* from Spohr's ninth violin concerto. To play Haydn and Mozart so as to satisfy their most fervent admirers is no small thing; but to add Spohr—the great realist, who could see the clouds, and imagine nothing above—was to earn a fresh claim for versatility. At the fourth concert Madame Neruda gained a new kind of victory, with Schubert's romantic and somewhat melancholy quartet in A minor (the "Hungarian")—playing on the same occasion, with Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his grand trio in B flat (about which Schu-

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mann talked so much rhapsody), and with Mr. Hallé, Beethoven's sonata in A minor (Op. 23). The last-named composer's quartet in G major (Op. 18), and a quartet by Haydn (in C), at the concert after, provided for Madame Neruda not only an occasion again to show how thoroughly she could enter into the spirit of Haydn, but one to show how in Beethoven's earlier works she could feel just as thoroughly at home with Beethoven. At this concert she played, with Mr. Hallé, Mozart's beautiful sonata in F (containing the variations in D minor—administering to all who heard her a salutary lesson in natural and untormented phrasing. Next followed—for the last appearance, Madame Neruda's greatest success, and also her only failure—if failure, where there was so much of excellent, it could justly be called. Anything more touching, refined, and beautiful than her reading of Mozart's "Orpheus" (it has been unjustly styled) quintet in C minor—the quintet of quintets—was never heard; anything more comparatively disappointing than her performance (with Mr. Hallé) of Beethoven's well-known sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, could scarcely be fancied. But this merely proves that if we expect constant perfection we are likely to be deceived. In summing up, briefly, the effect produced upon us by Madame Neruda's successive performances, we may say that she is the greatest and most accomplished lady-violinist in our remembrance; but that she is still a *lady violinist*. In Haydn and Mozart she is perfect; in the earlier works of Beethoven (whose two Romances, in F and G, by the way, she played at a morning and evening concert respectively, as well as we could dream of hearing them played), she is perfect; in Mendelssohn she is showy and brilliant; but in the larger and profounder works of Beethoven she is somewhat out of her depth. Criticism apart, however, she is a genuine artist, and an invaluable acquisition to the Monday Popular Concerts.

We have already hinted that among the pianists before Christmas were Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé. Herr Pauer produced, on one evening, a very marked effect by his vigorous and artistic execution of Schubert's very difficult and very elaborate fantasia in C—the one in which the theme of the well-known song, "The Wanderer," is introduced. Mr. Hallé brought forward nothing that he had not previously given at these concerts. This gentleman's execution is as exquisitely neat, as mechanically irreproachable, as ever; but his expression, as was shown more particularly in the sonatas of Schubert in B flat major and A minor, is becoming somewhat over-elaborated. He will not allow a phrase to speak for itself, but puts all, so to say, in "fine language." One might imagine that Mr. Hallé looked upon every simple melody (to quote *Les Précieuses ridicules*) as "*du dernier bourgeois*," and strove his utmost to make it assume "*le bel air des choses*." The other pianist before Christmas was a young lady, a foreigner, who attempted Beethoven's so-called *Sonata Pastorale* (in D, Op. 28), and played it in a manner so closely resembling that an inexperienced educated young girl, that we withhold her name, and merely enter a protest against such exhibitions at high-class entertainments, as altogether out of place.

The two concerts since Christmas have been interesting for more reasons than one. That conscientiously striving violinist, Herr Ludwig Straus, on each evening, led the quartets, with his accustomed zeal and ability. These were the glorious No. I (so-called, although, in strict accuracy, No. 3) of Beethoven, in F, and his still more glorious No. 14 (No. 3 of the "Razoumowsky" set), in C. Then we had for the twentieth time at least, the same composer's famous septet in E flat, for string and wind instruments, about which Haydn thought so much, and Beethoven, affectedly, so little, while posterity, without reference either to Haydn or Beethoven, has proclaimed it "immortal"; and Mozart's scarcely less familiar, and certainly not less beautiful, quintet in A, for clarionet and string quartet, in which Mr. Lazarus plays the clarionet part as well as he has ever played it—and he has played it often enough. On each occasion the pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard in accordance with what, in her case, is a time-honoured custom brought forward something never previously heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. On the first evening it was a grand fantasia by the late Friedemann Bach, eldest of Johann Sebastian Bach's twenty-one children, and most gifted of his twelve sons, the majority of whom were more or less musical. The second son, Philipp Emmanuel, is in the world's belief, after his father, the most celebrated who bore it. It honoured name; but this Philipp Emmanuel himself said of his elder brother, W. Friedemann, that he (W. Friedemann) represented their father better than all the rest of them put together ("*Er konnte unserm Vater eher ersetzen als wir alle zusammengenommen*"). The truth is, however, that Friedemann Bach was more richly endowed than industrious—that is, be it understood, compared with the people about him—for an idle "Bach" would have been something very far beyond a perseveringly diligent composer bearing any other name. Enough that Friedemann Bach has left a great deal of music, much of which is in print, still more, possibly, in manuscript. What is known of him shows that he stands nearer to his illustrious father even than Philipp Emmanuel, of whom Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven (totally ignorant of Friedemann) knew so much, and whom they esteemed so highly. Friedemann was the greatest organist of his day, and the greatest organ composer. What Madame Goddard selected as an example of his genius, was one of those works for the clavichord (now pianoforte) which have hitherto only existed in manuscript.* She had already played it at her pianoforte recitals, last year, to a more select (which may signify less numerous) audience; but the reception given to it by Mr. Chappell's "2,000" or thereabouts, was heartier than could by any likelihood have been obtained from a "fashionable" audience in the summer. The work itself, which we have no space to describe, is eminently remarkable; it not only foreshadows Haydn and Mozart, but occasionally even Beethoven. Unlike the organ music of Friedemann Bach, which bears so close a resemblance to that of his father, it is something quite new and distinct from the clavichord music of that great model—as new, indeed, for its time, as anything that ever came from spontaneously plastic genius. At the second concert, Madame Goddard played the magnificent "Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata," in C minor, of Woelfl—another among the many neglected musical geniuses who have lived, and laboured, and produced comparatively in vain. To Woelfl, however, about whom we hope to find some other opportunity of speaking, we have already cursorily referred; and all we can at present say of his sonata in C minor is that it was just as welcome and just as cordially received as the fantasia of W. Friedemann Bach. Madame Goddard's other performances were Mendelssohn's sonata in D (No. 2), for pianoforte and violoncello, and W. Sterndale Bennett's sonata-duo in A for the same instruments—in both of which her associate was Signor Piatti. Players better matched could not be named—in saying which we are paying the highest possible compliment to each. The sonata of our greatest English musician was especially interesting, as having been given for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—although it is now some eighteen years since it was written (expressly for Signor Piatti). A more finished, interesting, and engaging piece of its kind could hardly be named. The middle movement alone would stamp it as a work of genius.

The vocal music at these concerts, though not invariably of the same high order, or exhibiting the same commendable spirit of research, as the instrumental, was especially noticeable at the two performances under immediate consideration. The singer was Mr. Santley, who at the first concert introduced, for the first time, an Italian song by Alessandro Scarlatti (father of Domenico Scarlatti, the celebrated composer for the harpsichord)—"O cessate di piegarmi," which Handel might have owned, and from which Handel unquestionably drew inspiration; besides two of the most familiar songs of Schubert—the "Praise of Tears" and "Hark! the Lark." When Mr. Santley sings, and when Mr. Santley sings such music, it must add to the attraction of any concert, however classical.

At the afternoon performance on Saturday we shall once more hear Herr Joseph Joachim—with whose appearance, as of yore, the Monday Popular Concert season attains its zenith.

(*From the "Graphic," Jan. 22.*)

The Monday Popular Concerts began after a short recess, on the 10th inst., and began in good earnest, by introducing three celebrities for the first time this season. Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Straus, and Mr. Santley, the artists in question, have long been associated with Mr. Chappell's enterprise; and each received the welcome due to an established favourite. In addition to this personal interest, there was the interest of an important musical novelty. Madame Goddard played the fantasia by W. Friedemann Bach (eldest and most gifted of the great John Sebastian's many children), which, at her last recitals, drew attention to the claims of a neglected genius. Friedemann seems to have been a strange character, one of those who stand very much in their own light. But his greatest misfortune, we fancy, was the name he bore. The public knew only one Bach, and having the music of an illustrious father, cared little for what was generally looked upon as a group of clever sons. Hence, though Friedemann wrote much, comparatively few of his works were printed; among those remaining in manuscript being the fantasia now under notice. The latter will do somewhat among English amateurs on behalf of the eccentric Halle organist. It will show, for example, that he had a vigorous fancy, graceful ideas, and a power of masterly treatment, such as belongs only to cultivated genius. Moreover, there is in the work a curious anticipation of modern style. Music belonging to Bach's period and has suggestive of it would not easily be found. For the benefit of our readers who are amateurs, we may state that the fantasia is now first published by Duncan Davison & Co., as one of a series of "Revivals," edited by Mr. J. W. Davison. How Madame Goddard played it there is hardly need to tell. Such difficulties as the music presents were nothing to her facile and unerring fingers; while, as regards the composer's ideas, Madame Goddard

* It has just been published as No. 1 of a series of "Revivals."

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invariably comes forward prepared to interpret whatever she undertakes with strict conscientiousness and high intelligence. The other works in the programme—upon none of which have we time to dwell—were Beethoven's first (third) quartet; the same master's septet (twentieth time), and Mendelssohn's sonata in D major, for piano and violoncello.

At last Monday's concert the artists already named again appeared; and again there was a novelty for the pianoforte. This time Madame Goddard who is always "prospecting," and turning up nuggets over which others have walked heedlessly, brought forward a sonata in C minor (Op. 35), by Joseph Woolf, a man who came very near to being a great master, and who for that reason, perhaps, has failed to notice than others less gifted. Mercury is obscured by its proximity to the sun; and Woolf, along with Dussek and a goodly company, may have suffered because his genius challenged the inevitable defeat of comparison with the genius of greater men. Taking the sonata in C minor as a fair specimen of Woolf's music, he must be reckoned a composer of no ordinary gifts. It would seem as though the man resolved to show by means of one work the extent both of his science and his fancy. The result proves the undowments. How masterly, for example, is the fugue with which, after a brief introduction, the work opens! Framed upon the strictest model of its order, this movement has all the energy, clearness, and fluency of Bach or Handel. As regards the quick movements of the sonata proper, their interest never flags; or, if it does so in the slightest degree, some bold or ingenious passage raises it again higher than ever. The *adagio* has a form of its own; but none the less can it boast a distinctive beauty. Indeed, we regard the manner in which Woolf here treats a single theme as among the best proofs of his skill. With such a work in hand, Madame Goddard was fairly on her mettle, but she conquered Woolf as she has conquered every other maker of key-board difficulties. Her playing, like the composer's genius, was equal to the fugue no less than to the fantasia, and to the fantasia not less than to the fugue. So wonderful a display of skill is by no means a common event; and we fear that even the Monday Popular audience failed to discern half the marvel of it. In addition, Madame Goddard played, with Signor Pitti, Professor Bennett's Sonata in A major for pianoforte and violoncello. We observe that this graceful and charming work was given in St. James's Hall for the first time; and we wonder—not unwarmly, looking at its grace and charm—why it was never heard before. It would seem English concerts really have no excuse to complain; for here, at all events, is the foremost of them, as represented by a great classical work, waiting twelve years for recognition. Shall we, in view of the enthusiasm Dr. Bennett's sonata excited, hear it again and again? Put the question to any one of last Monday's audience, and the answer would be—"If not, why not?" We would gladly go through the five movements in detail; but it must be enough to say that our countryman's work is, if beauty be the *elixir vitæ* of music, destined to immortality. The other works given at the concert were the third (in C major) of Beethoven's Rasoumowsky quartets and Mozart's popular clarionet quintet. Mr. Santley had to repeat Pistti's song, "Swallow, swallow, flying south," and also Seymour Egerton's "Go not, happy day."

HAYDN'S *SEASONS*.

The last great work of Haydn—not reckoning as great his final contributions to the eighty-three quartets—was given at the Oratorio Concert on Thursday evening week, in St. James's Hall. Mr. Barnby has added another item to his list of good things done by thus reminding the public that Haydn wrote more than one oratorio. There was danger of the fact being overlooked here in London, where the *Creation* is attractive enough to form the sole representative of its composer's skill in the highest branch of his art. The neglect into which the *Seasons* has fallen is not difficult to explain. Haydn's own remark, "My *Creation* will endure, and, probably, the *Seasons* also," may have been prompted by other than a sense of the latter's inferiority as music. Nothing can be more obvious than the immense difference in the interest of the two subjects. Compared with the story of the world, the story of the year, an every-day incident to some phenomenal occurrence. Moreover—and this, in England, means a great deal—the one oratorio is scriptural, the other not; to use Haydn's own words, "There, angels sing; here rustics." But, though the cause of neglect is thus, in great part, obvious, the justice of neglect does not at all appear. As music, we hold the *Seasons* to be little inferior to the *Creation*; while as music adequate to its theme, it takes, in our opinion, much higher rank. In the *Creation*, Haydn attempted that which would have tasked the power and genius of Handel or Beethoven. The genial old chapel-master sitting down before the "finest and whitest possible" paper, with his hair elaborately dressed, his clothes showing "a degree of magnificence," and the indispensable royal ring on his finger, scarcely appears the man fit for so mighty a work. But none could sketch the face of nature more gracefully; and in the *Seasons* Haydn has given us landscapes equally marked by idealism and minute fidelity to his subject. His pictures are full of refinement, even the storm in "Summer" raging after a decorous fashion; while the men and women introduced are sentimental squires and dames playing at rusticity. Haydn's genius was precisely adapted to the production of such a work.

The Baron von Swieten, librarian to the Emperor of Austria, is well known to have suggested the Creation as a subject for musical treatment. To this gentleman we are also indebted for the *Seasons*. It is probable that Haydn needed no urging to undertake either task. In 1790, seven years before the *Creation*, and eleven before the *Seasons* has been given, some time in England, where his visits had undoubtedly had great influence over him. At all events, some such strong inducement must have been required for the writing of an oratorio at sixty-nine years of age. Haydn set to work after a fashion of his own; and, far more than in the *Creation*, anticipated that free use of the orchestra which is one of the canons of modern music. There is this difference, however, between Haydn and his latest successors—the former is always tuneful and intelligible, the latter are rarely either. The lavish employment of instrumental resources in the *Seasons* has been frequently attacked. Zelter, Haydn's friend and correspondent, styled the work "a symphony with singing;" another critic called it "in great part recitative with unusually rich accompaniments;" and a third says that but for the choruses, the *Seasons* would consist merely of "fatiguing, partially interesting pieces." Of these commentators, the first and second exaggerate; the third misrepresents, after the fashion of the "thoughtful" school which cannot be satisfied with Haydn's simple masterpieces unless in our view, Haydn's use of his orchestra in the *Seasons* is not only charming, but most happily suited to the character of the work. The master had to express the thousandfold individualities of nature, and "hence" wrote Mendelssohn's father to his gifted son, "I could at last little endure to lose the crowing of the cock, the whinying of the lark, the lowing of the cattle, and the rustic glee of the peasants as I could in nature herself." The choruses of the *Seasons* are fine beyond dispute. If not one among these be equal in breadth and grandeur to "The Heavens are telling," there is not one unworthy of Haydn. The old musician seems to have determined that his last effort at choral writing should be among his best, and we have the result in "Hark! the mountains resound," "Joyful the liquor flows," and the *finale* in praise of everlasting spring.

Enough has been said to show that the revival of Thursday night was both interesting and important; especially as Mr. Barnby gave the work almost in its entirety, omitting only the final chorus of "Autumn." The performance was, on the whole, very fair, and might have been better had not Mr. Barnby adopted the prevalent fashion of taking the music at a quicker speed than its composer intended. With Handel this practice does little harm, but Haydn's delicate orchestration invariably suffers. The principal singers were Madame Sherrington, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, Madame Sherrington was well suited in her music, and made a great success with the two beautiful airs, "O how pleasing to the senses," and "Light and life." Mr. Byron appeared in place of Mr. Vernon Rigby at short notice, and his singing of "The traveller stands" obtained one of the warmest applause of the evening. In Mr. Lewis Thomas we need hardly say, the trying bass solos had a conscientious and efficient interpreter. Mr. Thomas's rendering of the very different airs, "Behold, along the dewy valley," and "In this, O vain misguided man," was exceedingly satisfactory. We could hardly expect the chorus to be quite at ease with such unfamiliar, and, in many parts, difficult music; nevertheless, a very fair success was obtained. Among the numbers best sung were "Come, gentle spring," and "Hark, the deep tremendous voice;" perhaps the most admirable examples of Haydn's choral writing in their different styles. Zelter's description of the *Seasons*, quoted above, is but an exaggeration; the orchestral accompaniments, remarkably beautiful as most of the cases usually bestowed on a great symphonist's work. We cannot say they were faultless on Thursday night, though, undoubtedly, as much efficiency was shown as could be expected under our system of concert-giving, which permits but one band rehearsal. The audience, a large one, evidently enjoyed Haydn's work greatly; and, so far, there is no reason why it should again fall into disuse.

MEYERBEER.—The parts of Herr R. Wagner's new effusion, *Die Walküre*, are already given out. The rehearsals, however, will not commence before the return of Mdlle. Stehle, who will be the Brunhilde, but who is now on a starring tour.

A NAMING ESCAPE.—The new and magnificent building recently erected by the Musical Association, and opened with such ceremony by the Emperor himself, was very near destruction a few days since. A fire broke out in one of the cloak rooms, and for two hours defied all efforts to extinguish it. The great hall was so much damaged that it cannot be used at present. The smaller hall fortunately escaped without any injury.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

HERR JOACHIM'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), JANUARY 29TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A major (No. 2 of Hallé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "The Star's Message"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. .. *Tours.*
TRIO, in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert,*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 31ST, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.
PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 74, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Vedrai carino," Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Mozart.*
FANTASIA, in F sharp minor, for Pianoforte alone, Herr PAUER .. *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

CHACONNE, for Violin alone, Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Bach.*
SONG, "Penitence," Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Beethoven.*
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, MM. PAUER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS
WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, FEBRUARY 7, 14, 21, 28, MARCH 7, 14.

Seven Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, JANUARY 29, FEBRUARY 5, 12, 19, 26, MARCH 5, 12, the Subscription to the Sixth Stalls for which is fixed at £1 10s.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will appear on Saturday, March 12, and Monday, March 14; Herr PAUER on Saturday, January 29, and Monday, January 31; Mr. CHARLES HALLE on Saturday, March 5, and Monday, March 7.

Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearance on Saturday Afternoon, February 19.

Herr JOACHIM makes his first appearance to-day, and remains till the close of the season at Easter.

Programme of JULIAN ADAMS & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Mademoiselle Antoinette Stirling a l'honneur de faire savoir à ses amis et au public qu'elle donnera un Concert Monstre, par Souscription, dans la Salle de Hanover Square, le Mercredi 2 Février prochain, à 3 heures.

Programme et cartes pour le Concert, à 10 shillings chacune, peuvent être obtenus chez Mademoiselle Stirling, 24, Devonshire Street, Portland Place.

MARRIAGES.

On the 22nd inst., at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, by the Rev. Hugh Hathorn Wood, M.A., Rector of Pakefield, Suffolk, uncle to the bride, THOMAS CASE, Esq., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford—second son of Robert Case, Esq., of 70, Inverness Terrace—to ELIZABETH DORN, only daughter of Professor Sterndale Bennett, of 38, Queensborough Terrace, Kensington Gardens. No cards.

On the 5th inst., at St. Mark's Church, Hamilton Terrace, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, ALEXANDER, eldest son of Samuel Nevill, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to ALICE, younger daughter of Frank Romer, Esq., of 20, Greville Place, St. John's Wood.

DEATH.

On the 18th Dec., at Rio Janeiro, L. M. GOTTSCHALK (aged 40), the celebrated pianist and composer, born in Louisiana, U. S., and eldest son of the late Edward Gottschalk, Esq., of London and New Orleans; to the inexpressible sorrow of his brother and sisters, to whom he ever was the best of brothers—and deeply lamented by his innumerable friends and admirers. Foreign papers please copy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUZZLED.—The instrument contains all the tones and semitones; it may, therefore, be played in any key. Of course two may be played together, provided they be of the same pitch.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

"CHILPERIC."

WE have all heard of the man whose last state, owing to an increase in the number and wickedness of the evil spirits within him, was worse than his first. At the beginning that miserable person was tenanted by only one devil; but the one, being gregarious and liking the quarters, took seven others of a worse class, and made an infernal party. The narrative illustrates much. It has even a musical application, and to this we turn at once, foregoing all the obvious moralizings upon the easy descent of Avernus, &c., which the general subject invites.

There was a time when the man aforesaid had no devil; and there was, also, a time when society knew not Offenbach. Society may have been, even then, far from musically pure, but—it knew not Offenbach. That is to say, it was free from the influence of one who, by uniting a certain form of art with positive absurdity and comparative indecency, not only degrades art in all its forms, but makes it attractive in its degradation. So far the past had the advantage of the present. M. Offenbach is with us; his music is heard in all our public places (streets included), and Schneider is his prophetess. If the mischief were sure to end, as it began, with M. Offenbach, there would be less cause for crying out, "Life is short and art is long;" and the art of music may survive the life of M. Offenbach. But mischief has always extraordinary vitality. Where one devil gains an entrance, seven others are pretty sure to follow. It was a foregone conclusion, therefore, that Offenbach, in possession and flourishing, would attract others more or less like unto himself. The result has borne out the conclusion. We have, at all events, M. Hervé.

The question arises here, in what respect M. Hervé resembles his prototype. We answer,—In so far as he is unlike Offenbach, he is worse than Offenbach. The latter must be considered a genius in his way. At any rate he possesses the uncommon faculty of knowing what he can do, and sticking to it. There are rumours that, just as Mr. Buckstone is said to consider himself a great tragic actor spoilt by an erratic Fate, so M. Offenbach longs to appear in the character of a serious composer. We shall believe these rumours when they are verified, and not before. There is nothing in the man's works to show that he is in danger of mistaking his *rôle*, and of producing music worthy a musician's serious consideration. M. Offenbach will, doubtless, remain content to pipe that Folly may dance; and to derive his chief inspiration from Eros. So far, we have a certain respect for him. Moreover—and this increases our respect—he mixes only a low

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form of art with the other ingredients of an Offenbachian cup He wears his colours (motley) on his sleeve, without seeking to hide them underneath the classic toga. Now let us turn to M. Hervé. This gentleman also comes to us hand-in-hand with Folly; but, judging from some portions of *Chilperic*, he is not content simply to make folks laugh with (and at) him. He would ape the grand seigneur of music. He would take flight now and then, heedless of Icarus, into the pure atmosphere of high art. Hence there are passages in his music, the intention of which is obvious, and which jar strangely with the buffoonery of their surroundings. Against this development of Offenbachism it is needful to protest, because the precedent may be followed; and there may arise a man both willing and able—which M. Hervé is not—to command the union of high art and folly. Heaven forefend this issue. We have no objection to Pan's pipes when the show is Punch and Judy; but it would be an incongruous thing for the hero of our peripatetic drama, to thrash his wife to the strains of Beethoven. Here, then, is something to be done: When M. Hervé, or anybody else, lifts his hand to drag real art down to the level of *opéra-bouffe*, rap his knuckles.

Against *opéra-bouffe*, pure and simple, we shall not preach, any more than we shall criticize its music. When M. Hervé, in *Chilperic*, is not ambitious, his lively strains help to laughter; and after all nonsense has its use. Nonsense has, also, its sphere—to which it should be kept.

—o—

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Last Monday's concert, if it gave rise to unavoidable disappointment, showed the strength of Mr. Arthur Chappell's company, and the sound principles on which he conducts his enterprise. The "star" was absent, but the programme was, nevertheless, unchanged. A telegram received from Manchester, certifying that Madame Norman-Neruda was prevented by indisposition from travelling, was circulated in the hall, but, while announcing the bane, proclaimed an antidote. It stated that Herr Straus would undertake Madame Neruda's duties, and he himself be replaced by M. Zerlini. Herr Straus is one of the most capable and widely-read players of the day. Nothing good comes amiss to him, and to everything he does justice. The programme offered no novelty, and on that account, perhaps, most certain to be enjoyed. This is peculiarly applicable to Schubert's quartet in A minor, but recently made patent to the general public, since, often repeated, now thoroughly admired and loved. Nor does Beethoven's "serenade trio" need to be dilated upon. Least of all would the *Sonate Pathétique* have borne a single word had it not been entrusted to Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, yet unused to public playing, though a composer of acknowledged talent and still greater promise. The extraordinary effect made by the symphony brought out at his own concert a few weeks ago must be fresh in the memory of our readers. The heartiness with which Mr. Cowen was received, was a testimony to the reputation of the young composer, while the applause at the conclusion of the sonata may also be taken as a recognition of his ability in the highest branch of his profession. He was joined by Herr Straus in Mozart's B flat sonata (*not* the one composed for Strinasacchi) for piano and violin; and Miss Edith Wynne—more at home in Schubert's fine song, "The mighty trees bend," than in Elvira's trying aria, "Ah! tradi," from *Don Giovanni*—was the vocalist of the evening. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist. C.

We are glad to learn that Mr. W. H. Cummings has recovered from his recent severe indisposition. He has been singing in various parts of the country during this week, with the usual success; his recovery seems, therefore, perfect.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—All the music at the concert on Wednesday was by Mendelssohn. There was the *Hymn of Praise* and *Walpurgis Night*, and between these great works, sacred and secular, one of the three Motets composed for the Nuns of the Trinita di Monti at Rome. To this very interesting performance (conducted, as usual, by Mr. G. W. Martin), we shall return next week.

WEIMAR.—Mad. Pauline Lucca will appear one night next month at the Grand Ducal Theatre, and afterwards sing at a Court Concert. On the first of next month, too, Mad. Viardot Garcia, accompanied by her pupils, will arrive in this pleasant little capital, where she proposes making a stay of three months.

PROVINCIAL.

WINDSOR.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"Dr. Crotch's oratorio, *Palestine* (words by Bishop Heber), has been given in the Town Hall, by the Choral Society. The vocalists were Mrs. H. Barnby, Messrs. Large, Hunt, and Briggs. Mr. G. A. Griesbach was principal violin and Dr. Elvey conducted.—Mr. Montem Smith has given a lecture on "Ballads" at the Institution.—A "Literary and Musical Evening" took place on the previous Tuesday."

LLANARTH.—The *Carmarthen Journal* of the 21st says:—

"The Church Choir celebrated their annual concert, on Thursday last. Miss Walters commenced with a performance on the harmonium, which was followed by a song from the choir, under the leadership of Mr. J. S. Evans."

NANTERTH.—We read in the *Carmarthen Journal* as follows:—

"A concert was given at Tavernspite National School-room, on Tuesday evening, by the Lampeter Velfrey Church Choir, in aid of the Haverfordwest west Infirmary. The vocalists were Miss Kate Lewis, Miss Minnie Reynolds, Mr. James Frizell, Mr Walter Reynolds, Mr. Williams (Hill), Mr. Bowen, and Mr. Venables. Mrs. Frizell and Miss Reynolds presided at the piano. There was a very large attendance, and the programme was got through in such a manner as to elicit the loudest applause."

BIRMINGHAM.—The committee of the Amateur Harmonic Association have just issued their fifteenth annual report. From it we gather the following particulars:—

"Society makes steady progress;—has performed during 1869 these works:—Schubert's *Song of Miriam*, Mendelssohn's 'Hear my Prayer' and 'Lord, bow down,' Benedict's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, Spohr's 'God, Thou art great,' Mozart's Mass No. 1 and 'Ave verum,' Haydn's Mass No. 1, Gade's *Erl-King's Daughter*, and Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, besides several minor works;—Mr. Loran chosen librarian and Mr. Kimberley resigned;—number of members, 182;—forty-three rehearsals during the year, average attendance 74;—larger attendance necessary;—orchestra to be erected in Masonic Hall; finances flourishing, balance in hand being £64 8s. 7d.;—members invited to take part in forthcoming festival."

MANCHESTER.—The *Prodigal Son* was heard in the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday week, and a local critic thus assesses its merits:—

"After hearing the *Prodigal Son*, we have no hesitation in asserting that it is de-tined to secure a place in the catalogue of good and noble music. That its composer has made a vast step in advance of anything he had previously accomplished no one will deny; any more than they will doubt his ability to rise to yet greater heights. We believe nothing superior has been produced in England since the death of Mendelssohn. The learning and carefulness of the patient student are quite subordinate to the truly devotional spirit which prevails throughout. There is not the slightest approach to pandering to popular ignorance—no departure from the canons of propriety and good taste, and no absurd introduction of meaningless glitter or vapid prettiness. The orchestral accompaniments are in themselves a series of picturesque illustrations. There is scarcely a number which has not some striking effect, and yet, with all the novelty—with all the evidence there is of originality and varied inventive power, no extravagance or waste of force is noticeable in the whole composition. We have already indicated the excellent character of the performance. We believe, indeed, that Mr. Sullivan himself expressed great surprise at the advanced state of the rehearsals and intelligent appreciation of the members of the choir when he first heard them, and also that last night the efforts of the ladies and gentlemen, in the orchestra, were certainly not less gratifying to him, than the enthusiastic cheers of the audience."

BIRMINGHAM.—Our own correspondent has transmitted us the following:—

"Mr. Harrison's concert on the 19th was highly successful, if we may judge by the audience that filled the Town Hall and the satisfaction with which every thing was received. The artists were Mdlles. Tietjens, Vanzini, and Scalchi, Signori Tagliafico, La Rocca, Tito Mattei, and Herr Stockhausen, with Signor Bevignani as accompanist. The great German *prima donna*, who has returned from Hamburgh in magnificent voice, besides being encored in each of her pieces, was twice called after 'The Minstrel Boy,' evoking a perfect *furore*. Herr Stockhausen (son of the famous Madame Stockhausen, who enjoyed such renown many years since) created a decidedly favorable impression by his artistic singing; but 'Adelaide' (which had been set down for Mr. Sims Reeves, who was absent through indisposition) was not best calculated for his voice, although transposed to meet the requirements of the occasion. The programme was in the main composed of

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things more or less hackneyed, and beyond this needs no remark except that its original dimensions were somewhat abridged in consequence of the numerous encores. Madame Norman-Neruda, who made so great an impression recently on her first appearance here, is again announced, with Mr. Hallé and Mr. Sims Reeves for February 4th; a fortnight later, Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Mr. Vernon Rigby are engaged. Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* is in rehearsal by the Choral Society; but particulars have not yet been announced. Of all these matters, more anon.—BUTTON OF BRAUNSCHAU.

EDINBURGH.—In the *Daily Review* of the 21st appears the following:—

"Yesterday afternoon, Professor Oakeley gave one of his interesting organ performances in his Class-room, Park Place. There was a large and attentive audience. The following selection was played:—

"Andante from the *Suites Franaises* and Fugue in E major, Bach; Andante from 1st Symphony in C, Mozart; Five Variations on an original Theme, for Organ, Hesse; Adagio cantabile, and Menuetto a Trio (*Septuor*) Beethoven; Andante, from an Offertoire for Organ (*In Memoriam*), Lefebure-Wely; Chanson Orientale, Schumann; Overture, *Athaliah*, Handel.

"At the close of the performance, which was heartily applauded, the Professor stated his intention to give, on that day week, a sketch of the music to be performed at the approaching Reid Commemoration Concert."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE "SEASONS."

The *Daily News* speaks thus of Haydn's last great work, in its notice of Mr. Barnby's concert:—

"Haydn's *Creation*, beautiful and masterly as it is, has somewhat unjustly superseded, in public performance and in general estimation, his subsequent work, the *Seasons*. As between Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St. Paul* (with the difference that these works stood in inverse order of production), the one has overshadowed the other to an extent scarcely justified by preponderance of merit. Few things in musical art are more remarkable than the beauty and freshness of the two great closing works of Haydn's long and active career—the *Creation*, completed when he was 66, and the *Seasons* at the age of nearly 70. Full of genius, power, and beauty as is the earlier oratorio, it scarcely anywhere realizes the grandeur and sublimity of its subject—one, indeed, which would have required a Handel or a Beethoven to illustrate. In the *Seasons*, however, the religious element is but occasional and partial, and the characters are human, instead of, as in the *Creation*, angelic. The slight dramatic action which is included in the version of the text of *Die Jahreszeiten*, based on Thomson's poem, by the librettist Swieten (who also prepared the words of the *Creation*, and is otherwise associated with the biographies of both Haydn and Mozart), deals with the feelings and sentiments of rustics; whereas, in the *Creation*, as already said, angels are supposed to be personified. Moreover, that tendency to the literal and the descriptive which is beneath the dignity of the one work is felt to be far more justifiable and appropriate in the other. On any high principles of art-criticism, therefore, the *Seasons* must almost inevitably be preferred to its precursor, although, perhaps, equal genius and power are manifested in both. That same genial freshness of thought and brightness of fancy should be retained to the age of nearly 70, is, as already said, among the wonders of art-history; another instance being that of Auber, whose *Rêve d'Amour* was brought out at Paris, last December, its composer being now just approaching his 68th year."

The opinion of the *Sunday Times* is thus expressed:—

"The music we shall hardly be expected to go through in detail; there are, however, some of its general features which repay attention. One such is the important work the orchestra has to perform throughout. The nature of the subject, perhaps, led to this; owing to the absolute demand for picturesque writing. But it is worthy of notice how thoroughly Haydn comprehended the necessity, and how successfully he met it. Such a thing was new in his day. The orchestra of the period was strictly subordinate to the voices; and any notion of reversing this state of things would have seemed rank heresy. But Haydn had all his life been free from the trammels of precedent; and with him to see a thing desirable was to attempt it. Hence the prominence of orchestral writing in the *Seasons*. We need not discuss the success of it. Haydn was not the Turner of tone-painting (there are many would-be Turners now a days, but all they achieve is a splash of colour, in which neither form nor design can be made out); he was able, however, to convey his meaning in a few simple and graceful touches. This he does all through the *Seasons*. His most descriptive passages never call forth a sense of incongruity; and many of them are so happy that we stand amazed at the results obtained by such apparently obvious means. Another of the noteworthy features in the *Seasons* is the grandeur and beauty of the choral music. How much of the latter quality, for example, do we find in 'Come, gentle spring,' one of the most elegant specimens of part-writing ever given to the world. In 'God of Light' we have dignity and power of a high order, which, however, are excelled in 'Hark! the drep tremendous voice.' The latter is a masterpiece of descriptive writing, because sufficiently descriptive without falling into the error of being too literal. In the chorus of the hunters, and that of the vintners, Haydn seems absolutely to revel with the subject. The result brings the scenes illustrated before the eyes with a vividness which in itself the highest praise the master could receive. Worthy of all that has gone before is the glorious *finale*, 'Then comes the dawn.' It marks, to use words applied to another great production, a worthy effort, worthily achieved. We must leave the solo pieces to speak for themselves; that we may express a hope of hearing Haydn's latest oratorio as frequently as it deserves. There is no cause at all adequate for the neglect it has received; and to this fact Mr. Barnby's performance has called a degree of attention which may end in something like an act of justice."

"CHILPERIC."

Here is the opinion of the *Daily News* as to M. Hervé's latest *opéra-bouffe*:—

"*Chilperic* is distinguished from the Offenbach productions by a more ambitious style throughout. Indeed, *Chilperic* in many parts is real opera rather than *opera-bouffe*, and there is as much sentimental music in it as in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. We may mention the chorus of Druids, the solo of the high priest Divitiacus, and many of the pieces sung by M. Hervé and Miss Muir. The result may be a certain amount of heaviness, at variance with the character of the production; but it certainly raises the standard of the work, and even enhances, in a great degree, the effect of those lighter portions with which burlesque should be naturally associated."

On the same subject the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"The story will not interest, but the music may. It is much more pretensions than that which M. Offenbach is in the habit of writing, and, to our thinking, has much less of the *vis comica*. M. Hervé's undoubted and unquestionable facility lead him into imitating the tricks of grand opera, and from this serious, although exaggerated, style, he plunges, as by an effort, into the quick, bright, piquant dance melodies for which his rival is celebrated. It is right to add that M. Hervé writes cleverly for the voice, and scores with the hand of a master."

All of which to us—proceeding, be it understood, from such competent authorities on musical matters—is utterly inexplicable.

The *Observer* of Sunday last, in a notice of the Monday Popular Concert of the 17th inst., has the following:—

"On Monday last the concert-room was crowded to welcome the reappearance of Madame Arabella Goddard, who is now, as she always has been, by far the greatest attraction of the season. Her first performance was a sonata in C minor for the pianoforte alone, composed by Woelfl; her second was W. S. Bennett's sonata in A major for pianoforte and violoncello, the latter instrument being played by Signor Piatti. The sonata by Woelfl was introduced for the first time at these concerts. It is a work of great merit, and deserves to be better known. It is long since any of Woelfl's music has been revived for public performance. The intrinsic value of this piece was greatly increased by the superb play of Madame Goddard. The *duo* by Professor Bennett is one of his most delightful compositions, full of grace, sentiment, and refinement, and Madame Goddard and Signor Piatti delivered the spirit of it."

The *Standard* speaks thus of W. Friedemann Bach's fantasia and its performance at the concert of the 10th inst.:—

"Although the programme of the first concert after Christmas was strictly according to pattern, it yet contained the elements of novelty—for as such must be considered the fantasia for pianoforte, composed by Friedemann Bach, one of the many sons of John Sebastian, all renowned as celebrated musicians, although none of them possessed the talent of their great ancestor. The fantasia in A consists of four movements—the first, partaking of the nature of a prelude, contains several *bravura* passages and *arpeggios*; the second is a graceful *allegretto* in E minor, the third a quaint *moderato*, and the fourth a *rondo* in A major, affording the executant an opportunity for great digital display. In fact, the whole work shows that the composer must have been a most expert performer, and it excites our astonishment that in days previous to the influence of the great Haydn, such dexterity had been acquired as to enable a composer to pen such passages as abound in this fantasia. Scarlatti, it is well known, was accused of talking to his cat more than 'mortal powers,' when he wrote and executed his violoncello *duos* with his friend Francephilli, but we never heard anything against the Bach family, who were proverbially pious. Of Madame Goddard's rendering of the work on Monday evening, it is scarcely possible to speak in too flattering terms. Her touch, command over the tone of the instrument displayed in alternate power and delicacy, her splendid phrasing and accuracy of execution were all most delightfully exhibited, and the applause which greeted her on the conclusion of the fantasia testified to the success with which she introduced it to the Monday Popular audience. The fantasia has, we believe, been once before played from an old MS. copy, but on Monday evening the edition lately brought out by Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., of 244, Regent Street, was

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for the first time placed on the desk of the pianoforte. It assists greatly the study and performance of the work, both from its clear type, and the accurate marks of expression which are introduced."

About the sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, played by Madame Goddard and Signor Piatti, at the concert following, the *Standard* writes as follows:—

"The *Sonata-duo* by Professor Bennett, which adorned the second part of the programme, is one of his most delightful compositions—full of grace, sentiment, and refinement, and withal so cleverly constructed that it stamps its author as one of the greatest living composers."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

WOOLWICH.—An extremely good performance of the *Messiah* took place on Tuesday evening, in the recreation room of the Garrison, under the direction of Mr. Smyth, bandmaster of the Royal Artillery. The chorus and band numbered over 200 performers. The prices of admission, ranging from three pence to half-a-crown, brought the concert within reach of all, from commandant to the drummer. The solos were sung by the Misses Stelle, Mrs. Sallenger, Sergeant A. Mansfield, J. Smith, C. Buckland, Grenner, E. Mansfield, and Mr. Hartley Vinning, in a manner, for the greater part, worthy all praise; and air after air was loudly applauded by the crowded assemblage. Trumpeter J. Bent's *obbligato*, in "The trumpet shall sound," created a favourable impression. The whole performance gave satisfaction, and the Hospital has received a welcome addition to its funds. To the exertions of Mr. J. Smith and the artists engaged, all of whom have received the thanks, and deservedly so, of the committee, this was mainly due.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER AND THE CAMBERWELL PARISHIONERS.

(*From the "Choir," Jan.* 22.)

Setting aside the fact that Camberwell plays an important part in a popular drama at one of our metropolitan theatres, and that it is a region dear to the hearts of omnibus passengers, we question whether the majority of our readers have ever bestowed much thought upon the highly classic locality. Henceforth, however, it will be celebrated in ecclesiastical history, as having furnished the first problem which Dr. Wilberforce has been called upon to solve since his translation to the See of Winchester. In the diocese of Oxford the Bishop was well known as a ready and successful arbiter in all disputes between priests and people, or to speak more correctly we should say between people and priests, for the quarrels are generally begun by the former, and it was therefore only natural that the parishioners of this southern suburb should refer to his lordship a grievance which they found almost too heavy to be borne. Clearly does their conduct illustrate the truth of the saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and we cannot help thinking that the sound common sense which fell from the Bishop's lips combining so thoroughly the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, must have caused the irascible local Bumbles to wish that they had settled their squabbles at home instead of venturing within the portals of Winchester House, but to Cæsar they elected to go, and to Cæsar they went, and we can only express our earnest hope that they were satisfied with the result.

In order to give a fair idea of the facts of the case which, from the strong expression of opinion it evoked from the Bishop, has more than a local interest, it will be well first to call attention to the state of the church in the neighbourhood. Here, as in the majority of the South London parishes, vestrydom has until recently been the chief power. The mere mention of chanting the psalms has been sufficient to rouse a storm of opposition which only orators, who are in the habit of talking themselves hoarse until the small hours of the morning, have diluted with enthusiasm, while the introduction of a surpliced choir in the place of the mixed body of ladies and gentlemen who occupy the organ loft, has been regarded with that intense horror which can only be accepted as the proof of an extremely ill regulated mind, and of a chronic state of colour-blindness. Anything in the way of ritual has, in the sunny south, been a thing unheard of except in a few notable instances. The vestments have, it is true, been numerous, the chief variations permitted having been in the shape of the ministerial black gowns presented at correct intervals to favourite pastors, by the ladies of their flocks. In the arrangement of the buildings equally strange customs prevail, and we have heard of four churches within a short distance of each other in which the chancel, or the apology for it, is placed respectively at the four points of the compass. The architecture is, as a rule, decidedly "nondescript," or in adopt a happy phrase from a recent publication, "Ebenezeresque." Proprietary chapels, over the buying and selling of which there is occasionally no slight tumult, are to be seen dotted about in this favoured neighbourhood, while there is scarcely a church which is not well fitted with the Bishop of Winchester's abomination—"galleries." In the supply of that erratic class of ecclesiastical functionaries—rergers—there is the utmost liberality; while the fashion and flowing nature of their robes sometimes puts to shame the less ample folds of the preacher. In parish clerks, again, the district is rich; and we venture to predict that if these estimable functionaries could be gathered together in one room and ordered to repeat the Athanasian Creed, each remembering that he is (or is considered to be) the mouthpiece of the congregation, the result would be a general demand for monotonic recitation. The musical arrangements are scarcely less quaint *Kyries* are sung to the most extraordinary specimens of so-called Church music, with variegated accompaniments; while in one church in Lambeth this favourite opportunity for musical display is only taken advantage of after the tenth Commandment, the petition after the others being relegated to the ordinary mumble. In attitudes, the aspect of some of the congregations would present a study worthy of a Hogarth; while if there is another point in which the South is unequalled, it is in the dismal character of its solitary church bells.

From such a choice *locale*, with all the furrowed lines characteristic of the "use of the last three hundred years" stamped unmistakably on the brow of each member of the deputation, did the Camberwell magnates go forth last week on their pilgrimage to Winchester House. Accustomed for the past thirty years to regard their diocesan as a far-off star in the ecclesiastical firmament, the worthy men suddenly awoke to the fact that the wearer of lawn sleeves is at times capable of descending to the common ground and of talking to men like a man. Thus, when they poured forth their woes into the Episcopal ear, drawing touching pictures of the agony of being compelled to drop their offerings in a bag instead of placing them in a plate, enlarging on the evils of "intoning," and condemning the use of the surplice, the Bishop met them at once in the most soothing manner by assuring them that he saw that it was a fear for the future more than an objection to the present mode of conducting the service which had excited their anxiety. His Lordship then proceeded to defend the practice of intoning where the clergyman is capable of a musical recitation, and he explained, in the most distinct manner, the advantages arising from it, viz.—that the voice can be more easily heard, and that it marks the distinction between the utterance of the clergyman when he is acting as the mouthpiece of the people in praying to or praising God and when he is addressing his own words to men. The question of Offertory Plates is one which does not fall within our province; but it may be well to add that the Bishop spoke very pointedly in favour of the Weekly Offertory. Thus ended the two hoursand a half which the aggrieved parishioners of St. Giles's, Camberwell, spent with their Ordinary.

On the importance of the Bishop's outspoken defence of the choral service especially when its rarity in the district is remembered, we need hardly say a word; it was simply what might have been naturally expected; but, if we may point a moral to adorn our tale, it is to express our hearty thanks to his lordship for having so emphatically taken the bull by the horns, and removed by a little explanation the cause of the grievance under which these persons were suffering, thus suggesting how many similar troubles might be overcome by a corresponding course of action on the part of other members of the Episcopal bench. Ignorance and misconception are the great evils against which we have to contend, and well will it be for the English Church when each one of her Bishops devotes himself to their removal after the manner of the Bishop of Winchester.

Shaker Silber across "Chilperic."

If a house "crowded to suffocation" be a sign of success, nothing could be more successful than M. Hervé's *Chilperic* on Saturday at the Lyceum Theatre. At what time the performance terminated we are not in a position to say. At twelve o'clock the house was still crowded, the "suffocating" point still maintained, and still an act to come. Several songs and dances had been encored; but if the work had been performed without interruption, the representation, notwithstanding the vivacity of M. Hervé, would still have been intolerably long. *Chilperic* is just one of those pieces which could only see the light in France, where a people, accused of restlessness and levity, submit to a despotic government, a rigid system of administration, five-act tragedies in verse and five-act farces in prose. *Chilperic* is only a three-act farce, but it is set to music; and the music, dance, and endless talk make up a whole seldom equalled for wearisomeness. *Chilperic* may be compared to human life—" of which," says Bossuet, in his letter to Father Caffaro on dramatic performances, "inexorable wearisomeness constitutes the very substantial." It is the "inexorable wearisomeness" which left to itself might drive us all to religion, that dramatist and actor, with diabolical perversity, seek to dispel; for which reason dramatist and actor are accursed; though to this rule, there are, of course, exceptions. Bossuet would never have held that the three gentlemen who adapted *Chilperic* to the English stage had lost all hope of salvation. Indeed, by reason of the "inexorable wearisomeness" which, instead of dispelling, they promote, he would have looked upon them as already numbered among the blessed. Hervé, like Wagner, writes his own opera books; nothing, we fancy—not even the interposition of his translators—could save him from the anathema of the Church. He absolutely exceeds from time to time in dispelling the wearisomeness of his own piece.

Chilperic is not only a three-act farce but a three-act historical farce;

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and not only a three-act historical farce but a three-act historical farce of a period beyond the sympathy, interest, and knowledge of the majority of English playgoers. Chilpéric, Pharamond, Clovis, are names and nothing more to the majority of English playgoers. If every man who entered the Lyceum on Saturday had been asked by the check-taker—"What was *Chilpéric*?"—nine-tenths would not have been unable to give any answer, while of the remaining tenth more than one-half would have replied, "It is a burlesque opera by Hervé."

The work opens, like *Norma*, with a chorus of Druids. Here, all resemblance between Hervé and Bellini ceases to an end. No, there is another point of similarity:—Chilpéric, like Pollio, becomes entangled with two women, Frédégonde, a peasant girl, whom he appoints mistress of his wardrobe, and Gaisuinda, a Spanish princess, whom he ultimately marries. The duet of reconciliation between Frédégonde and Chilpéric, when the separation takes place, reproaches are exchanged, and presents returned, reminds us of a similar duet between Norma and Pollio. It is good all the same, the effect being heightened by the dancing of Chilpéric—backwarding, retiring, and gesticulating all the time that Frédégonde upbraids him.

M. Hervé was originally intended for the Church, which adds piquancy to the fun inseparable from his grotesque but expressive gestures, and from the reckless style of his dance-music. The music of *Chilpéric* is throughout as rhythmical as dance-music can possibly be. It is often melodious, and one or two of the concerted pieces (especially the quartet for Chilpéric, Frédégonde, Irmehand, and Sigebert) are bustling. But it is in the *finale* that M. Hervé (like the great composers of serious and comic opera) loves to strike his blow. The umbrella *finale* of the first act, in which Chilpéric and his courtiers are surprised by a storm, and that of the second when Chilpéric and courtiers dance the *cancan*, are models of the *appropriate* as exhibited by Fellx Dramatiques. Both were received with enthusiasm, and repeated. We have heard the sextet in the *Lucia* encored, also the last movement in the *Noce in Egitto*; but never until Saturday did we hear two *finales* encored in the same opera. It must be remembered, however, that in *Lucia* none of the characters dance the *cancan*.

Let us add, to prevent misconception, that this dance, of which so much has been written, and which deserves the ill-repute attached to it, is executed with propriety at the Lyceum. The exposure of limb is not indecency, but grotesqueness, heightened by a certain impertinence of gesture. It is not a dance in which a mother would wish her girls to be instructed; but as performed at the Lyceum, there is no reason at all why she should not take them to see it.

M. Hervé made a hit as Chilpéric. He is full of droll humour of a sympathetic kind. M. Marius, who played the peasant Landry, Frédégonde's lover, produced also a favourable impression. His body seems made without hinges, and he telegraphs with all his limbs. Native talent, too, was adequately represented, Miss Emily Muir, in particular, achieving a decided success as Frédégonde. Miss Muir is a good singer and acts with much spirit. Orchestra good, ballet good, scenery good, costumes good. ✠Daver Bitter.

EPICHARMUS THE INVENTOR OF COMEDY.*

The origin, shrouded in the obscurity of the early middle age, of the modern drama has exercised the patience of generation after generation of antiquarians in every country of Europe. It is still uncertain to what extent the Mysteries and Miracles of the fourteenth century were a new invention, or were directly descended from the Roman theatre of the fifth century. There are "convulsionists," in literary history as well as in geology, who like epochs without antecedents. To others nothing begins to be; all is progress and development. "Lord Dundreary" derives in a right line, through *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, from the *Chester Mysteries*. The miracle-plays are but the Christianising of the popular forces which survived the regular drama on the wreck of the theatres, by the barbarians, in the sixth century. Every larger municipal town had its theatre, in which, to the last, Plautus might be occasionally seen. But Plautus carries us back already to A.C. 200, and to the Greeks, of whom Plautus was confessedly a copyist. Mounting upwards we ascend rapidly through the New, the Middle, and the Old Comedy. But comedy and tragedy —the drama altogether—is exclusively Attic. "If any Greek in a distant part," says Plato, "has written what he thinks a passable tragedy, he posts off with it to Athens. If it succeeds there, he is secure of a reputation wide as Greece." The Attic stage, and its Festivals of Dionysus at Athens, were the nursery of the comic drama of Europe. The nursery only, not the birthplace; for this we must go one stage further back. Doric, not Attic, was the native dialect of comedy. The earliest Attic writers of the "old comedy" drew their inspiration from abroad. Chionides and Magnes professed to build upon the foundation of the Megarian pantomime. It is in Epicharmus, of Doric Megara, that written comedy acknowledges its ancestor and inventor, and the era of its birth accordingly is between 480-500 B.C. Epicharmus had no predecessors, no models. He has been copied and adopted by many followers, but had himself none to copy. Beyond Epicharmus the tradition of the comic stage does not ascend.

What was Epicharmus? How came he to invent comedy? What are his plays like? These are questions of classical scholarship, but also of an interest wide as literature. Of course they are questions only to be answered from the plays themselves. Epicharmus, though not so prolific as M. Scribe, was no less fertile than writers for the stage usually are. But time has engulphed it all—all save about three hundred scattered lines, which have floated like so much wreck to the shore of our modern age. Of these three hundred lines some thirty or forty are suspected as spurious; that is, though found quoted from Epicharmus, are thought not to have been written by him. At least as many more are so corrupt that they defy emendation or conjecture. For these and other reasons there remain barely two hundred lines out of which the classical palæontologist may attempt to reconstruct a living image of the first comic poet, whose "works," in the Alexandrine recension of them, filled ten volumes.

This desperate undertaking was attempted six years ago by a German philologian, Herr Lorenz.[a] The three hundred lines require about as many pages for their elucidation. At first sight, we could not help suspecting these proportions of having something to do with professorial book-making. We were, therefore, agreeably surprised to find that very little could fairly be set down to this common sin of monographs. Even the first chapter, on "the Doric Drama," though it did but go over again ground thoroughly beaten by K. O. Müller, forms an indispensable prologue. The *Life of Epicharmus* had been well worked up by Bernhardy in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopädie*, but some few gleanings were still left. If Herr Lorenz anywhere indulged in superfluities, it was in the fifth chapter, in which, for want of materials, the growth of comedy was traced hypothetically. On the whole, we close his treatise with a satisfied conviction how much can be done from how few data, how certain the process of restoration is, and how clear is the line which, in historical philology, separates sound induction from fanciful suggestion.

Epicharmus was worth pains, for he was a very remarkable man. The inventor of comedy could hardly have been other. Epicharmus was no mere droll who set himself the task of amusing a rabid populace and a luxurious sovereign. He had appropriated all the best philosophical thinking of his age —the age of Xenophanes and Heraclitus. He, and probably his father before him, had been taught in the schools of the Pythagoreans, even if he had not known Pythagoras himself. More than this, Epicharmus was himself an original and powerful thinker, though he has not given his name to a particular system of opinion. Ennius entitled a Pythagorean didactic poem, *Epicharmus*, and one Alcimus wrote an essay (not extant) in which he tried to show that Plato's Dialogues had drawn largely from Epicharmus' comedies. So much we may assert of him, even if we do not (like Lorer) ascribe to him a philosophical poem, *Of Nature*, on precarious evidence. Though the allusion in Horace is peculiar, yet in that passage, (*Theætet.*, p. 152) it is not without significance that Homer and Epicharmus, on the one side, are set over against Protagoras, Heraclitus, and Empedocles on the other.

The invention of comedy demands the very highest gifts of mind, and especially this broad and philosophical knowledge of human nature. For the invention of comedy is not merely the invention of intrigue and plot, and its *dénouement*, drawn to a climax through a succession of scenes, of laughable situations, and ridiculous contrasts of character. It is all this, but it is much more. All true joking, as Jean Paul says, implies depth of character; moral indifference annihilates the distinction between jest and earnest, and in such a soil they cease to be. It is only experience, ripened by reflection, which enables us to see that the follies and errors of mankind have not merely a ridiculous side, but that they are so many indications of a one-sided undeveloped nature—that they spring from mental deformity, the consequence of a cramped education and a defective experience. No comic writer has attained greatness who has not placed himself on this platform. This witty irony which sympathizes with, and pities, while it understands, its victims, is the very rarest of intellectual gifts. Mockers, scoffers, persifleurs—Aristophanes and Lucian, Swift and Voltaire—belong to another, and an inferior, type. Rebelaisian laughter is compounded of vulgar elements, and all its philosophy consists in referring men's acts to selfish and sensual motives. Its satire is a sneer, and the scum of its wisdom is to deny the existence of virtue.

True comic genius is the opposite of this. Its sportive laugh is directed, not in bitterness against human nature, but against its foibles. It pays the highest homage to virtue, tending always towards an ideal perfection. It is of the utmost significance, then, that the first of comic poets, in the Platonic style Epicharmus, was a man of thorough philosophic culture. Only such a one was capable of opening the true vein of comedy. Of course the inventor of comedy owed much to suggestions and opportunities. Educated, if not born, in the Sicilian Megara, he was familiar from childhood with the broad forms of popular wit and street chaff. Of all the Doric towns, Megara distinguished itself by its turn for coarse banter and practical joke. Here, from of old, the Bacchus festivals were celebrated with all the wild license of the vintage season, with the personalities, the repartees, the home thrusts for which the Doric race and dialect were famous. The mimes and the murmurs, and the processions of the jolly Comastæ, in their harlequin dresses of many colours, were here at home. The waggon for a stage, the cork-tree bark for a mask, the

* *Leben und Schriften des Koer's Epicharmos, nebst einer Fragmenter sammlung.* Von. Aug. O. Fr. Lorenz. Berlin; 1864.

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adventures of Dionysus the wine-giver for a subject, the song and dance of the peasants for accompaniment—the materials of comedy were all ready to hand. All that was wanting was the master-mind to weave these elements into one whole, to exalt the *charicuri* of October to the dignity of poetry. We can easily imagine—certainly we cannot prove—the upward steps by which a genius and a training like that of Epicharmus advanced from rude farce to the true conception of comedy. We can imagine him in his mythological travesties—in *Pyrrha and Prometheus*, or *Hebe's Wedding*—giving the reins to his youthful exuberance, and lashing out on all sides strokes fair and foul upon the civic notabilities, where, as in a small town like Megara, everybody knew everybody. As he became conscious of his powers, he removed to a larger sphere, to Syracuse. This city had been at the moment of Epicharmus' visit in dour. Under Gelo and Hiero, Syracuse stood at the head of the Greek world. It was the most populous, the most wealthy, and the most civilised city in which the Greek tongue was spoken. If more refined wit and greater caution were here required, at least an audience was obtained capable of appreciating them both. Along with wealth and civilization followed, of course, luxury and vice. The *bourgeois* of Syracuse was notoriously fond of good living and the pleasures of the table. It is to this that we owe the preservation of a large part of the few scraps of Epicharmus which the grammarians have preserved; they contained ent-of-the-way words—the names of peculiar Syracusan dishes or cakes. But the Syracusan loved good talk along with his good cheer. The lively, cheerful, chatty temper of the Greek Sicilian was almost proverbial. It did not forsake him even under the worst of tyrannies—that of a debauched Roman Proconsul. "*Nunquam tam male est Siculis, quin aliquid facete et commode dicant,*" says Cicero. Under Gelo, provided you did not touch upon home politics, no doubt there was a free career for the dramatic satirist. And Hiero was the munificent patron of every kind, but especially of wit and humour. This was the very sphere for the comic drama, and all that was wanting was the poet. Epicharmus came, and created comedy. To this man was given the eye to see that underneath the rough repartee and rude witticism of the common man there lies a deep principal, which pervades all life; that these are but the ill regulated outbreaks of an ideal necessity, which is ever prompting to place the bad and the imperfect in sharp contrast with the excellent and the perfect. Vice is not the direct object of comedy. Vice is the object of satire; it is not laughable. To have been the first to seize this point of view is to have been the inventor of comedy. This is the invention which is associated for ever with the name of Epicharmus.

WAIFS.

Parisina has failed at Venice by reason of indifferent execution.

Herren Joachim and Rubinstein have been playing in Dresden.

M. Offenbach has gone to Vienna, where he will direct *Vert-Vert*.

Madame Adelina Patti has gained a new triumph at St. Petersburgh in *Linda di Chamouni*.

I Diritti di Antore says there are 927 theatres in Italy, distributed among 690 towns and communes.

The Hague municipal council has voted 15,000 florins as a subvention to the theatre for the present year.

Madame Marie Sass has signed an engagement to sing in St. Petersburgh during October and November next.

The Paris theatres, concert-rooms, &c., received during December 1,914,441 francs.

M. Battu, a violinist of distinction and father of Mdlle. Marie Battu, died last week in Paris.

The Symphony, at the Crystal Palace to-day, is Beethoven's in F (No. 8).

M. Pasdeloup definitely resigns his connection with the Théâtre Lyrique, on February 1st.

Herr Joseph Joachim makes his first appearance for the season to-day, at the Saturday Popular Concerts, in St. James's Hall.

Mr. Leigh Murray, the justly celebrated actor, died suddenly on Monday week in his 49th year.

The reported dismissal of M. Georges Hainl, *chef d'orchestre* at the Grand Opéra, is contradicted. His engagement has, in reality, been renewed.

Mdlle. Luisa Cari (Louisa Carey), the young American contralto, has been engaged by M. Strakosch for the approaching tour in Germany with Rosini's *Messe*.

We are glad to hear that it has been decided to give Mr. Frederic Cowen's symphony in C minor at one of the remaining Crystal Palace concerts this season.

The municipal council of Nantes have refused a subvention to the theatre; but, at the same time, have appointed a commission to examine and report on the matter.

Signor Randegger will conduct a performance of Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* in St. James's Hall, some time during February. Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged.

We (*Punch*) read in a contemporary that it is proposed to give all railway whistles a musical pitch. We are for pitching them overboard altogether.

The best conducted people to be met with anywhere in London are the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, when under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, at Exeter Hall.—*Punch*.

The Empress Eugenie gave a luncheon on Monday week, after which an unpublished work by an unnamed author was performed. This definite news is from *La France Musicale*.

The Birmingham Festival committee have finally decided not to perform the *Prodigal Son*. On this we simply remark that the Birmingham committee appear not to know what is good for themselves.

Mr. Benedict is, we are informed, at present busily engaged with his oratorio, *St. Peter*. The first part is said to be nearly completed. The oratorio, as our readers are aware, is to be given at the Birmingham Festival in the autumn of the present year.

The festival at Bonn, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth, is to take place in August, and to last three days; during which time the most important of the master's works will be performed.

The last concert of the Paris Conservatoire had in its programme these works:—Choral Symphony, Beethoven; Romance from Symphony (*La Reine*) Haydn; "Ave verum," Hauptmann; Overture (*Der Freyschutz*, Weber.

M. Pasdeloup's latest programme was this:—Symphony in D major, Mozart; Andante from 5th, and Fugue from 7th quartet, Beethoven; Symphony, *Reformation*, Mendelssohn; Intermezzo, Lachner; Overture, *Flying Dutchman*, Wagner.

Several musicsellers in Strasburg and other French towns on the German frontier, have been prosecuted for selling German editions of French works. They were fined, and rightly served, for the brain labourer is worthy of his hire.

A correspondent writes us word that Miss Geraldine Somers has been most successful in her tour with Miss Kate Gordon. The *Waterford Chronicle* says:—"Miss Geraldine Somers' fine contralto voice was heard with much effect in the opening of 'Ti prego,' and in Handel's recit. and aria, 'Lascia chio pianga.' Miss Somers showed executive powers of a high order."

The Italian Opera is being rather roughly handled in Philadelphia. The papers says it has a "miscegenation chorus—that Maretzek has nothing to do with the management of the affair, but that it is "run" by an Italian gentleman of the name of Levy. Can this be so? We (*Watson*) admit that it is possible, for we have heard the name of Levy before.

Miss Rose Hersee has been singing at St. Louis lately with the Parepa-Rosa *trompe*. *St. Louis Times* speaking of the performance of *Fra Diavolo*, thus writes about Miss Hersee:—

"She makes an admirable Zerlina, and while confirming both in vocal and dramatic ability all that has been said about her, evinces even more talent than we expected."

The man who, when a lad, helped to dig the grave of Mozart, and who, in 1852, pointed out that unhonoured receptacle, died lately in Vienna. The following conversation is said to have taken place between him and the driver of the hearse:—"Are there any carriages?" Not one. "Whom have you there, then?" "A chapel-master." "Oh! these musicians, they are poor fellows. I see that I shan't receive a kreutzer." "I believe you, I have not even had a trifle for drink."

Mr. Santley's first Provincial Concert Tour began at Brighton, on Monday evening. Concerts have been given during the week, at Bristol, Bath, Chester, and Warrington. A concert is announced at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, for this evening. Associated with Mr. Santley are Madame Sinico, Miss Annie Edmonds, Signor Foli, Herr Wilhelmj, and Madame Arabella Goddard, with Mr. Sidney Naylor, as pianoforte accompanist. The managing director of the tour is Mr. Edward Murray.

M. Raphael Felix has organized the following company wherewith to give a series of *opéra-bouffe* performances during next season in the United Kingdom:—Mesdames Schneider, Pradal, Monnier, Daguy, Descamps; MM. Carrier, Beckers, Tayau, Desmonts, Petit, Leroux, Bury. *Chef d'orchestre*, M. Vizentini. The repertory includes *La Grande Duchesse*, *Orphée aux Enfers*, *Barbe-Bleue*, *La Périchole*, and *Les Deux Aveugles*.

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MUSIC HATH NOT ALWAYS CHARMS.—M. Gresland, a manufacturer of Paris, is owner of a large piece of land, on which he has established his works and taken up his residence. The City of Paris owns the adjoining plot, and has fixed a school there. The authorities made openings looking upon the other's premises, which he at first paid no attention to, never imagined that they would prove a nuisance; but the three hundred children assembled learn to read by singing altogether a monotonous tune, extremely disagreeable to him. M. Gresland, in consequence, brought an action against the Prefect of the Seine to cause the openings to be closed, and the Civil Tribunal has now given his sanction to that course, and ordered the city to pay a fine of 50f. for each window made.

We read the following in the *Daily News*:—

"Is there a cure for the venom of a snake? Hitherto we know that the bites of venomous snakes have formed the despair of medical science. Reports from Australia, however, assure us that Professor Halford has discovered a remedy in the injection of ammonia. Two instances of success are recorded from Victoria. In one case an hour and a half had elapsed before the application; in the other, thirteen or fourteen hours—yet both ended in rapid recovery. We are so accustomed to hear some infallible cure for hydrophobia, which proves to be no cure at all, that we read this with reserve; yet the reports are so persistent, that they deserve attention."

Why not try injections of ammonia in hydrophaie cases?

A correspondent of the *Gaulois*, speaking of a delay in the first performance of *Frou-frou* at Rome, tells us that in the "Eternal City" there is not one censor, but three censors—a censor for politics, a censor for religion, and a censor for costumes and morality! If each of these censors could have his own way, very little of any piece submitted to them would be left. But, fortunately, the political censor thinks the religious censor absurdly strict; the religious censor has no patience with the severity of the political censor; and both object to the excessive prudery manifested by the censor for costume and morality. In short, each of the three censors is controlled by the other two, and *Frou-frou* would have passed without correction or protest, and would have been produced without delay but for an accident which obviously concerned the censor for costume: at the last moment the heroine's dresses had not arrived.—*The Graphic.*

The following slashing criticism appears in *Watson*:—

"Mr. Wm. Bergé was the organist and his performance was very mediocre. He treats the instrument as he would a cast-iron piano, and thrashes it unmercifully. Under his hands it has neither grandeur nor sweetness. His extemporaneous performance was unworthy of a dull school-boy. It was without form, totally deficient in imagination, a mere jingling together of common-place subjects, half Italian *stretti* and half polkas, and none of them amounting to a melody. The beginning had no reference to the end, nor the middle to either. His attempted delineation of a storm was but a tempest in a tea-pot, and could only be recognized as an elemental war through the mechanical appliances, which he uses very badly. His combinations are rarely effective, and never beautiful; his modulations are awkward, and his resources in harmony very limited; his use of the solo stops is generally ineffective, from the fact that sufficient support is not given by the left hand, which is constrained in consequence of the pedals only being used as a double to the little finger and rarely, moving independantly. Sometimes, of course, in *points d'orgue*, he trusts himself to an independent bass, but rarely otherwise. It is idle to call this organ-playing, it is time that the public should ask themselves, whas they hear such a jumble of pointless erudities,—' What does it mean? Is it music?' And when they hear a tremendous bapping and jumping crash, in which the harmonies are so mixed up that the sequence cannot be distinguished, and the sound gasps instead of rolls, they shall say, 'Is this the grandeur of power, or of a muddle, a row, or a racket?'"

The transplantation of M. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* to the city from which that most cosmopolitan of damsels originally sprang, has recalled an incident which occurred during the rehearsals of his *Puits d'Amour* at the Opéra Comique in 1843. This, by-the-bye, being the only opera by the English composer known to French journalists, is coolly put down by them as being the last he wrote. A Parisian's world is bounded by the boulevards. At the time that the "*puits d'amour*" was being dug, M. Auber was much interested in the career of Madame Anna Thillon, and obtained for her an engagement to play the chief character. The post of honour was the post of danger. The heroine has to leap into the *puits* which gives its name to the piece, and the considerate *maestro* was sorely concerned lest the *prima donna* should break some bones in the "well of love." There were mattresses galore, but M. Auber was not satisfied; he so worried every one concerned, that at last the stage-manager lost all patience, and cried out, "Well, if you are so much interested in Madame Thillon, you had better try it yourself." No sooner said than done. The Director of the Conservatoire was at that time under sixty; with the impetuosity of youth, he leaped into the well, and "came up smiling"—only to meet other smiles, however, which were dangerously significant. Among the strollers was Madame Thillon's husband, to whom the composer said, I am still not at all convinced about Madame's safety; she is much stouter than I am. Now you are of about the same size; if you jump in and are not hurt, there will be no cause for fear." The husband did as he was bid—as husbands always do—and that gay young spark, the author of the *Rêve d'Amour*, had the laugh on his side after all.—*The Graphic.*

Five times in the course of the twenty-four hours are the faithful Turks summoned to prayer by the (generally blind) Muezzin; the first time a little after sunset, next at nightfall, then at daybreak, further at noon, and, finally, when the sun begins to decline. There are, however, two other calls to prayer besides, during the night, to raise pervent desirous of performing supererogatory acts of devotion. A little after midnight is the time fixed for the first of these two calls, which is therefore called "*Ulah.*" We quote Mr. Deutsch (*Quarterly Review*, Art. "*Islam*," p. 343):—

"May be, some stray reader remembers a certain thrill an waking suddenly in the middle of his first night on Eastern soil—waking, as it were, from dream to dream. For there came a voice, solitary, sweet, sonorous, floating from on high through the moonlight stillness—the voice of the blind Muezzin, singing the Ulah, or first Call to Prayer. At the second whereof many a white figure would move silently on the low roofs, and not merely, like the palm and cypresses around, bow his head, but prostrate, and bend his knees. And the sounds went and came, 'Allah Akbar. . . . Prayer is better than sleep. . . . There is no God but He. . . . He giveth life, and He dieth not. . . . Oh! Thou Bountiful. . . . Thy mercy ceaseth not. . . . My sins are great, greater is Thy mercy. . . . I extol His perfection. . . . Allahu Akbar!'"

And this reader may have a vague notion of Arabic and Koranic sound, one which he will never forget.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper contains the following eulogistic notice of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, who are now starring in the States:—

"Although both of these artists are of the same race—the dominant Anglo-Saxon—they are nevertheless of different countries, and come from either side of the great herring-pond, denominated in romantic parlance, the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Paul was originally an American, although whether he now calls himself one or not, it would be hard to say, as his reputation was first made, to a large extent, in England. Being naturally of a wandering disposition, and finding himself at a loss to obtain a livelihood in his native land, of a corresponding genius to his own, he set out upon his travels in search of one. Finally he brought up in Great Britain, where, as Fortune would have it, he found the very lady he was in search of—his present spouse. He is frankly to be congratulated upon the good luck that attended his search. Mr. and Mrs. Paul as husband and wife so admirably suited each other in public, and of course in private life. Admirable actor and actress as each of them are, they have both a rare musical organization, thoroughly adapted to the line of eccentric comedy in which Howard Paul is so pre-eminent as a master and his lady as a mistress. Indeed, as a comic vocalist, it would be difficult to name an actor who may be ranked as the gentleman's equal. At the same time, from their mutual assistance they are enabled to present the public with a much wider and larger range of character than any single artist—did he possess the versatile genius the versatility of the elder Mathews—could possibly do. Since their former visit to this country they have been 'starring' throughout England, and have now returned here with an added list of theatrical characterizations, which has at once stamped their success in the early weeks they have lately appeared, and which will very certainly be warmly received in New York, where they have left so agreeable a memory of their vivacity, their talent, and their capability of entertaining an audience, by what may be termed, without flattery, their unrivalled skill in personal eccentric comedy."

There appears to be want of harmony among the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Dumfries. One of the Scotch papers says that Provost Harkness lately resigned his office as conductor of the choir, and Mr. Wright was appointed in his place. On last Sabbath morning Mr. Wright appeared at the precentor's desk; but unfortunately for him there was also present, in the choir-seat, Mr. William Kerr, formerly a member of the choir, along with a number of male and female juveniles, who, it was presumed, were to assist in the singing. The tune chosen by Mr. Wright was Hebron, hitherto been led by a harmonium, but on Sabbath last the instrument was not used. When the minister gave out the 83rd Psalm verse 3, commencing "Oh send Thy light forth and Thy truth," Mr. Wright gave the key-note and commenced to sing "Invocation," but here Mr. Kerr and his young friends—for reasons best known to themselves—struck up "St. Ann's." The struggle between the two parties is described as having been very distressing. At length, Mr. Wright, seeing he had no chance of competing against such terrible odds, desisted, and the others sang on till the psalm was finished, but at such a pitch that their own voices could not do more than "tip" the higher notes. Several members of the congregation in the meantime picked up their bibles and left the church, and the minister took

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his seat in the pulpit, unable evidently to control his own feelings. It seems a melancholy business altogether, but it is perhaps as well that the minister has a difficulty in controlling his feelings, for possibly in may in a rash moment turn the whole party out of his church, and get on without singing until the rival performers have adjusted their differences outside the sacred edifice.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Haitsinger, a once celebrated tenor, died lately, at the advanced age of eighty.

BRUSSELS.—A new opera by the Baroness de Maistre will shortly be produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The fair composer superintends the rehearsals herself.

BONN.—The musical library of the late Professor Otto Jahn is offered for sale. The price is fixed at ten thousand thalers.—Great preparations are being made to celebrate, becomingly, Beethoven's centenary, in August.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The programme for the Forty-Seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, which, as announced in last week's number of the *Musical World*, will take place here at Whitsuntide, under the direction of Herr Franz Lachner, is, at length, definitely settled. It will comprise, on the first day, Beethoven's *Missa solemnis* and *Sinfonia Eroica*; on the second day, the same composer's grand "*Leonore* Overture," and Handel's *Deborah*; and, on the third day, a miscellaneous selection, vocal and instrumental.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller conducted at the fifth concert of the Russian Musical Society. The following was the programme on the occasion:—" Fingal's Cave Overture," Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Max Bruch (Herr Auber); Ferdinand Hiller's Overture to Schiller's tragedy of *Demetrius*; Adagio for Violin, Hiller; "Perpetuum mobile," Paganini (Herren F. Hiller and Auber); and Symphony No. 3, in E flat major, Beethoven. Herr Ferdinand Hiller was most warmly received and enthusiastically applauded.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was lately produced at the Russian Operahouse, Mdlle. Lawrojsky particularly distinguishing herself as Fides.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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MADAME MARIE STOCKEN will sing the grand Scena from Ambroise Thomas's "HAMLET," at the New Concert Hall, St. John's Wood, on February 10 h.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Balfe's admired song, "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," at Mr. J. Greenhill's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Henry Smart's popular song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Mr. J. Greenhill's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21st.

MR. GREENHILL will sing his new song, "OH! WHISPER BUT THE GENTLE WORD," at Miss Fanny Poole's Concert, at the Pimlico Rooms, February 25th.

MISS GERTRUDE MAYFIELD will sing Randegger's popular song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Mrs. Montague Symond's Concert, on the 10th inst.

MISS LILY SIMESTER will sing Benedict's new song, "LITTLE WILLIE," at her Concert, at the Hotel Assembly Rooms, Kensington, on Monday Evening, February 7th.

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MR. J. GREENHILL will sing Meyerbeer's admired song, "HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN" Clarionet obbligato, Mr. Clinton) at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

MR. J. GREENHILL will sing his new song, "OH! WHISPER BUT THE GENTLE WORD," at his concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

MISS SEAGRAVE (Pupil of Madame Monsterrat) will sing Wellington Guernsey's popular waltz aria, "THE NAIADES," at the Beethoven Rooms, February 11th.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing Ascher's popular Song—"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" Benedict's Romance, "NITLLA DA TE BEL ANGELO," and the Tenor part of Randegger's Trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Madame Montserrat's Soiree Musicale, 11th February, at the Beethoven Rooms.

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LIKE TO LIKE.

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(*Continued from page* 70.)

ACT II.

A room at Mr. Vivian's. Sofa and piano L., work-table and fire-place R. Susan and Tootle, entering together.

Susan. Are you the man from the theatre?

Tootle. Yes, young woman, I am the man from the theatre. That is to say, I am the prompter. Lord Walsingham sent me.

Susan. Then you had better wait.

Tootle. I will wait as long as you please. (*Exit Susan.*) So they are going to play at acting in this house! Ah, if they only knew what a serious business it is!

Isabel (outside). Susan, send to Bond Street at once. I am going out to dinner and must have the dress by six o'clock. (*She enters.*) You have not been long coming.

Tootle. As soon as I heard it was for you, ma'am——

Isabel. But you don't know me?

Tootle. I beg your pardon, ma'am.

Isabel. But how so?

Tootle. I've often seen you at the theatre, ma'am. I know your father, ma'am, also. I have seen him at the stage door, waiting for Miss——

Isabel (interrupting him). And what have you brought me?

Tootle. The part of Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, carefully written out, with all the business marked.

Isabel. The business?

Tootle. Yes, everything that has to be done and the way of doing it. You will find it very useful. In fact, you could not do without it. If, ma'am, you would like me to hear you read the part?

Isabel. Certainly I should. Just let me look at it. (*Takes the book from him. A tap at the door is heard.*) What is it? I am engaged.

Vivian (outside). It is I, my dear.

Isabel. Oh, it is you! Come in. (*Enter Vivian.*) This is Mr. Tootle. (*To Tootle.*) Let us go on, please.

Vivian. Oh.

Isabel. You know what it is? It is for that little piece I am to play in, *Antony and Cleopatra*. (*Vivian makes a slight gesture of dissatisfaction.*) You consented—besides it is for the poor. Mr. Tootle was going to hear me read the part.

Vivian. Well, I had something rather important to say to you. I am really very sorry to have interrupted you.

Isabel. Oh! then I will read the part another time. Another time, Mr. Tootle, another time.

Tootle (rising). Whenever you wish, ma'am. Always at your service, if you will only send word. 20, Judd Street, Tottenham Court Road, will always find me.

Vivian. Good morning, Mr. Tootle. [*Exit Tootle.*

Isabel. You know what it is for? The magnificent amateur performance that Lady Lorimer is getting up. (*Sits down on the sofa.*)

Vivian. And what will Lady Lorimer play in this magnificent amateur performance?

Isabel. Lady Lorimer will play nothing.

Vivian. Nothing at all?

Isabel. Nothing at all. She has enough to do with getting it up.

Vivian. That is so like Lady Lorimer.

Isabel. How so?

Vivian. She is very clever at making other people exhibit themselves, but you won't catch her exhibiting herself.

Isabel. You mean by that——

Vivian. I mean that you will be on the stage, while she will be sitting quietly in front looking at you and making her reflections.

Isabel. You don't like her.

Vivian. I neither like nor dislike her. I say that she is a clever woman, that is all.

Isabel. What am I then?

Vivian. The most charming, the most adorable little actress in the world.

Isabel. I am glad to hear it. But you had something to say to me?

Vivian. Yes.

Isabel (reading the part brought to her by Tootle). Well, what is it about?

Vivian. About something that may, perhaps, take us a very long way from Mr. Tootse.

* This version is sanctioned by the authors and published with their approval, in conformity with the requirements of the International Copyright Act of 1852 (signed H. Meilhac, Ludovic Halévy. Paris, January 26, 1870).

Isabel. Something serious, then.

Vivian. Very serious indeed.

Isabel (still reading). So much the better.

Vivian. My dear Isabel, I wanted for one moment——

Isabel. What is a débardeur's dress like?

Vivian. Really——

Isabel. No, no. However serious you may be you can't make me believe that you don't know what a débardeur's dress is like.

Vivian. Well, how shall I describe it? A débardeur's dress consists of a loose silk shirt, a pair of—let us say trousers, made of satin or velvet. I don't exactly know which.

Isabel. What besides?

Vivian. And buttons, quantities of buttons.

Isabel. What besides?

Vivian. A little cap on the side of the head.

Isabel. What besides?

Vivian. Nothing besides. That is all.

Isabel. I can't wear such a dress as that—not even for the poor. I won't think of something else. But I am listening to you, my love. What were you going to say?

Vivian. I saw the minister this morning.

Isabel (with vivacity). And did you ask him to come?

Vivian. Come where?

Isabel. To the performance.

Vivian. No, I did not speak about it, but I will. He was talking about my affairs. He wants me to go abroad again.

Isabel (alarmed). Abroad!

Vivian. It is quite clear that I can't get on in diplomacy by remaining in England.

Isabel. And what does he offer you abroad?

Vivian. Carlsruhe—the post of minister at Carlsruhe.

Isabel. Minister at Carlsruhe? Is it a good thing to be minister at Carlsruhe?

Vivian. Very good indeed!

Isabel. Ah! and how far is it from London to Carlsruhe?

Vivian. Oh, several hundred miles. It takes nearly thirty hours if you go through Paris.

Isabel. About as far as Baden-Baden?

Vivian. Baden is close by.

Isabel. Baden close to Carlsruhe? Why didn't you tell me at once?

Vivian. Baden is close by.

Isabel. Well, I will go and pass the summer at Baden with you, and the rest of the year you must come and see me as often as you can.

Vivian. Ah!

Isabel. Indeed, I make no promise—but it is not at all impossible that I shall now and then go and take you by surprise; but I make no promise.

Vivian. That is all very well, but——

Isabel (astonished). You surely did not think of taking me with you to Carlsruhe?

Vivian. Indeed I did.

Isabel. What, alone? Both of us alone all through the year?

Vivian. Well?

Isabel. But, my dear Henry, we should die—of happiness no doubt—but we should certainly die. Just think, my love, whether it's possible. What should I do without the London season? What would the London season do without me?

Vivian. Strictly speaking, I think the London season might do without you.

Isabel (with a look of doubt). Ah!

Vivian. But you without the London season?—certainly not!

Isabel. Well then?

Vivian. Well then, I see that I have one of two things to do. Either to go to Carlsruhe without you or to refuse the post.

Isabel. And?

Vivian. And I have made up my mind.

Isabel (with some anxiety). You are not going away without me?

Vivian. No. I refuse the post.

Isabel. Ah! that is admirable on your part.

Vivian. Admirable, is it? I am not at all sure of that. But what I am quite sure of is that I should not have the heart to do anything else.

Isabel. You still love me a little, then—after being married four years.

Vivian. Yes, I do love you, love you immensely, but I am afraid I do not love you in the proper manner.

Isabel. Oh yes you do, you do indeed. The best way for a man to love his wife is to do everything she wishes, because then the wife makes it a point of honour to do everything her husband wishes.

Vivian. Then, if I were to ask you a favour?

Isabel. After what you have just done for me, how can you have any doubt?

Vivian. Indeed?

Isabel. Indeed!

Vivian. If I asked you then not to play in this piece.

Isabel (dropping her arms). My dear Henry!

Vivian. Well?

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Isabel. I thought you were going to ask something reasonable. How can I refuse now? It is impossible—and you will see how pretty I shall look. I must wear that curious débardeur's dress, but I will make some alterations in it, and I shall look so pretty and shall have so much success, and you will watch me from your corner of the room, and will say to yourself: that's my own little wife that they are applauding so much.

Vivian. Of course if you *will* have it.

Isabel. And you will be so pleased!

Vivian. Well, well. Then I will leave you.

Isabel. Where are you going?

Vivian. To the Foreign Office, to deliver my sensible answer. I shall look for George in the park as I am going along.

Isabel. Isn't George at home?

Vivian. No. The weather is so fine I thought he had better go out for a walk. He was not well this morning.

Isabel. Not well this morning?

Vivian. Did you not know it? But it is nothing serious.

Isabel. How could I know it? I said that they were to bring him into my room every morning. (*Pulls the bell violently.*) And this morning, now I think of it, they omitted to do so. [*Enter Susan from the back.*

Susan. You wish to try your dress on ma'am? It is quite ready.

Isabel. No, I was not thinking of that. Why was not George brought to my room this morning?

Susan. I did bring him to you ma'am, but you were asleep ma'am, and yesterday when we took him up to you and waked you up, you were rather cross.

Isabel. What?

Vivian (*to Isabel*). Never mind. Susan, leave the room! [*Exit Susan.*

Isabel. Rather cross? Impertinent girl!

Vivian. I told her to leave the room (*smiling*), but I must say I think she was perfectly right

Isabel (*makes a sign of petulance*).

Vivian. Well, I must go to the Foreign Office.

Isabel. Go! but give me a kiss first.

Vivian (*kissing her*). Ah, Isabel, Isabel!

Isabel. You must let me know what the minister says to you.

Vivian. Directly I have seen him.

Isabel. Don't be too long; you know I have to dine with Lady Lorimer to-day.

Vivian. Oh yes, that dinner party!

Isabel. Yes, that dinner party, from which all husbands are excluded, that we may have full liberty to talk of our costumes.

Vivian. Of your costumes, but not Lady Lorimer's, for she takes very good care to keep to her own.

Isabel. She must certainly have done something to annoy you. So you will dine at the club?

Vivian. No, I have some writing to do. I shall dine at home.

Isabel. What, all alone?

Vivian. Oh, with George I shall not be alone. Well, good-bye for the present. [*Exit.*

Isabel. With George he will not be alone! I know what he means, but nothing can be more unjust. (*Looks at the clock.*) Already ten minutes to four. (*Sits down on the sofa.*) As if I did not care for my child. I am as much with him as any mother I know of is with hers. I can't take him out in the park with his hoop (*laughs*). I don't know, though; I don't see why I shouldn't. He is such a nice little boy. But it is ten minutes to four, and at four o'clock Lady Lorimer comes with Lord Walsingham for the rehearsal, and I shall not know one word of my part.

Enter Royston.

Isabel. Ah, papa?

Royston. Well, do you know your part?

Isabel. Pretty well.

Royston. I wish I was going to be here to see you in it.

Isabel. So you will. But how is Louisa?

Royston. Louisa is quite well. As for me, I am going abroad.

Isabel. Abroad?

Royston. Yes. To-morrow evening.

Isabel. And where are you going?

Royston. To Bohemia.

Isabel (*stifling her laughter*). To Bohemia?

Royston. Yes, to Bohemia. What is there so laughable in that?

Isabel (*laughing more and more*). I don't know.

Royston. This requires some explanation, Isabel.

Isabel. I will tell you then. When you said you were going to Bohemia——

Royston. Well?

Isabel. A foolish idea came into my head.

Royston. What about?

Isabel. About the possibility of your finding yourself very much at home in Bohemia.

Royston. Isabel, this is not altogether becoming on your part.

Isabel. I did not want to say it. You know you forced me to it. So you will not be here to applaud me?

Royston. No, and I am very sorry for it.

Isabel. And what are you going to do in Bohemia?

Royston. I am going to spend three months at Prague.

Isabel. You have been appointed minister?

Royston. Minister?

Isabel. Well, some post at all events is—in the choreographic service. (*Royston seems annoyed.*) No. I don't mean anything. I beg your pardon, papa.

Royston. But you must really listen to me for a moment, I want to speak to you about Louisa.

Isabel. Oh yes, I forgot. Of course you can't take her with you.

Royston. Naturally——because (*they look at one another; smiles; signs of intelligence exchanged*), at all events I can't take her with me.

Isabel. Well, let her come here; let her come at once.

Royston. That certainly would be the best thing, but she wants to pass the whole time with your cousins in the North of Scotland.

Isabel. It is not the season for Scotland. The idea of such a thing! She shall come here, not for three months or for six months, but for ever, since she is absolutely determined not to get married. You know how fond I am of Louisa (*kissing her father*) and of you also, papa. You know that, however slighty I may be, I have really a great affection for you both. How often I have begged her to come and stay with us, and how decidedly she has always refused. I have been quite astonished at her per-sistence.

Royston. There is nothing astonishing in it. She thinks she might be in the way.

Isabel. We have twice as many rooms as we want.

Royston. No, that's not it. She is afraid she might interfere with your happiness.

Isabel. Ah! There might have been something in that during the first fortnight, but when we have been married four years.

Royston. Don't talk in that style to Louisa. She won't like it.

Isabel. All I shall do will be to say everything I can to make her stay with us. Send her to me, or shall I go and fetch her?

Royston. It is useless, she is coming to see you this very day. All you need do when once you have her here is to keep her.

Isabel. And I will, if I have to lock all the doors. As for being in the way, she need not be at all afraid of that.

Royston (*assuming a serious air*). I don't like to hear you say such things. Are you unhappy? Does your husband?—— If so, it will be my duty——

Isabel (*as if laughing at him*). Oh papa, papa!

Royston. I repeat that my duty as a father——

Isabel. Who is it you are going to take to Prague? (*Royston makes a deprecatory gesture.*)

Servant opens the door. Enter Lady Lorimer.

Lady L. Can I come in?

Isabel. Certainly.

Royston. I am delighted to see you, Lady Lorimer, delighted to have an opportunity of shaking hands with you before my departure.

Lady L. You are really going to Prague? A foreign engagement, I suppose?

Isabel (*laughing*). That was my idea, also.

Royston (*to Isabel*). Don't believe one word of anything Lady Lorimer may tell you. (*Kisses her.*) I will come and see you before I leave, you and Louisa also, for I am sure you will persuade her to stay.

Isabel. Certainly, I will.

Royston. Good-bye, then, until to morrow (*shakes hands with Lady L.*), good-bye.

Lady L. Good-bye, Bohemian. You will feel at home in your native capital.

Royston (*solemnly*). Lady Lorimer, you are mistaken. Look at my grey hair.

Lady L. (*looking at Royston's hair, which is dyed*). Your what?

Royston. I am always forgetting that I did not consider myself worthy to wear it.

Isabel (*walking towards him*). What do you say?

Royston. Nothing, good-bye. [*Exit.*

Lady L. (*sitting down on the sofa*). What was your father saying to you just now? That you were sure to keep Louisa—keep her where?

Isabel. Why, here!

Lady L. Here!

Isabel. Yes, Louisa is coming to stay with us while papa is away, and when she is once here, I hope——

Lady L. You hope?

Isabel. I hope she will remain.

Lady L. (*pointedly*). Ah! (*A pause.*) And she will go with you to Carlsruhe?

Isabel. To Carlsruhe?

Lady L. I suppose you are going there? Mr. Vivian is appointed minister.

Isabel. No, indeed, I am not going to Carlsruhe.

Lady L. Is he going by himself?

Isabel. He is not going at all—he has refused.

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Lady L. Accept my compliments, my love. That is something like devotion (*laughs*). After that it is superfluous to ask you whether he consents to your taking part in the amateur performance?

Isabel (*shaking her head*). Oh, as to that, as a matter of course, he consents, but——

Lady L. Do you know your part?

Isabel. Pretty well, with the exception of the last scene.

Lady L. We had better rehearse it, then.

Isabel. I think so. I have rehearsed part of it already.

Lady L. With whom?

Isabel. With papa.

Lady L. With papa? What a thing it is to have such a father. He is a perfect treasure. Did I tell you that everything was going on so well? It is your piece, you know, and you will take the money. The receipts will be enormous. Just fancy, I have already sold twenty tickets at a guinea apiece.

Isabel. Sold them?

Lady L. It is for the poor, and all my friends will be obliged to take tickets.

Isabel. Yes, if you don't mind asking them.

Lady L. Not in the least. It is for the poor.

Isabel. But if people pay so much money they will be difficult to please.

Lady L. Oh no. And if they are, you will look charming in the part of Cleopatra, and Lord Walsingham will not be at all bad as Antony.

Isabel (*interrupting her*). Yes, when he has made up his mind to learn his part.

Lady L. Oh, he will know it well enough. He has one very important qualification for the character—he is over head and ears in love with his Cleopatra.

Isabel. Lord Walsingham in love! What are you talking about?

Lady L. Certainly he is.

Isabel. How can you, who know him so well, entertain such a wild idea.

Lady L. It is precisely because I know how Lord Walsingham behaves when he pretends to be in love, that I am sure what I say is true. For once he is seriously, hopelessly in love, and I really believe it is the first time in his life.

Isabel. You are talking nonsense, my dear.

Lady L. Do you think so?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Lord Walsingham.

Enter Lord Walsingham.

Lady L. Well, we shall soon see.

Walsingham. How do you do, Lady Lorimer?

Lady L. How do you do? Why don't you congratulate Mrs. Vivian?

Walsingham. Congratulate her?

Lady L. The news was quite true. Mr. Vivian has been appointed minister at Carlsruhe, and they start next week.

Walsingham. Oh!

Lady L. Directly after the performance.

Walsingham (*with emotion*). Are you really going away?

Lady L. (*aside to Isabel*). Well! what do you say now?

Isabel (*a little embarrassed*). Let us go on with the piece.

Lady L. (*to Lord Walsingham*). No, she is not going away. How could she?

Isabel. Go on with the piece, go on with the piece.

Walsingham. Yes. Where shall we begin?

Isabel. I want to see how the last scene is done. We have not rehearsed it yet.

Walsingham. I don't quite know the last scene myself.

Isabel. Neither the last scene nor the first.

Walsingham. What! you think I don't know my part. What a thing to say, when I was up all last night studying it! There, I will do it without the book. I will go through it from beginning to end without the book. (*To Lady L.*) But you must prompt me.

Lady L. (*laughing*). Don't be afraid.

Isabel. What are we to do for scenery.

Walsingham. Scenery! Here is the scenery (*placing two chairs together in the middle of the stage*). There is the wall which separates the two rooms; there, between these two chairs, is the door (*he places a third chair*). Cleopatra in her room, Antony in his.

Isabel. Not at all. In the last scene——

Lady L. Cleopatra is in Antony's room.

Walsingham. And Antony in Cleopatra's; you are quite right. Are you ready?

Isabel. We are ready. (*To Lady L.*) And you my dear?

Lady L. I, as usual, will be stage-manager. Give me the book. (*Isabel gives her the book. She sits down on the sofa.*) Now then, go on.

Isabel. We begin from the arrival of the man with the execution. A voice is heard out-side. Cleopatra is alarmed.

Walsingham. Then Antony goes on——and you say I don't know my part (*acting*). "They have come to seize my furniture and everything that belongs to me."

Isabel (*acting*). "Oh, dear! then they'll seize me."

Lady L. Very good.

Isabel. Yes. That is a point. "Oh, dear! then they'll seize me."

Lady L. Now, Lord Walsingham. "Ah! transporting confession——"

Walsingham. Oh, I know it by heart. "Ah! transporting confession—you are mine!"

Isabel. "Yes, yes, my beloved hussar."

Lady L. "Voice without. Will you open the door?"

Walsingham. "At such a moment. Unfeeling scoundrels! Ah, Cleopatra, my angel, open the door. I'll remove the furniture into your room."

Isabel. "Into my room?"

Walsingham. "What does it matter, when we are going to be married."

Isabel. "In a church."

Lady L. You should say that more quickly—with more emphasis.

Isabel. Did not I say it properly?

Lady L. No, you said it like this (*imitating her*): "In a church."

Isabel. Let us have the passage again, Lord Walsingham.

Walsingham. With pleasure. "What does it matter when we are going to be married?"

Isabel (*with more point*). "In a church?" Is that right?

Lady L. Quite right!

Isabel (*repeating the words with the same point*). "In a church?"

Walsingham. "Of course. Please open the door."

Isabel. "Wait a moment." What do I do then?

Lady L. (*reading from the book*). "Cleopatra unbolts the door."

Walsingham. And Antony passes into her room. "Lovely Sylphide!" (*he approaches Isabel as if to kiss her*).

Isabel. What are you doing? (*she moves away from him*).

Lady L. What is the matter?

Walsingham. Mrs. Vivian won't let me——

Lady L. Oh, yes, he is quite right; it is in the book. "Antony passes into the room and embraces her."

Isabel. Is it in the book?

Lady L. Yes, there is the passage (*shows the book*). "Antony passes into the room and embraces her."

Isabel. Well, we'll skip the passage.

Walsingham. How do you mean skip the passage? Why, that is the very reason why I accepted the part.

Isabel. The night of the performance perhaps I will——

Walsingham. Exactly so, and then I shan't do it well, simply because you won't let me rehearse it.

Isabel. Come, let us go on.

Walsingham (*taking a seat*). No, I won't rehearse any more.

Isabel. I appeal to the stage-manager.

Lady L. Oh, what can I say? He is perfectly right. It is in his part.

Isabel. You think he is right?

Lady L. I am sure of it.

Isabel. Then I must let him?

Lady L. It is for the poor!

Isabel (*with more emotion than she likes to show*). Well, since the stage-manager orders it.

Walsingham (*also with emotion*). "Lovely Sylphide!" (*pauses, much confused*).

Lady L. Now it is you who stop.

Walsingham. Yes, yes, but it is all through you.

Lady L. Through me? What have I to do with it?

Walsingham. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vivian, I will begin again. (*Very much agitated indeed.*) "Lovely Sylphide!" (*touches Isabel's hair with his lips*).

(*Door at the back opens and enter Louisa. General embarrassment. Louisa walks up to the chairs and stands still, looking rather surprised.*)

Walsingham. Ah, take care, Miss Royston, take care (*he places the chairs in their proper place*).

Louisa. Thank you.

Isabel (*to Louisa*). We were just rehearsing.

Louisa. I am really very sorry to have interrupted you.

Lady L. For my part I am very much obliged to you, for we were getting so interested that we should have gone on to the end of the piece, and I should never have been home in time. (*To Isabel.*) Don't forget, mind, that you dine with me to-day.

Isabel. I shall not forget.

Lady L. Well, good-bye for the present. (*In an undertone, pointing to Louisa, who has walked to the back of the stage.*) And you really mean to persuade her to stay with you?

Isabel. Certainly!

Lady L. Indeed! Well, good-bye, Louisa. Are you coming, Lord Walsingham?

Walsingham. I am ready.

Lady L. (*to Isabel*). And when is the next rehearsal to take place.

Isabel. We will arrange that this evening.

Lady L. And you will let him know?

Isabel. I will let him know.

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Walsingham (going out with Lady L.). I shall anxiously await the summons.

[*Exeunt Walsingham and Lady L.*

Isabel (kissing her sister). Ah, Louisa, Louisa!

Louisa. Well, Isabel?

Isabel (kissing her with more than ordinary tenderness). My dear Louisa!

Louisa (a little astonished). What is the matter with you?

Isabel. Don't you know?

Louisa. What?

Isabel. Such happiness, my dearest Louisa, such happiness!

Louisa. What is it?

Isabel. I should like to let you guess, but as I don't think you would guess right, I may as well tell you at once.

Louisa. Tell me?

Isabel. Suppose I had a sister.

Louisa. Well?

Isabel. A dear darling sister, and that after being separated from her for four years I suddenly found her again, and at the same time found an opportunity of keeping her with me for ever.

Louisa. But what do you mean?

Isabel. I mean what I say my dearest, Louisa: you will remain with me for ever now. You are here and you shall not go away. It's all arranged with papa.

Louisa. Indeed!

Enter Vivian.

Vivian. I heard you were here, Louisa; how are you (*he shakes hands with her*).

Isabel. Have you seen the minister.

Vivian. I have.

Isabel. And did you tell him?

Vivian. Yes, it's all at an end.

Isabel. Ah, how good of you! And, see, now to console you for not having a mission abroad, I will give you one at home—here in this very house.

Vivian. A mission?

Isabel. And a very important one I can tell you. Papa is going away from England for three months. You must persuade Louisa to pass these three months with us; these three months to begin with, and after these three three others.

Vivian. Oh, as for that——

Isabel. You must persuade her. I know you will be able to persuade her.

Louisa. But——

Isabel (interrupting her). What pretext can she have for refusing. That she is afraid of inconveniencing us? You must explain to her that she does not know what she is talking about, and you can prove to her that her presence here, instead of being inconvenient, would be very useful. You know what to say to her about it; you know that you can get her to do anything, if you only persuade her that it is a matter of duty. Tell her that there are all sorts of serious and even tiresome things to attend to here. She likes looking after such things, whereas I—— (*To Louisa.*) You must look after them for me. I hope you will, Louisa. I am saying all I can think of to make you stay. (*To her husband.*) Tell her that (*abruptly.*)—tell her, in short, whatever you think best, for I really have no more time to tell her anything. Oh, yes; one thing more. (*To Louisa.*) Our little George is so very fond of you. (*Pointing to Vivian.*) And as for him—just see what a good idea of yours it was to come to-day. You can dine with him. I give him up to you. You will take my place. (*Louisa seems about to speak.*) Not a word. It's all settled. I will tell them to put a knife and fork for you. (*Kisses her sister as she says the words, and immediately afterwards exit.*).

Vivian. You know that I won't have any more argument on the point. You remain with us. It is all settled.

Louisa. It is not settled at all.

Vivian (laughing). Not if I lose my temper?

Louisa. Oh, indeed!

Vivian. Not if I entreat you?

Louisa. Not even if you entreat me.

Vivian (seriously). You would render us a great service, however, by remaining. What is so much wanting in this house, would be wanting no longer.

Louisa. What is wanting then?

Vivian. A woman.

Louisa. What?

Vivian. I say that what is wanting here is a woman. And you know it though you pretend not to understand. (*They remain silent for a moment.*)

Louisa. What has been happening?

Vivian. Everything and nothing; always the same thing.

Louisa. But what?

Vivian. I adore Isabel.

Louisa. I know you do, but I don't see what harm——

Vivian (sitting down). You don't see?

Louisa. No.

Vivian. Then I will explain to you. This morning I was appointed—— you are aware of it, perhaps?

Louisa. Yes, I am aware of it.

Vivian. I informed Isabel of it, and she at once informed me that she never could think of accompanying me.

Louisa. What have you done, then?

Vivian. Done? I have refused the post.

Louisa. You have refused it?

Vivian. I gave it up as quietly as if I had been offering her a bouquet, though I knew all the time——

Louisa. You knew?

Vivian. I knew that I was putting an end to my career. I refused because I love Isabel, and she allowed me to refuse because she does not love me.

Louisa. My dear Henry?

Vivian. When you gave me Isabel, for it was really you who gave her to me——

Louisa. So it was.

Vivian. You said that I was just the husband for her, and that you should not be so much afraid of her flightiness when she was married to such a sensible person as myself. You did not know what this sensible person was capable of. The little faults in her character which alarmed you, and which, with a little firmness, I might have cured, remained because I would not see them. I loved her too much! I love her now as I loved her the day of our marriage, and that is why, four years afterwards, you find Isabel with those same faults somewhat developed.

Louisa. But the little boy?

Vivian. She adores him. During George's illness she passed a whole week by his bedside, taking an hour's sleep from time to time, when he seemed to be a little better. Sometimes she is with him for days together. Then she is whole weeks without seeing him, except perhaps for five minutes, when he gets up and when he goes to bed.

Louisa. Who takes charge of him then?

Vivian. The governess—or myself when I have time.

Louisa. What you tell me is really terrible!

Vivian. Yes, it is terrible; and if Isabel and myself are to go on in this way who knows how it will all end? Whereas if some one——

Louisa. If some one——

Vivian. Some one of a serious disposition would come to live with us and take the direction of a household which, at present, is not directed at all —would attend to the duties which Isabel forgets, and which I have not the heart to remind her of.

Louisa. But you ought!

Vivian (rising). I know perfectly well that I ought. But I also know that I cannot back. Now if some one else would undertake these duties for which she has no inclination and which must nevertheless be performed, the danger which threatens us would be much diminished. There are some situations of which it is really difficult to speak without smiling. On the one hand a frivolous wife, on the other a weak husband conscious of his weakness, but unable to correct it. The position has been known before, it will be known again, and that is really all there is in our position at this moment. It is dangerous, nevertheless, and the danger is one which neither Isabel nor myself can avert, but against which I think, most sincerely, that you would not be altogether powerless.

Louisa. Good heavens!

Vivian. Ah! Then you will stop with us! Isabel's idea was a happy one! Now that you know that in remaining with us you have a good work to perform——

Louisa (rising). You really think so?

Vivian. Yes, Louisa. In whatever way I may put it, it comes to that. All I have told you is true, terribly true, and nothing more fortunate could have happened to us than your arrival here, if you are really going to stay with us.

Louisa. I will stay!

Vivian. Thanks!

Enter a Servant, bearing lamps.

Louisa (aside). And that was their happy life!

Enter Isabel, showily got up in evening dress, followed by George, who is almost lost in his mother's petticoats.

Isabel (to the Servant). The carriage! Is the carriage at the door? (*Exit Servant.*) She is going to stay, is she not?

Vivian. Yes.

Isabel. What a good day's work! (*She is moving towards Louisa when she finds that George has his foot on her dress.*) Mind what you are doing. You will tear my dress! (*She pushes him away rather roughly.*)

Louisa. Come, George, come here.

Isabel. Yes, go to your aunt.

George. I should like to! (*Goes to Louisa and kisses her.*)

Isabel. See what a good idea it was to stay! You will all three dine together so pleasantly. Let me see you comfortably settled before I go. (*To her husband.*) There are your letters, your newspapers—your political food (*she spreads out before her husband the letters and papers*

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brought by the servant). You, Louisa, sit there by the side of the fire—in my place.

Enter Servant. (Vivian and Louisa sit down.)

Servant. The carriage is at the door, ma'am.

Isabel. Well, I must go. (*She pauses at the door, turns round and looks at them.*) You look charming, all three together! (*Kissing her hand three times to Louisa.*) One for you (*pointing to the child, who is on his knees in front of the table, preparing his playthings*), one for him, and one for you. (*Exit Isabel. Vivian and Louisa look at each other. Louisa kisses the child.*)

END OF ACT II.

SOMETHING ABOUT FRANZ SCHUBERT.

(*Continued from page* 44.)

At the time the above letters were written, I was only slightly acquainted with Schubert, though I had heard him sing his songs on two or three occasions. His voice (*une voix de compositeur*) was something between a sweet tenor and a baritone; his style, simple and natural, full of feeling, and without the slightest affectation. In the winter of 1824-25, as a jurist of four years' standing, I was, what with the Vienna edition of Shakspere, and what with my own productions, overwhelmed with work. I was gradually accumulating innumerable dramas and comedies, among which was the *Geschwister von Nurnberg*, as well as subsequently *Der Musicus von Augsburg*, *Fortunat*, and other ideal and romantic effusions, with which, for the moment, practical, realistic managers would have nothing to do. But I still continued to work on without respite, and spent nearly all my evenings in my lonely room.

I was sitting, then, in that hermitage of mine, one evening, in the month of February, 1825, when my old friend, Schwind, came in, bringing with him Schubert, who was then already celebrated, or at least known. We soon became intimate. In compliance with Schwind's wish, I was obliged to read some absurd things I had written in my youth. We then went to the piano, and Schubert sang. We played, also, with four hands, and then adjourned to the tavern where we remained to a late hour of the night (I am vain enough to mention that it is to my continuous musical practice with my friend that I owe my tolerable skill in reading at sight).

The alliance was concluded. From that day forth, we three friends were inseparable. Others, too, gathered round us, most of them painters and musicians, and formed a circle of individualists, full of fun and life, animated by similar sentiments and similar aspirations, and sharing with each other their pleasures and their pains. First among them was that fine fellow, Schober, who, in the summer of 1825, at length arrived in Vienna.

Old age becomes from time to time garrulous, but it is only in youth that people have really something to tell each other, and have never finished doing so. Such was the case with us. How often did we three war about till nearly daylight, seeing one another home by turns, and not being able to part, not unfrequently passing the night at one or the other's rooms.

We were not very particular about comfort. Friend Moritz would, for instance, fling himself, merely wrapped in a leathern counterpane, upon the bare floor, and on one occasion, when a pipe was wanted, he cut up the case of Schubert's eye-glasses into one. As regards property, communistic ideas prevailed; hats, boots, neckhandkerchiefs, and even coats, as well as any other articles of apparel, that happened to fit him who required them, all formed one common stock, but gradually, if often worn by the same individual, who thus gained a kind of affection for them, became his undisputed private property. Whoever happened to be in cash paid for the other, or others. Sometimes it came to pass that two had no money, and the third only—the same. Of course, Schubert was the Croesus among us, now and then rolling in silver, when he had sold a song or two, or even a whole series, as, for instance, the songs of Walter Scott, for which Artaria or Diabelli paid him five hundred florins, Austrian currency, with which he was perfectly contented, and which he resolved to husband carefully, but, as was always the case, at once failed to do so. For a time, he spent the money freely, treating everyone—then came once more short commons. In a word, the tide was continually ebbing and flowing. It was to the fact of its being high water in Schubert's pocket, that I owe the pleasure of hearing Paganini. I could not manage the five florins that Concert-Pirate required. Of course, it was absolutely imperative that Schubert should hear him, but he would not go a second time without me. He grew quite angry when I refused to accept a ticket from him. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "I have heard him once, and I was savage you were not with me! I tell you there will not be another fellow like him! Money is a drug in the market with me at present, so come along!" and he dragged me off. Who would not, under the circumstances, have allowed himself to be persuaded? So we heard the infernally-celestial fiddler, on whose fantasias Heine has written such fine ones himself. We were so less entranced with his wonderful *Adagio*, than surprised at his diabolical dodges. We were, also, no less humorously edified at the incredibly ludicrous bows made by the demoniacal individual, who resembled a thin black doll upon wires. According to custom, I was taken to a tavern, and treated after the concert, a bottle more than usual being consumed and set down to the account of our enthusiasm.

That was when it was high tide! But there was a reverse to the medal. On another occasion, I went, early in the afternoon, to the café near the Kärthnerthor Theater, and ordered a "Melange" with which I eat half-a-dozen "*Kipferl*." Shortly afterwards, Schubert appeared and did the same. We were both surprised at our respective appetites being so good so shortly after dinner.

"The fact is I have not dined" said my friend, in a somewhat dejected tone. "No more have I," I replied, laughing. Without any previous arrangement, we had both come to the café, where we were well known, and had "stuck up" the "Mélange," instead of having a dinner, for which neither of us was that day in a position to pay. It was completely low tide with both of us.

It was under similar circumstances that the fact of our calling each other "Du," was celebrated in—sugar and water! Then again came the evening meetings, "Schubertiaden" as they were called, with jolly, high-spirited companions, when the wine flowed in streams; that good fellow Vogl sang all the splendid songs for our amusement, and poor Franz Schubert had to accompany them, till his short fat fingers would scarcely obey him any longer. But he was never off at our house parties —merely "Wurstelfälle" In those simple times—though there was no scarcity of pretty women, married and unmarried, at them. Our "Bertel," as he was occasionally called in a coaxing tone, had to play his best waltzes over and over again, till an endless cotillon was finished, so that it was only at the modest supper that the short, corpulent, manniken, bathed in perspiration, had a moment's rest. It was not astonishing that he sometimes escaped, and that many a "Schubertiade" had to be given without Schubert, if he did not, perchance, feel inclined for company, or some one or other among the persons invited did not particularly please him. It not unfrequently happened that he would let a whole party wait for him in vain, while he was sitting over a bottle, in some obscure wineshop, with half-a-dozen sabers, his former colleagues. When we reproached him, the next day, for his conduct, he would answer with a good-natured snigger: "I was not in the humour."

This is, perhaps, the proper place for correcting certain errors which circulate from time to time, regarding the easy-going, genial artist, especially among persons who have no small opinion of their own good breeding, as they call it. "It is not to be denied that Schubert, poor fellow, possessed talent, but he was totally deficient in polish, in good tone, and even in acquirements—nay, in every thing constituting a scholar or a gentleman," people used to say, and, at last, they were rather inclined to picture the genial songster as a kind of "drunken savage," as, in his day, the prosaic Voltaire designated that poetic giant Shakspere *in terram Dispbini*.

It is certainly true that Schubert had no regular University education; his studies had not extended much beyond the course prescribed at the Gymnasium, and he was a self-taught man, all his short existence. In his own branch of art, he was tolerably acquainted with the composers and models, and, under Salieri's direction, had applied himself sufficiently to theory, though, as I will afterwards relate, it was not till the last year of his life that he set about studying certain subjects, which he had previously neglected. In literature, too, he was anything but ignorant, and the poetic way, full of life, with which he could grasp the most different poetic individualities, such as Goethe; Schiller; Wilhelm Müller; J. G. Seydl; Mayrhofer; Walter Scott; and Heine; clothing them anew in flesh and blood, and faithfully reproduce in beautiful, noble, and characteristic music the idiosyncracy of each one—such instances of palingenesis should suffice, by the mere fact of their existence, and without any further proof, to show from what deep feeling, from how delicately strung a soul his creations flowed! Any one who so understands poets is a poet himself. And there is a great difference between a man who is a poet, and occasionally quaffs his wine in an Anacreontic spirit with his friends, and those who think as he does, and a drunken savage! This savage, too, read seriously; extracts exist in his own hand from historical and even philosophical writers; his diaries contain his own ideas, which are sometimes highly original, as well as poem-; and his favourite associates were artists, and persons connected with art. He entertained, on the other hand, a perfect dread of ordinary prosy individuals, and with regard to those narrow-minded beings, high or low, commonly called the educated classes, Goethe's exclamation:—

"Lieber will ich schlechter werden
Als mich ennuyiren,"

* By Herr Bauernfeld. From the *Presse*.

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was always his motto, as it was that of us all. In mediocre company, he felt isolated, uncomfortable, and oppressed, and easily grew ill-tempered, despite the great attention shown him when he was beginning to be celebrated. It was not, therefore, astonishing, if he sometimes at table took more than he could bear, and, by a few strong outlursts sought to free himself from the depressing influence of those around him, so that they started back in dismay. I myself witnessed a scene of this description, but, after all, it was more comic than reprehensible. It was one summer's afternoon. We had strolled out, with Franz Lachner and others, to Grinzing, for the purpose of having some of the new wine, a beverage of which Schubert was especially fond, though I myself never liked its sharp, acid taste. We sat talking pleasantly over the liquor, and did not walk back till It was dark. I wanted to go home at once, as I resided at that time in a distant suburb, but Schubert dragged me forcibly into a tavern. I was also obliged to accompany him to a café, where he was accustomed to finish his evening, stopping in fact till late into the night. It was one o'clock in the morning, and an exceedingly animated musical discussion had sprung up as we sat drinking hot punch. Schubert tossed off one glass after another, and fell into a sort of enthusiastic fit, and, more eloquent than usual, explained to Lachner and myself all his plans for the future. As fate would have it, a very unlucky star conducted into the café two musicians, celebrated members of the band at the Operahouse. On their entrance, Schubert stopped short in the midst of his animated harangue. His forehead grew wrinkled, and his small grey eyes glared wildly from beneath his spectacles, which he kept pushing ceaselessly backwards and forwards. Scarcely, however, had the musicians caught sight of the master, before they rushed up to him, seized hold of his hands, said a thousand complimentary things, and nearly crushed him with flattery. At length it came out that they were most anxious to have a new composition, with solos for their own particular instruments, for a concert they intended giving. "The *maestro* Schubert would as kindly be so obliging as to, etc., etc."

The master, however, appeared anything but so obliging, and made no reply. Being repeatedly pressed, he at length said curtly, "No! for you I will write nothing."

"Not for us?" said the musicians in amazement.

"No! most certainly not!"

"And why not, Herr Schubert?" was the reply, in an irritated tone. "I think we are as much *artists* as yourself! No better are to be found in all Vienna!"

"Artists!" exclaimed Schubert, hastily drinking the last glass of punch, and getting up from his seat. Then cocking his hat over his ear, the little fellow placed himself, as though menacingly, before the two virtuosos, one of whom was a big, and the other a corpulent man. "Artists!" he repeated, "Catgutscrapers, you mean. You are nothing more! One of you nibbles the brass mouthpiece of his wooden cudgel, and the other puffs out his cheeks by blowing down his French horn. Do you call that art? It is a mechanical trade, a knack, that brings in money, and there an end!—You, artists! Do you not know what the great Lessing says?—How can a man do nothing all his life but nibble the end of a piece of wood with holes in it?—that is what he says"—(turning to me)—"or something of the kind. Am I not right?" (Again addressing the virtuosos), "You pretend to be artists! You are only fiddlers and blowing machines, the whole lot of you! I am an artist, if you like. I am Schubert, Franz Schubert, whom everyone knows, and of whom every one speaks! A man who has written great things, and beautiful things which you are incapable of understanding—and who will write something still more beautiful."—(To Lachner): "is not that true, my boy?—Something very fine indeed! Cantatas and quartets, operas and symphonies! I am not merely a waltz-composer, as you see stated in the stupid papers, and as stupid men repeat—I am Schubert! Franz Schubert! Remember that! When the word *ass* is uttered, this speaker refers to me, and not to you, insects and worms, who ask for solos, which I will never write for you—I know why! You crawling, gnawing worms, you, whom I ought to crush beneath my foot—the foot of a man who touches the stars—*sublimi feriem sidera vertice*"—(to me): "translate that for them.—The stars, I say, while you, poor horn-blowing worms, wriggle in the dust, and with the dust as dust are blown about and rot."

Such a tirade, only verbally far worse, though I have faithfully reproduced its spirit, was that which he launched at the heads of the dumbfoundered virtuosos who stood gaping with their mouths wide open, and without being able to say a word in reply, while Lachner and myself endeavoured to get the excited composer away from what was, at any rate, a very unpleasant scene. We took him home, soothing him as we went along.

(To be continued.)

AMSTERDAM.—Herr Heinze's new oratorio, *St. Cecilia*, was to be produced on the 28th ult.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

"CHILPERIC."

About M. Hervé's latest opera the *Sunday Times* speaks in this fashion:—

"We place our notice of *Chilpéric* in this column because we have no special department for *opéra-bouffe*. While doing so, let us make a thousand apologies to music. Less than a thousand will hardly suffice. The offence is rank, and may well be past forgiveness. Imagine the space usually devoted to that which is noble and elevating given up to that which is—well, neither! Imagine us as introducing to Handel and Beethoven, and the goodly fellowship of great musicians, a composer like M. Hervé? The idea is absurd; all the more because *opéra-bouffe* and M. Hervé would themselves resent it. Preachers sometimes tell us that if an ungodly man, by some mistake, were admitted into heaven, he would be the first to demand permission to go to 'his own place.' In like manner, we fancy, *opéra-bouffe* among works of art, and M. Hervé among the masters of music, would both feel excessively uncomfortable. However, there is no help for our mixing up of things that differ, and, without further preface, we turn to *Chilpéric*.

"As *Chilpéric* was written and composed by M. Hervé, and Chilpéric, on the stage, is M. Hervé himself, the question first arises—Who is M. Hervé? Various replies are forthcoming. We are told, as a matter of course, that he was originally destined for the church. If any man makes himself famous one-a-days as a writer of very secular music, somebody is sure to find out that, in his youth, he entertained sacred aspirations. The love of romance prompts this, it may be; but, at any rate, the composer has no reason to grumble. He becomes an interesting object to the people who are attracted by startling contrasts in life; in the people, for example, who lionise Monsieur the Abbé Liszt. Further, we have been informed that M. Hervé was once a pupil of Cherubini. Here, however, M. Hervé himself steps in—somewhat unnecessarily, we must confess—and says that, as he is only thirty-five years old, he could not well have been, and, in point of fact, never was, taught by the illustrious Italian. After all, what matters about antecedents? We have him among us, and sufficient unto the day is M. Hervé. The position occupied by the French composer must be perfectly well understood. He is, perhaps, the most successful of the many writers who are emulating the good fortune of M. Offenbach. His later pieces have invariably hit the taste of the Offenbach period, and there is every reason to believe that he will run his prototype very hard. There is a difference, however, between the two. M. Offenbach accepted his *rôle* as the musician of buffoonery. He never puts on a grandiose air, as who should say:—'I stoop to *opéra bouffe*, but If I rose to my full height you would see Offenbach's head among the stars.' Let us do the man this justice. Knowing his strength—and he has strength in his way—and, perhaps, feeling his limits, he is satisfied to type that Mille. Schneider may dance. The merit is a great one, and a rare; so that we fervently hope M. Offenbach may never lose it. M. Hervé, on the other hand, appears to be a little ambitious. There are passages in his *Chilpéric*, and other works, which show a strong leaning towards seriousness. May fate avert the dreaded issue. We all know the 'serious man' of common life, whose mission it is to go about with a wet blanket and damp everybody's enjoyment. M. Hervé, in serious mood, makes us all melancholy. Witnessing *Chilpéric*, for example, we laugh now and then, and grow sad the while—we did when the late Mr. Robson played upon our feelings with cunning hand. But the Hervé sadness is not the sadness of sympathy. We do not feel with but for him who has excited it.

"About the music we have not much to say beyond the remarks already made. When it aims at nothing more than accompanying the fast and furious fun of the stage, it is well enough for its purpose; being rhythmical, lively, and varied. It must be conceded, ah-o, that many of the sentimental passages are pretty. But when M. Hervé approaches the 'grand,' his position resembles, to use a reasonable illustration, that of a skater who has passed the danger boards. If the lively Frenchman will be content to imitate his compatriot, and keep within proper limits, he may safely reckon upon admiration of a certain kind. Otherwise, he is as sure to come to grief."

WOLFL AND STERNDALE BENNETT.

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last Monday appeared the following:—

"At the last concert but one were played—besides the third Rasumowski quartet, and Mozart's clarionet quintet—two novelties which deserve more than ordinary attention. The first reminded Mr. Chappell's audience of a composer for the pianoforte called Joseph Woelfl. Need existed for the reminder, so rarely are the works of this musician performed. We, of the present generation, must admit against ourselves that Woelfl has been hardly treated. He was no ordinary genius. In his youth, brought very near the great masters, being a pupil both of Mozart's father and Haydn's brother, he continued very near them in other respects at his life. Like Dussek and Clementi—he stood high among the *bis minores* of music, though, as the result has shown, not high enough for the appreciation he deserved. The life of Woelfl, so much as is known of it, is not one pleasant to dwell upon. A brilliant beginning, followed by a melancholy end, the story is only too common where genius is the subject. But if the life of the man may be forgotten, the merit of his works should not be overlooked,

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and the production on Monday week of the grand sonata in C minor (Op. 25) was a timely event. The sonata has abundant merit. Its very form, three movements of the ordinary character being preceded by an introduction and fugue, at once challenges attention, which is amply repaid as soon as Woelfl's great contrapuntal skill becomes manifest. There is no 'leanness' about his fugues; neither any lack of scientific device, nor of sustained vigour. The last-named quality is equally conspicuous in the first movement of the sonata proper, though here controlled by graceful fancy instead of scholastic rule. In the *adagio*, Woelfl deals with but one theme, and tides over his self-made difficulty with consummate skill. No movement, however, is more interesting than the *finale* which contains as much genuine melody, combined with masterly development, as could be found in any work of its class. To sum up, the sonata is a great thing. It was played by Madame Arabella Goddard, who introduced it at her recitals last season, in a very successful manner, many and formidable difficulties seeming easiness itself to the artist's ever ready fingers. If anything, Madame Goddard's rendering of the fugue was most noteworthy, because rarely is a fugue given with such clearness and unfailing accuracy. The second novelty was a sonata in A major for piano and violoncello by Dr. Sternedale Bennett. Our English composers seldom does not often appear in the Monday Popular programme, and his beautiful work must have been to many a revelation of Dr. Bennett's skill in chamber music. May it not, also, have excited wonder that the turn of the sonata had come so late? But this is no more than the ordinary treatment Dr. Bennett receives. His has written music of all kinds, much of it masterly, none deserving neglect; yet he is overlooked to an extent altogether inexcusable. If we treat our foremost composer thus, who shall say that we are worthy of a higher musical position than that we hold? The sonata in four movements, all marked by the graceful ideas and elegant expression so characteristic of the composer. It is hard to tell which deserves most praise, and not less to decide, whether the beauty of the work, or the happy style in which it is written for the two instruments, is more remarkable. Madame Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti were worthily associated in its performance, and, we hardly need say, gave entire satisfaction. Mr. Santley obtained an encore for Piatti's 'Swallow, swallow, flying south.'

HERR JOACHIM.

The appearance of this distinguished artist on Saturday last, was noticed by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows:—

"The Saturday Popular Concerts, given from time to time in St. James's Hall, are, as everybody knows, an outgrowth from Mr. Chappell's main scheme. At one of these, which took place on Saturday last, Herr Joseph Joachim made his first appearance for the season. A large audience gave him a hearty, we had almost said an affectionate, greeting. The latter term is scarcely stronger than the facts justify. By means sufficiently obvious, Herr Joachim has made each of his audience not only an admirer, but a friend. The great qualities which constitute him *Serie primus* among his fellows must, in any case, excite admiration; but with these are combined such devotion to art, and such suppression of self, that it is impossible not to regard him with a warmer feeling. Herr Joachim has been called the Bayard of music; and assuredly in respect to the cause he serves he is *sans reproche*. With the coming of this great violinist the Monday Popular season reaches its climax. His appearance is an event, which, in the estimation of St. James's Hall amateurs, all foregoing events have simply preluded; and, the greeting over, there is a general settling down to a long-anticipated treat. Saturday's audience had no cause to complain that the 'good wine' of the season's feast was kept back, the first piece being Beethoven's C major quintet (Op. 29). Herr Joachim's playing in this beautiful work must be well remembered, even by those who have heard it only once. Not to mention his expressive reading of the *adagio*, who is likely to forget the lovely episode which twice arrests the impetuous course of the *finale*? In those few bars Herr Joachim's violin sings—there is no better word—with a pathos nothing short of marvellous. All the accustomed effect was produced on Saturday; and indeed the entire work was admirably played."

MOSCOW.—The Sisters Marchisio made their last appearance, for the season, at the Italian Opera, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. They were much applauded, and received all sorts of presents, of gold or silver and the like, as the case might be, not to mention the usual offerings of flowers, which were equally elegant, and, in the depth of a Russian winter, equally expensive, though not, perhaps, possessing the same positive value in the eyes of the fair recipients.

MILAN.—The following are the sums which will be received by the leading artists engaged this season at the Scala:—Madame Sass, 38,000 francs in gold; Madame Blume, 18,000 francs; Madame Frederici, 7,5000 francs; Signor Villani, tenor, 27,000 francs, in addition to the sum of 6,000 francs, paid to the manager of the Teatro Fenice, Venice, for consenting to free him from the engagement he had signed to sing at that place of amusement; Signor Zaccometti, 17,000 francs; Signor Ignio Corsi, 4,500 francs; Signor Storti, 8,000 francs; Signor Medini, 7,500 (up to the 25th inst.); Mdlle. Prina, *première danseuse*, 9,000 francs; Signor Massagno, dancer, 6,000 francs, and Herr Paul Taglioni, for his ballet, *Don Parasol*, which proved an utter failure, 4,000 francs.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The fourth and last concert of the series took place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday week, and drew together a crowded audience. On this occasion, Mr. Sims Reeves appeared and sang three songs in his usual unapproachable style. Mr. Reeves's first selection was Mr. Hatton's "Plinbe dearest;" his second, Sullivan's "The snow lies white;" and his last, Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." Encores were demanded for all three, as a matter of course, and demanded in a more peremptory tone than usual, because the singer appeared better able, in a physical sense, to comply. Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Lichhart, Madame Patey, Miss Julia Elton, and Miss Jewell were the ladies engaged. Each sang some more or less favourite ditties, and obtained a share in the very liberal applause. Mr. Lewis Thomas gave two of his best songs; and Mr. Boscovitz varied the proceedings with some light pianoforte pieces. The Orpheus Glee Union contributed several glees and part-songs.

Mr. Boosey announces a second series of these popular entertainments to commence Feb. 11th, and to be continued every Saturday evening till further notice.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

It has been usual to terminate the performances of pantomime at the end of January, but the daily attendance of large numbers of visitors to witness *Whittington and his Cat* this year has led to its continuance for another fortnight. The spirit infused into the pantomime by the principal performers, and the homely application to the matter of its story, have invested it with a much higher degree of interest than is usual with these ephemeral productions. On Tuesday the 8th February, besides the pantomime and the graceful performances of the American skaters, Messrs. Moe and Goodrich, the annual show of the National Peristeronic Society will be held in the Tropical Department. From the high-sounding title of this amateur association few people probably understand that its objects are to improve the breed of pigeons, and by holding these annual exhibitions, to enable pigeon keepers to improve their collections. Only those who have been present at the society's shows can have any conception of the interesting character of the exhibition of these beautiful pet birds. They are shown in handsome mahogany cages, and some of the pairs are valued at almost fabulous prices. The show never remains open beyond one day. It will open at mid-day and close at dusk.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

At this society's concert in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday week, was performed besides the *Walpurgis Night* and *Hymn of Praise*, a Psalm by Moses Mosely, written by Mendelssohn for use in a convent. The composer himself has told the story of his first connection with this institution, and we cannot do better than reproduce his words. In a letter to his sister, Fanny, dated Rome, December 30, 1830, he said:—"When in the Ave Maria sounds, it is time to go to the church of Trinità de' Monti, where the French nuns sing, and it is charming to hear them. I declare to heaven that I am becoming quite tolerant, and listen to bad music with edification; but what can I do? The composition is positively ridiculous; the organ plays a most infernal accompaniment. But it is twilight, and the whole of the gaudy little church is filled with persons kneeling, lit up by the sinking sun each time the door is opened. Both the singing nuns have the sweetest voices in the world, quite tender and touching, more especially when one of them sings the chants in her melodious voice, which we are accustomed to hear chanted by priests in a loud, harsh, monotonous tone. The impression is very singular, moreover, it is well known that no one is permitted to see the fair singers. I have, therefore, formed a strange resolution; I am composing something to suit their voices—which I observed very minutely, and I mean to send it to them—which I have various means of doing. That they will sing it I feel assured; and it will be pleasant for me to hear my chant performed by persons whom I never saw, especially as they must in turn sing it to the *Barbaro Tedesco*, whom they, also, never beheld. I am charmed with the idea. The text is in Latin—a prayer to Mary. Does not this notion please you?" Mendelssohn's poetical nature was doubtless worked upon by the romance of such an affair; and he seems to have cherished the idea suggested to him by the sweet voices of the Roman recluses. Mr. Martin did well to perform one of the convent works. The others ought to follow. Upon the performance, as much that of the better-known *Walpurgis Night* and *Lobgesang*, we need not dwell.

A WRITER in *Le Ménestrel* says, *apropos* of *Chilpéric* at the Lyceum, that, though the English observe Sunday with scrupulous care, and pass it "piously singing hymns," when midnight struck on Saturday week not a person budged, so great was the attraction of M. Hervé's music.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), FEBRUARY 5TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Rose softly blooming"—Miss EMMA WESSE .. .. *Spohr.*
SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Quando a te lieta"—Miss EMMA WESSE (Violoncello obbligato—Signor PIATTI) .. .. *Gounod.*
TRIO, in E flat, Op. 100, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Schubert.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, No. 18, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Mozart.*
SUNG, "Kennet du das Land"—Mdlle. CAROLA .. .. .. *Beethoven.*
VARIATIONS SERIEUSES, in D minor, Op. 54, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

CHACONNE, for Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Vitali.*
SONGS, { "Wenn ich früh in dem Garten geh" } { "Die Post" } Mdlle. CAROLA .. *Schumann. Schubert*
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AGNEW, 28 Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & CO., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS
WILL TAKE PLACE AS FOLLOWS:

MONDAY, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, 14.

Morning Performances will be given on SATURDAYS, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, the Subscription to the Boxs Stalls will be fixed at £1 10s.
Mr. CHARLES HALLE will appear on Saturday, March 5, and Monday, March 7.
Madame SCHUMANN is engaged for a limited number of Concerts in February and March, and will make her first appearance on Monday Evening, February 14.
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will make her last appearance on Saturday Afternoon, February 19.
Herr JOACHIM will lead the Quartet; Signor PIATTI will hold the post of principal Violoncello; Herr L. RIES that of second Violin; and Herr STRAUS and Mr. ZERBINI, that of first and second Viola, till the end of the season.
Mr. BENEDICT will be Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ESQUIRER.—Mdlle. Marie Stocken is now *Madame* Marie Stocken but, her many admirers will be glad to hear, continues in the profession.

DEATH.

On the 17th ult., HENRY LEIGH MURRAY, Esq., of the Theatres Royal, London—aged 49.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *241, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1870.

WHITHER?

GOOD Masters, here is the question of questions. We shall never cease to ask it, though we never get an answer. Does not the very absence of reply make us ask all the more earnestly? "Show us the future of things" was the prayer of humanity long before Saul visited the Witch of Endor, and it will be heard so long as any consciousness of the future remains. By patient study of signs and tokens we may dimly look a little way into the darkness before us; this, however, so far from satisfying, only stimulates our longing—*Venitas vanitatum*. But here is the consolation of St. Augustine. "If we had prescience of our prosperity, we should be careless; and understanding of our adversity, we should be senseless."

It is well, perhaps, that the Whither of music remains hidden, because, at all events, hope is left. According to Byron, "Hope tints to-morrow with prophetic ray;" and under its influence we may foresee the coming of men who shall be men of might enough to purge our art from the rubbish with which an age of decadence has encumbered it. We cling to this solitary means of comfort like the shipwrecked mariner to his floating bit of timber. If the Whither could be revealed we might lose it, and literally come to grief. All the signs of the times point to this result; for, that music is moving on in a dubious fashion needs no proof. What, for example, means all the talk we hear about "intellectuality?" Why do people everywhere gape with wonder at shallow muddiness, fancying it unfathomably deep? and why is there so much of turning from the symmetry of Beauty to adore formless Ugliness? This is no exaggeration, and close observers of things musical know it. The canons of art are threatened with revolution, and the active conspirators encounter but a passive resistance. Already there are people who have received their opinions ready-made from this new workshop of thought, and who go about with them in utter unconsciousness that they are rank heresy. These are the men and women who look upon Haydn with an air of complacent superiority, as they might the gambols of a pretty child. These, also, are the men and women who listen reverently to the latest effusion of unintelligibleness, as did Robert Irving to the "unknown tongues" Moreover, such people multiply, owing to the very character of their belief. Affecting to be wiser than their neighbours, they wrap their wisdom up in vagueness so that the folly of it is not readily discerned. To the large class represented, say, by the individuals who purchase German diplomas, such a thing is always dangerously attractive.

Although we may properly use ridicule against Wagner and the other chiefs of the new movement, it will not do simply to laugh at them. There is no greater mistake than that of underrating your foe. These men are dangerous, and the longer resistance to them is merely passive, the more formidable they become. We would urge every true lover of the art which Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn adorned, to by up and doing against its deadly enemies. Of course, a certain degree of obloquy will follow. The modern Germans, and their English co-believers, have the advantage of position. They can hold themselves out as the champions of progress, and the opponents of finality; they can point to the onward course of all things, and ask, with becoming indignation, whether music alone shall stand still. This may affect ignorant outsiders, but not those who know that all progress is not improvement.

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"To follow you I'm not content.
Unless I know which way you went"

was the reply of a wag to a defunct preacher, preaching through his mortuary marble. A like caution should be exercised as to the progress of modern music. Let none of us be carried away by high-sounding phrases; but, rather, let us use the common sense and sound judgment with which we may happen to be endowed. An impartial comparison of true art with the wretched pinchbeck which too often passes current now-a-days, will confirm us in the right. Our fear is that this will not always be made. "Weak brethren" will think it a fine thing to belong to the advance guard of music; to have "Progress" for their watch-word, and to affect enjoyment of that which, to most others, is incomprehensible. Warn the "weak brethren," and, pointing, ask them "Whither?"

THE great event since our last has been the reappearance among us of Herr Joseph Joachim. He played at the Saturday Popular Concert of January 29, and at the Monday Popular Concert (one and the same thing, be it understood) of January 31. What he played will be duly recorded in our next—besides what he shall have played between this and then. As to *how* he played, we may as well state at once, and without preamble, that he played as no violinist we remember ever played before, and as no violinist (except himself) is, in our time, likely again. Add to this, that his welcome was one of the most hearty and enthusiastic in our experience, and we have said enough for the present. And, after all, eight days hence, what is there to write about this wonderful artist which has not been written again and again? Talk of people being tired of calling Aristides "the just"!—how much more tired must people be (supposing it possible to tire of speaking about such a man) of calling Joseph Joachim the greatest of the race of artists who, from Corelli to our own day—forgetting neither Paganini, Spohr, nor Ernst—have made the fiddle the instrument of their choice! Nevertheless, such is the magnetic attraction that people must, perforce, go on asserting it till Herr Joachim, fatigued alike with labour and eulogy, abandons both, for a life of undisturbed tranquility. Then will the time for him to compose music that may be played with legitimate effect, by performers less exceptionally gifted than himself. We are greatly mistaken if Herr Joachim be not something more than an unequalled interpreter of the thoughts of others.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MADAME PUZZI's second *soirée musicale* took place on Thursday week, at 24, Belgrave Square, and was largely, as well as fashionably, attended. The artists who appeared were Mesdames Lancia, Fairman, and Pyne, Messrs. Trelawney Cobham, Ciabatta, Foli, Paque, de Kontski, and John Thomas. As all the selections are more or less familiar, there is no need to dwell upon what was done. Enough that the audience were, with good reason, entirely satisfied. Messrs. Gans and Mori acted as accompanists.

THE MAY-FAIR CHORAL SOCIETY gave a concert, on the 28th ult, at the CURZON Street School-rooms, May-Fair, at which a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Hadyn's *Creation*, Mr. John Thomas's *Bride of Neath Valley*, and the late Mr. Weis's *Foresters' Roundelay* (which last, many think, deserves to be better known). The choruses were, for the most part, well sung; and the solos were creditably given by the Misses Harrison and Hughes; Messrs. Coen, Donse, and Charles James Blakenden (the new bass vocalist); Messrs. Gaskin, Williams, and Stokes were, respectively, accompanists and conductor. The attendance was good, and the applause genuine and hearty.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BLAGROVE gave the first of a series of six concerts on Thursday evening, the 27th ult., which attracted a full audience. Mr. R. Blagrove, one of the best concertina players, took part in an MS. trio in G major, Op. 68, with his wife (late Miss Freeth), a clever pianist, and Mr. Doyle, tenor, which was received with favour. Mr. Blagrove also played a fantasia, by Alard, upon airs from *Maria Tudilla*; a *Duo Concertante*, with Mrs. R. Blagrove on Welsh airs, arranged by himself; and Chopin's *Polonaise* for baritone concertina and pianoforte, all of which were thoroughly well executed and much applauded. Mrs. R. Blagrove gave Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* with admirable spirit. Mr. John Thomas played his own harp solo, "Pensive and Joyous," to the evident satisfaction of all present. Miss Katherine Poyntz, in Guglielmi's "Gratias Agimus," and "Hagar," a new and effective song by Mr. Joseph Duggan (first time), created a legitimate effect. She also, with Mrs. Osborne Williams, gave Mr. F. Berger's duet, "Blossoming Time." The same lady and Signor Caravoglia contributed some other vocal pieces. Mr. Osborne Williams presided at the pianoforte.

MR. CHAPLIN HENRY gave a concert in the Store Street Rooms on Wednesday evening, and was well supported, notwithstanding the weather. A number of well-known vocalists assisted him, and evidently pleased his audience, who were liberal with applause, and disposed to have as many things twice as long as artists are inclined to give. Mr. Chaplin Henry, besides lending the aid of his telling voice to his comrades of the Orpheus Glee Union, contributed two solos—a new setting, by Mr. Simpson, of "Cease, rude Boreas," and Mr. J. W. Elliott's "Song of Hybrias the Cretan," both of which were warmly applauded. Among other pieces, more or less admired, were Mr. Ganz's "Faithful Echo" (Miss Banks—recalled); Madame Saiuton-Dolby's "Bridal Song" (Mr. Byron—encored); Nicolai's duet, "One Word" (made popular by Signor and Madame Trebelli), sung by Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Byron; Mr. Ganz's "Since Yesterday" (Miss Fanny Holland—encored); Mr. Berger's "Come and meet me, darling" (Mr. Charles Stanton); Signor Randegger's serenade, "Sleep, dearest, sleep" (Miss Julia Elton—violoncello *obbligato*, Mr. Edward Howell); and Mr. Edward Land's *Valse Cavatina*, "La Gitana" (Miss Banks). The Orpheus Glee Union were forced to repeat Mr. Hatton's "When Evening's Twilight," and a comic part-song, "The Three Chafers," Evening's Twilight," and a comic part-song, "The Three Chafers," which is considerably humour. Two instrumental pieces were well played and well received. These were Mendelssohn's *Aria con variazioni*, for violoncello and piano, by Mr. E. Howell and Mr. Willing; and a violoncello solo, by the first-named gentleman. The concert was well attended.—On the following evening, the fourth of Mr. Ridley Prentice's chamber concerts took place, and this, also, drew together a full audience. The instrumental works then presented were Beethoven's string quartet in D (No. 3), Mr Cipriani Potter's duet in F, for two pianofortes, Chopin's "Fantasia-Impromptu," in C sharp minor, and Beethoven's violin and pianoforte sonata in G (Op. 30, No. 3). With the *entrepreneur* were associated Mr. Walter Macfarren, Messrs. Henry and Richard Blagrove, Mr. J. Ralph, and Mr. W. H. Aylward. The performance, from beginning to end, was as irreproachable as the selection of subjects, and evidently keenly relished by the large company present. The impromptu of Chopin was redemanded of Mr. Prentice, who, however, substituted for it another short piece. The vocalists were Miss Annie Edmonds and Mr. Mary Vinning. The latter accepted an encore for his spirited rendering of Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm," and the lady declined a similar compliment, elicited by her expressive singing of Sullivan's "O fair dove! O fond dove!" Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music.—W.H.P.

PRAGUE.—The members of the celebrated Florentine Quartet were the objects of a murderous and cowardly attempt on their lives, during their way from Gimütz to this city. As they were passing Pardubitz, the window of the railway carriage occupied by them was shattered by a bullet, which lodged in the case containing the famous Straduarius, on which Herr Jean Becker always plays. Luckily, the valuable instrument was not damaged. Herr Becker, on the contrary, was somewhat seriously injured by the fragments of glass which were scattered about in all directions. The motive and the perpetrator of this dastardly outrage are unknown, but the police are actively employed in trying to discover at least the perpetrator.

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PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—A writer in *Freeman's Journal*, of January 14th, says:—

"There were two concerts yesterday in the Antient Concert Hall. The first concert was given in the most perfect manner by the Messrs. Shakespeare, Nicholson, Crosier, Harper, Liddell, Elsner, and Hughes. A flute solo by Mr. Nicholson was listened to with an interest demanded by the merit of the artist. The Messrs. Lazarus, Levey, Liddell, Gunn, and Elsner played most unexceptionably a *largbetto*, *minuet*, and *trio* from Mozart's clarionet quintet. Nothing could have been finer, more accurate, more instructive, more delightful. Beethoven's grand quintet (pianoforte, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon) was given with charming precision. A duet (pianoforte and clarionet) by Weber, was played by Messrs. Shakespeare and Lazarus, and warmly applauded; and a grand *finale* closed an entertainment in every respect a delight."

A writer in the *Irish Times* (23rd ult.) says:—

"A most interesting concert was given last night in the Rotundo, by the inmates of St. Mary's Asylum for Female Blind. The hall was thronged. The scene presented was a novel one. In front, a blind girl was placed who accompanied the singing on the harp, and near her sat another at the piano, while the remainder, clad in neat brown frocks, were ranged along the benches at the back. This conductor, who is also a blind girl, had an exceedingly arduous task, but she overcame the difficulties of her situation with remarkable tact. Only one person possessing sight occupied a place upon the platform, and it was her duty to bring forward each singer, and remove her to her seat when she had concluded. The spirit with which the poor girls entered into their performances, and the flush of delight which passed over their sightless faces when the loud applause sounded through the hall, were very pleasant to observe. Some of those who sang the solos were mere children, but even they manifested an intelligence and individualism quite extraordinary. The vocalism was throughout excellent. Some Irish airs on the harp and the piano were given with ability and effect. The accompaniments, although played 'by ear,' were praiseworthy."

A Dublin correspondent writes:—

"The second concert of the Philharmonic Society came off last evening; and certainly, if a goodly number of first-rate artists could ensure the prestige of a musical entertainment, it deserved success. This must be said of the Philharmonic Society; that its directors spare no expense in procuring for its concerts the most celebrated European artists. Thus, Dublin is not left behind London in musical information; and, were the orchestral works more appreciated and encouraged by our concert-goers, we are sure the band would be augmented by skilled hands, and we should not be behind other places in instrumental resources. However, it is much to say that the orchestral pieces on last evening, were not only given with perfect precision, but were fairly delightful. Would that we could add that their merits were recognized by those present. But we cannot. The vocalists were Mr. Mapleson's touring party—Tietjens, Vanzini, Scalchi, Stockhausen, Della Rocca, Tagliafico, with Signor Bevignani as accompanist."

LEEDS.—The *Yorkshire Post* speaks thus of a concert given in the Town Hall, on the 13th inst.:—

"The first part consisted almost entirely of Dr. Sternbale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, performed for the first time in Leeds. It was favourably received. Mdlle. Doria in 'Art thou greater than our father Jacob?' was somewhat cold, but in 'Jerusalem' (*St. Paul*), she succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the audience. Her singing was marked by tenderness and feeling. Mrs. Lemmens-Sherrington's voice is suited to the expression of pathetic compositions, and this was pleasingly exemplified in 'O Lord, Thou hast searched me out.' Mr. Perren's 'Sound an Alarm' has seldom been sung better, although we have heard him in better voice. The chorus and part-songs were very well sung."

GUILDFORD.—We abridge the following from the *Surrey Advertiser*, of Jan. 22nd:—

"The committee of the Guildford Institute afforded the members and the public a treat on Thursday, when Mrs. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital, the programme containing such pieces as Weber's 'Moto Continuo;' 'Songs without Words,' Mendelssohn; Aria, 'Voi che Sapete,' Mozart; New Scotch Fantasia, 'Scotia,' Bolesse; 'Sonata Pathetique,' Beethoven; Caprice, 'The Butterfly,' and Grand Fantasia, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, Thalberg. Mrs. Macfarren was warmly applauded, and compelled with several encores. She was ably assisted by Miss Jessie Royd, who sang with great effect, 'Late, so late' (*Idylls of the King*), by G. A. Macfarren, in which she was encored, as well as in the ballad, 'Within a mile of Edinburgh town;' in the latter case she gave 'Thady O'Flynn,' rendered with spirit and vivacity."

ST. ANDREWS.—Selections from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* were performed on the 21st, accompanied by the Drechsler-Hamilton family; airs by Mesdames Mitchell, Farnie, Lowe, Brown, and Ferguson, Messrs. Balfour and Macgill. Conductor, Mr. Salter.

EDINBURGH.—We read as follows in the *Scotsman* of January 28th:—

"Professor Oakeley delivered yesterday afternoon, in the Music Class-room, the third of his lectures on Mediæval music, the subject on this occasion being the music of Northern Europe. He characterized harmony as the distinctive property of the north, as melody is of the south of Europe. The earliest mention of harmony, he said, occurs shortly after the irruption of the tribes from the north; and instruments of a polyphonous or symphonic kind, as the Russian *gousli* and the Celtic *crwth* came from this direction. Vocal harmony was known to the German and Sclavonic races from early ages. While the southerners were analyzing harmony and devising laws of counterpoint, the peasantry of the north were soloing their hard-ships with part-singing, derived from no artificial source, but prompted by love of musical concord. Allusion was made to the service done to music by Charlemagne, to Bede, Maurus, and Albertus Magnus, as writers of music, and to Hucbald, who did more service to music than poetry."

GLASGOW.—A Glasgow paper contains the following:—

"Mr. Kennedy, the celebrated Scottish vocalist, has appeared at the Saturday City Hall Concerts, and was most enthusiastically received by one of the largest audiences ever congregated at these admirably conducted weekly entertainments. The entertainment was supported by Mr. Kennedy and Miss Bessie Aitken, Miss Kennedy acting as accompanist. Mr. Kennedy was in excellent voice, and his songs, carefully selected from the productions of our best national lyrists, were loudly and deservedly applauded. Altogether the concert was a decided success. Mr. Lambeth presided with his usual ability at the organ.—Another of Mr. Peace's extremely interesting organ recitals, with which the brilliant and accomplished organist of Trinity Church is in the habit of gratifying his listeners during the winter months, has taken place in presence of a select but appreciative audience."

BISHOP'S STORTFORD.—A correspondent writes us about a concert given at this place:—

"A more delighted and appreciative audience it would, perhaps, be difficult to find. The instrumental music was excellent. Haydn's Symphony, No. 5, especially, being capitally rendered. Of Miss Amy Perry's pianoforte playing we cannot speak too highly. Her skilful execution of the difficult passages of Thalberg's 'Home, sweet Home,' and Holmes' 'Scotch Caprice,' showed she possessed a command over the pianoforte only to be obtained by constant practice combined with natural ability. The vocal music given was evidently to the taste of the audience, who redemanded many of the pieces with acclamation, and so prolonged the concert to a late hour."

LIVERPOOL.—In the *Liverpool Mercury*, of the 3d inst., we read as below:—

"The second subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society was remarkable for the introduction of a new 'fairy tale' overture, *Aladdin*, written by a young Dane named Horneman. The work has never before been performed in England, and more than usual care had been bestowed upon its rehearsal. The first of Haydn's twelve symphonies (in C) opened the concert, and was played with a true appreciation of the spirit of the work. The vocalists were Madame Sinico, Miss Annie Edmonds, and Mr. Santley. The first-named, gave as her solos 'Ernani! involami,' and Harry Smart's pretty song, 'The birds were telling one another,' both sung with refinement and spirit. 'Bid me discourse,' was Miss Edmonds' only solo, and this she rendered in an unpretentious yet effective manner. 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' received from Mr. Santley a highly dramatic and expressive reading. Arditi's 'Stirrup Cup' being given for the encore; an air from Mozart's *Figaro*, and a canzonet and an air by Scarlatti were his other solos, both sung in his invariably earnest and masterly style. Madame Arabella Goddard was the solo pianist, selecting for her performance Sternbale Bennett's *Caprice* in E major and Beethoven's fantasia on *Fraeschütz*. The latter was played with rare brilliancy, breadth, and grace, and the former could scarcely have received a more refined execution. The reappearance of Herr Wilhelmj was welcome. His wonderful capabilities were especially shown in his playing of Ernst's fantasia on *Otello*, which he played in a remarkably brilliant style, and well deserved the applause which he obtain-d. His lesser solo—an *andante* by Bach—was played with almost vocal intensity. Only two numbers were given by the practical members—the fairy chorus from *Oberon* and a three hundred-year-old madrigal called 'Lady, see on every side'—both of

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which were sung with excellent expression. Mr. Benedict, as conductor and accompanist, did good service as usual. The audience were very large and extremely talkative in some parts of the hall, showing that gossip rather than music was their chief delight. Those who indulge in whispered conversations should remember there are people who go to concerts for the purpose of hearing the music. *Israel in Egypt* is in rehearsal for the next concert."

—o—

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS

(From the "Times.")

The Saturday Evening Concerts now being held weekly, at Exeter Hall, under the direction of Mr. George Wood, seem likely to supply a want. They are excellent of their kind, and the four already given may be accepted as warrants of much that is good to come. Orchestral and vocal concerts for the million, at reasonable prices of admission, are much to be desired. Such entertainments, under such conditions, Mr. Wood has projected, and is to all appearances carrying out with success. His orchestra is thoroughly efficient, the principals (leading violin, Mr. H. Weist Hill) being, without exception, practised performers; and, when it is added that the sole vocalists are of the highest eminence, and the solo instrumentalists, for the most part, to match, it may be easily imagined that the Saturday Evening Concerts present more than ordinary attractions to amateurs. Nor can these attractions be in any degree lessened by the fact that Mr. Henry Leslie is conductor.

At each of the four concerts an orchestral symphony has been a prominent feature. The symphony in G which the great Haydn wrote for Oxford; Beethoven's No. 2, scarcely approached by any other composer's No. 9; and those genuine masterpieces, the symphonies in G minor and C major (the so-called "Jupiter" of Mozart), have all been played, and well played. Then we had at the opening concert a very artistic and brilliant performance by Miss Agnes Zimmermann of Mendelssohn's second and most trying pianoforte concerto in D; and last, not least, Weber's overture to *Oberon*. At the second concert the overtures were the same composer's to *Der Freischütz*, and Otto Nicolai's lively prelude to his opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, one of the memorable productions at the late Her Majesty's Theatre; at the third we had the "Procession March" of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, and Auber's overture to *Masaniello*; at the fourth (on Saturday evening) Rossini's *Semiramide* and Auber's *Zanetta*. Thus the orchestra has assumed a fairly important position—something more than that of an indispensable aid to the vocal selections.

But, in addition to this, the director of the Saturday Evening Concerts has shown enterprise in another way, by engaging the services of instrumental solo performers of distinguished ability. We have already named the well-known pianist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who, at the first concert, proved herself no intimately conversant with Mendelssohn; we have now to speak of Herr Wilhelmj, the Swedish violinist, who, at the Monday Popular Concerts and elsewhere, some three or four years ago, preferred a just claim to be regarded as one of the most expert and accomplished masters of the violin now existing. This gentleman made his *début* at the second concert, and brought the place he had chosen—a concerto (or rather a *concertino*), by Herr Ferdinand David, of Leipsic—was remarkable for nothing in particular beyond the mechanical difficulties with which it is crowded, it afforded ample opportunities for exhibiting his unlimited command of the instrument. Without entering into technical details, which would be uninteresting to our readers, we may say, in a word, that Herr Wilhelmj plays with difficulties as if they were no difficulties at all; that his tone is large and rich, and his intonation faultless. So admirable was his performance that in spite of the elaborate dulness of the concerto he was enthusiastically applauded and recalled. In the plaintive *Elegie* of the late regretted Ernst, although Herr Wilhelmj pleased unless, he seemed to please the audience even more, inasmuch as they unanimously compelled him to repeat it. On his second appearance, he gave the same composer's fantasia on airs from Rossini's *Otello*, including the march, the "Willow Song" of Desdemona, &c. This taxes the manual dexterity of a violinist perhaps more severely than any other similar piece; but difficulties vanish before Herr Wilhelmj; and it was only in the touching and pathetic melody with which, in Rossini's opera, Desdemona beguiles her solitude that we were reminded of something being wanted to impart the fullest expression to one of the most musical of all dramatic pieces, and that the something in question could hardly, with strict justice, be reckoned among the gifts vouchsafed to Herr Wilhelmj. It was with the "Willow Song," as it had been with the *Elegie*—the tone and intonation were perfect, while the expression, though studied, was comparatively tame and passionless. In the second part of the programme, at the same concert, Herr Wilhelmj introduced a movement from an orchestral *suite* in D, by John Sebastian Bach, which John Sebastian Bach himself would have been somewhat surprised to hear thus metamorphosed. In the first place, the key of the movement was transposed a tone, and, in the next, the whole was played an octave lower; so that, although accompanied by string instruments, the effect of the *andante* was by no means what the author intended. Whether it is permissible to take such liberties with the works of great masters, we leave to the consideration of those who interest themselves in these matters and are competent to judge. This arrangement, or disarrangement, of Bach, although it was better played, did not make the same effect upon the audience as the *Elegie* of Ernst.

The vocal department at the Saturday Evening Concerts has been powerfully represented, with Madame Sinico, Signor Foli, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves among the leading singers. Madame Sinico pleased generally, but perhaps in nothing so much as in a new and charming song by Mr. Henry Smart, "The birds are telling one another," which created so marked an impression at the first concert that she was obliged to reproduce it at the third. Signor Foli is very deservedly a favourite with London amateurs; and we wish he would bring forward more of such healthy inspirations as the late E. J. Loder's song, "The Diver" (which he sings with genial vigour), and eschew some others that might be named. Mr. Santley, at the first concert, obtained his accustomed encore for "O ruddier than the cherry," which no one in our remembrance has ever sung so splendidly, and at the third introduced a new and pleasing ballad by Miss Virginia Gabriel ("Cleansing Fires"). Mr. Sims Reeves, who was never singing better than now, has especially shone in his delivery of certain "English ditties," which will live as long as simply expressive melody allied to simply expressive words retains the power to charm the multitude. From among these we would single out Dibdin's "Tom Bowling," which, besides being a perfect thing in itself, afforded our greatest singer of Handel's music an occasion to prove himself equally our greatest singer of old English ballads. Another of the Exeter Hall concerts has contributed Beethoven's "Adelaida" (about which we need say nothing), Herr Blumenthal's still popular "Message," and (on two occasions) a new and effective song by Mr. Brinley Richards, entitled "Anita" (Garibaldi's Anita), accompanied by the composer on the pianoforte. We are glad to find Mr. Reeves still a resolute opponent to that objectionable system of "encores," which, when indulged in by audiences and acceded to by artists, goes far to spoil the best of musical entertainments, no matter what their character.

At the concert on Saturday night, besides the "Jupiter" symphony, the march from Mr. Benedict's *Undine*, the overtures of Rossini and Auber (already cursorily referred to), and the famous nautical song, the "Bay of Biscay," in which Mr. Sims Reeves invests the power to unmistakable enthusiasm, there were other attractions worth mentioning. Signor Foli was encored in two songs, "Fire-side Dreams" (Heyloff), and "The Cavalier's Steed" (Ascher), both of which he gave in his best manner; and a similar tax was imposed on Miss Helen D'Alton, after Mr. Macfarren's ballad, "The Gipsy's Home." In each instance the desire of the audience was complied with. Then there was novelty, in the shape of solos by Artôt and De Beriot, played by a youthful violinist from Italy, Signorina Virginia di Bonis, who possesses very considerable powers of execution, and an agreeable, though scarcely yet developed tone. Her first performance, at the end of which she was recalled, was perhaps the most successful. There is promise in this young lady which we hope to see fulfilled. Another pianist was Mr. Frederic Cowen, the recent public performance, in St. James's Hall, of whose remarkably clever symphony in C minor encouraged legitimate hopes that a new composer had sprung up among us. Mr. Cowen played with great spirit Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor (with orchestral accompaniments), and two solos from his own pen. The orchestra, as usual, was directed by Mr. Henry Leslie; and Mr. J. G. Callcott acted as accompanist at the pianoforte. This was the last concert of the originally projected series, but success has emboldened the director to announce a fresh series, which will commence on Saturday next.

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LICENSE.—The report lately circulated, by certain papers, to the effect that Herr R. Wagner was dangerously ill, owed its origin, probably, to the principle, so liberally patronized by many people, of "making a mountain of a mole-hill." Herr R. Wagner has been, it is true, ill, but his illness could not have been very serious—not a tenth part so serious as his attempts at comic writing—seeing that it did not prevent him from giving the finishing touches to his *Walkyrr*, or, as others spell it, *Walküre*. There is a doubt, however, that Herr R. Wagner has received an official invitation to visit Berlin, when his opera of the *Meistersinger* is produced at the Royal Operahouse there; there is a regular league of aristocratic and influential ladies, who have made up their minds to see him in that capital. He makes it a *sine qua non* of his accepting the invitation that he shall conduct the first performance himself, and it is pretty certain he will have his way, "for," say the German papers, "the lady at the head of the said league can do whatever she likes."

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BEETHOVENIANA.

(Communicated.)

1. I recently found in a musical report by one of our leading daily papers, alluding to the performance of Beethoven's Septet, a remark as to the different arrangements made by the composer himself of this masterpiece. I beg to contradict this statement, partly, which has been often erroneously propagated, by mentioning that the only arrangement by Beethoven himself of this work, is that in the form of a Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. All the other arrangements of the Septet which have been published as Quintet, Quartet, and a Duet, for Two Performers on the pianoforte, are by Czerny, Mockwitz, and others. I do not hesitate to express the opinion that Beethoven, with his great and creative genius, would not have devoted his time to such purposes.

2. It appears that Beethoven's Scotch Songs (with accompaniments for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello) are nearly forgotten, or sadly neglected. Copies are very rare, nor do I ever remember to have heard them performed in public. Perhaps they may not be considered of so high a standing as other works of the great composer, he having written them to order for a publisher; but nobody will dispute that they are highly interesting, as in fact is every note this great master has composed, and a performance of them may prove the favourable impression they would create on our musical public. It would therefore be a great treat for the admirers of the genius of the immortal composer, and also for the musical public in general if the director of the Monday Popular Concerts were to give us a selection of them. I am convinced, beforehand, that the public would tender their gratitude for this novelty; and that the finished style in which all the masterpieces of our greatest composers are performed at those excellent chamber-concerts, would not fail to produce the best understanding of the above mentioned work by the sublime Beethoven.

January, 1870. DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

BISHENDEN.

Apropos of a recent concert, the *Hertford Standard* makes some remarks which we print for the benefit of all and some; among the latter, Mr. Shirley Brooks, to whom we dedicate the reproduction as best able to appreciate it:—

"The song with which Mr. Bishenden chose to introduce himself was entitled 'The Friar of Orders Grey.' And in our opinion, he could not have hit upon a better piece of music in which to display his extraordinary vocal powers. A more deep-toned and mellow bass voice than his we have never heard, making allowances, of course, for his age. When the music is intended to arouse enthusiasm, he pours into it a fervour, a grandeur, and an expression, which is not his fault, if they do not effect all their purposes. Is it pathos that requires impersonation? His larynx, which has been one of his principal studies, is equal to the task of producing the most impassioned sounds. In truth Mr. Bishenden knows so well how to modulate his voice, that no piece of bass music, however difficult, comes amiss to him. In the hope that we shall be pardoned for digressing, we turn aside for a moment from Mr. Parsons's concert, and divert our attention to the question—to what does Mr. Bishenden owe his present popularity and great success? The question finds its solution in the enlargement of the word 'perseverance.' We are well aware how difficult it is to convince some capricious people that the majority of popular men owe their eminence and popularity, not so much to genius as to perseverance. Let the believers in genius have all they require in the shape of argument, and will they then have the audacity to controvert the fact that genius is a poor power when compared with perseverance. None admire the genius of Mr. Bishenden more than we do, but it would be a falsehood to deny that we admire his energy more. Could a young man of humble parentage, destitute of those advantages for acquiring knowledge with which a more fortunate one has endowed, write a book like *The voice and how to use it*, and sing a song like as Mr. Bishenden sang at the concert on Friday, solely by genius? We say no, and apprehend no sensible person would answer yes. Such a theory has, *prima facie*, so absurd an appearance, that it must crumble with the slightest touch. Assuming then that the vast powers ascribed to genius are fallacious, and that all arguments in support of its superiority over perseverance are sophisticated, we at once obtain the secret of Mr. Bishenden's success. Undauntedly, assiduously, and fidelity, with a single aim to become a good singer, this young gentleman has gradually worked himself up to the high position he now holds, both in the musical and literary world. It is with his progress in the former, however, that we are now most concerned. A brief sketch of his history appeared in our columns a few weeks since, and a recapitulation of any of the facts therein related is therefore unnecessary. His singing at Hemel Hempstead, on Friday, confirms us in the belief we have long felt, that none but the most apathetic audience could restrain their enthusiasm on hearing his majestic strains. Wherever he appears, whether in the presence of royalty, chivalry, or democracy; whether before the learned or illiterate, the erudite or the crude, connoisseurs or sycophants, no matter where, success is bound to attend him in all his efforts, and panegyric necessarily constitutes part of his reward. It may not be out of place, having given our own affirmative opinion of the singing of Mr. Bishenden, briefly to controvert some of the negative criticisms or calumnies, which since the concert have fallen under our notice. One gentleman critic has said that his singing was spoilt by his 'cheek.' Whether we take the expression in its literal or implied meaning, matters not. If the critic means that it is presumptuous or young a performer to sing with a great amount of confidence, we beg respectfully to differ with him. Nothing tends so much to success as confidence in one's own individual efforts, while, on the other hand, nothing impedes progress so much as diffidence in science or art, so much as an under-estimate of a person-ing application of one's own powers. It is this, we repeat, that has hitherto inspired Mr. Bishenden; but it does not thence follow that he is deserving of the epithet of 'cheeky.' Do those who think him so mean that he is not courteous enough to his audience? Neither does the term apply when viewed in this light: it is wholly inapplicable. It is no exaggeration to say that those who endeavour to pick a flaw in Mr. Bishenden's singing fail in their attempts, and that though they make a lot of criticisms they cannot but be frivolous and intangible. His merits are appreciated and commended by all who are versed in music, and satirical remarks proceed from none but the illiterate and the envious. Mr. Bishenden's talents are too sterling to be diminished in their worth by such as these. Such being the case, he is rendered invulnerable to all the darts of obloquy, and stands out with a most radiant brilliancy, which none of the fantastic lights of incompetent artists can in the least eclipse. Hemel Hempstead, among other glories, can boast of having produced a singer, whom all delight to hear, from the sovereign on the throne once occupied by Napoleon the Great, to the humblest peasant of the realm."

AUS WIEN.

(From our original Correspondent.)

I was just on the point of sending you an account of the beautiful new building of our Conservatoire as well as of the laing of the last stone by the Empereur on the 5th instant, the opening concert and the grand ball given by the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, the first on the 6th and the last one on the 15th of January; but a very sad accident has changed my happy news to melancholy ones.

On the evening of the 15th, after the last concert of Mme. Schumann was over, and everything in order, at nearly one o'clock a violent fire broke out in the garderobe on the ground floor, and until the fire-ingines arrived on the spot, the intensive smoke, more than the flames, destroyed the whole of the beautiful paintings, bas-relief, ornaments, and gildings of the grandious vestibule, the two magnificent staircases, the two small ones on the front side, as well as a suite of small rooms, and spoiled completely the walls and ceiling of the large concert-room, where the *e frochi* of Eisenmenger were so last admired. The door between the large and the small concert-room, being happily shut up, this last one was quite preserved from destruction. Another chance preserved also the splendid decorations and statues of the Loggia, joining to the large room. The damages are very great, but the premises will be opened again in a few days to concerts and balls, after undergoing some superficial reparations.

The Board of the Society have decided that the complete restauration of the building may take place when the season shall be over.

The origin of the fire is a great mistery, and all the investigations on the subject have delivered no plausible result whatever till to-day. The fact is that no gas flamme existed in the garderobe, where precisely the fire began.

The last concert of Mme. Schumann, although advertized by special desire, was poorly attended. Mme. Schumann was assisted for the vocal part by Mlle. Busse, who sang some Lieder of R. Schumann in a satisfactory manner. This Lady, of whom I spoke favorably in my last communication, be the occasion of her successful *debut* as Countess in the *Nozze di Figaro* at the Imperial Operahouse, has proved insufficient for other parts, as I anticipated, and therefore has been dismissed from the general Intendence. *Au revoir.*

Vienna, Jan. 23. SALVATORE SAVERIO DI BALDASSARE.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Mrs. Lafontaine Erskine gave a reading, in the small room, on Jan 27th, her programme being varied by some violin and pianoforte solos, in which Signorina de Bono and Miss Julia Lafontaine appeared. Mrs. Erskine reads with great distinctness and considerable expression; qualities more or less manifest in all the selections presented. The principal extracts were from Longfellow ("Wreck of the Hesperus"); Thackeray ("Cane-bottomed Chair"); Shakspere ("Cleopatra"); Hood ("Number One"); and Jerrold ("Caudle's Lecture"). The entertainment went off successfully.

HAMBURGH.—After an interval of fifteen years, Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been revived, with Herr Niemann in the principal character.

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ORGAN GRINDING.

A person should never go into poetry, as Mr. Micawber went into coals, unless first sure not only of the divine afflatus, but also, so to speak, of the divine aura, a sort of sacred atmosphere which shall encircle him and make him impervious to all outward assaults of sound or sense until the fury passes and the verse is done.

I was never more aware of this than when, having been thoroughly ecstasized with the exquisite charm of a June dawn, I began to sing it to, what seemed to me, the heavenly measure beating in my brain, and to congratulate myself upon it as an opening to the fifth book of my great epic :—

> Now morning carried daylight to the gods,
> And, with the beaker carelessly aslant,
> Spilled half the golden ichor on the air;
> 'Twas set to rise on bitter barm;
> The jag was just as long's my arm;
> It wouldn't do a bit of harm
> To a captain in the army.

What? alas, then, what was this? Had my nimble pen been stolen from a plauchette? Had it taken the ink between its teeth, and essayed to write metallic nonsense of its own? Was my poetic gift and joy degraded into doggrel? Was this a spiritual manifestation? What was it that was working such a spell upon me? I knew a foreign influence in the neighbourhood "by the pricking of my thumb', even as the witches of Shakspere's time forefelt, and the witches of the "dark circles" of to-day do still detect evil approaches. I looked around me in a fine frenzy, and only then discovered with recognition the strains of the hand-organ whose piercing tones, from around the corner, had penetrated my dream till my impersonation of morning had become inextricably entangled with

> "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
> Who fed his horse on corn and beans,
> Although 'twas quite beyond the means
> Of a captain in the army."

What nonsense it is to talk of the impossibility of projectiles turning a corner, when bare every note of the hand-organ had come round the corner to sting my ears like hornets! What was I to do? Give the organ-grinder money? Then, as one good turn deserves another, he would stay and play till doomsday, for all I knew. Shake a threatening hand at him? Then he would certainly stay. Call the police? They would laugh in my face, and though that might give me the satisfaction of taking legal damages arising from the non-completion of my epic, yet who but Apollo himself could assess those damages?

I let the dog out. To be sure, Spot would run from a hen; but then he could bark, and it would go hard if one noise could not drown out the other. It did. I returned to my epic. The beautiful sunrise was yet lovely in my experience, the warble of bird-song, the dew upon the branches, the breeze, the freshness, the perfume. I dwelt upon them in memory. I must transmute them all to my verse. A clean sheet of paper, and once more I began :—

> Now morning carried daylight to the gods,
> And, with the beaker carelessly aslant,
> Spilled half the golden ichor on the air
> At five o'clock in the morning.——

Oh, pshaw! Another organ. What could I do to be rid of the nuisance? Throw boots at him? Why not throw boots at him? You throw boots at the cats. Ah, patience, and—tear your hair. There is an old lady in the vicinity who never encourages the theatre or the circus, and would think ill of herself to lend a wistful countenance to any Italian screech-owl of a *prima donna*, she thanks heaven—but who trolls every organ-grinder in the country to her door. There he is now, the second one within the half-hour, turning, turning, like the wheel of fate, and the little girl in purple in the face with the tambourine, and the monkey carries round the hat for coppers—I detest a monkey! Allowing the Darwinian theory, why should a man have his low beginnings for ever thrust in his face? And there are the crowds of children, those gaping in open-mouthed delight, those exhibiting an ostentatious honesty in the matter of coppers—it humiliates me to remember that once I was a child myself! Let me panoply myself against the young rabble, and be as if they were not. Poor things! what do they know of epics? Another pen—I am in a diffe rent sphere—how then :—

> Now Morning carried daylight to the gods,
> And—said, I've just walked over,
> As I'd nothing else to do—

Good heavens! had I lost all control of myself? I sprang to my feet; the tune was just droning itself out; it would wait. An epic could wait, an epic must wait the convenience of the organ-grinder. At last stillness reigned once more. A bird lit on a bough, and gushed forth a trill of gladness through the hush. I glanced out; the corner was vacant; then let me make haste while it might, for organ-grinders are like musquitoes—when you have killed one, there is always another to coma buzzing and blowing his horn. Now I wipe my pen, and commence afresh on this immortal work which is to dazzle America and make Europe gnaw out her heart with envy. I hasten, I deaden myself to outside influences—for far, far away, already it seems to me I detect—perhaps it is not—it may be only the remnants of the last one singing in my ears—at any rate I will not borrow trouble:—

> Now Morning carried daylight to the gods,
> And, with the beaker carelessly aslant,
> Spilled half the golden ichor on the air,
> And drunk with radiance all the thirsty clouds
> Reeled—Champagne Charley is my name,
> Champagne Charley is my name,
> Always—

Could any one write an epic, I ask In all fairness, in a country where organ-grinding is not punishable with death? Look at this man—he is the compatriot of Dante—and yet he interferes with my epic! or is it national rivalry on his part, lest the *Divina Commedia* undergo eclipse? If I were ruler, should not the penalty for organ-grinding be banishment for the first offence, and death for all the others? He deserves no better. Plainly he stole the child who is screaming the songs out beside him, and, only the other day the Italian Parliament passed a law condemning him for it. And that is not the only thing he steals—for I know a family where the wife dotes on the hand-organ and the husband abominates it, and privately the wife pays money to the man for coming, and just as privately the husband pays money to have him go away, and between the two he fairly robs the family of half its income. May heaven confound all organ-grinders, say I! Let the evanescent essence of this June morning wait to be alchemised into golden verse when best it may. I will lay my epic on the shelf till organ-grinders and musquitoes, and bats and wasps and all the other pests of the summer season are things that were. Could Milton have written *L'Allegro* with an organ grinding the "Sabre of his Father" just at hand? *L'Allegro!* He would have flown to *Il Penseroso*. He would have cried from the lattice :—

> "Not for Joe, not for Joe,
> If he knows it not for Joseph,
> No, no, no, not for Joe,
> Not for Joseph, oh, dear no!"

JOHANN CHRISTIAN BACH.*

This Johann Christian Bach, "a composer who," as Gerber very naively remarks, "was unfaithful, it is true, to the Bach school, but, on that account, all the more pleasing and popular," played, first in Italy, at Milan, and then in London, where he resided from 1759 till his death, in 1782, a far more brilliant part in the world than his father, Johann Sebastian, whose youngest son he was. What position he held among his contemporaries we learn very fully from Dr. Burney.

When Christian left Berlin and arrived in Italy, his principal occupation was writing for the voice, and he assured Dr. Burney that, for many years, he never touched a piano except to compose for or accompany the voice. But, in consequence of his style of playing being so much admired in England, he endeavoured to recover his powers of execution, which he had lost for want of exercise, and also from the stiffness of his fingers, a stiffness produced by their being continually bent when holding a pen. He never, however, regained the rapidity necessary for the performance of very difficult passages. His pianoforte compositions were, also, such as could be easily mastered by ladies without too great an expenditure of trouble, and his *Allegros* more resembled *brunura* airs than instrumental pieces to be played by virtuosos. This is the reason of their losing so much if performed without the accompaniment of other instruments. The accompaniment is generally so masterly and interesting for the hearer as to conceal every insignificant passage in the pianoforte part.

In the operas he wrote for the London theatres, there are many exceedingly beautiful airs, for a long time very popular. Perhaps, however, it was more the richness of the accompaniments than anything extraordinary in the melody that procured for them this privilege, though the melody was always natural, pleasing, and treated in the best Italian taste. The Neapolitan school, in which he was brought up, appears unmistakably in his melodies, as the learning of his father, or rather, of his brother, appears in his harmony. His operas were the first from which the *Da Capo*, at that time universally the fashion, disappeared. The first part used to be combined with the second, to which the singer, after modulating in the fifth, generally returned.

Bach seems, also, to have been the first composer who regarded the value of contrast as a principle. Before his time, if any instance of contrast occurred

* From the New York *Home Musikerung*.

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n the works of other masters, it appeared to be merely the result of chance. Bach, on the contrary, in his Symphonies and other instrumental pieces, as well as in his vocal compositions, rarely omitted to work-in a long, soft passage after a rapid and noisy one.

At the present day, our worthy composers, for the purpose of producing a contrast, employ, after noisy passages for stringed instruments, whole choruses of flutes, oboes, clarionets, bassoons, horns, and trombones, which are, moreover, freshened up with trumpets and kettle-drums. In other words: these gentlemen substitute one species of noise for another! Who, at the present day, when every man's brain is always in a state of commotion, takes any pleasure in the quiet, gentle changes of Johann Christian Bach.

When our composer was first asked in London to write an Italian opera, he found himself in no small dilemma, on account of the badness of the singers for whom he was to write, and to whom he had to entrust his reputation. Luckily he heard De Amicis at a private party, and prevailed on the manager to engage her as *prima donna* for serious opera, she having previously sung in buffo opera only. He now, in 1763, composed his *Orione, o sia Diana vendicata*, which for three months excited general approbation. In addition to the beauties of melody and harmony for which it was distinguished, the entirely original manner in which he employed the wind instruments produced an especially profound impression. It was in this opera, also, that clarionets were heard for the first time in an English orchestra. *Orione* was followed by *Zanaida*, etc.

His wife, Cecilia Bach, whose maiden name was Grassi, was by birth Italian. For several years she occupied the position of *prima donna* at the Operahouse, London, though she was far from handsome, and, moreover, used to stand upon the stage like an inanimate statue. In addition, however, to a very sweet voice, she possessed so much innocence of expression, and such pure intonation, that the auditor, being taken by surprise, listened to her with double pleasure. After her husband's death she returned to her native country, Italy.

—o—

THE STICK AS A MEDIUM OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.*

King Frederick II. of Prussia turned his attention at an early age to music. Frederick I., the most eccentric personage, probably, of his day, had a horror of the art. While heir to the throne, Frederick II. could not practise on his beloved flute any where but in a sequestered grotto, round which he stationed scouts, charged to warn him when the emissaries sent by the King to surprise him were too near.

Frederick II. was not particularly proud of the battles which his genius enabled him to gain. He was prouder of his verses than of the plans of his campaigns, and it was only after a great many precautions and a great amount of praise that Voltaire ventured to observe that the word *crépe*, forming two syllables, is not written *crep*, a style of orthography somewhat too Germanic. The King, however, had great pretensions to extreme delicacy of ear. He composed some detestable medleys for the flute, and thought this fact rendered him the most accomplished judge of musical matters in his kingdom. His favourite composers were Hasse, Graun, part of whose works have been lost, and Agricola, who was overtaken by the same misfortune (or, perhaps, out of regard for his fame, we might rather say, good luck); the works of all other composers were hateful to his Majesty.

The following was the course pursued by the great King during the rehearsals held at the Court of Berlin. In the first place, the reader must remember that, though he played the flute tolerably, the King of Prussia had no ear for music. What must have been the position to which those singers were reduced, who had gone to seek their fortune with the friend of Voltaire and of Lamettrie! The conductor, standing on a platform slightly raised, gave the signal to commence. Frederick was seated behind him, with his walking-stick in his hand. It was thus that he superintended the piece performed under the direction of the chapelmaster. Unfortunately, Frederick, as I have said, did not possess a correct ear, and numerous examples prove, at the present day, that such persons want to appear more susceptible than those who do. King Frederick, therefore, like a spider watching a fly, superintended in his own fashion the behaviour of his singers, and if, in the course of the piece, any rich bit of harmony, of which the excellent director of the orchestra had been *guilty*, happened to shock the royal ears, the King chastised (for the truth must be told) with his cane the unfortunate artists who had merely carried out the composer's intentions. I shall, perhaps, be told that they might have escaped by flight from such humiliating treatment; I would merely draw attention to the fact that any vocalist endeavouring to run away from the admiration, and the canings, of the illustrious *dilettante*, would have exposed himself to the risk of being shut up for the remainder of his days in a fortress, which he certainly would have been, had the King once threatened to inflict such a punishment on him. L. K.

* From the *Guide Musical*.

WAIFS.

The Santley tour party—including Madame Sinico, Miss Annie Edmonds, Herr Wilhelmj, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Santley—have given concerts this week, with distinguished success, at Blackburn, Liverpool, Preston, and Bradford. Last night a concert was to take place at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

M. Gounod has just finished the second act of his *Polyeucte*. Two are wanted.

M. Eugene Gautier of the Paris Conservatoire has been named *Officier d'Académie*.

Tarschnee's *Vampire* has just been adapted to the French stage by MM. Gouzien and Mortier.

They are busy at the Grand Opéra with *Robert le Diable*, in which Mdlle. Nilsson is to appear.

The post of organist to Christ Church, Clapham, is vacant. The stipend is £60.

Miss Madeline Schiller, the well-known pianist, is going on a professional visit to Australia.

Mr. Arthur Byron is appointed principal tenor singer at Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

The Sultan has conferred upon M. Leprévost, organist of St. Roch, the Order of the Medjidie.

Herr Joachim has played at Manchester this week, at one of the concerts of Mr. Charles Hallé.

L'Entr'acte says that Prince Poniatowski's opera, *Pierre de Médicis*, has had a great success at the Scala.

M. Théodore Barrière is writing a libretto for the Folies Dramatiques, which M. Hervé will set to music.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony was again performed at the Conservatoire (Paris) concert last Sunday.

Mr. Fechter's appearance has been hailed by the New York critics with less delight than was expected.

Mdlle. Miriam, the young pianist (pupil of Mr. Lindsay Sloper) has returned to town after a five months' tour.

Miss Nelly Power is engaged by Mr. Montgue to appear at his new theatre in the Strand as a burlesque actress.

The parts of Herr Wagner's new opera, *Walkyre*, are distributed, and rehearsals will soon commence at the Munich Theatre.

There is talk (in the Paris *Télégraphe*) of the engagement of Mdlle. Lutza Carl (Miss Louisa Carey) for Covent Garden next season.

The journal, *La Musique Populaire* (Paris), has half its lease of February 1st in mourning, for the late celebrated organist, Lefebure-Wely.

M. Desgranges has been named musical director of the French Court balls, and, also, of those at the Hotel de Ville, in succession to M. Strauss.

A new *Faust* has made its appearance at the Warsaw Theatre. One M. Monluski is its author, and he has made Mephistopheles a tenor, the hero a bass.

La Grand-Lama is the title of a new *opera-bouffe* in four acts to be produced at the Variétés. Words by MM. Chivot and Duru, music by M. Offenbach.

Mr. T. W. Robertson's new comedy is in a forward state, but it is doubtful when it will be produced, as *School* bids fair to fill the Prince of Wales's for some time.

M. Strakosch, in his *Telegraphe*, pronounces an amateur, Madame Moulton, "*la Diva du monde*." She sings in French, English, Italian, German, Spanish and Latin. An Admirable Moulton.

An opera in two acts, music by M. Jules Cohen, has been accepted at the Opéra Comique, and is promised during the present month; although Auber's *Rêve d'Amour* goes on its successful course.

The Municipal Council of Marseilles have reduced their subvention to the Grand Théâtre from 220,000 francs to 100,000. It is feared that no manager will be found to risk a season under the new arrangement.

Mrs. Holman Andrews (organist of St. Matthew's, Friday Street, Cheapside) has succeeded Mdlle. Angele as teacher of music at St. Mary's Hall, Brighton.

M. Pasdeloup offered his patrons the following, last Sunday:—Military Symphony (Haydn); Adagio from *Ocean* Symphony, Rubinstein; Concerto for pianoforte, in E flat, Beethoven; Fragments from *Romeo et Juliette*, Berlioz.

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Mdlle. Anna Mehlig, the Hanoverian pianist, is in the United States, earning golden opinions from the classical connoisseurs. That Mdlle' Alida Topp should be there also is no fault of Miss Anna Mehlig's.

Now that M. Pasdeloup has resigned, the artists at the Théâtre-Lyrique wish to carry on the season themselves. As a preliminary, they ask a double subvention; which the minister of Fine Arts hopes they may get, but cannot exactly see how.

Rumour says that M. Litolff's defunct opera-concerts are to be revived on new and solid bases. The Minister of Fine Arts promises a subvention. The works of Gounod, Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, and Rubinstein are to be performed; where, then, are the great masters?

The members of the Upper Norwood Tonic Sol-fa Class gave their eighteenth concert on Monday week, when the programme included selections from the works of Handel, and other eminent composers. The members acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of a large audience. Herr R. Beringer was at the pianoforte.

In England there is a growing tendency to use churches for the performance of oratorios and other sacred works; but in New York our "go-ahead" cousins are so far in advance that *Watson's Art Journal*, in describing a recent entertainment at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, tells us that "the programme was confined to opera music."—*Choir*.

The *Choir* informs its readers that, "at his last organ recital at Edinburgh, Professor Oakeley stated that in that city not the slightest prejudice exists against the works of Schumann, and that his works are received there with almost German enthusiasm." This is very kind on the part of the people of Edinburgh and very considerate on the part of Professor Oakeley.

The National Musical Convention in the United States, to the formation of which we alluded some months since, seems to be making rapid progress. In the Massachusetts alone the number of choralists who have enrolled themselves under the auspices of the association already amounts to upwards of 7000, representing sixty-seven societies. —*Choir*.

The titles given to musical associations are sometimes strangely at variance with the nature of music they perform; and thus it is no uncommon thing to find a Bach Society devoting itself to Mendelssohn, or a Schumann Society which studiously avoids the compositions of that clever but ill-fated writer. New York furnishes a fresh instance of this want of harmony in the name and objects of its musical organizations, the recently formed "Church Music Association" announcing the first act of Weber's *Oberon* as a prominent item in its opening concert!

Here is a criticism on Berlioz's *King Lear* overture, taken from the *New York Sun* :—

"Schumann said he was always at a loss whether to consider Berlioz a genius or a charlatan, and certainly his *Lear* is a work that eminently conduces to that doubtful state of mind. Lear was a mad old king, and this is a mad old overture—so far so good; the music aptly illustrates the monarch, but *Lear* was at times something sober than mad, and into these moods Berlioz fails to follow him. The overture is fragmentary; an idea is no sooner taken freely in hand than it is dropped for another; the brass instruments are in a constant fever of climax and trouble!"

From a copy of the Service Paper, used at St. Andrew's Cathedral Sydney, N.W., which has been forwarded to us by one of our correspondents in the city, we observe that it is the custom not only to insert the names of the hymns, tunes, chants, and anthems, but also to give the titles of the organ voluntaries. This practice we have frequently commended to our readers, and we are glad to find that it has been adopted in many English churches. It can hardly fail to lead to a better appreciation, by the congregation, of the importance of this part of the musical service, while its influence on the organist must be equally satisfactory, causing him to arrange beforehand what he intends to play, instead of leaving the decision to the impulse of the moment, and leading him to suit his choice of subjects to the season of the Church's year. —*Choir*.

On a careful consideration of music of the day in Paris, it is difficult to come to any other conclusion that it is as bad as bad can be. In opera, Ambroise Thomas, a good mechanic at best, is shoved per force into the foremost place, his only competitor being Gounod (whose next work will make or mar him with the French public). As for mere ephemeral music, such as songs, romances, pianoforte pieces, &c., the publications of the day are simply wretched. Tune appears to have been sent into exile. It no longer exists. The modern ballad of France is invariably pretentious—like the people. It aims at something very much beyond what in England we *used to consider* the scope of a chamber song, and finishes commonly with being utterly absurd. This almost total want of melody, and superabundance of false sentiment, render French drawing-room music at present even worse than that of England.—*Choir*.

We have heard of mathematicians who have solved some of their most difficult problems while engaged in the most uncongenial pursuits, but an American journal places all such feats in the shade by telling us of an opera composed in a series of omnibus journays. This work, manifestly produced under difficulties, is entitled the *Corsican Bride*, from the pen of Mr. Edward Mollenhauer, a New York teacher of music. His only time for composition was, we are informed, that spent in driving to and from his pupils' houses; and in this painful manner he conceived the opera alluded to, which, we are not surprised to hear, was not a remarkable success. Although our contemporary kindly attributes his withdrawal from the boards to the assassination of poor Abraham Lincoln. Be this as it may, Mr. Mollenhauer is indefatigable, and has just completed a symphony, after the pictorial style designed to represent Collins' "Ode to the Passions." Let us hope this was written under more auspicious influences.—*Choir*.

JENA.—The 13th ult. was the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Academic Concerts, which have succeeded each other uninterruptedly longer than any other concerts in Germany, always excepting the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic, the first of which was given one hundred and twenty-six years ago! In honour of the occasion, the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach forwarded the Cross of the Order of the White Falcon, first class, to Dr. Carl Gille, managing director of the concerts, and the University presented him with the honorary diploma of Doctor of Philosophy. From Queen Augusta of Prussia Dr. Gille received the following letter:—"Taking, as I do to-day, so great an interest in everything that goes on in my country, I cannot refrain from expressing the sincere sympathy excited in my breast by the hundredth anniversary of the Academical Concerts in Jena, and, at the same time, from adding how much I appreciate the services which you, both as director, for many years, of these concerts, and as chairman of the Academical Musical Association of Germany, have rendered to the cause of our national art. May you long be spared to labour for it as successfully as hitherto, and to receive the thanks of all those who are interested in its development. Berlin, 17th January, 1870. Augusta." Herr Neumann, who, for the last ten years, has acted most efficiently as the musical director of the concerts, received the gold Medal for Civil Merit, from the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. The programme of the hundredth concert comprised:—Symphony in A major, Stade; Prologue, C. Dohm; "An die Künstler" (solos, chorus for male voices, and orchestra), Liszt; "Festival Overture," C. Lassen; Cantata, solos, chorus, and orchestra, C. Lassen; "Gaudeamus igitur," humorous piece, solos, chorus, and orchestra, Franz Liszt. The last three pieces were composed expressly for the anniversary. Some of the regulations laid down for the students taking part in the concerts a century ago are highly amusing, and serve to give an insight into what the student-life of the period must have been. One of the regulations, for instance, is, that no student shall appear in his dressing-gown or with curl-papers in his hair, but in clean clothing and linen, and with his hair properly arranged, or with a wig. Another regulation requires the students "to be quiet and act in a becoming manner at the concert, and not make a noise, or get into disputes; the *viri academici* are prohibited from seeing any females home."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE & Co.—"The Musical Directory for 1870."
SAMSON & Co.—"Twilight Fancies," by Edmund T. Chipp.
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—" The Flower Gatherers" and "The Gipsy Countess," by W. S. Rockstro; "Célèbres Sérénade de Haydn," transcribed pour piano par Maurice Leo; "The Ashgrove," for piano, by Stanley Richards; "The Exile's Song of Home," "I'm a Fisherman bold," and "The Miller's Maid," songs by Theodore Distin.

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MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing DUGGAN'S great Baritone song, "SAMSON," at Woodford, 17th; and the Baritone Recitatives and Arias in "THE PRODIGAL SON," by A. S. SULLIVAN, which will be performed, for the first time in London, on the 21st instant, by the Briston Choral Society.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing at Lynn Philharmonic Society, February 16th; 22nd, Southampton; 23rd, St. James's Hall; 27th, City; March 2nd, Drury Lane Theatre; 17th, St. Ives, Hants; April 27th, St. James's Theatre.—Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Lessons, to be addressed—3, Canning Place, Palace Gate, Kensington.

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MISS GERTRUDE MAYFIELD will sing RANDEGGER'S admired song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER" (Violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth), at the first concert of the Schubert Society, on the 21st instant.

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MISS JULIA ELTON will sing HENRY SMART'S popular song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Mr. J. Greenhill's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21st.

MR. J. GREENHILL will sing his new song, "OH! WHISPER BUT THE GENTLE WORD," at Miss Fanny Poole's Concert, at the Pimlico Rooms, February 26th.

MR. J. GREENHILL begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the Beethoven Rooms on MONDAY EVENING, February 21, when he will be assisted by the following artists: Vocalists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Annie Hall, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. J. Boshrie, and Mr. Miles Bennett; Instrumentalists: clarionet, Mr. Clinton; pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache; Conductors, Signori Randegger and Fiori. Tickets to be obtained at LAMBORN COCK & Co., New Bond Street.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Monday Popular Concerts are now in their zenith. With the departure of that interesting violinist, Mdlle. Norman-Neruda, interesting not merely on account of her sex but on account of her remarkable genius, it might have been thought that their attraction, for a time, at least, would in a measure be lessened. But no such thing. Her place as leader of the quartets was promptly filled by Herr Ludwig Straus, one of the readiest and most versatile masters of the violin now existing, and one of those best acquainted with the chamber music of the great composers. At the first three concerts since Christmas Herr Straus led the quartets, with an ability that has long been recognized and frequently dwelt upon in fitting terms. Moreover, he has had Signor Piatti with him—"Emperor of violoncellists," as he is justly styled, and, to speak in familiar phrase, a solid comfort to any leader. Herr Straus's most striking performance was in the great C major "Rasoumowsky" quartet of Beethoven, which he led with equal judgment and spirit. The first three concerts were otherwise noticeable for the performance, by Madame Arabella Goddard and Signor Piatti, of two sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello—the one in D by Mendelssohn, and the one in A by Professor Sterndale Bennett, the last of which (*prok pudor!*) had never been introduced before to Mr. Chappell's intelligent public. Of even greater importance was the introduction (first time!), by Madame Goddard, of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach's *Fantasia* in A minor, and Joseph Woelfl's *Introduction, Fugue, and Sonata* in C minor—both masterpieces, both played magnificently (indeed, as no other pianist we are aware of could have played them), and both, like the violoncello duets, received with every token of delight.

Since then Herr Joseph Joachim has returned, and already appeared at four concerts—two morning and two evening. That Herr Joachim's reception on each occasion was enthusiastic need scarcely be added. He is the greatest foreign artist, and also (which does not invariably follow) the most popular, who, within the memory of the present generation, has been in the habit of favouring us with periodical visits. Herr Joachim's new yearly advent is always looked forward to as the chief event of the musical season. And if the highest and the purest art, revealed through the medium of art's worthiest representative, are taken into consideration, the chief event it unquestionably is. Herr Joachim's playing has long been accepted as something beyond criticism, and which can dispense with eulogy. To say that he has played no matter what, from John Sebastian Bach to Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, is equivalent to saying that it was played to absolute perfection. Were we to discuss anew the merits of the gifted Hungarian, whatever we might say would inevitably assume an air of platitude, so unanimously admitted is his supremacy, both by amateurs and professional musicians. How that supremacy was won, how earnestly and legitimately it has been maintained, is too old a story to repeat. It is, nevertheless, agreeable to look back to Herr Joachim's first appearance in this country, a quarter of a century ago, when he came, warmly recommended by Mendelssohn, and, though little more than twelve years of age, took the audience of the Philharmonic concerts (then the most trying ordeal for a new aspirant) by storm, in Beethoven's violin concerto; and to remember with what hearty spontaneity the wonderful talent of the boy was appreciated. Musical England, indeed, may be said to have been the first to recognize, at its full value, a genius now pronounced exceptional all over Germany. Even the amateurs of boasting Paris, where the sensation created by Herr Joachim, at the concerts of the Conservatoire, and those of M. Pasdeloup, was, in Parisian phrase, "*hors ligne*," only knew and applauded him after every tone of his instrument had, for twenty years and more, been pleasantly familiar to us on this side the Channel. Thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts, we have had Herr Joachim among us year after year, with scarcely an intermission, since 1859, when they were first established. And now, in a sentence, he returns to us with the same large style, the same noble simplicity of expression, the same grand tone, modulated with the same ease, and capable of the same niceties of gradation, the same splendid vigour and unerring mechanism, the same broad unaffected reading and healthy conception of every work submitted to him, and last, not least, the same disdain of ostentation and forgetfulness of self in the music he is interpreting, modest and dignified as it is rare, which proclaim the genuine great artist we have known and admired for all these years. We have said, more than once, on the occasion of Herr Joachim's coming back, that "he plays, if possible, still better than before;" and yet it was hardly possible to point out where improvement had been wanting, so perfect seemed his tone, so irreproachable his taste, and so masterly in every respect his handling of the fiddle. Nevertheless, an artist thus devoted to his art, thus absorbed in the music assigned to him, and thus utterly regardless of self-display, could not well stand still. Advance he of necessity must towards an ideal perfection of his own, to attain which, no matter how far on the road he might be at any given epoch, was the aim and end of his artistic being. We feel moved, then, again to say, even now, that to our thinking, Herr Joachim "plays, if possible, still better than before." We may be wrong, but such is our impression. We felt it in Beethoven's glorious C major quintet, which he selected for his first appearance—finding more humour in the *scherzo*, more depth of sentiment in the slow movement, and more fire and impetuosity in the *finale* than ever, and we felt it in the same composer's later work, the E flat quartet (No. 10), where the expression imparted to the divine *adagio* was as full of, heartfelt emotion as the never-ceasing melody itself. This quartet was the most conspicuous feature of the programme on the evening in question, which to the lovers of music who habitually frequent the Monday Popular Concerts was the *bona-fide* first appearance of their favourite. For reasons unnecessary to explain there is ordinarily little comparative enthusiasm exhibited at morning concerts; while at evening concerts, given the cause, there is ordinarily a great deal. True, at the Saturday Concerts, Herr Joachim is welcomed as he has a just right to expect to be welcomed, but on the Mondays his reception is always overwhelming. Not only his quartet playing but his solo playing is now again the theme of universal and well placed admiration. Witness the *furore* created by his wonderful execution of J. S. Bach's wonderful *Chaconne* in D minor, with its multitude of variations, the one, coming from his bow and fingers, more interesting and surprising than the other, although each is given with as affectionate a solicitude as if it were paramount. Not content with this, the audience, after twice calling back Herr Joachim, continued applauding so persistently that he had no choice but to play again. To repeat the *Chaconne* was out of the question; so he substituted an *allegro* from one of the other sonatas of Bach (in C major), his execution of which was not a whit less marvellous than his execution of the other. On Saturday afternoon Herr Joachim led Mendelssohn's quintet for string instruments, in B flat, Op. 87 (one of the "Posthumous" publications), which is always agreeable to hear, not merely because it is a truly grand work, but because it was the first piece in the programme of the first Monday Popular Concert, in the year of foundation (February 14th, 1859). He also joined Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, in Schubert's trio in E flat; the learned pianist, so long associated with the Monday Popular Concerts, choosing for solo, Beethoven's sonata in D major (No. 3, Op. 10), which he plays so often and with such elaborate finish. The singer was Miss Edith Wynne—always welcome. We must not omit to say that at the other concerts the pianoforte was worthily represented by Herr Pauer—who, in a sonata by Mozart, and Mendelssohn's *Fantasia* in F sharp minor (the "*Sonate Ecossaise*"), as well as in Beethoven's C minor trio (Op. 3, the finest of the set, though the one which Haydn recommended Beethoven not to publish), and the B flat trio of Schubert, about which Schumann wrote so enthusiastically (with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti), showed alike his versatility and his talent.

At the concert on Monday night, by no means the least interesting of the present series, the programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet, in D major, No. 10, strings	.. .. ..	Mozart.
8-ng, "Kennst du das Land"	.. .. ..	Beethoven.
Variations brièuses, pianoforte	.. ..	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Chaconne, violin, with pianoforte accompaniment	.. ..	Vitali.
Songs, { "Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh"	.. ..	Schumann.
{ "Die Post"	.. ..	Schubert.
Trio, D major. Op. 70, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	..	Beethoven.

The quartet is now composed of Herr Joachim, Herr L. Ries, Herr L. Straus, and Signor Piatti, and is so to remain until the end of the season—Herr Straus, himself so competent a leader, having consented to play the viola (hitherto held with great ability by Signor Zerbini) at all the concerts to come. Anything more melodious, ingenious, and beautiful than Mozart's quartet—known as "No. 10," although really his 23rd work of the kind—can hardly be imagined, or anything more absolutely irreproachable than the performance, by Herr Joachim and his coadjutors. That the work was thoroughly enjoyed, and the players called back at the end, will easily be credited. The exquisite slow movement (in G) would have been heard again

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with satisfaction. This was only the second hearing vouchsafed at the Monday Popular Concerts to one of the genuine masterpieces of the most genuine of all the masters of melody and counterpoint combined.

The *Ciaconna* of Tomaso Vitali, a celebrated violinist of the early part of last century, is constructed upon the same plan as that of Bach (already referred to), but is as inferior to Bach as brass to gold. Granted, there may be a certain monotony in the perpetual maintenance of the same key, to which Bach, Handel, &c., adhere in their *suites* and variations, we, nevertheless, can see no improvement in the perpetual shifting of keys, through the medium of queer progressions and forced transitions, as exemplified in this laboured composition by Vitali, who, though he is said to have given lessons to the renowned Padre Martini, might, with advantage, some time latter, have received lessons, in form and harmony at least, from Martini in return. But whatever the merits of the composition, the performance of this hitherto unknown *Ciaconna*, by Herr Joachim (accompanied on the pianoforte, by Mr. Benedict, in a style not easy to surpass), was such as to raise the enthusiasm of the audience to so high a pitch that the whole had to be repeated from beginning to end. The pianist on Monday was Mr. Franklin Taylor, who had already, some time ago, won his spurs at St. James's Hall, and who is favourably known at the concerts directed by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace. This gentleman is an artist in the truest sense of the word. Whatever piece he brings before the public he has so completely mastered that scarcely a flaw can be detected in his performance. On the present occasion he gave the seventeen *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn in a style with which the composer himself would have been satisfied. The reading was admirable, the execution irreproachable throughout, and at the end Mr. Taylor was unanimously called back to the platform. Among all the new pianists introduced by Mr. Chappell of recent years, Mr. Franklin Taylor is incomparably the best. Not only does he excel as a solo player; but, as was proved in his performance with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, of Beethoven's great trio in D major, he is equally at home in concerted music. We have rarely heard this trio better executed. Mr. Taylor showed himself worthy of his associates—higher praise than which could not be bestowed.

A word of hearty eulogy is due to Mdlle. Carola, who gave Beethoven's exquisite setting of the song of Goethe's Mignon, not only with perfect taste, but with genuine dramatic feeling, and who was scarcely less happy in Schumann's pretty *Lied* and the inimitable "Post" of the too early lost Schubert. Altogether the concert was one of the very best of the year.

On Monday next Madame Schumann is to play, and the programme will include, among other things, her husband's quintet, in E flat, for pianoforte and string instruments.

—o—

NEW MUSIC.

Some time ago we noticed Messrs. Ashdown & Parry's new edition of Mozart's pianoforte sonatas. It was our duty to speak very favourably of the issue, and also of the manner in which the editor, Mr. Walter Macfarren, had done his work. We have now before us an appropriate sequel, in the shape of Mozart's miscellaneous compositions for the household instrument, published by the same firm. In thirty two numbers. The edition is, as regards paper and print, an *edition de luxe*; no expense having been spared to produce it in the best style. With respect to the music, we wish it could be said that nothing is needed in the way of recommendation. The fact is, however, that looking at the character of these works, their comparative easiness and absolute beauty, pianoforte players, generally, are ignorant of them to an astounding degree. Admitting public taste to be as low as it is sometimes represented, there is no reason at all why Mozart's miscellaneous compositions should not be in general use; because, while perfect works of art, they have attractions all must feel. Evidently, then, this music has only to be more widely known; and there is reason for congratulation upon Messrs Ashdown & Parry's enterprise. Of the thirty-two numbers, twenty-one are devoted to as many "Variations," beginning with those on an original theme in G major, written at the age of nine years, and ending with those on *Pruendun cunfter Hersemstriche*, which are of doubtful authenticity. Mr. Macfarren has included several other works, thought to be spurious by commentators like Jahn and Köchel. Of this nobody will complain, because so long as there is any doubt, it is well to preserve the music. Moreover, the doubt is proof that the subject of it has merit of no ordinary sort. Besides the Variations, there are three *Rondos*, a *Minuetto*, a *Gigue*, two *Fantasias*, a *Fantasie* and *Fugue*, a *Suite de Pièces*, an *Adagio*, and a *Romance*. Here, then, is a mass of pianoforte music adapted to moderate capacity and ordinary comprehension. We recommend it heartily to all who, with tastes above the fashionable trash of the day, are not able to meet the requirements of music classical but difficult. One word more—each number can be had separately.

Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. have published the music of *Un Anno ad un Giorno*, operetta, composed by Jules Benedict." This we believe is an early work of the esteemed musician, and was originally produced in Italy. The plot of the operetta we do not know. Doubtless, however, it will appear in due course, and have the public trial which, if worthy of the music, it deserves. The music is in seven numbers. First, a duet, "Vieni, o care," for soprano and mezzo-soprano, in B flat, marked by pleasant graceful melody and elegant treatment of details. A cavatina for mezzo-soprano, "Oh! che rabbia," is prefaced by a masterly recitative, and itself dashes along, *tempo di Polacca*, with an exuberance of spirit which never becomes boisterous, though it has a show piece this is worth the study of any lady to master its phrases. The accompaniments are charming. "Al campo della gloria" is an aria for baritone, straightforward, vigorous, and characteristic. With its words done into appropriate English, this song ought to become popular among amateurs, for whose use it is in many respects adapted. "Ciel che ma veggio," a duet for soprano and baritone, is an elaborate number, of considerable pretensions, written throughout in the genuine Italian style. The spirit of the words is caught with happy facility, and the music flows on as though by its own volition, so free and spontaneous is it. The fifth number, a duet, "Infelice, poverino," for soprano and mezzo-soprano, is more adapted to the average capacity. Like the first, its themes are marked by easy grace, and the whole is elegantly written. A *Romanza* for mezzo-soprano, "Pastorella," is hardly so striking as the preceding numbers. It contains, however, a good second subject, which supplies an effective contrast. The *finale*, an air for soprano, "Che più dirvi," with chorus, brings the work to a pleasant end. By reproducing this operetta, Messrs. Davison & Co. have done good service to those who love true Italian music, and to the reputation of its composer. Mr. Benedict, looking upon his earlier work, even with the light of larger experience and ripened powers, can hardly be other than glad that public attention is now directed to it.

Some publications by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. now claim attention. "The Suez Quadrille," by Adam Wright has a bird's-eye view of M. de Lesseps' work on its title-page, which is really worth the price of the whole. There is nothing specially noticeable in Mr. Wright's music. "My First Ball Quadrille," by J. Pridham, is elegantly adorned by the picture of a very young gentleman *à la Watteau*, tendering a bouquet to a very young lady also *à la Watteau*. The themes used are mostly familiar airs; and their treatment well adapts them to young performers. The "Happy Dreams Waltz," by J. Pridham, represents on its title-page a sleeping baby cradled in a floating shell, with a gigantic peacock's feather as a parasol. This must have been the "happy dream" referred to, we imagine. Mr. Pridham's music is elegant enough to be played for its own sake. Much of it more, some of his phrases seem to us fresh. The "April Showers Waltz," by Biggerstaff, does not make much attract us. Mr. Adam Wright's "Twilight Polka," on the other hand, is a very agreeable thing of its kind, having a pretty and rythmical melody. "Little Nelly's Quadrille," by Alfred Scott Gatty, is of course adapted to little Nelly's small hands and juvenile capacity. In these respects its object is attained. "I really am so sleepy," words and music by Alfred Scott Gatty, is, at all events, a harmless comic song. It may be sung in the drawing-rooms of very good people without offence. This is so uncommon a merit that we are inclined to dwell upon it. If well delivered it will succeed to amuse.

"Evening" (Augener & Co), a four part song by Seymour Smith, is well written, with much feeling for the words. Mr. Smith, having the gifts enabling him to do so much, must now try to produce music which shall not remind us of what we have heard before. Nearly every phrase in "Evening" suggests a reminiscence. "Arise, sweet, arise" (Hutchins & Romer) is a *Revellée* by W. Alfred Gibbs, which, to elegant verses, unites simple and appropriate music. We can commend this song as alike meritorious and unpretentious. Mr. Wrighton's ballad, "The Friend we had at School" (Metzler & Co.), is simply a reproduction of things used a thousand times, and, therefore, need not detain us. The case is otherwise with "Marjorie's Almanack" (Metzler & Co.), in which Madame Sainton-Dolby's name her undoubted power as a song writer. This elegant, albeit simple ballad, is, however, one of sufficient attractiveness to hold its own way without help from us. Nevertheless, we must say that those who want something pretty, easy, and interesting, should purchase "Marjorie's Almanack." "I stood once more by the old Church style" (Metzler & Co.) is another of Madame Sainton-Dolby's recent productions. Its character differs from the one just noticed, but that it will be found adapted to many tastes we have not the smallest doubt. "Winter and Spring" (Ashdown & Parry) a song by Bellenden Kerr Atkins, has some excellent words, set in an original and effective style. There are many good points about it, upon which we should like to dwell. But enough that Mr. Atkins's song is far above the average, and well worth attention.

Herr Friedrich Grützmacher, the well-known violoncellist, is now making a professional tour, in the course of which he will visit Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Nuremberg, Mayence, Darmstadt, Mannheim, and Heidelberg. He will also visit Switzerland.

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MUSIC AS A MORAL AGENT.

Music is as ancient as the world itself. Were it necessary to cite authorities to prove this, we should be only embarrassed which to select. In all times man has sung himself, or made instruments do so. But, even had this not been the case, the birds of the air would be sufficient to attest that music was synchronous with Creation. What appears new in this art, and what is so really, is the form it has assumed since the sixteenth century. Until the time of Monteverde, who introduced in harmony the chord of the seventh on the dominant, music possessed a religious character of expression which it preserved even in productions of a light description. Nearly all the airs of this period have a tender, melancholy, unctuous expression, essentially distinguishing them from modern music. The least practised ear recognises in them an element not to be found elsewhere. Generally, they are characterized by a vague sadness which penetrates the soul. We feel in them something strange and contrary to our habits; a mixture, apparently, of religious and profane emotions. Old people are fond of hearing these ancient songs, and young people do not despise them.

For musicians who are tolerably well read, there is no mystery about the character peculiar to these compositions. We find in such good old airs the last vestiges of the ancient tonal system. It is still plain-song, with its varied modes, which breathes in the strain, gay or sad. Hence the slightly religious expression which is mixed up with the mundane ideas of the poetry. If we take a madrigal by Monteverde or by Palestrina, we shall be struck by the mystic colouring we have just described. It exists in all the works of this epoch, and maintained its footing so long, that the compositions of the eighteenth century are not completely free from it.

Even in our own days, this mitigated form of the ancient system of tonality has been employed. Meyerbeer has put it in the mouth of the Anabaptists of his *Prophète*. The effect is striking. This ought not to surprise us, for it would seem to be the property of music to reflect the human soul, which is, by nature, profoundly sad. But may we not start from this point to search for a system of musical action on the stage; shall fully and perfectly satisfy the idea we have formed of this great art. Music, in its actual form, dates only from yesterday. Since modern tonality has introduced human passions into the lyrical drama, master-pieces have been written, but no direction has been given to the genius of musicians to follow. The way in which they grope about in their inspirations proves plainly that music is a new art. For the last century, no man of genius has appeared without a revolution being the result. Such was the case with Rameau, with Gluck, on the stage; with Mozart and Beethoven, in the symphony. Each of these names, and we might cite a great many more, represents a phase of musical art. There is a subversion of ideas attached to it. These men, perfectly unappreciated at the outset, have afterwards been greeted with rapture, because they caused art, which was considered stationary, to advance a step.

At the present day, however, after proclaiming that music is favourable to the moral progress of nations, we seemed to have stopped at a decisive form, of which the most sublime prototype is to be found in the works of Mozart.

Despite of such musicians as are led away by pride or by incapacity, the musical horizon is clearing up more and more in the direction of Germany. The classic land of the *Lied* and of the Symphony is trembling as at the dawn of a new era. Philosophers and poets are gazing intently at a point which stands out from the night, and casts far, very far into the future, a strong light, inundating the human ant-hill. A name, which never vibrates on respectful lips without finding an immediate response, has been, for some years past, pronounced all along the banks of the Rhine, and repeated beyond the frontiers of the North. This name, which we just now wrote, is that of Mozart! Mozart the golden-mouthed, as he is called by an eminent critic, in reference to his Christian name of Chrysostom.

All men's eyes are turned towards this luminous name. As the distance becomes greater between us and the saintly existence of the author of *Don Juan*, the more do his works free themselves from the veil of the Past; they appear to us more radiant and more pure, as though they had borrowed the light of eternity from their composer's immortal soul.

This slow, instinctive, and universal return towards the source of light, of which every spark is destined to kindle a world of ideas, is a happy reaction for art. It is an incontestable proof of an ancient alliance between music and man. We draw nearer Mozart, because no other musician has collected in his heart the human affections which flowed over in the heart of Mozart. We perceive moving in this great man's music all that constitutes the life of our souls. His music is the very epopee of nations. It is constituted of hopes, of sadness, of recollections, and of aspirations. It is religious, for it seeks God in the blue sky; it is Christian and democratic, because it breathes a love for all created beings and things. We see, therefore, in the conceptions of Mozart, the argument proving that music is really destined to effect the civilization of nations. If by civilization we understand the development of the moral faculties, a greater outpouring of heart, and a stronger bond, founded on profounder convictions, between individuals, it is the works of Mozart which should be taken as a basis, by musicians, as well as by statesmen who entertain the legitimate notion of rendering the masses moral by the medium of music.

As we said at the commencement, fine music is at bottom melancholy. This is true of the two centuries and a half which succeeded the introduction of the modern system of tonality, as it is of all that has been done previously to that event. It is by this elegiac element that music first obtained possession of man's sympathy. It is by this that music will act upon future generations.

There is always a certain amount of sadness at the bottom of human affairs. Mozart expresses joy with a charm peculiar to himself, because it was a part of his delicate nature to perceive the mixed composition of it. That musician alone will live and regenerate the world who will identify himself most completely with man. Music must excite great thoughts; place itself in communication with the soul; and foster everything good and generous which the latter contains.

Reader, you have heard the wonderful harmonies in *Don Juan* and in *Die Zauberflöte*. You have felt touched, as by the reminiscences of the years of your youth. It was in fact those reminiscences whose song was heard in your heart. Your fond dreams returned; the sweet faces you loved bent once more over you. You loved your mother, your sister, your fair and gentle companions, running on the sward. The Sundays, all ablaze with sunshine, appeared again before you, with the young girls and their cool boddices and their free-and-easy bonnets, fluttering with ribbands. You gazed on a form, which was that of an angel, as it fled into the welcome shade of the wood; you listened to sounds which resembled the rustling of wings; and you thought of the vision which follows us in life; which never quits the firmament in which our eyes are fixed, and which goes before us, like the Star of the Shepherds. You heard voices which never advocated apostacy, treason, egotism, falsehood, or cowardice. You listened to those voices which sang to you in the spring of life, like the song of birds in the morning of Nature. Those voices commanded you to love, and to attach but little value to the rest. As you listened to them in the grand and magical symphonies of Mozart, you felt you were a better man. Your soul opened more freely. The tears started to your eyes—tears at the recollection of those who were absent. You felt strengthened; you felt fresh youth; you felt you were purified from the stains of life by the effect which the chaste accents of such Divine music produced in you. You thought as you thought when you were twenty; you loved as you loved at that age, which is blessed by Heaven; and your Ideal, the beloved One, regarding you from her azure throne, said: 'Tis well!

Louis Roger.

—o—

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* was performed at the Sydney Academy of Music recently, and a local critic says of the affair:—

"The part-singers included Signor Ugo Devoti, David Dickson. Esq., Mrs. W. J. Cordner, Miss Kosten, Miss Wiseman, and other vocalists of repute. The orchestra—a large and well-trained one—was under the leadership of Mr. John Hill, Mus. Bac., Mr. W. J. Cordner acting as accompanist. The great attraction of the evening was, of course, the *Messe Solennelle*. It was certainly a rich feast, and was keenly appreciated. It opens solemnly with the 'Kyrie.' 'Gratius Agimus' was received with favour by the audience. The 'Domine Deus,' sung by Signor Devoti, is an air of great vigour, and was rendered by him to entire satisfaction. 'Qui Tollis,' duet—Miss Kosten and Mrs. Cordner, with harp and harmonium accompaniment—was exquisitely rendered. 'Quoniam tu solus,' was sung by David Dickson, Esq., in the most artistic manner. The 'Credo' was much admired and artistically chanted. 'Crucifixus,' an air of great pathos, was exquisitely rendered by Miss Kosten, who is rapidly increasing in favour with the public. 'O Salutaris'—Mrs. W. J. Cordner, accompanied by Mr. J. Hill, K.S., R.A.M., on the harmonium—was one of the most agreeable numbers in the work, both from the lady's excellent singing and the smooth accompaniment. The 'Sanctus' was rendered with great care. It evoked loud plaudits. 'Agnus Dei,' rendered by Mrs. J. W. Cordner, was pronounced by many the finest number in the work. It was sung with great pathos and feeling, moving the audience to a high state of enthusiasm. Altogether the evening's entertainment passed off in a most satisfactory manner, and appeared to be most heartily enjoyed."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—M. Siegfried Salomon, composer of an opera entitled *The Rose of the Carpathians*, has received from the King of Sweden a gold medal bearing the inscription: "*Litteris et Artibus.*"

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Mr. Franklin Taylor.

With reference to this gentleman's performance last Monday, the *Daily News* says:—

"At this week's concert Mr. Franklin Taylor made his second appearance as solo pianist, the first occasion having been so long back as January, 1866, when his excellent performance of Beethoven's Sonata in D, from Op. 10, was duly commented on. Again we have to notice this gentleman's highly cultivated mechanism and sound artistic feeling, as evidenced in his playing of Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*, that admirable piece in which the composer has proved, as Bach, Handel, and Beethoven had done before him, that a form of musical treatment, which is too frequently the vehicle of shallow flippancy and frivolity, may be made the medium of high and noble thought. These variations of Mendelssohn are classed as Op. 54, and were composed at Leipsic in 1841. A letter by the composer, dated July 15, in that year (addressed to his friend Küngemann), contains this passage:—'Do you know what I have been recently composing with enthusiasm? Variations for the piano—actually eighteen on a theme in D minor, and they amused me so famously that I instantly made fresh ones on a thema in E flat major, and now, for the third time, on a theme in B flat major. I feel quite as if I must make up for lost time, never having written any before.' The piece referred to is one of the many instances of how slight a suggestion will serve to elicit brilliant illustrative comment from high genius and acquirements—standing, in fact, in worthy association with those marvellous thirty-two variations, by Beethoven, on a trite subject apparently little calculated for such splendid illustration. Mr. F. Taylor's performance of Mendelsohn's variations was so masterly a display of executive skill and appreciative judgment, that it becomes a matter of wonder that he should only have been once before heard at these concerts, and that at an interval of four years. The applause bestowed on Mr. Taylor, and his recall, testified to the general impression made on the audience. In Beethoven's noble trio in D major (from Op. 70), the pianist also proved his high qualities as an interpreter of classical music; his associates being Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, which is as much as to say that the violin and violoncello parts were rendered to perfection."

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Mr. Wood began a second series of conc-rts in Exeter Hall on Saturday evening, and again had the support of a large audience. No alteration was made in the character of the programme, which contained, besides vocal music, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, Mr. Nicolai's overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the brilliant prelude to *La Gazza Ladra*, and Weber's *Concert-stück* for piano (Miss Madeline Schiller) and orchestra. The purely orchestral works were rendered in good style, best of all being the *larghetto* of the symphony. Miss Schiller played in the *Concert-stück* with great spirit and facility. She was still more successful in a less exacting piece by Ascher. Mdme. Addyes Scott, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli appeared as vocalists. Unfortunately, Mr. Reeves was compelled by hoarseness to break off in the middle of his first song. The necessary apology made by Mr. Leslie was frankly accepted, and the disabled artist retired amid well nigh unanimous applause.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday an entire programme was devoted to Mendelssohn, by way of celebrating the composer's birth, which took place on the 3rd of February, 1809. The festival—if it may be called—was of modest dimensions, its sole object being the unassuming recognition of an anniversary more or less interesting to all musical people. For this purpose the selection made from Mendelssohn's compositions was sufficient. It began with the overture to *Athalie*, a work not often heard apart from the cantata to which it belongs. There is no reason, however, why a prelude so brilliant and masterly should not be used as a concert overture. To amateurs it is profoundly interesting, and from the general public its many effective touches can hardly fail to command attention. This was eminently the case on Saturday, thanks, in some degree, to one of the most magnificent performances ever heard, even at the Crystal Palace. The hymn, "Hear my prayer," following, pleased. Lemmens-Sherrington took the alto part. Next to his oratorios nothing of Mendelssohn's is better known or more esteemed than the music in which the Psalmist's longing for rest finds expression. Its performance is always very welcome, and hence the rendering of Saturday was disappointing. Mdme. Sherrington sang in the final movement, "O for the wings of a dove," so slowly that the effect was almost entirely lost. After the air from *St. Paul*, "Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," had been given by Miss Sophie Vinta, the *Lobgesang* was performed under conditions happily rare. Mr. Vernon Rigby telegraphed his inability to sing at so late an hour. that a substitute could not be found; and the important tenor music must have been left out had not Mdme. Sherrington volunteered to sing it. The generous and somewhat daring offer was, of course, accepted, with a most successful result, so far, at least, as concerned the lady. Omitting only "He counteth all your sorrows," Madame Sherrington gave all the tenor solos, and did so with a correctness which fully earned the applause of the audience. Not even in "We called through the darkness" was she once at fault. Of course the music suffered to some extent by the change of voice, especially "My song shall alway be Thy mercy," the effect which as a duet for two sopranos was peculiar. The second soprano was taken by Miss Sophie Vinta, whose correct and tasteful singing in "I waited for the Lord," deserves recognition. It can hardly be needful to say that the symphonic movements were admirably played, or that the chorus, now fast improving, sang their familiar music with correctness and spirit.

MR. LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The first of these concerts for the present season took place in St. James's Hall on Thursday evening week, and was attended by a large audience. The programme was varied in character, but, as usual, the madrigals and part-songs sung by the Choir formed the chief attraction. Several novelties were introduced, among them a setting of *Longfellow's* "Curfew," by Henry Smart, which made considerable effect; Mr. J. G. Callcott's "The day is now dying" (encored), a well written and expressive composition; and Thomas Morley's capital madrigal, "Shoot, false love." All those, though sung for the first time, were given to perfection. In point of fact, it matters little to Mr. Leslie's Choir what they attempt, the result being invariable success. Among the works more or less known were included Beale's "Come let us join the roundelay," Willbye's "Sweet honey-sucking bees," Leslie's "When the shades of eve descending," (encored), and Mendelssohn's "You stole my love" (encored). The solo vocalist was Mr. Sims Reeves, who first gave "Adelaide," accompanied by Mr. Callcott, in his best and most artistic style. He next sang Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love," and consented to repeat it at the persistent solicitation of the audience. Finally the popular tenor gave "Tom Bowling" in the inimitable fashion with which everybody must be familiar. Webbe's "When winds breathe soft," and Elliott's "Come, see what pleasures" were sung by the Concert Glee Union, but not as we could have wished. In behoven Mr. Leslie to consider whether a performance below the average excellence of his concerts is not a mistake. To supply instrumental music Mr. Leslie engaged the Amonsic Union, consisting of Messrs. Shakespeare, Crozier, Lazarus, C. Harper, and Wootton. These excellent artists played the whole of Beethoven's quintet in E flat (Op. 16) and the *andante* from Mozart's quintet in the same key. Such music so rendered was very welcome and proportionately enjoyed. Mr. Leslie conducted as usual.

At the next concert the music to *Antigone* will be performed; and Herr Joachim will play Beethoven's concerto for violin.

BENEVOLENT FUND OF THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening week the annual general meeting of the governors and friends of the above useful charity was held in Exeter Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. D. Hill, treasurer, in the absence (from ill health) of the president, Mr. J. N. Harrison. The chairman expressed his regret at the indisposition of their honoured president, and also lamented the absence from ill-health, not of a serious character, of their constant and judicious friend, Mr. Brewer, whom he eulogized not only as the founder of the Sacred Harmonic Society, but as having been greatly instrumental, through his learned researches into ancient civic records, in reviving and expanding the almost unknown Carpenters' Charity, which now takes a prominent position as the City of London School, and is one of the most important educational institutions of the period. Mr. Pattick, honorary secretary, read a report of the state and operations of the fund. He stated that the sum of £147 had been expended in relief; that the total income of the charity was £176; a small debt due to the treasurer had been liquidated, and a balance of £9 16s. 2d. remained in hand. The invested fund now consisted of £2,850 New Three per Cent. stock. Mr. Black suggested the formation of a supplemental committee of ladies as visitors. Liberal contributions were announced from the Duchess of Northumberland, Mr. R. S. Bowley, Mr. J. N. Harrison, and others, in response to an appeal to increase the permanent fund. Votes of thanks to the chairman, committee, and officers, concluded the business of the evening.

Rome.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is working upon a poem, *King Stephen*, "treated in the Hungarian style," whatever that may be. According to report, the work is intended to inaugurate the series of Philharmonic concerts at Pesth next winter.

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PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—Our own correspondent writes from the hardware capital (so called) as follows:—

"It only needed a couple of quartets at the concert in the Town Hall, on the 4th instant, to have made me believe that I was at a veritable 'Monday Popular,' for there were Madame Norman-Neruda and Mr. Charles Hallé with a selection of pieces mostly classical, and Mr. Sims Reeves with 'Adelaide,' while more than one work (notably the pianoforte sonata in C, Op. 53, Beethoven, dedicated to Count Waldstein, and the familiar sonata in A for the same instrument and violin, best known as the 'Kreutzer') carried my mind very distinctly to St. James's Hall, and the delightful weekly gatherings which Mr. Arthur Chappell has now made one of the musical institutions of London. The highly favourable impression created by the accomplished lady violinist, on her first visit, was more than confirmed on this occasion, and should Madame Norman-Neruda again find herself in this smoky hive of industry (so called), she may safely count upon a cordial reception. To expatiate upon the qualities of Madame Neruda's playing is needless, as they are now so fully recognized by the London public, while not a few of the leading provincial towns have had the opportunity of thoroughly endorsing the verdict so promptly and unanimously recorded in the metropolis. Neither is it necessary to dilate on the playing of so veteran an artist as Mr. Hallé, who is quite appreciated at Birmingham. The appearance of Mr. Reeves was eagerly looked for (illness having unfortunately prevented him from fulfilling his last two engagements here), and the welcome which rang through the Town Hall was such as is accorded only to so special a favourite, while his singing was in every way as perfect and artistic as ever. The disappointment felt by the public when our greatest singer is deberred, by sickness from coming before them is a convincing tribute to his attraction; but it should be borne in mind, that to Mr. Reeves himself the disappointment is of a much more substantial and serious character, and that he, no more than the rest of the world, is likely to neglect the means of making money unless absolutely obliged to do so, while there is always this consolation in knowing that when he does appear, the most hypercritical cannot find fault with his singing. Despite the most wretched weather imaginable, the Town Hall was crowded in every part, and the concert was a complete success.—BRYTON OF BANNISTER."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—We take the following from the *Northern' Daily Express*, of February 8th:—

"Last night, Mr. Hare's concert took place in the New Town Hall and proved a very gratifying success. The artists comprised Mdme Sinico, Mdme. Arabella Goddard, Miss Edmonds, Mr. Santley, and Herr Wilhelmj. The programme was of a very *recherché* description, but in several instances was somewhat seriously departed from. Madame Sinico gave Arditi's 'Bolero,' and received an encore, to which she responded by singing the 'Flower Song,' from *Faust*. Miss Edmonds contributed greatly to the charming *ensemble* by her chaste-ness of feeling and truth of expression. To descant at length on the excessive merits of Madame Goddard's pianoforte playing would indeed be 'to gild refined gold, to paint the lily.' With a single exception, we know of no pianist who can at all compare with this lady in elevation of style, intellectual appreciation of a composer's intention, and in her extraordinary command of mechanical resources. The fine fantasia on airs from *La Muette de Portici*, Beethoven's glorious sonata in G (Op. 30), and Handel's well-known 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' were each played to admiration, and ensured the wrapt attention of the audience to the final note. Mr Santley was encored for every solo, and sang, in addition to the pieces on the programme, Arditi's inspiriting 'Stirrup Cup,' Virginia Gabriel's 'Cleansing Fire,' and that grand old national air, 'Hearts of Oak,' by Dr. Boyce. It is needless to say how magnificently these were declaimed by the greatest English baritone of modern times. The extraordinary violin playing of Herr Wilhelmj was in our opinion, the feature of this musical evening. This gentleman plays upon a Stradivarius Cremona, of unequalled tone and power, and priceless value. We should say £1,000 would not be badly invested in the purchase of such a wonderful instrument. In his first solo he executed a *cadenza* of octaves, some astonishing feats in double stopping and shakes in octaves, in a manner that has never been equalled in this town. In the second part he performed a *réverie* by Vieuxtemps, and a *sarabine* by Raff, in superb style."

KENDAL.—The following is condensed from an article in a local paper:—

"On Tuesday last a full-dress evening concert was given at the Town Hall, with Madame Florence Lancia, and an orchestra of thirteen members of Charles Hallé's band:—viz., first violins, Herr Otto Bernhardt and Signor Risegari; second violins, Mr. Ambrose Lee and Mons. Vetter; tenor, Mons. Chas. Bastenz; double bass, Herr Kliegl; clarionet, Mr. Gledney; flute, Mons. Edw. Jong; trumpet, Mr. Ellwood; bassoon, Signor Ranà; drum, Mr. Battley; horns, Greuner and Herr Bahr. The concert was in great part instrumental, but—*placeux dames*—the first mention should be made of the lady who represented vocal art, and represented it so well. In 'Lo! hear the gentle lark,' in which Madame Lancia was accompanied by M. de Jong, her notes blended with the silver notes of the flute, suggesting the idea of a duet between skylarks. This was one of the great treats of the evening. In a song from Tennyson's *May Queen* Madame Lancia was complimented with an encore, upon which she gave 'Coming thro' the Rye,' with a *soiretà* and humour which left nothing to be desired. Her performances of Rode's air, with variations, was a wonderful example of executive skill. The instrumental part of the programme comprised a duet between the first violins, beautifully performed; a viola solo, by Herr Bernhardt—greatly admired; overtures, and other concerted pieces. M. de Jong also gave a solo on the flute, which was encored. The wedding March 'of Mendelssohn terminated the concert, which was fashionably attended, and reflects additional credit on the committee, who have so often exerted themselves in securing for the town and neighbourhood the performances of the best artists."

LEEDS.—The following is from a correspondent on the spot:—

"The Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society gave their second concert on Saturday evening. From a variety of causes the first (in January) suffered considerably in regard to attendance, and the committee found themselves involved in considerable pecuniary loss. To remedy this a benefit concert was given, to as large and enthusiastic an audience as ever filled the great room in the Town Hall—more than 1,900 people thus showing their appreciation of this excellent and useful institution. All the vocalists gave their gratuitous services. Mr. George Perren coming from Cambridge on purpose. Never was this excellent tenor in better voice. His rendering of 'My pretty Jane,' 'The Thorn,' and 'The old Green Land,' was perfect, and he was deservedly encored after each. Miss Anna Ayrton, Miss Annie Ayrton, and Mr. Dodda, the other principals, acquitted themselves well. Mr. Ives gratified the audience with a violin solo (Sainton's *Rondo Maurika*), and had to comply with an encore. The versatile Mr. Macaske being also there giving an entertainment, kindly came to sing (with great effect) 'Tha Whistling Thief' (Lover), and a recitation of 'Thomas O'Brien,' a story of '98. The chorus of the society (200 voices) gave several part songs with their accustomed ability, showing careful training at the hands of their conductor, Dr. Spark. This society is now free from debt, and has no doubt a prosperous career before it."

SHEFFIELD.—A correspondent informs us that the Choral Union have given a performance of the *Creation* with Miss Anna Hiles, Mr. Robson, and Mr. D. Price as solo vocalists. The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* writes as follows:—

"Miss Hiles sang 'With Verdure Clad' like a true artist, and while using her voice to the best advantage seemed intent on interpreting the thoughts of the composers rather than displaying herself. At least she drew down enthusiastic applause—as she did indeed after each effort. Mr. Robson and Mr. Price both acquitted themselves well, as did the chorus and orchestra. Mr. Ilce was principal violin and Mr. Smith conducted."

—o—

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In reference to a paragraph in the *Musical World* of last week, I beg to say that Mr. J. B. Jewson is the highly esteemed musical Professor at St. Mary's Hall, Brighton. I succeeded Mdlle. Angèlo in the vocal department, which that lady had resigned owing to her public engagements. Would you kindly oblige me by inserting this in your next impression.—Yours truly,

JENNY CONSTANT ANDREWS.

33, *Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, February* 8th.

—o—

MAYENCE.—Herr Oberthur, from London, has been announced to play at the concerts of the Art Association.

MUNICH.—Herr Franz Lachner was the object of a perfect ovation, a short time since, at the Odeon, on the occasion of his conducting his Fourth Suite. The audience manifested unmistakably their sympathy with the old school, in opposition to that so strenuously supported by his Bavarian Majesty. Do what he will, however, King Ludwig will never make his subjects Wagnerites.—Auber's *Bronze Horse* has been successfully revived at the Theatre Royal. Among the novelties produced last year were: Gluck's *Iphigenia* (arranged by Herr R. Wagner); *Die sieben Raben Rheinberger*; *Don Rheingold*, Herr R. Wagner; and *Le Cheval de Bronze*, mentioned above. The revivals were: *Le Domino Noir*; *Guido et Genèvra*; *Le Prophète*; *Tristan und Isolde*; *Euryanthe*; *Le Brasseur de Preston*; *Le Philtre*; *Il Barbiere*; and *Die beiden Füchse*.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), FEBRUARY 12TH, 1870.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto" (*Adelaide*)—Miss ENRIQUES .. .. *Handel.*
CONCERTO, in B flat, for Pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN .. .. *Hondel.*
SONGS, { "The Lotus Flower" / "Impatience" } —Miss ENRIQUES .. .. .. { *Schumann.* / *Schubert*
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bass-oon, Violoncello, and Double Bass—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, MAYCOCK, C. HARPER, HUTCHINGS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, No. 12, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Deh per quests"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. *Mozart*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 101, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Schumann.*
SONGS, { "Die Neugierige" / "Wohin" } —Mdlle. CLARA DORIA .. .. *Schubert.*
QUARTET, in F major, Op. 77, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI *Haydn.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of ACKTIN, 28 Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYE, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

DEATHS.

On the 1st inst., WILLIAM WALKER, of Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road, Organ Builder, aged 67.

On the 2nd inst., at 13, Macclesfield Street, Soho, of bronchitis, SIMON ANDREW FORSTER, Musical Instrument Maker, in the 69th year of his age.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

*** *Want of space compels us to postpone the publication of Act III. of the English version of* FROUFROU, *until next week.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

DEPRESSION.

NO regular concert-goer can have failed to mark the empty seats which, recently, have given a beggarly aspect to our concert-rooms. The matter is a subject, not of partial, but of general complaint. Otherwise there might be grounds for believing that local causes led to the result; that, for example, want of attraction, either in artists or programmes, influence the public to stay away. But the universal falling-off cannot be disputed; especially when the Monday Popular audience,—the steadiest and most reliable in London—shows itself affected. Not more conclusive evidence could be desired, now that even Herr Joachim cannot fill the house as of yore. The great violinist and great artist, who hardly knows what an empty seat means, has, this season, the opportunity of enlarging his knowledge of the phenomenon to an uncommon degree. We may well be asked the signification of all this; and we may well try to answer the question hopefully, because minds given to pessimism have already, perhaps, conjured up a gloomy future. We hear it said that concert-givers have shot ahead of the public in the character of their entertainments; that, yielding to the persistent demands of the press, concert-goers have been dosed with more and better music than they can bear; and that a natural reaction has set in which must run its, probably, lengthy course. Others, again, say, that the affection of the public for good music is more apparent than real; that the majority are attracted not so much by what is done, as by who does it; and that, whenever the supply of fresh artists slackens, people begin to stay at home. To some extent, there is truth in these statements;—just enough truth to make the arguments based on them plausible. But, as explaining the phenomenon of which we speak, they are worthless. No excess of catering, and no lack of novelty could affect audiences as they are now affected, because there are enough amateurs in London, whom these causes cannot touch, to make empty benches at good concerts impossible. Who will venture to say that Mr. Chappell has overdosed his faithful patrons; or that, having Herr Joachim and his fellow-artists, the Monday Popular audience stays away in disgust at the absence of novelty? It is clear that we must look farther after the Why of our scanty gatherings. Suppose we search outside the region of art, and within the region of the pocket.

These are not flourishing times. The assertion is constant and abiding; but, now, it will really bear investigation, as everybody having eyes to see must see. Moreover, any given number of people have only so much money to spend upon music. The article is not one of primary necessity, so long as there are mouths to fill and bodies to clothe A man has first to pay his way; and, although very many do nothing of the sort, the obligation is none the less strong. Having satisfied this condition of living, he may or may not have the means of luxury. At present those means are undeniably scanty. This assertion, if need were, could be backed by the loud and discontented voices of luxury-providers everywhere, who cry their wares in vain to poorly lined pockets. But just now there is a special cause at work, banning all thoughts of luxury, musical or other. Among the obstacles in that "way" which every body must pay, is the tax-gatherer. Like "Pallida Mors," that worthy is inevitable; but he has chosen to come before his time, and at an hour ("Pallida Mors" again) when he is particularly unwelcome. Mr. Lowe is, surely, a most infelicitous man. In order to relieve cab-masters, and other flourishing people, of imposts which they decline to share with the public, he turns on the tax-gatherer as a supplement to our Christmas bills. What wonder that the depleted tax-payer, jingling his few remaining coppers, and ringing a melancholy dirge in the depths of his pocket, makes resolutions of retrenchment. He would cut off the new silk dress for his wife, run his pen through a list of "accomplishments" for his daughters, and refuse to discuss the merits of rival watering places, if he dared. But he remembers the words of the preacher about the advantage, under

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certain conditions, of a "dinner of herbs" over a stalled ox, and does not dare. Retrenchment goes on, nevertheless, and among the things most promptly sacrificed is music. "Plenty of that at home," says the British tax-payer, before proceeding to recoup himself for Mr. Lowe's demauds, out of the otherwise sure receipts of concert-goers.

Here, then, is the reason for the depression of which we speak. Accepting it, we find it has a bright side. Where the cause is temporary, so must be the result; and, in any case, it is satisfactory to believe that, instead of an indifference to art, the public are influenced by a contracted pocket.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE sudden failure of Mr. Reeves's voice at the last Saturday Evening Concert has, of course, led to the usual crop of complaints. "A Grumbler," who, at all events, has the gift of seeing himself as others see him, protests that what Mr. Reeves did sing showed no signs of weakness, and declares his belief that the stoppage was no more than a freak. "A Grumbler" must be a very stupid fellow, or else his satire upon last Saturday's "goose" is very clumsy. We assume the former, and ask our good friend to ask himself, in one of his specially sane moments, whether Mr. Reeves, or any other artist, is likely, for a freak's sake, to sacrifice a large sum of money, and to do so over and over again? It must be very pleasant to feel one's-self a public favourite, but it does not follow that part of the pleasure lies in flinging away cash, and risking the position.

WE are in the habit of calling woman the "weaker vessel," without troubling ourselves as to the truth of the expression. Is there any truth in it? The "weaker vessel" lives longer than we do, endures pain better, climbs Mont Blanc, rides to hounds over the stiffest "bullfinches," makes speeches, and wants to amputate limbs. Moreover, the "weaker vessel" has the faculty of escaping catarrh. Look at our artists just now. The men are down with hoarseness right and left; the women, unassailable from every point of the compass, are blissfully unconscious of having throats, and sometimes do the work of their masculine *confrères* as well as their own. Clearly, some of our social arrangements must be reversed For example, why should not we bear, if need arise, on a wet night: "Will any lady ride outside to oblige a gentleman?"

IN one of this week's "waifs," our readers will see what they have to expect, next season, in the matter of *opéra-bouffe*. We are threatened with a Gallic invasion of the most formidable character, and London will resound with the strains of Offenbach and his disciples. Are we sorry for it? Not at all. Let us have as much of the thing as possible, at one time. Politic pastrycooks have been known to give new apprentices the run of the shop for a day or two. Consequences:—inordinate stuffing, sickness, disgust, and avoidance of the sweets for ever after. We, therefore, say again: Let us have all the *opéra-bouffe* our "lively neighbours" can give us. We shall the sooner grow tired of it, and turn to wholesome pabulum.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER'S *Lohengrin* has been produced at Brunswick, but with very doubtful success. The partisans of the Prophet lay the blame—of course—on everything and everybody, except the music and its composer. They are loud in their denunciations of the conductor, Herr Abt, the chorus, and the members of the band, none of whom, they say, were perfect.

DESPITE the unfortunate destruction of the Theatre Royal at Dresden, by what penny, or rather, three-half-penny-a-liners term "the devouring element," the opera company gave, during the past year, one hundred and thirty-three operatic performances.—There is a great diversity of opinion regarding the site to be selected for the New Theatre Royal. It is to be hoped, however, that those persons with whom the matter rests, will speedily come to a decision, so that the new building may be commenced without unnecessary delay.

THE damage done by the late fire to the new building of the Association of Music, at Vienna, amounts to from forty to fifty thousand florins.—At a concert given, a short time since, by a fair pianist, Mdlle. Leopoldine Pfuhl, all the gas burners in the room kept growing dimmer and dimmer, until at length they went out altogether. Thinking, no doubt, that the best course under the circumstances, would be to "make light" of her misfortune, Mdlle. Pfuhl went on playing very unconcernedly for about half-an-hour, at the expiration of which period it was found that the gaseous deficiency, if we may so express it, was at an end.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS LILY SIMESTER gave a concert, on Monday evening, at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington, assisted by Misses Poole, Palmer, and Kate Gordon; Messrs. Albert James, José Howe, J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Lehmeyer. Miss Poole, who retains her position as a general favourite, obtained the first encore. Miss Lily Simester, in "The Ash Grove" and "Tell me my heart" (accompanied on the harp by Mr. J. B. Chatterton), evoked more than ordinary enthusiasm. The duet, "Over the Hawthorn Hedge," and the trio, "My lady, the Countess" (Misses Poole and Palmer), were rendered in a manner which left nothing to desire. Miss Simester was also very successful in Mr. Benedict's new song, "Little Willie," the sentiment of which was interpreted to perfection. Miss Palmer displayed remarkable power in Hatton's "Rosend;" Miss Kate Gordon's pianoforte solo, "Com è gentil," was well received; Mr. Albert James, in "The Pilgrim of Love," obtained a recall, when he substituted "My pretty Jane." Mr. José Howe, very creditably, and at short notice, filled the place of Mr. Lewis Thomas, kept away by indisposition. In Molloy's "Vagabond" he produced a masterly effect. Mr. J. B. Chatterton's appearance was the signal for hearty applause, which was fully accounted by his performance on the harp. Herr Lehmeyer played a pianoforte solo on *Rigoletto*, and conducted with ability. Although the weather was unpropitious, there was a tolerably good attendance, and the performances were much enjoyed.

A CONCERT was given on February 2nd, in Victoria Hall, Notting Hill, for the benefit of St. Mark's National Schools' Building Fund. It attracted a crowded audience, and the receipts realised a considerable amount. A portion of the Norfolk House Choir attended, and performed several popular glees and part songs, under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, with much effect. A young German vocalist, Madlle. Zarnicki, sang the waltz aria, "The Naiades," and was recalled, as was also Madame D'Elise in a song by Miss Gabriel. Mr. George Taylor sang Duggan's "Why breathe that sigh?" and was encored, as was Mr. C. J. Bostenton in a new song, "Nearer to my soul than art." Miss A. Dwight, Mr. W. Reeves, and Mr. F. Childerstone, contributed some songs and duets. Miss Anny Perry in Holmes's *Capricia à la Scozzese* created a legitimate effect. The concert was a decided success. Mr. Lansdowne Cottell and Mr. Mansell Ramsey accompanied.

MR. AGUILAR'S RECITALS.—The programme of February 3rd was as follows:—Sonata in B flat, Beethoven; "Cherietana," a dramatic and romantic piece, Aguilar; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn; "Last Look" (romance), Aguilar; Polonaise in A, Chopin; "Love Song," Henselt; Sonata in G, Aguilar; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn; "The Blue Bells of Scotland," Aguilar; Humoreska (morceau caractéristique), Aguilar; "Evening" (romance), Aguilar; "Coulleur de Rose" (galop brillant), Aguilar. Mr. Aguilar was favoured with a large attendance of his friends and pupils.

LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct a mis-statement which appears in the last impression of the *Musical World*? The office of Decani, or principal Tenor in the choir of Lincoln's Inn has not been vacant for some years past. Since the retirement of Mr. George Perren, three or four years since, the post has been occupied—I need not say most efficiently—by Mr. William Coates, who still holds the appointment.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. D. Cantab.,
Organist, &c., to the Honourable Society of
February 9th, 1870. Lincoln's Inn.

LAST night the Sacred Harmonic Society were to give Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—always one of the most attractive of the Society's many attractive programmes.

ALL the world will regret that Mr. Shirley Brooks has been seriously ill; all the world will rejoice that our best modern essayist, and brightest conversational wit, is pronounced by Sir Henry Thompson to be out of danger.

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CHRISTINA NILSSON.

The following article, though written several years ago, retains all its original interest, and its reproduction here requires no apology. Mdlle Nilsson is still, and will remain for years to come, an artist respecting whose career every detail may reckon upon a welcome:—

About twenty years ago, the wife of a poor field laborrer, named Nilsson, who resided with his family at Welland, near the little town of Vexio, situated in the Swedish province of Smoeland, gave birth to a female child, whom they forthwith got baptised by the name of Christina. She was their last daughter, and came into the world seven years after the birth of the youngest of her brothers. In her eighth year, she began to attend the public school of Vexio, at the parish church of which place, herfather, who, it appears, was possessed of a fine voice, was accustomed to sing tenor at church festivals and funeral services. The third son of this rustic vocalist had learned, without the aid of any master, to play on the violin, and to become the musician at all the balls of the neighbourhood. When, at the early age of nine, the little Christina was wont to sing, in her sweetest tones, the native melodies of her birthplace, it was this brother who accompanied her on his violin, and when his duty called him to labour in the fields, his sister took up his violin, and, self-taught like her brother, learned to accompany her voice on the self same instrument.

When Christina had reached her twelfth summer, her mother used to take her to the neighbouring fairs, and there the girlish vocalist, meanly dressed, a smile on her lips, her rich golden hair scarcely concealed under her silk kerchief, sang to the delight of gazing readers, who stood round her listening and enchanted and who went, one by one, to throw into her boyish brother's hat the tribute of two half-pence each, their simple remuneration for the pleasure she dispensed them. When the fairs were over she repaired dutifully to her father's homestead, and in his hands she deposited the money she had earned, and thus contributed her share to the sustenance of his poor household.

At the age of thirteen there came the turning point in her humble existence. Her mother had taken her to the fair of Ljungby, and had left her there with her little brother. Here a ventriloquist had raised his booth opposite the very place the youthful Christina had fixed upon for the display of her powers. Here then was a fair rival, against whom all his talents were vain; he saw his customers slide off to the opposite establishment. But he did not despond, but like a practical man of business, as he was, called upon the syren, and engaged her services, in his establishment, at the rate of 20 francs for the eight days of the fair. This, then, was the first contract entered upon by her, who, in a few years, was to be the cherished idol of the Italian Opera. It was that the childish performer was singing, with all the enthusiasm of genius, she attracted the attention of Judge Torneheim, a member of the town bench. who, passing by, stopped, and struck with admiration, exclaimed: "Child! then hast the voice of an angel, there is the ray of genius in thy eye —in thy forehead. Listen—wouldst then like to learn to be a great singer?" "Sir. I cannot," answered the child, with emotion; "I am under an engagement with the ventriloquist. I will break off thy engagement for thee," replied the worthy magistrate, "and will take thee to a lady who will be a mother to thee, and with whom thou wilt learn to sing perfectly." Little Christina Nilsson remained a few moments in thoughtful silence; she reflected that she engaged with the ventriloquist in order to contribute to maintain her parents, if she accepted of the judge's proposal that would deprive them of her aid. The thought weighed on her young heart: her breast heaved, and her beautiful blue eyes filled with tears "Poor child!" exclaimed Mr. Torneheim, "write to thy parents; let them know the proposal I make thee; to-morrow I will return here with the lady to whose mother care I would confide thee. Christina sent a letter to her parents by her brother, who returned with the answer that she was not to return to take leave of them, for then they would not have the courage to part from her. "Tell her," said they, "that we pray God to accompany her and bless her as we do bless her." The Baroness Leuhausen, her future protectrix, presented herself at the ventriloquist's booth. Before her marriage she also had been a celebrated singer. A few words sufficed to settle with the ventriloquist. Two gold pieces reconciled that worthy to rescind the engagement with little Nilsson, and the Baroness took her home with her. After giving her the first lessons in her art she placed her with the celebrated singing master, Franz Berwald, of Stockholm, under whose roof she remained a two-month. After six months teaching, Berwald took her to sing before the Royal Family of Sweden, who were delighted with her performance. In acknowledgment of the applause she received, she performed a solo of great difficulty on the violin, and filled the audience with wonder. Some months afterwards, the Baroness took her to Paris, and placed her in a boarding-school. Here she received lessons from the well-known teacher. Wartel, once a baritone of some celebrity at the Imperial Opera, who, after giving her musical instruction during three years, introduced her to M. Carvalho, the lessee of the Lyrical Theatre, Paris, before whom, and the stage manager she sang the aria of Roberto," the variations of Rhode, and the cavatina of Bertly. The night before, the young artist had dreamed that she had sung before the lessee, and that he had given her an engagement in his theatre. This she mentioned to her singing-master, and he to Carvalho, who, after hearing her, engaged her for three years, at the rate of 2000 francs the first year, 2500 francs the second, and 3000 the third, which will terminate in the month of May, 1867. Nilsson made her *début* in the *Traviata*, in which she sang 80 nights in succession; each succeeding night bringing an ovation that exceeded the former one. And thus was the poor singing child of Welland repaid for the dutiful efforts of her earlier years, and nothing was wanting in the hour of her triumph, neither garlands of flowers, nor the bravos of the *dilettanti*, nor the applause of listening thousands. She appeared 150 nights in the *Enchanted Flute*, and with equal success 100 nights in *Martha*, the same number in *Don Juan*, and lastly in *Sardanapalus*, an opera composed by a young author of great promise, whom Christina Nilsson took a great pleasure in making known to and applauded by the world. Every day her triumphs are on the increase. The qualities of her voice and her genius are daily developing extraordinary elements, that make public delight, and which are rapidly placing her among the musical glories of her country a country that among others gave birth to the far famed Jenny Lind.

Christina Nilsson is now about 21 years of age, tall and slender, with curly golden hair, broad and intellectual forehead, large blue eyes, sunshine none of delicate contour, fresh, graceful mouth, small white teeth, well set and beautifully formed neck and shoulders, and graceful and flexible shape. Her voice is clear and of great power, full and sustained in the grave notes, and in the high notes wonderfully silvery, pleasing, pure, and melodious. Nothing can be more precise than her performance, nor at the same time more imbued with feeling than her manner of singing. In passages of passion she is inimitable, in those of *bravura* she is extraordinarily brilliant, and in *finales* and symphonies her voice dominates all, and seems by its harmonic power to blend all the others into musical beauty.

While on the stage, she is never absent in mind, but always possesses the power of identifying herself with the part she is playing.

Her candour delights you, her energy makes you thrill, her depth of feeling fills you with emotion. In the *Traviata*, she dies as Mariani, the great tenor, dies in the *Lucrezia*. In *Martha* she sings with a tenderness and grace that has never been surpassed, or even equalled. Christina Nilsson was born to be a great tragedian. She is now but in the beginning of her career. She speaks her native language, which is the Swedish, with purity, as also, that of English, German, Italian, and French, and can sing in every one of them. She is now singing in French in the Lyrical Opera of Paris. She will shortly make her *debut* in Italian at the Italian Opera in London, where she has been engaged, for 1,500 francs a month, for the summer season of 1867 and 1868, in company with Tietjens and Trebelli, the tenor, Gardoni; and the baritone, Santley; and she will return to the Lyrical Theatre of Paris for the months of August, September, October, and November, at a salary three times greater than she enjoys at present.

And now, she who was the poor singing girl of Welland, is sought for by the lessees of the greatest theatres in the world. The child that sang in the ventriloquist's booth for twenty francs for eight days efforts, is now the delight of the Parisian world. She has contributed to sing in London for 1,500 francs a month, and every night she sings in private concerts the melodies of her native land—those melodies for which she was once remunerated with forty or fifty pence by her audience of admiring rustics. she is paid at the rate of 1,000 or 2,000 francs—the great reward of success and application. And yet, in spite of her glory and good fortune, Christina Nilsson still remains modest, good, and humble. The days of her early life are still deeply graven on her memory. When she sees a boy or girl singing or playing on a violin in the street, she invariably gives them money. "I know," she says, "they are beginning the world as I did." She will no doubt, soon acquire a considerable fortune. Her ambition is to purchase a good estate in order to insure the existence of her parents and her own, and then to found a singing school in her native place for poor children. "I shall," she often says, "to pay back to mankind what mankind has done for me."

In the concerts given for the benefit of the poor, she not only contributes from her own purse, but also makes the collection for them herself. Thus, at the last Tuileries Concert for the Benefit of Orphans, after having been immensely applauded, and several times called on the stage, she availed herself of the enthusiasm of the public, and, entering amongst the spectators, purse in hand, she asked alms for the orphans, and then returned to the stage, laden with money, and receiving the honours and applause of the public.

Nor are her virtues less great than her musical genius. The glory of poets is kept up by their books, that of painters and sculptors by their paintings and their sculptures, while that of singers dedicated to theatrical art, can only be kept through admiration by the world, and their memories. Their triumphs, the applause they receive, the ovations of joy or sorrow which they inspire among their listeners in their nights of happy inspiration, and which, it is true, often produce them wealth, last but the period of their lives. They are like flowers that die in their beauty, but yet even those had may be copied with the artist's brush. Of her who enchanted us with song there rests but a remembrance; of her voice, her style, her performance, nothing remains. But the virtues and the good actions of Christina Nilsson will always remain in store, and will secure pure her portrait to remote posterity. The daughter of the poor field labourer of Welland, honours the land that gave her birth, not only by her genius, but by her modesty and charitable disposition. Happy, three happy the women who can write with these characters her name in the book of history.

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WAIFS.

The Santley tour party, with Mdlle. Sinico, Miss A. Edmonds, Herr Wilhelmj, and Madame Arabella Goddard, have given concerts since our last at Bradford, Newcastle-upon-Tyne(two—morning and evening), Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen. The last concert of the English part of the tour takes place to-day at Liverpool (morning).

Mr. Balfe is recovering from his attack of bronchitis.

Mr. Jefferson will revisit England next year.

A new drama, *The Countess*, is in preparation at the Royal Alfred.

Mr. Alfred Baylis, the new tenor, is engaged for the Saturday Evening Concerts at Exeter Hall.

Mr. Byron leaves the Globe Theatre, and goes, it is said, to the Adelphi, where he will play in a piece of his own writing.

Mr. Henry Neville, it is reported, returns to his allegiance at the Adelphi.

The post of organist of the Parish Church, Hackney, is vacant. The stipend is £77 per annum.

Mr. Dussek Corrie, husband to Miss Thirlwall, died lately, after a few days' illness.

The Pope has conferred upon M. Leybach the order of Gregory the Great.

A commission has been appointed to inquire into and re-constitute the Conservatoire at Paris.

Mr. H. J. Byron goes to the Adelphi shortly, in a new play of his own.

M. Felix and his company, with Schneider, will this year appear at the Princess's Theatre.

Professor Sterndale Bennett gave his first lecture on music before the University of Cambridge, last Saturday, in the Art's School.

M. Louis Boisdilon, a nephew of the famous composer of that name, died last month at Paris.

Mr. George B. Allen, Musc. Bac., and Miss Alice May, the contralto singer, sailed on the 14th inst. for Melbourne.

A contemporary says that it is reported that Mr. Barry Sullivan has received from "a noble lady" a cheque for £10,000, to cover his losses at the Holborn Theatre.

Mr. Dion Boucicault will write the libretto of the next *opera-bouffe* produced at the Lyceum. This work is *Le Petit Faust*, by Hervé, the composer of *Chilpéric*.

Mr. Ernest, a new tenor, studying under Signor Salvini, M.D., will sing with Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli, at Chelsea, on the 15th.

Mr. Tom Hohler has accepted an engagement with M. Bagier at the Italiens, and will very shortly make his first appearance in the Salle Ventadour, in *Marie*.

Le Menestrel says that Signor Mario has engaged himself for three years at St. Petersburgh, in the capacity of Regisseur General. We don't believe a word of the story.

The Italian journals are ecstatic over a Mdlle. Albani, who is now singing at Messina. Unfortunately, we know too well what the ecstacy of Italian journals is worth.

Upon retiring from the post of Director of the Court balls, after twenty-one years' service, M. Strauss has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

The first of Mr. John Boosey's new series of concerts, under the new title of "Saturday Ballad Concerts," takes place this evening, in St. James's Hall.

M. Pasdeloup's programme of last Sunday ran thus:—Symphony ("Jupiter"), Mozart; unfinished Symphony in B minor, Schubert; "Septet," Beethoven; "Gavotte," Lachner; Overture (*Ruy Blas*), Mendelssohn.

At a concert given in Paris on Tuesday last, on behalf of the Société Italienne, several unpublished works of Rossini were performed. Among the artists engaged were Mdme. Alboni, Mdme. Battu, MM. Gardoni and Menn.

Referring to some remarks to the effect that *Chilpéric*, is shortly to be withdrawn from the Lyceum, and replaced by *Le Petit Faust*, adapted by Mr. Dion Boucicault, the lessees state that they do not intend at present to substitute any other *opera-bouffe* for *Chilpéric*.

The *Gazzetta Piemontese* informs us that the second performance of Signor Vera's new opera, *Velaria*, was equally as successful as the first. La Signora Vera Lorine and the baritone Coliva had both some effective pieces to sing; a "Bridisi," especially, met with immense success. The scenery and dresses were splendid, and the opera altogether was magnificently put upon the stage. *Velaria* will shortly be produced at Florence.

The difference in size between the two *prima donnas* at the Boston (Madame Parepa-Rosa and Miss Rose Hersee) is happily expressed in their names. While one is rose the other is Rosa."—*Boston* (*U.S.*) *Saturday Gazette, Jan.* 15.

MADAME PATTI.—The Emperor Alexander has just conferred on Madame Patti the Order of Merit, and appointed her first singer at the Court. The decoration is set with diamonds and surmounted with the Imperial crown.

At Mr. George Wood's Saturday Evening Concert, to-night (Exeter Hall), the features of the programme are Mr. Macfarren's cantata, *May Day*, originally produced at the Bradford Festival, many years ago, and Beethoven's C minor symphony.

M. Pasdeloup was faithful to his colours even till the last moment. He closed his directorship of the Lyrique with Wagner's *Rienzi*. We don't like Wagner, yet we say,—"Well done, M. Pasdeloup." Constancy, even to a bad cause, must command respect.

The Milan *Fama* announces that Prince Poniatowski has three operas in hand:—one for Paris, libretto by Saint-Georges; another for the Théâtre Grec, libretto by Dumas; and another founded on Tasso's *Aminta*, for Mdme. Patti.

Amongst the engagements made by Mr. Montague for the new theatre in the Strand, are those of Miss Nelly Power and Mr. Henry Irving. There is a chance of Miss Lydia Foote's joining Mr. Montague's company.

At the Saturday Popular Concert of to-day, Beethoven's septet is to be repeated. The quartet is Mozart's, in G minor, with pianoforte. Pianoforte, Miss Zimmermann, who is also to play her own arrangement of one of Handel's organ concertos (a very unusual, and, we may add, a very questionable, feature in the Popular Concert programme).

Mr. Sothern is recovering from his late accident. Ladies will be delighted to hear that, before cannoning against the tree, he had the presence of mind to turn his head, and thus save the symmetry of his nose. He will re-appear as Dundreary on the 14th inst., and his first original part will be in a two-act drama by Mr. Craven.

Mr. T. W. Robertson is said to be out of health. A gentleman who waited so long for success, and who, when it came, bore it so modestly, is sure to command the sympathy of the public. By the way, in his Nightingale, Mr. Robertson has the credit of being the first who has ventured to amuse a British audience by "guying" a clergyman.

An effort is being made in Belgium to revive the Flemish school of music, of which Crequillon, Arcadelt, Ockeghem, and Lassus are the chief ornaments. M. Edouard Gregoire heads the enterprise, and his work, *Réflexions sur la régénération de l'ancienne école de musique flamande et sur le théâtre flamand* is attracting much attention.

So much ingenuity is shown in the offerings made to artists that we are half inclined to think the artists themselves devote their spare time to the subject. At Nice, recently, a bouquet was tendered to an actress, having concealed within it a jewelled nightingale, enclosed in a golden cage. The recipient is said not to have discovered her prize for some time, which saying who will may believe.

L'Europe Artiste says that London will have enough of operetta during May and June. M. Felix comes with Schneider; M. Moreau Sainti with *Les Turcs*; M. Bertrand with *Les Bruyands*, and, perhaps, Mdlle. Irma with *La Princesse de Trébizonde*. Seeing that we already have M. Hervé with *Chilpéric*, if London be not content, London is very ungrateful.

The symphony at the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, is Spohr's in G major (the "Historical"). The overtures are Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and the *Ferrabras* of Schubert. Mr. Carrodus is to play the first movement (why not the whole?) of Beethoven's violin concerto. Mdlle. Carola and Signor Foli are the singers. A strong programme, indeed.

Miss Kathleen Ryan, youngest daughter of the late Desmond Ryan, made a successful "first appearance" at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, as Charlotte, in *How to Die for Love*. Miss Ryan has many requisites for the stage, and further practice, combined with her natural qualifications, will, there is every reason to believe, make her a genuine actress; nothing could have been kinder than her reception by the public.

"The inauguration concert of the Sala Sivori at Genoa," says the *Opinione*, "was a splendid success. Sivori, as usual, astonished us by his marvellous playing. Signor Luca Fumagalli, came from Milan

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expressly for the concert, and in a sonata of Beethoven, a concerto of Weber, and a concerto on *La Sonnambula*, composed by his brother, the late Adolfe Fumagalli, showed himself to be a pianist of the first order."

Herr Oberthür, the harpist, is on a Continental tour, and has met with invariable success in the towns he has visited, commencing with Calais, where he played his *Médiation* and *Cascade*, as well as two fantasias by Parish Alvars. Recalled after each piece, he was forced to play the last one over again. At Lille, Herr Oberthür, gave his *Souvenir de Londres, Les Huguenots*, and *Cascade*, and was recalled after each. From Lille he goes to Cologne, and thence to Mayence, when he will play a duet, for harp and piano, with Madame Schott, wife of the Burgomaster and well-known music publisher of that town.

At the Operahouse at Lima, the *prima donna*, Signora Marchetti, has had her benefit. Her admirers decorated the whole way from her residence to the theatre with flowers, ribands, and triumphal arches, and drew her back home in a car got up for the occasion; but her partisans, and those of Signora Mollo, refusing to hear the rival singer, threw stones and brickbats on the stage. As the chorus-singers were maimed, it is supposed the authorities may interfere. Meanwhile, a third *prima donna* has arrived from Panama, a Miss Stiles, an American of promise.

Those who hope for the establishment of an *opera-bouffe* in London must not be discouraged after seeing *Chilpéric*. It is dull, but it must be borne in mind that, probably not within a lifetime will one be called on to listen to such music as the English admiration, with its jokes about "Who's Griffiths?" and stolen Joe Millerisms. However, those who really appreciate genuine fun, will be delighted with a Mr. Odell, who plays the Chamberlain. The red on the tip of this gentleman's nose, his occasional falsetto voice, and the real humour which prompts him to fall down every five minutes, to appear now with a dust-pan in his hand, now with a broom, give hopes that we have at last found a worthy successor to—well, say Harry Boleno!

MUSICAL EVENINGS.—The first of a series of musical evenings for the performance of chamber music, under the directorship of Mr. Henry Holmes, was given on Tuesday night at St. George's Hall. The programme comprised the quartet in A (No. 5) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Beethoven, Handel's *Suite de pièces*, and a quartet in E flat, Op. 44, by Mendelssohn, besides some classical songs and other instrumental pieces, with Mr. Henry Holmes for the first violin, Mr. W. Macfarren for pianist, and Miss Marion Severn for vocalist. The performance, as might have been anticipated, was successful, and the programme was just sufficiently long to be duly without tiring. The next concert will take place on the 1st of March.

On Tuesday week a morning performance took place at the Gaiety, which was really entertaining. But then the Sock and Buskin people had just an inkling of stage art, for they were members of the new Dramatic Training School, under the management of some of the company at the Gaiety Theatre. The connection of the new school with the Gaiety is very creditable to the theatre, and may in time lead up to a good "house of call" for actors and actresses, who need not parade themselves and the public by bursting upon the world too precipitately. The performance consisted of *All that Glitters is not Gold*, and the *Waterman*, which involved promising acting and singing, together with a wondrous military solo on the drum, not, perhaps, quite so telling as Thackeray's "Chronicle." Of course we forbear to give names.

THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS.—If "he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," who sells music should himself be musical. The condition appears to be satisfied in some degree, at least, for certain assistants in the West-end music shops have formed themselves into a *troupe*, under the style and title of Mohawk Minstrels. Why "Mohawk Minstrels" we cannot tell, nor does it much matter. The designation is alliterative, and any *troupe*, by any name, would sing just as well or as badly. The Mohawk Minstrels made their *début* on Saturday last at the Concert Hall, Store Street, with great success. Their programme was varied enough to suit all tastes. It contained songs, both comic and sentimental, instrumental solos, dances, sketches, stump speeches, and the inevitable "shekaddik" walk round. We cannot go into particulars about the performance, nor is it necessary. Everything was well received by a crowded audience, and encores were the order of the evening. Among those who specially distinguished themselves were Mr. Harry Guest, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Dean Edwards, and Mr. J. Francis, who, besides acting as stage manager, made a stump speech, joined in a "comic sketch," and sang several comic songs. The Mohawk Minstrels may congratulate themselves.

We read the following in *Watson's Art Journal* of the 22nd ult:—

"Next week Mrs. Howard Paul assumes her celebrated *rôle* of the Grand Duchess at the Théâtre Français. It is said that her success in this character was so great in London that the piece ran over one hundred nights. The great Schneider wrote the following letter after witnessing her creation of the Duchess in London:—'Chère Ami—Last night I assisted at the first performance of *La Grande Duchesse*, and I confess I was most curious to see how my capricious little Duchess would deport herself in an English garb. I was enchanted with your personation; and your treatment of the 'Song of the Glass' was so original and *piquante*, that I could fully comprehend the endless encores it received. The Grand Duchess of Paris salutes her English sister. Toute à vous de cœur,—HORTENSE SCHNEIDER. *St. James's Theatre, July* 12, 1868.'"

Messrs. Asher have lately received from their house at Leipsic a splendid work on the *Costumes of all Nations, from the beginning of history to the 19th century*, by A. Kretschmer, costumier to the Theatre Royal, Berlin, and Dr. C. Rohrbach, Gotha. This work is illustrated with 100 coloured plates, containing more than 2,000 figures of costumes, implements, furniture, ornaments, &c., &c., of all countries and of all periods. The work suggests itself at once as being invaluable to historians, artists, managers of theatres, and amateurs. The book begins with a history on the origin of costume, fashions, &c., and is divided into antiquities, middle ages, and modern times; and in these divisions every civilized country on the face of the globe receives due attention. Managers of theatres need no longer be at fault in "mounting" a play or an opera; with such a book, artist scarcely need drapery or costumes as models.

Miss Rose Hersee has been making a sensation in Benedict's variations on "Le Carnaval de Venise," at St. Louis, Louisville, Buffalo, &c. Speaking of the performance of *Pra Diavolo*, by the Parepa Rosa Opera Company, the *St. Louis Times* (Dec. 9) says:—"Miss Rose Hersee makes an admirable Zerlina, and, while confirming, both in vocal and dramatic ability, all that we have said of her, evinces even more talent than we suspected. *Petite* in figure, sprightly in action, possessed of a fine voice, and musical voice, she enacts this *rôle* in a manner difficult to surpass. The chamber scene was marked by many excellencies, among which was an interpretation of the 'Carnival of Venice,' adapted with variations by Benedict. It is a very brilliant composition, requiring high culture of voice, and also a very extended compass. There are several notes which would tax the majority of sopranos to their utmost to reach, but the charming *prima donna* in question takes them as easily and sweetly as a bird. Her upper notes are wonderfully pure and true, and the song is calculated to win more favour, and in it she achieved a genuine triumph. Applause followed at every rest, and at the conclusion she was called back, and obliged to repeat one or two of the closing variations and the *finale*."

A performance, by the National Choral Society, of one of Mendelssohn's three Latin motets for female voices deserves notice. Why have all three not been heard time and again? They are masterly and they are charming—in brief, they are Mendelssohn's; yet the public know nothing about them save what is told in the composer's letters. The information thus afforded is interesting enough. When the composer visited Rome in 1830, he fell in love with more than one lady. His passion, however, was of a sort which admitted of a plurality of objects. There was no question of marriage, for the charmers were nuns, whom, moreover, he never spoke, and whom he never even saw. But the nuns of Trinità de' Monti sang with the "sweetest voices in the world, quite tender and touching;" and their tones went straight to the heart of the susceptible young German. How could he resist them? Thanks to some wretched musician there was no need. "The composition is positively ridiculous," said Mendelssohn, alluding to what was sung; "I am composing something to suit their voices, and I mean to send it them." The intention was fulfilled, and the Latin motets came into existence. So, then, these works are bound up with a pretty little bit of romance, which ought long ago to have gained attention for them, even if their intrinsic merit were not what it is, Mr. Martin has done well to bring one before the public. The others await their turn.—*Graphic*.

Do we any one ever reckon the waste of mental and corporeal energy which is represented by the superfluous noise of a great town? To listen to the distant hum of London in the dusk of the evening, in some spot not liable to any acute sounds, is as suggestive and as mysterious as trying to fathom and analyze the murmurs resounding in a sea-born shell; and if we may believe the learned ones, this arises from the same cause—the collection and intermingling of many faintly-heard echoes. But to hear those same sounds from the noisy midst, to have each clamouring more violently than its fellow for entrance into our brain, how much labour does it not involve upon that easily-tired organ, to which it ought not to be liable? Railways, with their whistles, their fog-signals, their grinding of iron on iron, their constant shocks, the banging of doors, the hoarse, unintelligible screaming of porters, are becoming more and more part of the hourly life of a Londoner. Besides these, our streets have, since Hogarth's day, become far noisier; first Macadamized roads, and now granite, worn down with ever-beating crowds of vehicles of all weights, going at all kinds of paces. These drown the minor abominations of organ-grinders and street bands, that would otherwise have made the world a

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we are reading or writing waits before us, or would connect our most serious thoughts with that most dreary of all inventions, a comic song. Surely we may welcome anything that will mitigate the torture our nerves undergo from these causes, and not the less when we consider that whatever diminishes noise lessens friction. If the new tramways, of which we are about to have an instalment, effect something in this way, we shall hail them as steps towards a return to peace.—*Graphic.*

"THE BAKEHOUSE."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Faint, sick, and weary, weak in body, and confused in mind, with aching head and trembling hand, I appeal to you to help a miserable musician. For seven long hours last night have I toiled in "the bakehouse," or in words more intelligible to the uninitiated, I have just finished playing at a ball at Willis's Rooms, the orchestra in which is so named by musicians. This orchestra is a small gallery, at about twelve feet from the ball-room, from which it is entered by a small flight of stairs and trap-door. Immediately in front of the orchestra, and nearly on the same level, at only a few feet distance, is an immense gas chandelier, the cause of all my misery. Even before the ball began, on entering the orchestra, I was seized by this "bakehouse," who attacked me with his burning and pestiferous breath. Half suffocated, I commenced playing; soon after experienced the luxury of a Turkish bath, plus evening dress, and when at last the welcome "God save the Queen" had been played, I staggered away half-dead from the effect of my night's work. For many years I and others have endured this, many, alas, I fear, having had their constitutions seriously impaired in consequence.

Who will help us? Will the sanitary inspector do so? Will some of those fair ladies, to whose pleasure we contribute, help us, for little do they think that that ball-room contains a Black Hole, the groans from the miserable victims in which sound only to them as sweet music?

And lastly, will you help us by kindly inserting this letter? If so, you will earn the gratitude of every QUADRILLE BAND.

Jan. 29.

NUREMBERG.—*Le Prophète* has been revived after a very long absence from the bills.

BRUSSELS.—The name of the opera which the Baronne de Maistre intends producing at the Théâtre de la Monnaie is called *Roussalka.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co.—"The Dying Gladiator" and "When my Thirsty Soul," songs by T. M. Mudie. "Ariel," Allegro grazioso; "Christina," Romance for the piano, by T. M. Mudie.

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SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS, St. JAMES'S HALL. Director—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY. The Second Concert, This Evening, SATURDAY, 19th FEBRUARY Artists—Mdlle. Liebhart and Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, Mrs. Henry Beaumont, Madame Patey; Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. Carter, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Theodore Distin. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski. Violoncello, Mr. Edward Howell. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. HATTON. Stalls, 5s.; 1 Balcony, 3s. and 2s.; Area 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery 1s. Tickets to be had at St. James's Hall; of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual Musicsellers.

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ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Regent Street.—SATURDAY OPERAS.—Mr. STANLEY BETJEMAN has the honour to announce a SERIES OF OPERAS IN ENGLISH, commencing Saturday, February 19th, 1870. The Operas will be given entire, and with all the effect available in St. George's Hall. THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, February 19th, will be produced GOUNOD'S "FAUST." Faust, Mr. Stanley Betjeman; Mephistopheles, Mr. R. Temple; Valentine, Mr. R. Lansmere; Wagner, Mr. J. Harvey; Siebel, Miss Beede Emmett; Martha, Mrs. Sharpe; Marguerite, Miss Fanny Heywood; Chorus of Soldiers, Peasants, Students, &c. Conductor—Mr. Isidore de Solla. Stage Manager—Mr. Frank Burges.
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SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street. President—Mr. Benedict. Director—Mr. Henry Leslie. FOURTH SEASON, 1870. FIRST CONCERT, Tuesday, 24th inst. The first part of programme devoted to Vocal and Instrumental Compositions by Schubert. The few remaining Tickets may be had of Messrs. D. Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Nineteenth Season of these Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concerts will commence with the Public Rehearsal on March 21st. Prospectuses are now ready.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him as follows:—Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, until March 5th; Theatre Royal, Glasgow, from March 7th to 20th; Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, March 21st to 26th.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she will give GUITAR RECITALS during the Season, when she will play Selections from the Compositions of Giuliani, Sor, Schulz, and her own. Terms for Lessons, and Private Musical Parties, Address, 36, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS RANSFORD, Mr. GREENHILL, and Mr. THEODORE DISTIN, will sing Randegger's Popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), at the Pimlico Rooms, February 25th.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing Herr Kloss's admired song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," on March the 8th, at Westbourne Hall, Bayswater.

MISS GERTRUDE MAYFIELD and Mr. STEDMAN will sing "ONE WORD" (Nicolai), on Thursday next, at the First Concert of the Schubert Society.

MR. KERR GEDGE will sing Henry Smart's new song, "GO, WHISPERING BREEZE," on the 24th inst., at Hastings, and March 1st, at Stevenage.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing the Baritone Recitatives and Arias in "THE PRODIGAL SON," by A. S. Sullivan, which will be performed, for the first time in London, on the 21st instant, by the Brixton Choral Society.

MISS ALEXANDER DWIGHT will sing Wellington Guernsey's Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Guilford Town Hall, on the 22nd instant.

MISS GERTRUDE MAYFIELD will sing Randegger's admired song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER" (Violoncello obbligato, Herr Schuberth), at the first concert of the Schubert Society, on the 21st inst.

MISS GERTRUDE MAYFIELD and Mr. STEDMAN will sing Nicolai's popular duet, "ONE WORD," at the first concert of the Schubert Society, on the 24th instant.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Balfe's admired song, "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," at Mr. J. Greenhill's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21st.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Henry Smart's popular song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Mr. J. Greenhill's Concert, at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21st.

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LIKE TO LIKE.

A Comedy in Five Acts.

Being an English version* of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Froufrou* written by H. Sutherland Edwards.

(*Continued from page* 91.)

ACT III.

Same Scene as in Act II. Isabel discovered. Enter a Servant.

Isabel. Is there no answer from Lord Walsingham?

Servant. Not yet, ma'am.

Isabel. Very well. (*Exit Servant.*) What can he say? To such a letter one reply alone is possible. He will say that he obeys me, and that he will go away.

Enter Lady Lorimer.

Lady L. Good morning, Isabel. Do you want to go out for a walk?

Isabel. No, thank you. I must stay at home. I am waiting for an answer to a letter.

Lady L. You are very serious to-day. Let me look at you. There is something in that little forehead, Isabel, that I don't like. You are a great deal too serious.

Isabel. That, surely, ought not to alarm you.

Lady L. It is a very bad sign. I don't like to see people looking too serious who are not used to it. And the worst of it is, that in your case it is not very difficult to guess the cause.

Isabel. Oh, you are quite wrong.

Lady L. I am wrong?

Isabel. Yes, I assure you.

Lady L. So much the better if I am really wrong; and if a certain young nobleman of our acquaintance—if Lord Walsingham, in fact, has nothing to do with it.

Isabel. Lord Walsingham!

Lady L. No? Really?

Isabel. Well, yes. I was thinking of him.

Lady L. Come, Isabel, come.

Isabel. I was thinking of him; but you are very much mistaken if you imagine there is anything to fear. In a minute or two, I dare say, I shall be able to prove what I say. (*Enter Servant, bearing a letter.*) Is that the answer?

Servant. Yes, ma'am.

Isabel. Ah! (*Exit Servant. Isabel, after reading the letter, hands it to the Baroness.*) Look here.

Lady L. (*reading*). "You order me to leave London; I will leave this evening."

Isabel. You see now!

Lady L. Yes, I see—I see that the evil was much greater than I had supposed. For him to send you such an answer, you must have written him a letter——

Isabel. A letter, in which I ordered him to go away, naturally.

Lady L. In which you ordered him to go away. Oh, you had got as far as that. Come, Isabel, come. You remember how much it amused me at first during those rehearsals which took place—let me see—two months ago. As long as I thought it was all in fun, simply an agreeable manner of passing the time, it did not matter. How could I possibly suppose?—— I thought I had to deal with a reasonable woman—with a woman like myself. And if it were ever proposed to me seriously that I should care for any one but Sir John, why it would be just as if, after receiving fifty blows from duty, it were proposed to me that I should receive fifty more by way of pleasure. Those are my principles. Who could ever have imagined that they were not yours? Who could ever have imagined that this Lord Walsingham, this agreeable but flighty young man, would take it into his head to inspire a true sentiment, and become—— I will not say dangerous?

Isabel (*smiling*). You might.

Lady L. No, I do not, I will not say such a thing.

Isabel. Yes, dangerous—decidedly dangerous; and I am almost grateful to him for it, for I must confess that the consciousness of the danger I was running, is the first serious idea that ever entered my head. When it was once there it is true that several others followed it.

Lady L. Oh, but you must take care.

Isabel. A number of things, to which I paid no attention at the time, presented themselves again to me, and showed themselves in their true light. For instance, when I told you that Louisa was coming here, to stay with us. Do you remember what you said?

Lady L. I don't think I said anything, did I? What could I have said?

Isabel. You said, "Ah!"

Lady L. Nothing more than that?

Isabel. Nothing more. Well, after Louisa had been here some time, I perceived that, on the whole, it is not quite so agreeable as I had at first expected. When I saw that, gradually, and, no doubt, in spite of herself, she was taking my place by the side of my child—by the side of my husband, I found certain ideas arising in my mind, of which it is better, perhaps, that I should not speak. I remembered your "Ah!" and I understood what it meant.

Lady L. Yes; but perhaps you saw too much.

Isabel. I saw what there was to be seen—nothing more. You had guessed at once what would take place, but perhaps you had not guessed of what I should be capable on my side, and that, to put an end to it all, I should take a very decided course.

Lady L. A decided course?

Isabel. Yes, indeed.

Lady L. And in what way? I tremble now at every word you utter.

Isabel. There is a place in the house which belongs to me, and I have made up my mind to occupy it. I have made up my mind to live quite differently from the way in which I have lived hitherto. (*Lady L., protests by a gesture.*) You do not believe me?

Lady L. Yes, yes.

Isabel. Whether you believe me or disbelieve me, I am decided all the same.

Lady L. Now, don't be rash, Isabel. Come with me for a drive in the park. Then we will call on Mrs. Foljambe; it is her afternoon, and she will have some amusing people with her. You shall dine with me, and to-night we will go to the opera, and after the opera there is Lady Skimpole's ball. To-morrow morning, I will take you to Epsom Races, which will be something quite new to you, and to me also; and we will go on in this style, only faster and faster, until you have recovered your reason. The carriage you were travelling in has run away with you—you are afraid, and want to jump out—you will kill yourself. You will seize hold of your husband, you may tell me, but, poor man, you will only pull him down with you. Don't jump—whip the horses, on the contrary, and go on faster than ever. That, you may depend upon it, is your only way out of the danger. Now, put on your bonnet, and let us go to the park. You must put yourself under my guidance and protection for the next two or three days.

Isabel. No; I will stay at home.

Lady L. Then you are wrong. Good-bye, my dear.

Isabel. Good-bye.

Lady L. Isabel, I beg of you; you will not follow my first advice, which was worth taking—now listen to this: If I were in your place, I should remain shut up, at home, for forty-eight hours at least; and during those forty-eight hours I should think of nothing—I should do nothing. I can assure you that you frighten me, and that you are not in a state just now——

Isabel. What are you saying? I never was more calm—more composed.

Lady L. Oh, good-bye, then—good-bye. (*Exit Lady Lorimer.*

(*Isabel rings the bell.*) *Enter Susan,* L.

Susan. You rang, ma'am?

Isabel. Has Mr. Vivian gone out?

Susan. I don't think so.

Isabel. Tell him I wish to speak to him. (*Exit Susan,* R.

Susan. Yes, ma'am.

Isabel (*looking at Walsingham's letter*). Poor fellow! Lady Lorimer was quite right—who could have thought that he would ever be seriously in love?—for he loves me, and he leaves me when I ask him to do so. I am pleased with him, and pleased with myself also. (*She tears the letter up into little pieces, and throws them into the fire.*) It is all over; the only thing now is to find out whether my dear sister will be kind enough to give me up the place that belongs to me.

Enter Louisa, L.

Louisa (*she is in walking dress, and is putting her gloves on*). Good-bye, Isabel.

Isabel. Are you going out?

Enter Vivian.

Vivian. You want to speak to me, my dear?

Isabel. Yes, my love. (*To Louisa.*) Where are you going?

Louisa. To Mrs. Foljambe's; I promised to call upon her to-day, about the governess we are engaging for George.

Isabel (*a side*). *We* are engaging. (*Aloud.*) I can call upon her myself.

Vivian. If you call upon Mrs. Foljambe, I know, before-hand, what will take place. You will invent some new style of dress, between you; but, as for the governess, you will forget all about her. Let Louisa attend to it.

Isabel. Well, let her.

Louisa (*to Vivian*). And don't you forget that at three o'clock you are to go out and see about that house we think of buying.

Vivian (*smiling*). I will not forget, Miss Boyston, I will not forget.

Isabel (*aside*). *We* think of buying.

* This version is sanctioned by the authors and published with their approval, in conformity with the requirements of the International Copyright Act of 1852 (signed H. Meilhac, Ludovic Halévy. Paris, January 26, 1870).

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Louisa. Is that all? (*Kissing her sister.*) Good-bys, Isabel.

Isabel (aside, without returning her sister's embrace). Good-bye.

(*Exit Louisa at back.*

Vivian (who speaks in a fatherly—rather too fatherly a tone throughout this scene). Well! (*He sits down, and motions to her to sit down also.*)

Isabel. Well, I was going to say——

Vivian. It appears it is not very easy to say it.

Isabel. No, not at all easy. It is a sort of confession I have to make.

Vivian. A confession!

Isabel. Yes, I have something to reproach myself with.

Vivian (smiling). Ah! In debt, Isabel?

Isabel (emphatically). No, nothing of the kind.

Vivian. What then can you have to reproach yourself with?

Isabel. Cannot you guess? Of having been a little frivolous; of having shown a little levity even after our marriage, even after the birth of George—of having remained, in fact, what I was when you first knew me instead of becoming——

Vivian. Is that all? You almost frightened me at first.

Isabel. Oh! and now?

Vivian. Now I am re-assured. You re-assure yourself also, for all this is not very grave.

Isabel. Not very grave?

Vivian. Not grave at all.

Isabel. But, sometime since you used not to speak to me in this way. (*Smiling.*) I make a mistake. You did not like to speak. But in the absence of words the expression of your countenance, your silence even seemed to say the contrary of what you are saying now. My mode of life, in which you see nothing grave now, used to trouble you then, and as far as your unwillingness to displease me allowed you to do so, you endeavoured to inform me of it.

Vivian. Yes; that was two months ago, but during the last two months——

Isabel. During the last two months——

Vivian. Yes, since Louisa has been here——

Isabel. Louisa!

Vivian. All that has changed.

Isabel (interrupting him). And these things that my sister attends to. If I were to attend to them myself?

Vivian. What an idea, now that everything is going so perfectly.

Isabel. Oh, you think that everything is going on perfectly?

Vivian. Certainly. Just look around you, my dear Isabel, and tell me if any household was ever better conducted than yours has been since Louisa has had charge of it? See how she attends to George, and how well she brings him up. Don't you think I look much better, too, myself since Louisa has been here?

Isabel. If, however, I wanted—if I were absolutely determined to take the direction of affairs?

Vivian. Such zeal would certainly seem to me too laudable not to be encouraged, and I should encourage it with all my might. But——

Isabel. But?

Vivian. But, if in spite of your resolution and of my encouragement, this noble ardour did not continue; if, at the end of a week or of a fortnight, you experienced some lassitude, do not think yourself obliged to struggle, but return at once to your pleasures and your conquests. I assure you that neither the expression of my face nor my silence will reproach you any more. Why should I trouble you, now that it has become useless for me to do so. No, I will not spoil my own happiness; and I will content myself with being the husband of the nicest, the most charming, the most admired, the most adored little woman in the world. (*A pause.*)

Isabel (getting up). What has become of that post which was offered to you, and which you refused on my account?

Vivian. Carlsruhe?

Isabel. Yes. Could you not go there now? I would accompany you there or anywhere else.

Vivian. No, I could not go there now. My wife might have taken offence at my refusal; on the contrary, they treated me with every kindness. The place they have given me here is almost as good as the mission at Carlsruhe. All's well that ends well, and you really have not so much to reproach yourself with as you think.

Isabel (looks at her husband in a strange manner, and sits down in another part of the room). What I see clearest of all is that all my fine projects——

Vivian (rising). Oh, I quite appreciate them.

Isabel. Indeed?

Vivian. And I wish to reward you for them. The pair of horses which pleased you so much, and which, to say the truth, I thought too dear, shall be yours to-day.

Isabel (rising). I don't want them.

Vivian (astonished). You don't want them?

(*Royston appears at the back, showing his head through the half-open door.*)

Royston. How do you do, darling?

Vivian. Mr. Royston——

Royston. How are you?

Vivian. You come just in time. Isabel is a little nervous to-day. I fancy, but you will soon be able to put her in good humour.

Royston (to Isabel). A little nervous, are you?

Isabel. How do you do, papa?

Royston. It will soon pass off. I want you to do me a great service, darling. It seems that three days ago you were seen riding in the park in a new sort of hat.

Isabel. Well!

Royston. Mrs. Danvers—you see, I tell you the name, that you may not fancy anything—is dying of anxiety to get one like it. She spoke to me about it, and I thought that to me, your father, you would not refuse.

(*Isabel rings the bell.*) Indeed, you are going to——

Isabel. I'll tell Susan to bring it to you.

Royston. You are a good girl!

Enter Susan.

(*Isabel speaks to her aside.*)

Royston (leading Vivian to a corner of the room). Well, did you hear of it? They hissed her; indeed that is why I came back a month sooner than I had intended. Yes, they hissed her.

Vivian. Hissed her—hissed whom?

Royston. Antonia, the dancer, whose *début* I had promised to witness at Prague. It was a cabal, my dear fellow—a pure cabal. If you hear anything about it, you can boldly maintain that it was a cabal.

Vivian. I will not fail to do so.

Royston. Thanks.

(*In the meanwhile Susan has left the room, and Isabel has taken a seat on the sofa.*)

Vivian (to Royston, after looking at his watch). I will leave you now with Isabel, and I hope you will not leave her until she has recovered her spirits. I don't know what is the matter with her to-day.

Royston. Leave that to me. (*He goes towards the fire-place and arranges his hair before the glass.*)

Vivian (to Isabel). Really, now—about that pair of horses?

Isabel. No, no; how many times must I tell you?

Vivian. You decidedly won't have them? Well, once at least, I will show some determination. Whether you want them or not, Isabel, you shall have them.

Royston (replying to some words whispered to him by Vivian as he goes out). Well, give her four. [*Exit Vivian.*

Isabel (aside). When I wish to return to him to be his wife; that is how——

Royston (going to the piano). He is a very nice fellow, your husband.

Isabel (aside). After all he is right. Since Louisa is here it is quite useless that I—— He treats me like a child.

Royston (strumming on the piano). A very nice fellow indeed.

Isabel (unable to contain herself any longer, and bursting into tears). Ah!

Royston (rising from the piano in a state of astonishment). What! crying, Isabel? What is the meaning of this? What is the meaning of this?

Isabel. Nothing, papa, nothing.

Royston. Come, what is it? Nothing serious, I am sure. But even if it were serious, am I not here; I, your father?

Isabel. Oh!

Royston. What do you mean by "oh?" You mustn't say "oh" like that. I know that now and then I may have seemed a little (*gesture*), and then this confounded hair; but, hang it, that does not prevent me from being a father. (*Enter Susan with the hat.*) And as a father——

Susan. Is that it, ma'am?

Isabel. What is it? Oh yes, that is it. (*She takes the hat and gives it to her father.*) There, that is what you asked me for. [*Exit Susan.*

Royston (holding the hat, and in a very embarrassed manner). As a father—yes, that is it, thank you. (*Resuming his serious air*). As a father——

Isabel. Well, what is the matter? Is not that what you wanted?

Royston. Yes, but——

Isabel (smiling in spite of herself). But?

Royston (making up his mind). But there is no question of that now (*giving the hat to Susan*). Put it in the carriage, please.

Royston. The deuce take it. It shan't be said that once in my life I did not behave like a father. Come here, darling, and tell me plainly why you were crying just now.

Isabel (getting up). For nothing, papa.

Royston. For nothing?

Isabel. You know that one does not always feel——

Royston. Yes, I know, there are moments when I myself—not often—but in spite of all that, there is one thing serious, darling, and that is the affection I have for you. You don't doubt it, I hope; and if you wanted guidance or support, you would not hesitate, would you? Nothing, really? Then what are these tears? A little nervous attack, wasn't it? I was certain of it. Then we need not think anything more about it. Don't let us think any more about it. Give me a kiss, and now——

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Isabel. Now?

Royston. I want to speak to you about Louisa. I may as well attend a little to her affairs, also, while I am about it.

Isabel. Louisa?

Royston (sitting down). Mr. Graham comes here very often does he not?

Isabel. Mr. Graham?

Royston. Yes.

Isabel. He comes rather often.

Royston. Very often?

Isabel (smiling). Well, if you prefer it——

Royston. And has it led you to suppose nothing?

Isabel. What was I to suppose? That he did me the honour to think I was nice looking?

Royston (laughing). And that he was in love with you? Oh! I don't blame you for it; I thought so myself. *(Rising.)* It is a habit I have got into and I can't get rid of it. As soon as I hear that a man is paying attention to one of my daughters I say at once: it must be Isabel.

Isabel. Well?

Royston. Well, I am wrong. It's not like a good father. For, after all, I have two daughters, and it is my duty to suppose that from time to time—and that is just what has happened now. Graham called upon me this morning. It is not to see you that he comes here every day; it is to see Louisa.

Isabel (with joy). Louisa!

Royston (sitting down on the sofa). Yes, he is in love with her, and he came to ask my permission to make her an offer.

Isabel (sitting down as his knee). Oh! my dear papa! Oh, how delighted I am—you cannot tell how pleased. Mr. Graham? I don't see how she can possibly refuse him.

Royston. Oh. I don't think she will. A man of good family, handsome fortune——

Isabel. An excellent match in all respects. Mr. Graham is a charming man. She can't possibly refuse him. Have you said anything to Louisa about it?

Royston. Not yet. I should have spoken to her if she had been here, and once more she would probably have given the answer she has always given when spoken to on such a subject: that she does not wish to get married.

Isabel (getting up). She must not give that answer now!

Royston. Well, certainly she ought not to; but she is a strange girl, your sister,—don't you think so? That horror of society, that inexplicable resolution never to get married. She was not like that formerly.

Isabel. No, indeed!

Royston. Shall I tell you what I have often thought about it. Louisa must have been in love with some one.

Isabel (with much emotion). Ah!

Royston. Louisa must have looked forward to a happiness, which suddenly, in a manner we know nothing about, escaped her.

Isabel. Papa!

Royston (rising suddenly, after looking at his watch). Consider all that, reflect, and think for yourself whether what I say does not seem very probable. *(He goes to the mantelpiece, takes up his hat, and arranges his hair before the glass).*

Isabel (following him). Indeed, papa, indeed!

Royston. Well, you understand, that I, as her father, cannot, but that you, as her sister, might perfectly well. Between women, between sisters, such things may be spoken of. You ought to speak to her, and ask her quietly all about it.

Isabel. I?

Royston. Yes; you ought to try and discover this important secret.

Isabel. I! You wish me to speak to her?

Royston. Say to her what you were saying to me just now, that Graham is a charming man, and she ought really to accept him.

Isabel (resolutely). Oh, as for that——

Royston. You will tell her——*(they come forward).*

Isabel. Yes. I will tell her.

Royston. You will do all you can to make her accept him.

Isabel. Yes, all I can. And I will make her accept him.

Royston. I think so.

Isabel. I hope so.

Royston. Then, now, you are both of you settled. Since you take the affair in hand, I need have nothing more to do with it. Now, you are laughing again. *(Isabel makes a gesture of protest.)* Don't deny it, you were laughing. Oh, I am not annoyed. It delights my heart to see you laugh. When I see you crying, however, as you were just now—oh, then I feel——You must not be unhappy, Isabel—you really must not. You will understand why. I do not deceive myself. I know very well that, as a father, I am not perhaps sufficiently—still, as long as you are happy, my conduct is only—light; whereas, if you should take it into your head to be unhappy, very seriously, remember—if you should take it into your head to be unhappy, my conduct would be abominable. But you won't; you love me too much; you will be happy.—if not for your own sake, you will for your father's. *(Kissing her.)* You will, won't you? You promise me? You are a good little girl. Good-bye, and don't forget to tell your sister as soon as she comes in. Oh, and the hat; what did I do with the hat? Oh, I forget, it's in the carriage.

[*Exit Royston.*

Isabel. She will not refuse this time. She can't refuse. But if she did? No, it is impossible. But why at the very moment when I say that she cannot, does the idea occur to me? Gracious heaven! who is to defend me when neither my husband nor my father—Oh, my child! I must not forget my child, and by his side, at least, I may hope. *(Enter a servant.)* Who can have come now?

Servant. Lord Walsingham. His lordship asks whether Mr. Vivian is at home——

Isabel (half aside). No, I cannot. *(She sees, or rather thinks she sees that the servant is looking strangely at her.)* Show Lord Walsingham in, and tell Susan to dress Master George, and to let me know as soon as he is ready. I want to take him out for a walk.

[*Enter Lord Walsingham; exit servant.*

Isabel (severely). Do you know why I received you? Because the servant was there. Vivian he was looking at me, because I was afraid he would ask me why I closed my door to you.

Walsingham. I have only a few words to say to you——

Isabel. So much the better, for I can only listen to you for a few moments *(a pause).* Why did you come? Why, after the letter I sent to you, did you not understand me?

Walsingham. You told me in your letter to leave London.

Isabel. Well?

Walsingham. I leave this evening. Did I not tell you so?

Isabel (in a harsher voice still). I know you told me so, but what proof have I?——

Walsingham. You have no right to doubt my word; I have always told you the truth.

Isabel (in a more gentle voice). Well, be it so. You are going away—I believe you; but you should have gone without coming to see me.

Walsingham. That was absolutely beyond my power.

Isabel. Oh!

Walsingham. You must not ask too much of me. Think what I was, and what I am. Everything was a jest to me formerly, and now? I should have laughed at anyone who had assured me that I should some day experience what I experienced just now on reading your letter. For a moment I felt determined to show my strength, my heroism. I wished to sacrifice myself completely; to go away without speaking to you without seeing you.

Isabel (in a weak voice). That is what you ought to have done; why did you not do so?

Walsingham. I had not the courage. After a few moments my first enthusiasm vanished, and I could only think of one thing—that I was about to be separated from you. Then I gave in, and it seemed to me that if you had the right to ask me to make such a sacrifice, I had at least the right to come and ask you to say a few words to me—a few words which would give me strength to make that sacrifice.

Isabel. Well then! I——

Enter Susan.

Susan. If you please, ma'am——

Isabel (with a cry of delight). My child! George is ready! Bring him to me, bring him here directly.

Susan. But, ma'am——

Isabel (to Walsingham). I am going out—you hear what I say. I am going out with my child.

Susan. Master George is not in the house, ma'am.

Isabel. Not in the house?

Susan. No, ma'am. When Miss Louisa went out, she took him with her.

Isabel (violently). Louisa! *(trying to contain herself).* Very well, Susan, if Miss Louisa has taken him out—very well. *(Exit Susan.)* *(To herself.)* Not even my child! No one to protect me! No one, no one!

Walsingham. Isabel!

Isabel. Oh, you will go, will you not? You will go at once? It is more necessary now than ever. You will go? Swear that you will.

Walsingham. Yes, I swear I will. I will leave London this evening.

Isabel. You know very well that I do not care for you, and that I never can. You ought to know it. And you, you say you love me; that is why I wish you to go. Understand me: if I were frivolous, as people say I am, and coquettish and cruel, I should ask you to remain, merely for my amusement. Plenty of women would believe in that way, but I cannot. You must go. You must forget me. Yes, you must, indeed; you must forget me—but not too soon!

Walsingham (taking her by the hands). Oh, Isabel, Isabel!

Isabel (freeing herself). This evening, will you not? You will go this evening.

Enter Vivian.

Vivian. You here, Percy? They didn't tell me.

Isabel. Lord Walsingham comes to wish us good-bye, he goes away this evening.

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Vivian. You are going away?

Walsingham. Yes, I leave London to-night.

Vivian. Not for very long, I hope? London will miss you and will not be consoled until you return. We shall see you when you come back?

Walsingham. Yes—when I come back. (*Gives his hand.*) Good-bye. (*To Isabel.*) Good-bye, Mrs. Vivian.

Isabel. Good-bye, Lord Walsingham. [*Exit Walsingham.*

Isabel (*aside*). Now I have done my duty. Let me see if they will do theirs.

Vivian (*sitting down by her side*). Well, Isabel? I hope your father succeeded in amusing you a little. He promised not to leave you until——

Isabel. What my father had to say to me was not so very amusing (*leaning on the back of the chair on which Vivian is seated, and looking at him full in the face*). Louisa is going to leave us.

Vivian (*suddenly starting up*). What!

Isabel. Mr. Graham has made her an offer. She is sure to accept him.

Vivian (*quickly*). Impossible! (*a pause*).

Isabel. You seemed very much surprised just this moment; and now you say something which rather surprises me.

Vivian. I confess that at first I could not escape a feeling of egotism; I had become so accustomed to the idea that Louisa would never leave us. However, I was wrong.

Isabel. Then you will speak to her about it when she comes in?

Vivian. Speak to her? That is not decided yet?

Isabel. No, not yet. Mr. Graham has seen papa, that is all. He has not proposed to Louisa herself.

Vivian. It seems to me that it would be better for you——

Isabel (*sparing before him*). For me? Does it concern me—a serious affair like this? What do I know about it? (*Sits down.*) No, no; if some new style of dress had to be invented it would be different (*throwing herself back in her chair, and stroking her dress like a child*). No: it is not for me, it is for you to speak to her, and if you want my advice, the best thing you can do is to speak to her very plainly and decidedly.

Vivian (*astonished at Isabel's tone*). What!

Enter Louisa. (Isabel remains motionless and silent throughout this scene, and only takes part in it by the glances she casts from time to time at her sister.)

Louisa. Well, I have seen Mrs. Danvers. I have seen the governess, too. She is a very nice person. She will come in a few days. (*To Vivian.*) And how did you get on?

Vivian. I saw the man I had to see; but we have to speak now of a more serious matter.

Louisa. More serious?

Vivian. Above all, for you.

Louisa. For me!

Vivian. Yes.

Louisa. What is it, then?

Vivian. An offer of marriage.

Louisa. What, another!

Vivian. From Mr. Graham. Ah! you don't say "what, another," now?

Louisa. Pray understand me. Mr. Graham is admitted by everyone to be a man of great distinction. I confess, when I hear that he wishes to marry me, it makes me feel a little proud and above all exceedingly pleased.

Isabel. Oh!

Louisa. Yes, very pleased indeed. For when it is known that I have refused such a man as Mr. Graham, it will be quite understood that I do not mean to get married at all, and I hope then I shall be left in peace.

Vivian. You refuse him?

Louisa. Certainly I do.

Vivian. It is impossible.

Louisa (*sitting down*). Just remember. Two months ago I did not want to come and live with you, but you forced me to do so. (*With gaiety.*) So much the worse for you now. I am here, and you must let me stay.

Vivian. But pray consider——

Louisa (*rising; with tenderness*). Unless you are both of you displeased with me; unless you think that these—tiresome duties (*smiles*) which you have entrusted to me have been neglected; unless you assure me that by remaining here I am an obstacle to your happiness.

Vivian. Certainly not. If it were a question of *our* happiness alone, it would be quite another thing; but we are thinking of yours.

Louisa. Of mine?

Vivian. Yes, Louisa, of yours.

Louisa. Let me remain here, then, if you are thinking of *my* happiness only; for I shall never be so happy anywhere else. Indeed if you wanted to send me away now, I would not go.

Vivian (*to Isabel*). You hear what she says?

Isabel. Yes.

Vivian, You know her as well as I do. I think now it would be useless.

Louisa. Quite useless.

Vivian. However, if you like to try.

Isabel (*sharply*). Yes, I will try.

Vivian. I have not altered my opinion, Louisa. I think, my dear, that you really ought to accept him. But I am so pleased all the same at your refusing him that I really cannot persist; not just now, at all events.

Louisa. Neither now, nor at any other time.

Vivian (*taking her by the hand*). Oh, as for that——

Louisa. You know it is the case. What I say now, I shall say always.

[Exit Vivian, R. Isabel draws herself up, rises, passes round the piano and confronts her sister, who is on the point of going out, L.

Isabel. Where are you going?

Louisa. To get a book George asked me for; he left it in your room.

Isabel. George can wait for his book.

(Louisa stands still and then falls back astonished at the voice and look of her sister.)

Isabel. And about this marriage. You refuse, do you?

Louisa. Yes, I refuse.

Isabel. I see! That you may remain here—to make both of us happy.

Louisa. Isabel!

Isabel (*coming to the front of the stage*). It is really very kind of you, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. The only thing I have to reproach you with is that you have not divided your attention very equally between us.

Louisa (*who has also come to the front*). Good heavens! what does she mean!

Isabel. You have thought of my husband, you have thought of my child; but me? You have rather neglected me! And you were wrong; for, if you had watched carefully, you would have seen that of all the dangers that menaced this house, which you had undertaken to defend, the gravest was undoubtedly on my side.

Louisa. I don't understand you.

Isabel. An hour ago Lord Walsingham was here by my side swearing that he loved me to distraction. My answer was that I did not love him.

Louisa. Well!

Isabel. It was untrue; I do love him.

Louisa. Oh!

Isabel. That was more than you could see, my dear sister; but it is just what you would have seen, if you had really filled the part which you accepted with such heroic self-denial.

Louisa. What you tell me is not true. You do not care for Lord Walsingham.

Isabel. It *is* true! I did not care for him two months ago; but during these last two months a great many things have happened. What at first was only a joke became in time a danger—a danger so serious, that seeing you had no idea of saving me I tried to save myself. My husband! My child! I wished to return to them. It was my only means of salvation. But my child was no longer mine. Between him and me you were always placing yourself.

Louisa. I will go, Isabel, I will go.

Isabel. You have robbed me of my child, and as for my husband——

Louisa. Your husband?

Isabel. When I remember the past; when I put one thing with another—my suspicions of to-day with my suspicions of former times——

Louisa. Your suspicions!

Isabel. Come, Louisa! Do not force me to say what I would rather not.

Louisa. Say it without hesitation. I was in love with your husband four years ago. Is that what you mean?

Isabel. You admit it!

Louisa, Yes, I admit that I was in love with him.

Isabel. Oh!

Louisa. But *he* was in love with you. Well, believing that you would be happy in his love, I took your hand myself, and placed it in his—and I was in love with him at the time. That you might have no scruple in accepting him I affected a gaiety I certainly did not feel. I told you that I did not care for him; and yet—yes, at that very moment when I was sacrificing myself for you both I was in love with him!

Isabel. And the very next day your love for him ceased?

Louisa. No, not the next day. I suffered a long time, a very long time; and perhaps what I underwent—perhaps the efforts I had to make to triumph over myself deserved a better reward than this. Have you forgotten everthing? Have you forgotten your own entreaties when I declined to come and live with you? Have you forgotten your astonishment when I persisted in my refusal? Have you forgotten that nothing could induce me to come?

Isabel. But you came at last.

Louisa, Because then I was sure of myself; I loved him no longer.

Isabel. Or because you thought the moment more favourable.

Louisa. Isabel! Can it be you who speak in this way?

Isabel. Yes; and I mean it.

Louisa (*terrified*). I will go, Isabel, I will go.

Isabel. You will go, will you? Sacrifice yourself again! No, my dear sister, it is not you who will go this time.

Louisa (*in consternation*). What do you say?

Isabel. Heaven is my witness that I was sincere in endeavouring to resist—

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in striving to defend myself. But some women are not capable of prolonged efforts; and, after all, I have a right to love those who love me.

Louisa (*in consternation*). What are you going to do?

Isabel. I confess myself beaten. I give the place up to you (*goes to the back*).

Louisa. Where are you going?

Isabel. You ask too much!

Louisa. Isabel!

Isabel (*in a fury*). Husband, child, you have robbed me of everything—now keep what you have taken! (*Rushes into her room and shuts the door after her.*)

Louisa (*knocking at the door*). Isabel! Isabel!

END OF ACT III.

FAIRPLAY AND MR. SIMS REEVES.

From the "Sunday Times."

We have received the following letter, and are pleased to "oblige" the writer by publishing it as requested:—

"SIR,—In your last impression you say Mr. Sims Reeves was too hoarse to sing with safety. I beg to contradict this statement. I was at Exeter Hall, and must say I thought Mr. Reeves sang *better* than he ever did. I am sure two-thirds of the people present came expressly to hear him, and I think it very bad behaviour on his part to refuse to sing. The truth is, he is the pet of the public, and so he thinks he can treat them just as he pleases. By inserting this in your next impression, you will oblige, yours faithfully,

"*Feb.* 7, 1870. FAIRPLAY."

It is not very easy to gather from one perusal of this communication that "Fairplay" is a worthy individual who has mistaken his powers. But reading between the lines with attention, the fact is clear enough. "Fairplay" was at Exeter Hall on Saturday evening last, and, like a reasonable man, was angered by the unreason of those who would have had their "pound of flesh" if they could, no matter what the suffering involved. We can sympathize with the feelings of our correspondent, because we shared them, and his resolution to go home and write to the *Sunday Times* was not only flattering to ourselves, but also honourable to him. Unhappily, when "Fairplay" took pen in hand, he used that dangerous weapon awkwardly. Our friend determined upon a course of action familiar enough, but which requires more skill than he seems to possess. He would show up the unreason which hissed Mr. Sims Reeves, by a satirical pretence of sharing it, in order to exhibit its real character. No doubt, he

> "sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
> Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence,"

but it should be at the same time,

> "To all but Heaven-directed hands denied,"

and the hands of "Fairplay" are, we imagine, not Heaven-directed. His satire reads so uncommonly like a serious expression of opinion that it may work more harm than good. In this lies the reason why we do not print it without note or comment. The same feeling which led the schoolboy, after he had sketched a familiar bird, to write underneath, "This is a goose," leads us to show wherein the satire of "Fairplay" consists.

Will the reader be good enough to note, in the first place, with how authoritative an air "Fairplay" assures us Mr. Sims Reeves was not hoarse. We ventured, in noticing the concert, to express a belief in the ailment; "Fairplay" contradicts no point blank. His meaning is this:—As a matter of fact Mr. Sims Reeves never was hoarse, because he never can be. The throats of artists are invulnerable in proportion to the favour of their owners with the public. When a singer starts in his profession he is liable to suffer about the region of the larynx and air passages; but if he be prosperous, such liability ceases in course of time. Mr. Reeves has long been the first of tenors, and the notion of his hoarseness is absurd. As for the statement so often made, that his throat is more than commonly susceptible, it might as well be said that Baron Rothschild suffers from a chronic inability to pay protests. Though the reader may not have suspected it, this is what "Fairplay" means; of course, speaking (satirically) in the name of those who irritated him on Saturday night:—"*I am sure two-thirds of the people present came expressly to hear him, and I think it very bad behaviour on his part to refuse to sing.*" This follows logically from what precedes. When nothing can be the matter with an artist, it is, undoubtedly, "very bad behaviour" for him to break off in the middle of a song and go home. It is very absurd behaviour, likewise. Bad conduct is far from gratifying even to him who is guilty of it; but when the loss of a considerable sum of money is involved, its indulgence becomes utter folly. These considerations, however, do not touch Mr. Sims Reeves, according to the affected showing of "Fairplay." That favourite tenor can sing, but he sometimes won't sing, and chooses to gratify his whim at the expense of his pocket. Surely there was keen satire hidden away in "Fairplay's" words.

The last assertion of our correspondent insinuates a good deal: this first of all:—Unreasonable people know not only the exact condition of Mr. Reeves' throat, but, also, the secrets of his heart. "The truth is"—mark the quiet confidence of "Fairplay's" words—the spoiled boy of his nurse, the public, delights to slap her venerable face, just for the fun of the thing, and heedless of the tingling fingers from which he suffers in return. But, after all, the sting of "Fairplay's" letter lies in its tail. The signature was our correspondent's happiest thought. Is it not "fairplay" to assume that a gentleman wishes to sneak out of his engagement with the public; and that, to deprive them of their paid-for pleasure, he urges an utterly false excuse. Is it not "fairplay" to state that all this is done out of a gross-grained nature, though the doer be the worse for it both in reputation and pocket? The fairness is unquestionable; and so, therefore, is the appropriateness of our correspondent's *nom de plume*. In conclusion, we have only to thank "Fairplay" for his letter. In return we have tried to show its meaning.

LEIPSIC.—In honour of Mozart's birthday, the programme of the fourteenth Gewandhaus Concert consisted exclusively of compositions by this master. The orchestra played the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and the C major Symphony, with the final Fugue. Herren David and Röntgen performed the Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Tenor, with orchestral accompaniment. Herr Reinecke played the Rondo in A minor. Hdlle. Lehmann, of the Stadt-theater, sang an air from *Don Juan*, and from *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and the Paulliner Vocal Association sang the chorus "O, Isis."

THE LATE MR. GEORGE HOGARTH.

Mr. George Hogarth, for many years well known in connection with the London newspaper press, and as the author of several popular works on music (*Memoirs of the Opera*, *Musical Biography and Criticism*, &c.), died on Saturday morning, having passed his 86th year. In early life Mr. Hogarth was a Writer to the Signet at Edinburgh, where he was much associated with the literary celebrities of the day, including Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, &c., mention being made of him in Prefessor Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. In 1830 he came to London, and was engaged on the *Morning Chronicle* as a writer both on political and musical subjects; and was afterwards appointed musical critic to the *Daily News* on the establishment of this paper in 1846, under the then editorship of his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Dickens. This office Mr. Hogarth assiduously fulfilled until his failing health led, in 1866, to his resignation and retirement from the active work of a daily paper. He also held for many years a similar appointment on the *Illustrated London News*, besides having contributed to magazines and periodicals, and edited various works, both musical and literary. For a few seasons Mr. Hogarth was secretary to the Philharmonic Society. He married a daughter of the late Mr. George Thomson, of Edinburgh, whose name is associated with that of Beethoven, by the commission which he gave to the composer for arrangements of Scotch and other national airs with accompaniments. The kindly nature and genial temperament of the late Mr. Hogarth rendered him universally liked and esteemed.—*Daily News*.

On Saturday morning one of the oldest writers on musical topics in the newspaper press died, we may almost say, in harness; for it is scarcely three weeks since Mr. George Hogarth contributed a paper to the *Illustrated London News*, with which journal he had been connected for many years. His death took place in the eighty-seventh year of his age; and it was not until lately that feebleness overtook his naturally robust constitution. Mr. Hogarth was born in Edinburgh, and for a considerable period of his life was a Writer to the Signet. Coming to London he entered into the life of a journalist and critic, and was attached to the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, which paper he left to join his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Dickens, who had established the *Daily News*, in the year 1846. He remained in the capacity of musical critic, a writer on this paper until his advanced age compelled his retirement from the more arduous duties of his vocation. As secretary to the Philharmonic Society, he interested himself deeply in its affairs, and wrote an elaborate history of its proceedings, extending over a period of half a century. He was the editor and author of several standard works, which are now generally received as the best modern authorities on the subjects of which they treat. Acute in all matters of musical judgment, Mr. Hogarth was as ready to perceive merits as to detect faults; and far readier to speak of the first than of the latter. His kindliness of criticism was indeed the only point in which he could ever incur the charge of literary weakness.—*Daily Telegraph*.

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SOMETHING ABOUT FRANZ SCHUBERT.*

(*Continued from page* 92.)

The next morning I ran off to see how Schubert was, as the state in which I had left him occasioned me anxiety. I found him in bed, fast asleep, with his glasses on his head, as usual. Scattered about the room in wild confusion lay the clothes he had taken off the night before. On the writing table was a sheet of paper half covered with writing, and on it an ocean of ink from the inkstand that had been overturned. On the paper was written: "Two o'clock, p.m." Then came a few confused aphorisms, and bursts of excited feeling. There could be no doubt that he had penned them after the angry scene of the previous night. I noted down the astounding passage: "Oh, Nero, you are to be envied, because you were powerful enough to destroy disgusting people in the midst of song and melody."

I waited till he woke up. "Is that you?" he enquired, when he recognized me. Then, pushing his glasses into their right place, he held out his hand with a friendly but almost confused smile. "Have you slept off your fit?" I said with a certain emphasis. "Pooh! nonsense!" he exclaimed, jumping out of bed with a loud laugh, "I could not help referring to the scene. "What will people think of you," I asked with somewhat of a reproving air.

"The blackguards," he replied quietly and good-naturedly. "Don't you know that they are the most intriguing bunkogs on the face of the earth? They are just the same with me as with others. They got what they deserved! I am sorry for it though, all the same. But I will write them the solos they want, and they will yet kiss my hand for it. I know their sort."—There is a bit of Schubert.

If, when he was excited by discussions on art, and by intoxicating drinks, the feeling of his own worth, compared to commonplace individuals, obtruded itself upon him more forcibly than would have been pleasing even to himself when sober, this only happened now and then, when he was in an exceptional mood. On other occasions, he never fonnd poor Franz aught but amiable and retiring, most warmly devoted to his friends, as proved by the letters I have quoted, and willingly acknowledging anything that others did, going for instance into ecstasies at every fresh specimen, however small, of the talent of my genial friend Schwind. For what was bad and preposterous, on the other hand, he entertained a feeling of downright hatred.

Schubert's mode of life was simple like himself. Every morning at nine o'clock, the Muse sought him, seldom leaving before two o'clock, and not till after presenting him with something valuable. When he had hit upon anything particularly excellent, he became more than usually good humoured, and was the life and soul of all his set in the evening. But a man is not always inspired; and though in certain things comparatively realistic, Schubert was not free from a touch of romantic exaltation. He fell, for instance, madly in love with one of his pupils, a young Countess Esterhazy, to whom he dedicated one of the most beautiful things he wrote for the piano, the four-handed Fantasia in F minor. Besides visiting the house of the young lady's father to give lessons, he sometimes went there under the protection of his patron, Vogl, the singer, who associated with princes and counts as with his equals; always talked very graciously to them, and when he had the good-sooner under his wing, behaved like the keeper of a menagerie, with some peculiar rarity from the animal kingdom to exhibit. Schubert was not averse, on such occasions, to be left in the background, for he could then devote all his attention to his adored pupil, and drive Love's dart still deeper in his heart. For a lyric poet as well as for a composer, an unhappy passion, if not too unhappy, is, perhaps, an advantage, since it increases a subjective sentiment, and imparts to the poems and songs springing from it, a colour and tone of the most beautiful reality. Productions such as the "Beiden Sulelka," the "Zürnende Diana," a great deal of the "Müllerlieder," and the "Winterreise," all musical confessions, steeped in the fervour of true and profound passion, are purified and refined as genuine artistic works in the most perfect form, proceeding from the gentle heart of the enamoured writer. In Schubert, however, there slumbered a *double nature*. The *Austrian* element, coarse and sensual, was evident in it as well as art. New and fresh melodies, together with harmonies and rhythms gushed in endless abundance from his richly gifted mind, but they not unfrequently bore signs of having emanated from the soil so rich in tradition from which the composer himself had sprung—though this is far from being meant as a reproach! Just as the folk's song generally is the foundation of opera, so must also both the songs and operas of a nation be formed and developed in accordance with its peculiar musical susceptibility. I need only mention Rossini, Auber, and Weber, and refer to the widely different course pursued by the operas of various nationalities. The Italian barcarole, and the French song and romance have retained as a rule their stereotype form; the German *Lied*, however, appears capable of endless extension. At first, it was a simple song with strophes, as with Reichardt and Zelter, Zumsteeg subsequently brought the carefully composed ballad into vogue and this lasted till Schubert created his short lyric dramas of the soul. It is true that since that time the German *Lied* has made no further progress of importance, for, though we cannot think lightly of the purely artistic, noble, and poetic form, with which Mendelssohn invested it, yet, with this master, *invention*, the original and creative element, does not go hand in hand with acquirements and artistic development. With Schubert, on the contrary, there is much to blame in the form, and in the musical treatment, as well as in the fresh melodies themselves. The last are sometimes too national, too *Austrian*, and remind us of folk's tunes, the somewhat low handling and disagreeable rhythm of which do not quite justify their forcing themselves into a poetical *Lied*. On this subject we had occasionally discussions with Master Franz, as for instance, when we attempted to prove to him that certain passages in the "Müllerlieder" reminded the hearer of an old Austrian Grenadier-march and tattoo, or of Wimzel Müllers: "Wer niemals einen Rausch hat g'habt."—He either grew seriously angry at such petty irritating criticism, or laughed at us and said: "What do you fellows know about it? So it is and so it should be!"—But so it should *not* be: that is to say: he was bound not to mute simply as gushing high spirits and undeveloped youth dictated, and in his later and more mature productions there are none of the student-like, trivial motives to which we objected.

But if, in social intercourse as well as in art, the Austrian character was sometimes rather too uproariously manifested in Schubert, as a young fellow full of life and high spirits, on other occasions the demon of melancholy and sorrow overshadowed him with its dark wings—though it was certainly not altogether a bad spirit, since in the sombre hours of its visitations it frequently suggested to him some of his most painfully beautiful songs. But the combat between a wild roystering life and incessant mental activity is always exhausting, if there is no proper equilibrium in the soul. In our Schubert, however, there was however, an ideal passion at work, refining, restraining, and compensating, and we may regard the Countess Caroline as his visible and beneficent Muse; as the Leonora of this musical Tasso.

The same thing happened to Master Franz that happens to all other German composers: as long as he lived he was sighing for a really good libretto. It is true he had completed some operas such as *Alphons und Estrella*, and *Fierrabras*, as well as the operetta, *Der hausliche Krieg*, which, some thirty years ago, produced and created a *furore*, but, in consequence of the indifference of managers for what is poetical and really beautiful, soon disappeared from the bills, because it—did not suit manager's pockets to employ first-rate artists in such a trifle. Schubert had long begged me among the rest to write him a libretto. I passed the spring and summer of 1826 with a friend in the Carinthian mountains. On cold and rainy days I arranged the legend of the Count of Glaichen as the subject for an opera, and wrote to apprise Schubert of the fact. He was not long answering. The letter addressed to both friends, though strange to say I alone am apostrophized throughout,* runs as follows:—

"My dear Bauernfeld,

"My dear Mayerhofer,

"That you should write the opera was a very sensible proceeding on your part, but I wish I saw it before me. I have been asked for my opera books, to see what could be done with them. If your libretto were quite ready I might show the people that, and, when it was approved, for I have no doubts as to its value, I might begin on it in Heaven's name, or send it to the Milder at Berlin. Mdlle. Schechner has appeared here in *Die Schweizer Familie*, and been extraordinarily successful. As there is great similarity between her and the Milder, she may do for us.

"Do not remain away too long; it is very melancholy and miserable here.—The spirit of wearisomeness has made too much progress. From Schober and Schwind one hears nothing but lamentations, which are far more heart-rending than those we heard in Passion Week.—I have scarcely been to Grinzing once since you left, and with Schwind not at all." (Here follows one or two allusions of a private nature, and not suited for publication.) "Out of all this you may do a nice little division-sum in jollity. *Die Zauberflote* has been performed very well at the Theater an der Wien. *Der Freischutz*, at the Imperial Kärnthnerthor-Theater, very badly. Herr Jacob and Mad. Rabere in the Leopoldstadt, unsurpassable. Your poetry published in the *Modenzeitung*" (I do not know to what poetry he refers) "is very beautiful, but that in your last letter is more so. The elevated jollity and comic sub-

* This has reference to the use of the second person singular in the original, a nicety to be rendered in English only by an equivalent, and not by "Thou," "Thee," etc., which, thus employed, are un-English, a fact that has not appeared to strike a great many very estimable individuals who—with the help of a dictionary—are in the habit of translating from French and other foreign tongues. These worthy persons do not seem aware that what is an "*idiotisme*," as the French say, in one language, may, in another, become an Idiotism, which is a very different thing.—J. V. B.

* By Herr Bauernfeld. From the *Presse*.

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limity, and the particularly tender outcry of pain at the end, where you bring in the good town of Willach—ah-ach—in a masterly manner, place it among the finest specimens of this kind of composition" (I had written a kind of parody: *Die Lustigen in Willach*, describing our bucolic life among country people stewards, gamekeepers, clergymen, and their fair cooks). "I am not working at all—The weather here is really fearful; the Almighty appears to have deserted us entirely; the sun will never shine even for a moment. It is May, and you cannot sit out in a garden. Fearful! Terrible! Horrible! For me it is the most cruel state of things possible. Schwind and I want to go in June with Spaun" *Leopold Hofrath*, and my official superior) "to Linz. We can meet there or in Gmunden, only let us know for certain—as soon as possible. Don't wait two months first. Farewell!"

Thus ends the epistle. He was so absent he had forgotten to sign it. It is, by the way, the only letter I possess from Schubert to myself. The rest, as well as letters from Rupach, Zimmermann, Tieck, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and other deceased celebrities, have fallen into the hands of the confounded autograph-collectors, who are never tired of asking for a speciman.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette."*)

First in importance of last week's concerts was that given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The programme contained at least two works of high interest, beginning with Mozart's overture to what he loved to call his *Munich Opera*. We have no right to assume that our readers know the story of *Idomeneo*, for the work is never heard in England, and only one detached piece, "Placido è il mar," has become familiar. It may, therefore, be necessary to mention a few particulars. Towards the close of 1780, Mozart, then in his 25th year, was commissioned by the Elector of Bavaria to write an opera for the next carnival. Selecting the story of Idomeneo, King of Crete, which curiously resembles that of Jephthah, and entrusting the libretto to his father's friend, the Abbate Varesco, Mozart left Salzburg for Munich on the 6th of November. By the middle of January the opera was ready, and on the 29th it was performed in the presence of a distinguished and enthusiastic audience. Then terminated an era in the history of the lyric drama. Applying his genius to the work which Gluck carried on as far as contemporary intellectual powers would allow, Mozart did for Italian *opera seria* all that could be done. Progress afterwards required another goal, and in the *Nozze de Figaro*, we see the artificial Italian school abandoned, that, as Herr Wagner observes, "the capabilities of music to respond passionately to the genius of the poet, might be shown by a natural unealculating method, teuthfulness of dramatic expression, and endless variety of airs and tunes." *Idomeneo*, though undramatic and wanting both variety and movement, foreshadows the change in the number and character of its choruses, as well as in the richness of its orchestral colour. The latter quality those who know no more than the overture played on Saturday might infer. Remembering when the overture was written, its bold instrumentation can hardly fail to astonish. For nothing approaching Haydn had given no precedent, as is the popular idea, and this fact "G." should have pointed out. In his essay, *Mozart ses Œuvres, son Influence sur l'Art et les Artistes*, M. Fétis says:—"To prove that all these inventions really belong to Mozart, it is only necessary to recollect, that in 1780, when *Idomeneo* was composed, Haydn had neither written his six symphonies for the Duke of Wurtemberg nor those for the Loge Olympique, which are dated 1784, nor the *Seven last Words*, nor his twelve symphonies for Salomon's concerts, which did not see the light till 1792. In these last works alone the illustrious symphonist employed all the resources of the orchestra previously to writing the *Creation*." M. Fétis may be very often wrong, but here he does justice to the subject of his essay. The overture was followed—Handel's "Nasce al bosco" impertinently coming between—by "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," an air sung by Ilia at the opening of the third act, and remarkable for the exquisite contrast it presents to the tumultuous business immediately preceding.

Spohr's *Historical Symphony* (Op. 116), the second orchestral work in the programme, naturally excited a good deal of interest, after lying by for twenty years. Its character and purport are original and, happily, singular, the object being to illustrate the style of four different epochs, viz., 1720 (Handel and Bach), 1780 (Haydn and Mozart), 1810 (Beethoven), 1840 (modern school). To accept this work at all one has first to grant that each part of a symphony does not belong to the rest in the sense that an artistic conception would be incomplete without it. The *Pastoral* of Beethoven and the *Reformation* of Mendelssohn—to bring forward obvious examples—show most clearly the unity apparent in all symphonies by the great masters. Spohr chose to violate this essential principle. In his *Historical* there is no such thing as unity. Each movement stands isolated from the rest, and the whole is a concourse of atoms without affinity, which the whim of a music-maker has arranged in classic form. But the work is more than artistically bad; it is historically untrue. Each of the first music may be written in imitation of bygone styles (which we readily do so long as several imitations are not called a symphony), fidelity on the part of the copyist should be exacted. With this necessary virtue Spohr was not endowed; and the result is that anybody accepting his work in unquestioning faith would be guided to singular conclusions. He would discover, for example, that though the outline of music has changed, though at one period scholasticism has prevailed, at another melody, at another eccentricity, and at another noise, yet its details have remained the same. Always, he would believe, the art has been characterized by unvarying mannerisms, ornate harmonies, endless modulations, and a sickly if elegant sentimentalism. Assuming for our misguided student an inquiring mind, he would next seek after the cause of a result so unprecedented. Of course his search would be useless, unless indeed he discovered the falseness of his teacher. Perhaps no composer of eminence was less fitted for the writing of historical music than Spohr. His limited knowledge, still narrower sympathy, and intense individuality were barriers not to be surmounted. As a consequence we find that, while the phrases in his symphony may be the phrases of Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven, their treatment is undoubtedly the treatment of Spohr, who no more successfully hides himself than did the fabled quadruped among the lions. "G." tells us that the composer was "thoroughly in earnest," and Spohr himself has left it on record that he "made formal studies for the opening movement." We believe each assertion, but neither earnestness nor formal studies," nor both combined, could avail a man unable to get out of himself. A criticism in detail of the *Historical* symphony would only confirm these general remarks. In the opening movement, where imitation is most successful, the Pastorale is unmistakably Beethovenian. In the *larghetto* whole phrases taken from Mozart are dressed up in Spohr's manner. Referring to the *scherzo*, "G." says, "Spohr *could* not imitate Beethoven; the idea is too absurd to be contemplated for a moment;" while as regards the *finale* we need only mention that in it the ponderous German tries to be a "lively Gaul." The last movement offended Mendelssohn (as it offends "G."), because not representing the best modern music. Mendelssohn's serious view of art rejected Spohr's caricature, which we imagine sprang from egotism. The "Jupiter" Air was most popular at the time, and thus the German master took his revenge, doing on his own behalf as a composer what he did for himself as a violinist in the concerto, "Past and Present." It must not be assumed from the foregoing remarks that we find nothing in the symphony to admire. On the contrary, we see a good deal that is clever, and yet more that is interesting. But these things cannot atone for misuse of the symphonic form or for badness of imitation. The work had every advantage in Saturday's performance. Though new, probably, to all but one or two in the orchestra, it was given under Mr. Manns' able direction with unqualified success.

Schubert's *Alfonso und Estrella* was the concluding overture. We have left ourselves no space for criticism either of it or of the well-selected pieces sung by Mdlle. Carola and Signor Foli. The first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto was, as on former occasions, played so admirably by Mr. Carrodus that the whole work might have been given without wearying the audience.

HERR GOLDSCHMIDT'S *RUTH*.

A correspondent (Dr. F. Rs.) has sent us the following:—

"The *Dusseldorf Gazette*, January 21, 1870, contains an interesting report of the performance of *Ruth*, by Otto Goldschmidt, which took place under the leadership of the composer, assisted by Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt, Miss Asmann, the Messrs. Wagner, Blass, and the Dusseldorf Choral Society, from which we extract the following narrative:—

"'*Ruth*' had yesterday a great success, and is considered a clever work, though the style of Mendelssohn, Goldschmidt's master, is throughout the whole too much imitated. The musical ideas are flowing and fresh, the harmonies are interesting and well adapted, the instrumentation effective, and the whole work is a superior production written by an artist who fully understands his art, and is acknowledged as a composition of merit and standard value. The solo singers, the chorus, and the band, performed admirably. Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt's singing was, as in former times, perfection—beautiful even in the minutest details. No artist can rival the performance of this Queen of Song.

"'Mr. and Mdme. Goldschmidt received an enthusiastic reception, and were recalled at the end of the performances with deafening applause from an overcrowded house.

"'We congratulate both on the great success achieved in Dusseldorf, the town where Mendelssohn and Schumann elevated the art and produced many of their admirable works; where Mdmes. Kemble, Clara Novello, and other distinguished English artists have assisted at most renowned musical festivals and on other grand occasions, where they have reaped well-merited laurels.'"

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), FEBRUARY 19TH, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "Good Night"—Mr. Benson .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone—Madame Schumann .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Pieta Signore"—Mr. Byron .. .. *Stradella.*
TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mesdames Schumann, Norman-Neruda, and Signor Piatti .. *Mendelssohn.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 41, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti .. *Schumann.*
ARIA, "Tyrannic Love" (Sheretta)—Herr Stockhausen (his only appearance at these Concerts) .. .. .. *Handel.*
SONATA, in D minor, Op. 29, for Pianoforte alone—Madame Schumann .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Nachtstück." / "Widmung" } —Herr Stockhausen .. .. *Schubert.* / *Schumann.*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 30, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the Musical World *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* time to time, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870.

£10,000.

CONTEMPLATE, O Reader, the power of money, with appropriate texts!—

"O, thou powerful metal! what authority
Is in thee! thou art the key of all men's
Mouths; with thee a man may look up the jaws
Of an informer, and without thee, he
Cannot the lips of a lawyer."

"Thou visible god,
That solderest close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss; that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O, thou touch of hearts!"

"'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true *man*. What
Can it not do and undo?"

We shall not expound these texts, because their exposition may safely be left to every man's inner consciousness, and because their simple enunciation suffices to bring the reader's mind *en rapport* with our subject. But we must not leave the impression undisturbed, that money is necessarily a power for evil. It is an impartial agent, and blesses with as much readiness as it curses. Used for high and noble purposes, it shines with the lustre of heaven, as well as with the more obvious glitter of earth. "By doing good with his money a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandize of the upper world." It is pleasant, therefore, to think of every well spent sovereign going about with a celestial imprint; and whenever we hear of wealth devoted to lofty objects, we should rejoice—as at so much force taken from the devil, and turned against him.

Imagine how the hearts of your good men everywhere beat high when it was announced, a few days ago, that the Right Honourable Earl Dudley and Ward, &c., &c., &c., had offered £10,000 to the Restoration Fund of Worcester Cathedral, on condition that the building should be exclusively devoted to religious worship. Good men everywhere looked at the amount, and, being generally well able to appreciate that sort of thing, they rejoiced over Earl Dudley, as over one of themselves. "Not many great, not many mighty are called"—is stated on supreme authority; but here was a great and mighty one showing his pious zeal. Who doubts that many Hosannas were sung over Earl Dudley's strong religious feeling, quite apart from the money he offered to the religious treasury. All which was very right and proper. Such a "brand plucked from the burning" gave good reason for Hosannas.

But when good men looked at the conditions of Earl Dudley's offer they must have rejoiced yet more exceedingly. "Zeal for the Lord's house" is accounted no ordinary grace, and indicates an advanced stage of the process known by theologians as "sanctification." This may be accounted for by the fact that it is usually an expensive grace; but, anyhow, its possessor becomes entitled to particular veneration. His name is buried in the heart of foundation stones, appropriately accompanied by coins of the realm; or emblazoned on painted windows, for the behoof of future generations. It may even be, if he keeps a good establishment, that the Bishop of the diocese hallows his roof-tree with the episcopal presence. Hence the apparition of Earl Dudley, emulating David and Solomon, is cause for rejoicing over and above that excited by the noble lord's abstract piety.

But this is not all in the case, which makes glad the tents of Israel. Earl Dudley's offer accepted, there will for ever be an end to the sacrilegious fiddling which, once in three years, turns Worcester Cathedral into a concert-room. How many devoted Christians have burned to imitate their Master, and, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, clear the temple of those who buy and sell tickets! But, as this course would have ended in Worcester lock-up, and as the martyr spirit is extinct, they have bottled their holy indignation. Imagine the delight of these good folks now that Earl Dudley, backed by so potent wealth, is trying to bribe out the fiddlers. Imagine, too, with what prayers they urge the £10,000 towards the treasury of a needy Restoration Committee! It is true that to stop the Worcester fiddling would, probably, be to stop it at Hereford and Gloucester also; and, thus, to take away from certain widows and orphans the pittance which keeps a roof over

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their heads. But this consideration is not likely to trouble pious people much. They are forbidden to do evil that good may come, and can quote largely about the seed of the righteous never having been caught begging their bread.

For all these reasons Earl Dudley's name is high among the brethren. But, what does the "world" say? How do the cynical, unbelieving outsiders treat the affair? As usual. They hint that Lord Dudley cherishes an anti-Festival mania, which has burst out afresh, because last year, it was evident that nobody minded his opposition. They believe that the noble Earl, irritated at success gained in spite of aristocratic influence, has made up his mind to try the full power of his long purse. Hence the dangling of 10,000 sovereigns before the dazzled eyes of Dean and Chapter. Lord Dudley was doubtless prepared for this interpretation of his act, and is not likely to be much affected. Misrepresentation is one of the thorns in that narrow path which lies before every godly man.

What will the Dean and Chapter do?—that is the question. On the one side, they see the pleading faces of widows and orphans; on the other, a renovated building. Will they think more of bricks and mortar than of flesh and blood? We shall not know for some time to come; but meanwhile let us put before them two extracts from the Book of which they are authorized interpreters:—

"Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." | "Know ye not that ye are the temples of God?"

THE *Dogen* of the musical press must not pass away without the honours earned by a long life of usefulness, and a "conversation" which gave offence to no man. George Hogarth, who, at the good old age of 86, has gone from us, did pioneer's work in his youth. Leaving writing to the Signet (and contributing to periodicals well-known to every lover of that literature for which Scotch genius did so much), he came to London, and, in the columns of the defunct *Morning Chronicle*, astonished those who knew how to judge, by the apparition of musical criticisms written with both knowledge of the art and zealous interest in its progress. This was the beginning of a change in every way for the better; and how Mr. Hogarth further carried out his mission (for mission it was), in the *Daily News* and other journals, need not be stated. Musical criticism grew into a profession, and the sower of the seed happily lived to see the results—of which, perhaps, he had never dreamed. In other ways Mr. Hogarth made his mark. As historian of the art he will, though dead, continue to speak. As a man, his kindly disposition must cause him long to be remembered. George Hogarth, living, had no enemies; George Hogarth dead, is mourned by troops of friends. He was not only an acute and learned, but a kindly critic, looking always for merits rather than for faults. Apart from criticism he was one of the best of "good fellows"—as Shelley would have said, "one of the salt of the earth."

GOOD NEWS.—Mr. *Punch* informs his readers that his "*Essence of Parliament*" (the most incomparable of the kind ever published) will be resumed. This means that Mr. Shirley Brooks is convalescent.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—A two-act opera, entitled *Das Testament*, has been successfully produced at the Thalia Theatre. It is from the pen of Herr M. Wallenstein, conductor of that place of entertainment.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MM. STRAKOSCH AND VIZENTINI, of *Le Télégraphe*, have written to a batch of French composers asking for a list of dramatic works, either finished or in hand. From eleven published replies we gather that France is in a condition to export operas to any extent on receipt of orders. Let not Englishmen be, therefore, down-hearted at the contrast supplied by their own country. We may not be able to show native operas, because there is no chance for the article; but it may be asserted with confidence that the crop of symphonies, oratorios, and such like is immense. We should like to get up the statistics, but the fear of their overwhelming us is a deterrent. This may be done however. Let every musical man ask his musical acquaintances how many composers they know with burdened portfolios. The result would go some way towards soothing an irritated national pride.

IT cannot be said that artists go to their graves unbonoured in the New World. Herr Gottschalk died the other day, away down in Brazil, and ever since there has been a chorus of elegiac "spread-eagleism" all over the continent. A South American paper exclaimed: "Another Levite for the temple of immortality; another star for the firmament of God!" Thus was taken up by a Northern journal: "When he placed his hands upon the key-board his individuality was swallowed up in the infinitude of his ideal and his love. He was sovereign master of his key-board: he knew all its measures; he made it speak, groan, cry, shriek, and sink away—the passion all burned out—in the sweet and serene aspirations of the soul. When conning over his pianoforte, in the pride of a warrior, there was a tumult of material phenomena, and a clamour of violent passions that were dazzling and stunning until soothed again by the charm and sensibility of his marvellous and mind-deifying creations." Is it not true that a man has need to be saved from his friends after death? With the best intentions the worst results are often achieved. Herr Gottschalk was a respectable artist, but his memory will hardly have justice so long as a high pressure sounding of trumpets proclaims him only a little lower than the seraphs.

THE late pianist, Kalkbrenner, was very proud of the affix, "von," to his name, and seized with eagerness on every opportunity of directing attention to it. "Are you aware," he said, one day, to a friend, "that the nobility of my family goes back as far as the Crusades? One of my ancestors accompanied the Emperor Barbarossa ——" "on the piano?"—interrupted his friend.

HERR H. WAGNER'S *Lohengrin* is still underlined at the Brussels Opera, but serious doubts are beginning to be entertained by the public as to its ever being produced—at least, not until the world has advanced more considerably into the Future than it has done at present. The Prophet of that remote period does not appear quite as popular in this capital as he is in Munich. Thank goodness, tastes differ sometimes.

HO! THERE, GUARDIAN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I have received the following from my esteemed and estimable friend, Short:—

"DEAR HOUSE,—I observe that the *Guardian*, a theological paper, accuses two boys, the Le Jeunes, of a want of accent—boys, moreover, who accentuate from the pores. Wherefore? Thine, "T. DUFF SHORT.

"*Short Common, Jan. 14th.*"

Read the above as to accent.—Yours, feebly, SIDCOCK HOUSE.

MAYENCE.—At the last concert of the Art Association, Herr C. Oberthür, from London, played, in conjunction with Madame Schott, a duet of his own composition, on motives from *Oberon*, for harp and pianoforte. Both Herr Oberthür and his fair colleague were greatly applauded.

BRUSSELS.—For some reason or other, there has been a misunderstanding lately between the management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie and the first tenor, M. Morère. But all the little differences between the two having been satisfactorily arranged, M. Morère has made his re-appearance as Robert le Diable.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Madame Montserrat gave a *soirée musicale* at the Beethoven Rooms, on the 11th inst., and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a numerous audience attended. Miss Seagrave sang the new waltz aria, "The Naiades," brilliantly. Madame Montserrat gave Francesco Berger's "Night bird," accompanied by the composer, and other popular songs. Miss Jessie Royd and Signor Caravoglio also sang. Herr Wiener played Ernst's fantasia on airs from *Otello*, and a new solo *Ballade* of his own, on the violin, and with Herr Lehmeyer an *Allegro scherzo*, by Rubinstein. Herr Lehmeyer, besides presiding at the pianoforte, played Liszt's *Rigoletto*, and with Miss Charlotte Jones, a *Duo* on airs from *Elisir d'Amore*.

Mrs. H. Montagu-Symonds gave a "Literary and Musical" evening at St. John's Wood last week to a large number of her friends and admirers. Mrs. Montagu-Symonds has many requisites for a public reader. Her enunciation is distinct and her manner ladylike. Among the pieces she read was Eliza Cook's "The Mother who hath a Child at Sea," which was listened to with great interest, and obtained unmistakable marks of approval. The "Reading" was interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. Madame Marie Stocken favoured the audience with the grand scena from M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, which, notwithstanding she was evidently suffering from a cold, she sang with marked expression; Miss Gertrude Mayfield gave Signor Randegger's grace-ful song, "Peacefully Slumber;" Mr. E. G. Coleman, M. Emile Berger's "A Message from the Deep;" and Millie. Heilbron, a clever child pianist, some piano compositions. Several other musical pieces were given, and the performance altogether afforded general satisfaction.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS.

The last day in the week is now first in music. Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace; Saturday Evening Concerts in Exeter Hall; Saturday Ballad Concerts in the Hall of St. James; and Saturday Operas in that of St. George; here, surely, is enough to atone for past neglect, and to give Saturday absolute pre-eminence. But our business lies only with the Ballad Concerts, which began last Saturday night, under Mr. John Boosey's direction. Some well-known artists were engaged, to wit—Mesdames Sherrington, Liebhart, Elton; Messrs. Rigby, Chaplin Henry, Distin, and Patey; with Miss Kate Roberts and Mr. Carrodus as solo instrumentalists, Mr. J. L. Hatton acting as conductor. The programme, a very lengthy one, contained many familiar songs, new and old; most of which were received with favour, and upon once of which it is necessary to dwell. The Orpheus Glee Union agreeably varied the proceedings. About the success of Mr. Boosey's Saturday scheme little doubt can be entertained.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Verdi's "Les Brigands."

Referring to this opera now performing at the Athénée, the *Telegraph's* own correspondent says:—

"The performance on the second night of *Les Brigands* was as serious as anything could be. Many expected it to be a parody, by Verdi, of Offenbach's *Brigands*, now playing at the Variétés. Imagine their disappointment at finding it to be a French version of *Il Mom-cheri*, an opera brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847, which not even Jenny Lind, then in the first bloom of her fame, could force down the ears of the *Habitués*. Yet it was well played, and the picture of old Lablache, as Maximilian Moor, in one of the most striking in my gallery of operatic recollections. Some few of your readers may confess to remembering that the story is founded upon Schiller's *Robbers*. That dreary and overrated play does not make a lively libretto, nor is there much in the music to reconcile one to the story. Two capital choruses, full of the dramatic vigour that Verdi always has at command, a soprano solo with harp *obbligato*, and a *duo d'amour* for soprano and tenor, after the manner of that in *Don Pasquale*—these are the only pieces which have the slightest hold on the ear. The rest is sound and fury, signifying nothing. Yet the opera was vociferously applauded, not by the *claque*, but by the general audience. We are fond of noise here, you know, and we admire nothing so much as military precision. It would have done Sir Michael Costa's heart good to hear the choruses fired off in volleys. They were marvellously well sung, but I should have enjoyed them more if I had not been afraid that the fierce singers, who seemed to be of gigantic proportions, would first break the drum of my ear, and would then charge the audience and clear the house, just as the Operahouse here is cleared by a file of soldiers after the last dance of a masked ball. The *prima donna*, Mdlle. Marimon, is a lady who must be spoken of in all seriousness. She has a pure soprano of very charming quality; she sings florid passages with facility and *spirnò*, and she has a great deal of dramatic intention. She is, in fact, very nearly a first-rate artist. M. Jourdan, the tenor, is *tout ce qu'il y a de plus Frenpain*, and the other singers are quite capable. I question if an opera is ever so well rehearsed in London as this has been; but it is of far too large proportions for a diminutive stage; and, although Verdi's music has been three and twenty years in bottle, it does not taste well, even in a cellar."

PROVINCIAL.

Dundee.—The *Dundee Advertiser* of Feb. 10th, in a notice of a recent concert by the Santley tour party, has the following reflections about the influence of good pianoforte playing upon the town of Dundee and its neighbourhood:—

"Of Madame Arabella Goddard's pianoforte playing what need is there to speak? The most strenuous efforts of quite a host of competitors—male and female—have failed to lower the standing this lady has so long had, as a first-class pianist. New stars have arisen, only to pale their light by comparison with hers. Some, in spite of sensational puffing, have gone out, while Madame Arabella Goddard keeps her place, as she first gained it—by real merit. We are glad there are other renowned players in Britain than she; for it tends to an increased admiration of her superior excellence when comparisons are made. There is nothing so directly conducive to the healthy tone of pianoforte education in a town like Dundee as such performances as those this lady gave last night. Teachers and pupils both are liable to a little conceit over the result of their labours, and a relaxing of effort is the inevitable result. Contentment is doubtless a virtue; but it is good for students to know that there are possibilities to which they have not yet reached, and which, though they may never reach, a knowledge of their existence will exalt and purify the taste at every stage of progress. Thus it is we wish Madame Goddard could be induced to visit our town oftener. That she might do so, we doubt not, if fair promise of support were held out. It is for the pianoforte-playing portion of the community to see to this, for it concerns them more than the general public; and there is certainly a sufficient number of this class amongst us to give the fair executant a generous welcome. The number of pianos now in use in Dundee is as fifty to one, compared with twenty or thirty years ago; and if Dundonians, by desire, encourage musical taste at home, would but take up this matter of inviting an occasional public visit from so cla-sical a player as Madame Goddard, the routine of lessons pr-ctising would be both more pleasant and more profitable. Madame Goddard played five solos last night—airs from *Der Freischutz* written for her by Benedict. Handel's celebrated air and variations in E major, fancifully called by music publishers, 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' was her second solo. The pianoforte used by Madame Goddard was one of Messrs. Broadwood's iron grands—a fine an instrument as we have ever listened to, even from this famous house."

About Herr Wilhelmj and his various performances at the concert under notice, the same journal speaks as below:—

"Herr Wilhelmj proved himself fully worthy of all the very high encomiums that have been pronounced on his violin playing. It is not of the ultra-sensational school, but shows a more equal ability shown in his simplest passages than in all the filigree nonsense with which some players excite ignorant wonderment. His first solo, 'Airs Hongrois,' by Ernst, demanded a vast amount of executive skill, which was yielded with an ease and grace of manner and a freedom from effort that only the accomplished player can command. Particularly were we delighted with the style in which he gave the *adagio* variation. The cantabile playing was perfection itself. In the second part, he played a *Reverie* by Vieuxtemps. Both it and the encore reply—namely, a cavatina by Raff—were magnificent specimens of violin playing. The famous sonata in G of Beethoven was played by Madame Goddard and Herr Wilhelmj in a style that might have pleased the great master himself. High finish and truthful expression were given to each movement. The *andante* was a display of rare excellence, and the *finale*, taken at its utmost speed, came out in all its beautiful design with the greatest clearness."

About Miss Annie Edmonds the writer speaks in the following eulogistic strain:—

"Miss Edmonds we have heard for the first time, and are glad to find in her all the qualities of a thoroughly educated concert vocalist. The two ballads she sung were Horn's 'I've been roaming' and Whittaker's 'Say not woman's heart'—genuine English songs both, well-made music, requiring skill and taste of an order not over plentiful in these days of blustering art. Her treatment of these songs was to our mind faultless. Especially were we pleased with the one first mentioned; it was so natural, so unpretending, and so highly expressive of the subject. For the second she was encored (in fact, each piece in the programme was encored, with but two exceptions—a sure evidence

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of the audience's delight, it 'not of its good taste'); and in answer she gave 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington' with such delicious sweetness, as to invest it with fresh interest. Miss Edmonda has a remarkably fine voice. We use the word fine in its proper sense, meaning purity of quality. It is moreover, singularly equal in quality and power throughout its register. With such an organ in good cultivation, and possessing such expressive power, Miss Edmonda is destined to occupy a very high position in her profession. Especially will she please an educated audience. Her success last night was unequivocal; and we may, therefore, promise her a hearty welcome should she ever again visit Dundee."

How so eloquent a writer does justice to Madame Sioico, and our illustrious baritone, Mr. Santley, may be easily imagined.

GLASGOW.—Mr. Sims Reeves is once more enchanting the amateurs of Glasgow with his inimitable operatic ballad singing. The subjoined is abridged from the *Glasgow Daily Herald*, of the 15th inst.:—

"Last night an audience that filled the Theatre-Royal in every part assembled in expectation of hearing the *Beggars' Opera*, with Mr. Sims Reeves as Captain Macheath. In this expectation they were disappointed, in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Ida Jackson. The *Beggars' Opera* was unavoidably postponed, and the indulgence of the audience solicited in favour of the *Waterman*, as substitute. Great as must have been the disappointment, it was a convincing proof of the popularity of Mr. Reeves that the intimation was received with warm applause. It was wise to make any arrangement that would not deprive the public—even for one night—of the gratification of hearing Mr. Reeves, more especially as he had kindly consented to sing, in addition to the customary songs, 'Tom Bowling' and 'Rule, Britannia.' In one respect, more than in any other, Mr. Reeves commands our admiration—his great versatility. This wonderful power has been acknowledged on more than one occasion, even by eminent composers of music themselves. This winter we heard him in sacred music—the highest department of all. Who can forget his late rendering of the *Messiah* Passion music, or the great scene from Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, 'I will arise.' These were given with a devotional feeling which could not be equalled by any other artist in our time. Then, again, we had never heard Beethoven's immortal love song, 'Adelaide,' so admirably interpreted as by him. Last night's entertainment again proved that in the matter of ordinary ballads and airs, which, when rendered by most vocalists, sound almost vulgar, Mr. Reeves has only to sing them and they become invested with the charm of musical inspirations. What could be more exquisite than his rendering of 'Tom Bowling'—a simple ballad, into which he throws a feeling of the utmost tenderness and pathos? The 'Trim-built Wherry' he sang without accompaniment, and with all the more effect. In 'The Bay of Biscay' he roused his audience to enthusiasm, which they expressed by a complete ovation. 'Rule, Britannia' brought the *comedietta* to a conclusion amidst the heartiest and most unanimous applause. Miss Jane Vinci played Wilhelmina, and Mr. Fitzroy was Bundle. We cannot say that Mr. Reeves was fortunate in the accompaniments of the orchestra. When will Glasgow possess a dozen instrumentalists, fit to play simple accompaniment in tune and time? This, surely, is not asking too much. Glasgow has been fortunate in getting Mr. Reeves, notwithstanding the weather, in such excellent voice. Unfortunately for the public, and still more for Mr. Reeves, he has a most delicate throat, which the slightest cold affects, and naturally enough he is unwilling at such times to imperil his reputation by singing. During the present winter he has suffered much, and consequently been unable to fulfil some of his engagements; and, as usual, rumours not less false than wicked have been circulated. That he should decline to fulfil engagements, except for the reason we have indicated, can hardly be supposed, when it is remembered that he thereby suffers a serious pecuniary loss, and furthermore disappoints the public, with whom it is his especial interest to be on the best terms. We were glad to find Mr. Reeves last night in such good voice, and we should advise all lovers of unexceptionable vocalization not to miss the opportunity of hearing him. He is yet to appear in *Guy Mannering*, and, as we have already stated, in the *Beggars' Opera*."

SOUTHAMPTON.—From the *Weekly Hampshire Independent* we learn that the fourth annual concert given by Mr. R. Sharpe came off at the Victoria Rooms, and proved a marked success. The concert was under the patronage, of the Mayor and Mayoress, the Members for the Borough, and most of those supplemented their patronage by attendance at the concert, the dress seats, with few exceptions, being wholly filled. The vocalists were Miss Fanny Lanham and Miss Marion Severn, both of the Royal Academy of Music; Mr. Henry Taylor, lay vicar of the Salisbury Cathedral. The Instrumentalists were Mr. C. Fletcher, of Southampton (violin); Mr. Arthur Guest, of London (violoncello); and Mr. R. Sharpe (solo piano). The concert opened with an instrumental trio, with Mr. R. Sharpe at the piano, and Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Guest as his associates. Miss Fanny Lanham, our gifted young townswoman, sang "Una voce poco fa," with hearty demonstrations of approval. Miss Severn gave "The days that are no more" (Blumenthal) and Haxton's "Huntingtower." Miss Severn is a vocalist whose talents must prove welcome anywhere. Mr. Taylor's contributions were "Total eclipse," and Mr. Sharpe's serenade, "Violeta," charmingly rendered. Mr. Guest played a violoncello solo on airs from *Martha*, arranged by M. Paque; Mr. R. Sharpe a sonata in F minor, composed by Mr. Arnold, and one of Schubert's impromptus; Mr. C. Fletcher a caprice by Vieuxtemps; and the three gentlemen another trio. The concert will bear favourable comparison with any yet given under the auspices of Mr. Sharpe. The pianoforte was one of Broadwood's magnificent concert grands.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Daily Post* informs us that the Societa Armonica entertained a crowded audience in the Liverpool Institute on the first, we think, of their regular appearances for the present season. The performance was described by those who gave it as simply an "open rehearsal," but its quality and execution would have fully justified them in using the more dignified name of "concert." The programme was a high-class one, and well-arranged. The chorus is not very strong, numbering only about thirty voices, and the orchestra does not include more than two dozen players, but both the vocal and instrumental sections show themselves to be trained much beyond the usual amateur average. The different parts are fairly balanced, and, with one or two minor exceptions, they worked exceedingly well together, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Armstrong.

We take the following from the *Liverpool Daily Courier*:—

"The re-opening of the organ of St. John's Church, Waterloo, is to be celebrated on Wednesday week, with full choral service, the choir numbering about fifty voices. The sermon is to be preached by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, of Southport, and Mr. James J. Monk will preside at the organ. The musical portion of the service will comprise the *Canticle* and *Deus* from Mr. W. T. Best's Service in F, which has only been once rendered in Liverpool, at St. Nicholas's Church; Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's 'Strain upraise;' 'The Son of God goes forth to war,' a fine arrangement of St. Ann's tune; 'O give thanks,' a prize anthem of the College of Organists, by Henry Hiles, Mus. Bach., Oxon, which will for the first time be performed out of London; 'Ascribe unto the Lord,' by Travers; and the 'Hallelujah,' from the *Messiah*—the last two after the sermon. The organ is by Messrs. Bishop & Stow, of Liverpool, and the musical service, with which its re-opening is to be celebrated, promises, to be very interesting. We hear that Mr. Monk has secured the aid of some of the best church singers in Liverpool, and that he is now superintending the rehearsals."

DUBLIN.—From a notice in the *Irish Times* of the 15th inst., we take the following:—

"The first concert of the Glee and Madrigal Union, in the Ancient Concert Rooms, was remarkable for the introduction of some novelties. The company gave Ansley's glee, 'When the fair Moon,' Webbe's 'Wheo winds breathe soft,' and Dr. Wesley's 'I wish to tune my quiv'ring lyre,' which latter obtained the prize of the Gentlemen's Glee Club in Manchester, in 1833. We may at once state that greater perfection in part singing has never been surpassed in our city, and this applies to all the concerted selections. That such excellence has only been attained by the utmost assiduity on the part of the executants those familiar with part-singing can understand. Enough to record that the public are now appreciating this class of entertainment as it deserves."

WORCESTER.—In *Berrow's Worcester Journal* of Feb. 12, we read that during the week, Mr. John Russell's Covent Garden Opera Company have performed Offenbach's operatic extravaganza, *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, at the theatre, which has been attended by large and delighted audiences. Without attempting to criticize the musical abilities of individual members of the company, we may say that the choruses are well given, the acting is capital, and the orchestral music is admirably rendered by the band, under the conductorship of Mr. Reed. The *rôle* of the Grand Duchess is taken by Miss Emily Soldene, who shows herself an actress of the highest order; a better representation of the part one could not wish to see. Mr. E. Rosenthal as General Boum (the Commander-in-Chief), Mr. H. Raynor as Prince Paul, and Mr. W. Raynor as Nepomuc (the Duchess's aide-de-camp), are most effective; and the piece throughout is thoroughly well acted.

LEITON.—In the *Nottingham and Midland Counties Daily Express* of Feb. 12, we read that a most interesting gathering of the aged poor of Leiton took place in the Boys' Schoolroom, in connection with the parish church. About a month ago a concert was given by Mr. H. Farmer, and a number of ladies and gentlemen in aid of a fund to be devoted to the relief of the poor of both Old and New Leiton. The attendance was large, and the entertainment realised £31. At the

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time various suggestions were made as to how the money could be best distributed. Mr. John Mansfull, who rendered able assistance in the promotion of the concert, hit upon a plan which was carried out—viz., a tea meeting, at which the most deserving poor might assemble, and each person afterwards receive an equal share of the proceeds.

NEWPORT PAGNEL.—Mr. R. W. Pringle, organist of the parish church, gave a morning concert on Saturday, in the Public Room. Mr. Pringle sang "If doughty deeds," Balfe's "Reaper and the flowers," and, with Mad. Ellse, John Parry's duet, "A. B. C." She also played a solo by Ascher on the piano. Mad. Ellse gave a song by Miss Gabriel, and was loudly applauded, as was also Miss A. Dwight, in the 'Nafades' and 'Ah che assorto.' Mr. C. J. Bishenden, in "The Sea King" and "Dearer to my soul thou art," created a favourable impression. The whole was under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, who presided at the pianoforte, and performed a fantasia of his own. The room was well attended.

EDINBURGH.—From Edinburgh we learn that Mr. Mackenzie's third "Classical Chamber Concert" attracted a crowded audience; Handel was a feature in the programme. An interesting item was a *Romance* for violoncello, composed by Mr. Mackenzie. The *Scotsman* writes as follows:—

"We had occasion recently to speak in favourable terms of a string quartet from his pen given with great success at a former concert. It is gratifying to see one of our resident musicians adventuring on this high branch of musical composition, which requires not only sound theoretical knowledge, but creative power. The *Romance* played so admirably by Herr Daubert, will not detract from the reputation of Mr. Mackenzie as a composer. Its reception was such as to show that it had enlisted the sympathies of the audience, who recalled both author and executant."

STOURBRIDGE.—From this place a correspondent writes as follows:—

"The third of a series of amateur entertainments has taken place in the Girls' Schoolroom, Birmingham Road, under the presidency of the Hev. Br. Osborne. The programme began with a 'reading' of Hood's "Eugene Aram," by the Rev. W. Katterns, and was varied by many songs and glees, which afforded evident satisfaction. An amateur, Mrs. Bourne, made a marked impression both as a singer and composer. A local journal writes that the song 'Tears, idle tears,' was exquisitely rendered by Mrs. Bourne, a lady to whom frequent praise has been accorded for valuable aid given to charitable undertakings. On this occasion the audience were favoured with a 'taste of her quality' as a composer. The programme admitted that the *piece de résistance* of the evening was her 'Sing me to rest,' interpreted with refined feeling by Mrs. Bridgewater. Another of Mrs. Bourne's compositions was 'Bird of the Wilderness,' the beauty of which was rendered all the more apparent by the performance of the *obbligato* flute part by Mr. W. H. Richards. This gentleman also accompanied Mrs. Bourne in 'Sweet and low,' an example of finished execution, combined with cultivated vocalization."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Madame Schumann was to have appeared on Monday night for the first time this season; but her arrival having been delayed by tempestuous weather, her place was supplied, at short notice, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who performed the pieces set down in the programme, which consequently remained unchanged:—

PART I.

Quartet in E flat, Op. 12	Mendelssohn.
Song, "Deh per queste" (*Clemenza di Tito*)	Mozart.
Sonata, in A major, Op. 101, pianoforte	Beethoven.

PART II.

Quintet, in E flat, Op. 44, pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello	Schumann.
Songs, "Der Neugierige," "Wohin,"	Schubert.
Quartet, in F major, Op. 77, No. 2	Haydn.

The sonata, the twenty-eighth of the series, belongs to Beethoven's later period, when his independence of form and precedent had become complete. To replace Madame Schumann in this and in the quintet by her late husband—her performances of both being fresh in general recollection—was an arduous task, and Miss Zimmermann's success on this occasion afforded fresh proofs of the ready preparation of that accomplished pianist. Her performance in both instances was received with marked expressions of approval, shared in Schumann's work by Herr Joachim, Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. How finely these gentlemen played Mendelssohn's quartet (the first in publication, but the second in order of production) and that by Haydn, need not be said. The *Canzonetta* in the first-named work was tumultuously encored. Mdlle. Clara Doria was the vocalist, and gave the songs specified (the third encored) with bright quality of voice and genuine expression, aided by the excellent pianoforte accompaniment of Mr. Benedict. Mdlle. Doria is a good "find" for Mr. Arthur Chappell. Rarely, of late years, has a new comer created a more legitimate and favourable impression.

Madame Schumann is to appear on Monday night, and at the Saturday afternoon concert, to-day.

THE REID CONCERT.

This annual affair took place for the thirtieth time on Saturday last. From a lengthy report in the *Daily Review* we condense as follows:—

"PROGRAMME.—Part I: Introduction. Pastorale, Minuet, and March, General Reid; Overture, 'Ruy Blas,' Mendelssohn; Recit. and Air, 'The Mighty Master,' 'Softly Sweet in Lydian Measure,' Handel—Mr. W. H. Cummings; Pianoforte Concerto, in F Minor, Weber; Song, 'Rose softly blooming,' Spohr; Symphony, in E flat, the 'Eroica,' Beethoven. Part 2: Overture, 'Manfred,' Schumann; Romance, in G, Beethoven; Song, 'Happy Hours,' H. S. Oakeley; Air de Ballet, 'Rosamunde,' Schubert; Recit. and Air, 'Zeffiretti lusinghieri,' Mozart; Pianoforte Solos: Prelude and Fugue, Impromptu No. 1 Op. 29, Chopin; Overture, 'Guillaume Tell,' Rossini.'

"On Mr. Hallé entering the platform he met with a most enthusiastic reception. No time was lost in starting with General Reid's compositions, the same which are invariably played every year. Mendelssohn's inspiriting overture was played with all the spirit it demands, and was thoroughly effective. Mr. Cummings sang with great taste the air from *Alexander's Feast*. Weber's pianoforte concerto was charmingly played by Mr. Chas. Hallé. It was a most satisfactory rendering both on the part and that of the orchestra under the guidance of Mr. C. A. Seymour. In the very graceful song from *Asor and Zemira*, 'Rose softly blooming,' Miss Wynne achieved a marked success. The whole symphony was superbly played, and, in spite of its great length, was listened to with unwavering attention, and received with great applause. The compiler of the Crystal Palace programmes, which Professor Oakeley largely quotes, is evidently an ardent admirer of Schumann, and expresses his admiration in no measured terms, but he cannot be induced to admit that of the overture to *Manfred* much may remain obscure. This is precisely our own opinion. Perhaps better acquaintance might help to remove the obscurity. Madame Norman-Neruda, after her charming performance of the *Romance*, received quite an ovation. Not less applause was that which she returned to the platform; but the audience continued to cheer. The accomplished violinist again returned, without her instrument. This evoked disapprobation from the more noisy of the clamourers, and Mr. Cummings came forward to sing (he was received by a few ungentle hisses). Mr. Hallé, however, was inexorable. Unquestionably one of the gems of the concert was the delightful 'Air de Ballet" from *Rosamunde*, which took all present by storm. We could have wished that Mr. Hallé would for once have relented and allowed it to be repeated. A word of eulogy is due to Miss Edith Wynne for the passionate expression with which she sung the aria from *Idomeneo*. Mr. Hallé's performance of Bach's 'Prelude and Fugue' and Chopin's 'Impromptu' was marked by his usual elaborate finish. Rossini's brilliant and popular overture brought to a successful termination a concert equal to the best of its predecessors. Professor Oakeley may be congratulated on the complete success of his efforts to make the 'Reid Commemoration Concert' the great musical event of the season."

Robert le Diable, at the Grand Opéra (with Mdlle. Nilsson as Alice), is expected to be magnificent.

KARLSRUHE.—Mad. Viardot-Garcia's two-act opera, *Der letzte Zauberer*, was produced recently before a densely crowded house, the Grand Duke and all his Court being present. The audience expected a great treat, but appeared to think, on the whole, that their expectations had been considerably disappointed.

ESSEN.—The Florentine Quartet, under the direction of Herr Jean Becker, played at a concert recently given by the Solier Musical Association. The programme comprised Quartet No. 1, G major, Mozart; Spharen-Adagio, Volkmann; Presto from Suite in D minor, Hartog; Andante and Scherzo Variazioni, from the grand D minor Quartet (posthumous), Schubert; and Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, Beethoven. The artists were enthusiastically applauded.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—A grand concert was given a short time since for the benefit of the Patriotic Schools, as they are termed. The Emperor, the Empress, and the Imperial family were present. The great feature of the performance was Madame Adelina Patti's rendering of the "Cruelissa" from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, and of the final rondo (with the flutes) from *L'Etoile du Nord*. In reply to an irresistible encore, the fair singer gave the national air, "Solowei" ("The Nightingale"), in which she was enthusiastically applauded. The receipts of the concert amounted to more than two thousand four hundred pounds.

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LEFEBURE-WELY.

(From "The Musician.")

English Church musicians have, for the most part, their own view of the deceased French organist. Although both as composer and executant he exercised a not inconsiderable influence in the formation of the modern French organ school, it may be questioned whether his labours really advanced the true interests of art. Lefébure-Wély and his fellows are a creation of circumstances which do not affect us in England. The brilliant and dramatic masses and other service music of the Roman Catholic Church of modern times has long had the effect of indisposing the worshippers of that faith to listen to the strict organ music of Bach and Mendelssohn; and thus has arisen a demand for a more orchestral and dramatic handling of the king of instruments. The question propounded to themselves by the late Lefébure-Wély and his followers was not how they could sustain organ music in its special dignity and purity, so much as how they could supply organ voluntaries which should satisfy popular cravings, by relying upon the more worldly qualities of strongly expressed and exciting emotions, and incessant brilliant action. On the other hand, these men have in a certain direction, and with the aid of modern mechanical improvements of an orchestral tendency, succeeded in adding to the number of organ effects by building upon orchestral methods. The organ music of this school is but one more illustration of the craving for high colouring in all branches of modern art. In breadth of conception, and in a certain large method of handling his material, such as it was, Lefébure-Wély probably surpassed most, if not all, of his contemporaries. Some of his music, however, borders upon the limits of vulgarity. He had, however, to a considerable extent, the precious gift of tune, a strong sense of rhythm, and an appreciable grasp of form and proportion. His harmonies are at times characterised by chromatic crudeness, though occasionally he attained boldness and weight. The offertories, graduals, communions, and other organ works of this writer are, for the most part, well known in England. He also laboured in other branches of the art—notably as an arranger. His adaptation, for instance, of the famous old air of Stradella's, in D minor, for violoncello and piano, has enjoyed much popularity on the Continent, as an effective piece of chamber concert music.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.*

Weber arrived in Paris on the 26th February, 1826. The very same day he paid visits to Paër, Catel, Auber, Cherubini, and Rossini. The last received him with a courtesy that would have done honour to a diplomatist. Weber visited, also, Desaugiers, Berton, Kreutzer, and Kalkbrenner. At a dinner-party given in his honour by Schlesinger, the publisher, he met Pixis, Platow, Onslow, and a crowd of others, men of journalists, who said they were going to write such glowing artichet about him that they quite turned his head, the consequence being that, to maintain his incognito, he fled from Paris the next morning. He carried with him, however, delicious reminiscences: that of *La Dame Blanche* and that of—some charmingly fresh oysters. "The oysters we get at Dresden," he wrote to his friend Theodor Hell, "are execrable. As for *La Dame Blanche*, such a comic opera has not been written since *Le Nozze di Figaro*." In both cases, by the way, the great feature was that of indisputable freshness.

Weber, consequently left Paris on the 2nd March, notwithstanding his promise to get up *Euryanthe* at the Opera, and the fact of his receiving a commission to write three works for the lyrical theatres of the French capital. The next day he reached Calais, where he had such a violent attack of spasms, that, for some time, those round him thought he had ceased to exist. He crossed the Straits, and at Dover found a high officer of police, charged to receive in England "the celebrated composer, Carl Maria von Weber," and spare him the disagreeable process of going through all the formalities connected with passports, custom-house, &c. On arriving in London, he alighted at the house of Sir George Smart, whose acquaintance he had made the year previously at Ems and Dresden, and who resided in Great Portland Street.

Weber was preceded by a colossal reputation when he arrived in England. His *Der Freischütz* excited nowhere else the enthusiasm it occasioned in London. All the theatres had seized on and brought it out, each according to its resources. In most cases, it was subjected to strange omissions or augmentations. Thus, at the English Operahouse, where it was produced in July, 1824, the celebrated tenor Braham, afterwards the first representative of the part of Huon, in *Oberon*, introduced the old German air, "*Gute Nacht*," and an English Polacca, which was then the fashion; the duet in the second act, as well as that between Agatha and Max, was replaced by pieces borrowed from other works; while, lastly, in another theatre, the favourite *rondo*, and the duet between the two women, used to be *spoken*. Despite of these mutilations, *Der Freischütz* became, we repeat, more popular in London than anywhere else. Then *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*, performed during the summer of 1825, had not met with success; the English people reserved all their favour for *Der Freischütz*. Great, therefore, was their delight when they heard that Weber had come to London to conduct the performance of a new opera, and to have fragments from *Der Freischütz* executed at concerts. The first concert-programme contained no less than twelve numbers from the favourite work, and all of them, including the overture, were encored. At the Philharmonic Society, the rendezvous of the fashionable world of England, the *maestro* did not achieve much more than a *succès de curiosité*. The same thing occurred at Berlin, at Vienna, and at Dresden. Weber's vivacious and lively genius was repugnant to the artificial tastes of the aristocracy, though it went direct to the soul of the real public. Weber was then what he is at the present moment: a popular composer, in the widest and most glorious acceptation of the word.

The rehearsals of *Oberon* began on the 9th March; Weber selected the tenor Braham for the part of Huon, and that excellent artist, Miss Paton, for that of Reiza; Mad. Vestris played Fatima. The members of the chorus were perfect; the scenery and dresses ready, so that the rehearsals were rapidly pushed forward. Meanwhile, the *maestro* added several pieces to his work. In the first place, he wrote a scene instead of Huon's grand air in the first act, because the air was too high for Braham's voice: he wrote also, for the same artist, the *rondo* in E minor. On the 19th of March, he had put the finishing touch to the *finale* of the third act, and, on the 9th April, to the overture. Lastly, on the day following, he composed the Prayer in C major. He then set actively to work on the pianoforte arrangement which was terminated, and, on the 22nd March, handed over to Kemble, whose property it was, in virtue of the agreement between him and Weber.

After sixteen rehearsals, Weber, satisfied with his interpreters, pleased with the scenery, and in ecstasies with the costumes, copied from old illuminated manuscripts, or from the drawings of travellers who had been through Arabia—Weber informed Kemble that he might fix any night for the production of the piece. The last rehearsal took place on the morning of the 12th April, and the first performance came off on the evening of the same day.

The scenes that had taken place at Berlin and Vienna were repeated in London. Several weeks previously all the available tickets had been bought up for the first twelve performances which Weber was to conduct himself; but, notwithstanding this, the servants of the highest noblemen fought with each other when the doors were open, having been ordered by their masters to give any price for the places usually kept for the general public.

When Weber reached the front of the theatre a voice cried out: "There comes Weber!" A solemn silence—and what a silence it was —followed these words. On entering the orchestra, the trembling composer thought the house was empty, and he took his seat. Bursts of applause, mingled with cheers, immediately burst forth: everyone rose to do honour to the composer of *Der Freischütz*, and a good quarter of an hour elapsed before silence was restored.

The overture, splendidly dashed off, was encored. The following pieces were interrupted two or three times by marks of the greatest enthusiasm. The grand air composed for Braham, was encored, as well as Fatima's romance in the second act. The audience wanted to hear the *finale*, also, twice, but, on account of the stage business, Weber did not comply with their wish. In the third act, Fatima's ballad obtained the honour of an encore; in fact, not a piece passed without exciting frantic applause. From the beginning to the end of the performance, there was not a single mark of disapprobation,—no, not one. And yet the ordeal took place before one of those English audiences, one half of which has always insisted, from time immemorial, on hissing what the other half applauded.*

When the curtain fell for the last time, there was a tremendous cry for Weber. It was the first time such a thing had been known in England. The honour of a re-call had not been awarded to Rossini. The papers did not fail to censure strongly this Continental importation. In fact, the press seemed generally bent on quelling this Anglo-Parisian enthusiasm, which bordered upon delirium. It was—ought we to be astonished?—extremely severe, and unanimously declared the new work "to be wanting in melody," whilst its scoring, was "heavy." It was thus that—at that time—critics in London

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

* This interesting fact in the social history of England is one of which I frankly own I was entirely ignorant, previously to my reading the present biographical sketch of Weber. It is astonishing how much information—startling from its novelty—an Englishman may pick up, in the works of intelligent foreigners, concerning his own country.—J. V. B.

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wrote on art. * Weber, always very sensitive about the opinions expressed on his works, was profoundly cut up by these stupid and partial attacks, which Posterity, however, has utterly repelled.

It was only by a prodigious effort of will that the *maestro* was able to prolong his existence. He seems to have disputed with death every day, every minute, every guinea, alas! which went to improve the circumstances of those belonging to him. Though dying, he still found strength to appear in public and conduct his works. It is thus that we find him, on several occasions during the month of May, lending his assistance to artists, friends of his. On the 30th May, six days before his death, he conducted, at Miss Paton's benefit, the overture and all the second act of *Der Freischütz*.

Among these concerts there was one which still marks an epoch in the biography of Weber: the concert of the Royal Society of Musicians, to which he was invited. It was usual that foreign artists invited to the grand meetings of this celebrated society should compose, as a mark of respect, a piece to be performed by the full band. Winter, Haydn, and Spohr, had in their time complied with this custom. Weber, who felt himself dying, and, in fact, could no longer hold his pen, at first refused. During one of his long sleepless nights, however—it was the night of the 5th of May—he happened to recollect a motive which figures in the *Six Easy Pieces for Four Hands*, a work dating from 1809. This echo of a very remote Past held him firmly as though in a spell; his mind fixed on this melody of his youth; other ideas crowded on and were added to it; the whole assumed body and form, and the composer, pale and tottering, rose from his bed, to write down the fine March which figures as No. 8 among his posthumous works. The next morning, he dictated the greater portion of it to his faithful friend Furstenau. Who would fancy that this composition, so chivalresque in its plan, so dignified, so brilliant was the work of a dying man, whose sole wish was to live a few days in order that a stranger's hand might not close his eyes?

The March was performed with great success, as was, also, the overture of the *Spectre King* at the concert given on the 16th May, by the Royal Society of Musicians. Weber was unable to attend, being engaged at the Oratorio Society (?), where he condneted twelve fragments from *Der Freischütz* and the "Jubel-Ouverture."

Despite so many things aggrossing his attention, despite so much fatigue, and so much suffering, it was to his own concert, fixed for the 26th May, that Weber directed all the intellectual and physical strength he had left. For this occasion, and in compliance with the courteous request of an amateur, Mr. Ward, he consented to write a piece for Miss Stephens. That lady had chosen the verse:—

"From Chindara's warbling fount I come,"

from Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

After long fruitless attempts, during which the composer entered in his pocket-book: "Tried a long time; found nothing; poor Weber!" inspiration returned, like a sudden ray of light. On the 18th May, the Muse once more touched with her wings, but for the last time, him whom she had so cherished. Weber composed the air of *Lalla Rookh*. He could write down only the vocal part, however, and, at his concert, played the accompaniment from memory. Moscheles published this composition.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

English opera has been a palpable failure in Chicago.

M. Offenbach has sent to the Opéra Comique two acts of his *Fantasio*.

The January receipts of the Paris theatres and concert-rooms were 2,193,303 francs.

Signor Fraschini has returned to Paris, and will re-appear at the Italiens.

M. Achard goes from the Opéra Comique to the Monnaie, Brussels, where he is engaged for three years, on excellent terms.

M. Strauss's orchestra have presented him with a cross of honour set with brilliants.

M. Dantan's collection of autograph letters of famous artists and composers has been placed in the Bibliothèque Impériale.

Settings by Haydn of six French proverbs, hitherto unpublished, will shortly be issued by a Munich firm.

It is rumoured that the Holborn Theatre will have a new lessee in Mr. Horace Wigan (others name Mr. George Wood).

Mr. Strange will, we understand, manage Cremorne during the coming season.

Mr. Hollingshead has made arrangements with M. Offenbach for the exclusive performance of his latest opera, *The Princess of Trebizonde*.

The Bijou will be the name of Mr. Montague's new theatre in the Strand.

M. Sivori has arrived in Paris, after a successful tour in Italy and the French provinces.

A young Belgian violoncellist, M. Fischer, is well spoken of in Paris just now.

The members of the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre have presented to Mr. W. C. Levey, the conductor, a massive gold ring.

The redoubtable Prophet, Richard, has issued a pamphlet, entitled *La Conduite d'un Orchestre*, and set all the German conductors agog. More of this anon.

Six licences for theatres have recently been granted by the Chamberlain. Of the new houses two are in or near the Strand, one in Sloane Square, one in Leicester Square, and one at Hampstead.

Perhaps the shortest concert notice ever written appeared in the last number of *Le Télégraphe*:—"*Excellence du programme, enthousiasme du public.*"

The Passion drama, represented every ten years at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, will be given once a-week, from May to September next. Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of 15,000 persons.

M. Pasdeloup gave his patrons the following last Sunday:—Schiller March, Meyerbeer; Symphony in A, Beethoven; Overture, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; Fantasie for violin, Vieuxtemps; Prelude, Liszt.

The Schubert Society commences its fourth season on Thursday next. The introduction in the first part of the programme of vocal and instrumental compositions, by modern composers, is to be continued.

A series of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's arrangements of the national airs of the United Kingdom, introduced in his recent lectures at the London Institution, will be published in the *Choir*. The first, "Silent, O Moyle," is given in last week's number.

The unpublished pieces by Rossini, performed at the concert in aid of the Italian Society of Paris were these:—*Valse de Boudoir*, and *Un Rien*, for the piano; *Il Fanciullo Smarito* and *La Tirana alla Spagnuola* for tenor and soprano, respectively.

By the weekly report of the Port St. Martin, it appears that as the first five nights the receipts were 2,321f. up to 7,125f., the total being, within over £1,100. On Sunday was the hundredth representation of *Frou Frou*, which has produced £18,000, author and composer getting £2,160.

A correspondent writes to inform us that: "During the months of May and June, a series of English operatic performances will take place at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, W., under the direction of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the base. Some of the best artists are engaged, and a new opera will be brought out, the principal part of which will be taken by a well-known lady of title."

We regret to announce the death at William Edward Cockrum known as Leigh Wilson, the tenor vocalist. The deceased gentleman was confined to his room on the 9th inst., of brain fever, and expired on Sunday morning last, at the early age of 34. The body has been conveyed for interment to Bristol, of which town deceased was a native.

At a dance in San Francisco, a young lady, who was particularly accommodating in the dressing-room, about assisting other good-looking girls in fixing up, putting on slippers, and lacing corsets, turned out to be a young man. As soon as the girls found it out they "interviewed" him, and he now uses hair restorative and court plaster, and carries his nose in a sling.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt's *Ruth* was given on the 20th ult. by the Allgemeiner-Music Verein, in the Ton Halle, Dusseldorf, under the direction of the composer, the soprano part being sung by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt. The performance, which was attended by the Court and upwards of 2,000 persons, was greatly successful, several of the *morceaux* being vehemently encored. Mr. and Madame Goldschmidt received quite an ovation, and the applause at the conclusion was enthusiastic and prolonged.

* This was certainly very degrading for England, especially as the critics of other countries acted so differently! We all know how unanimous those of Berlin and Vienna were about *Der Freischutz*, and, also, how ecstatic those of the latter capital were for a still greater work, *Fidelio*, which, in consequence of their glowing criticisms, proved such a tremendous hit on its first production.—J. V. B.

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Madame Schumann is to make her first appearance to-day, at a Saturday Popular Concert. She will play a sonata, by Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's second trio, with Madame Neruda and Signor Piatti.

Herr Joachim is to play the violin concerto of Herr Max Bruch at the Crystal Palace Concert of to-day. The symphony is Schubert's undiscussed B minor (which ought to have been the highly-endowed composer's masterpiece). The overtures are *Die Zauberflöte* of Mozart, and the *Meerstille* of Mendelssohn (a goodly programme).

At the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainments almost invariably enjoy a long "run," and they are justly entitled to it; but the lessees have seldom been so fortunate as in the production of *Cox and Box*, with Mr. Sullivan's melodious and truly humorous music. *Cox and Box* passed its 250th representation last week, and was listened to with unflagging interest by a crowded audience. Mr. Reed, we hear, has another novelty on the *tapis*.

It is purposed to produce on the 18th May, at St. James's Hall, for the first time, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, an oratorio entitled *The Return of the Prodigal*, by the Rev. H. H. Limpus, minor canon of St. George's, Windsor. The performance will be conducted by Mr. Benedict. The principal vocalists engaged are Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, and Patey-Whytock; Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas. Dr. Elvey, of St. George's Chapel, will preside at the organ. The chorus is to include delegates from St. George's Chapel, Eton College, together with members of Mr. Barnby's Choir, and some members of the best choral societies in London. The proceeds are to be devoted to the funds of the Clewer Convalescent Hospital.

The following is the text of the note addressed by Mrs. John Wood to the actors, authors, artists, and critics, who celebrated the one hundredth night of *She Stoops to Conquer* by a dinner at Verrey's last Thursday:—"Dear Mr. Hingston,—Please say to the gentlemen who honour me with their company to-day, how much I regret that my state of health will not permit me to meet them at dinner. I thank them most gratefully for their kindness as critics, artists, and friends, and for the advice and assistance which have enabled me to carry on the season at the St. James's so successfully, and to achieve for *She Stoops to Conquer* this unprecedented run. Beg of them to accept from me the little bouquets which accompany this note. If all wear them, there can be no jealousies, and you remember the old adage, 'A flower in the buttonhole is worth two in the hand.'"

Lord Dundreary is one of those strongly-marked creations of the imagination that sturdily refuse to be consigned to oblivion, and, granted that Mr. Sothern remains healthy, strong, and free from accidents, there is no reason that he should not present his lordship ten years hence with all the *éclat* that now signalizes his return to the Haymarket. The part is not one that can be seen at second-hand, or comprehended through the medium of hearsay; it is an original invention that owes its vitality to the perpetual presence of the inventor—that is to say, Mr. Sothern himself. "None but himself can be his parallel." According to the announcements, the performance of *Our American Cousin* will only continue for a fortnight.

It is now said that it is difficult to find a situation for the new opera-house that is to be; that the Colosseum—most unlucky of show-places!—has been offered, but (says the *Athenæum*) the common sense of the projectors refused it; that the ground in Leicester Square, including, it may be presumed, the site of Saville House, does not bear on it a clear title. A sufficient space in a practical London neighbourhood seems priceless. But of one thing all projectors may rest assured, that the entertainment which is real and thoroughly carried out will attract and hold its public, however questionable the locality. When Madame Vestris took the Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street, it may be doubted whether one out of the tweety magnificent coachmen who nightly deposited the choicest, most difficult, and most aristocratic audiences of London there to see her exquisitely-prepared performances could, without inquiry, find that obscure piece of diversion in an abominable neighbourhood.

REDUCED POSTAGE FOR PRINTED MATTER.—It is singular that this country, which first set the example of a cheap postage, should now be behind Continental nations. Printed matter abroad is carried at very much lower rates than in this country, to the great benefit of the community. Circulars, newspapers, and books, and even small parcels, are transmitted by the post in foreign countries at rates which should put Englishmen to shame. The Government, last Session, expressed itself favourable to a reduction of the rates, and the Post Office officials, it is well known, are quite ready to undertake the service. In the multitude of other pressing duties it may be overlooked, and the Council of the Society of Arts of London have, therefore, appointed a committee to take steps for urging upon the Cabinet the great importance to all classes of reducing the postage on printed matter to one-halfpenny instead of a penny, as at present, for every four ounces weight. Whilst the question of the education of the people is exciting an all absorbing interest at the present time, it must not be forgotten that the cheap circulation of printed matter is no unimportant item in its advancement. All classes should give their support and influence on behalf of this committee, which sits at John Street, Adelphi, London.

From Mr. Charles Vezin, the brother of our accomplished actor, Mr. Hermann Vezin, and the consul in Philadelphia of the North German Confederation, we get some particulars concerning the death of his friend, Gottschalk. Herr Gottschalk was taken ill in Rio Janeiro in June last. On the 5th of August he had yellow fever, from which, after a few trips into the interior, he recovered. On the 5th of September he recommenced his concerts, and on the 26th of November he was taken seriously ill. From that time till his death he gradually sank. He died on the 18th of December of an internal tumour. On the following day his remains were placed in a temporary resting place.

A correspondent of *Dwight's Journal*, writing from Berlin, says:—

"I have heard Mdme. Joachim twice at the same time that I heard her husband. She has a lovely voice, round and full, and she sings in such a pure, simple style, that it is a real delight to hear her. Not a superfluous note or grace, her style is almost severe in its simplicity. At one concert she sang Bach's 'Erbarme dich,' her husband playing the violin *obbligato!* Imagine it! She is a concert singer, and sings classical music entirely; I have heard her sing Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Bach, and Marcello. She has a very sweet face, lovely figure, and her bearing on the stage is just like her singing, and like the music she sings."

In another part of his letter we read:—

"I got a wreath, and for the second time made the attempt to find Mendelssohn's grave, and succeeded. His grave is covered with ivy—I enclose a leaf, which I gathered—and is next that of Fanny Hensel, who lies between her brother and husband, who died in 1861. His wife lies in the graveyard at Frankfort. A fresh wreath was lying on Fanny Hensel's grave."

The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* wrote on Tuesday:—

"I have just received from St. Petersburgh a description of the medal of the first class of the Order of Merit, which has been presented to Madame Adelina Patti. The medal is surrounded by thirty-four large solitaires, surmounted by the Imperial crown in diamonds, and mounted in a magnificent diamond bracelet. The medal itself is of gold. On one side is the portrait of the Emperor, and on the other are engraved the words—'The Emperor of Russia wishing to give Mdme. Adelina Patti a proof of his high favour, and of his esteem for her incomparable talent, has conferred upon her the title of First Singer to the Court.' This mark of favour is the more gratifying as it was given spontaneously, prompted only by the good feeling of the Emperor. Madame Patti has already sung twenty-four consecutive times in the opera, besides in four concerts; and, in spite of the extreme cold, she is, as her admirers will be glad to learn, in excellent health."

The leading article in our present number is based upon the following which appeared in last week's *Choir*:—

"A meeting of the Restoration Committee was held a few days ago, at which, it may be fairly supposed, the unfinished condition of the great work of the restoration of the Cathedral, and the present financial position of the committee, was considered. It is, however, now known, that at this meeting a proposal was submitted from the Earl Dudley, offering to provide a sum of £10,000 to complete the work of restoration, upon the condition that for the time to come the Cathedral should be used exclusively for the celebration of religious services, and consequently that not any of the performances at the Triennial Festivals should again take place within its walls. In order that the committee may have ample time to consider this splendid offer, Earl Dudley has, we believe, left the final decision of the question until the next Restoration Committee meeting on the 21st of April. Although, musically speaking, and for the sake of the Charity in connection with the Festivals, there appears on the surface that a serious loss would be felt, still there are numbers who have hitherto supported the cause, who are inclined to think that the time has arrived when the Cathedral should not be used any more for these performances, and that the noble lord's munificent offer should be accepted. The restoration of the Cathedral is now fully completed, with the exception of the re-fitting of the choir, including a screen, the re-pavement of the building throughout, and the re-building and enlargement of the organ. The sum offered by Earl Dudley would, we believe, meet all these expenses; on the completion of which, the interior of Worcester Cathedral would be one of the most magnificent in the kingdom. The Earl has already been a munificent contributor to the Restoration Fund, having previously given £5,000 towards the re-edification of the tower, and £300 towards the Rev. R. Cattley's grand scheme of a clock and a peal of bells. The latter are now safely housed in the tower, and the inauguration will take place about Easter."

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Mr Barry Sullivan has had an enthusiastic reception at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool. Describing it, the *Daily Post* says:—"Merely regarded as a scene of enthusiasm, the reception of Mr. Barry Sullivan on Saturday night must live long in the memories of all who beheld it; followed as it was by, we do not hesitate to say, the finest representation of Hamlet seen on any stage for many years, the recollection of it can never be effaced. When Mr. Sullivan presented himself, the last figure—slight, sombre, and graceful—in the suit of the King, the audience literally rose and applauded vociferously for a period perhaps unprecedented on any similar occasion. After each act honours hardly less signal were enthusiastically paid. And when, after the tragedy, the curtain was raised and the Hamlet of the night crossed the stage, there was another great surge of the applauding throngs by whom the theatre was densely packed." Mr. Sullivan travelled from London by the five o'clock express on the previous evening, and narrowly escaped the perils of what might have been a most tragical accident. A little beyond Crewe some miscreant had placed a rail across the line. Fortunately, just before the express train came up, a man in the employ of the company walking along the line discovered the obstacle in time to signal the train to stop. Mr. Sullivan has played during the week to tremendous houses.

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Mr. J. Greenhill will sing his new song, "Oh! whisper but the gentle word," at Miss Fanny Poole's Concert, at the Pimlico Rooms, February 25th.

Mr. J. Greenhill begs to announce that his Annual Concert will take place at the Beethoven Rooms on Monday Evening, February 21, when he will be assisted by the following artists: Vocalists: Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Annie Hall, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. J. Bashelet, and Mr. Miles Bennett; Instrumentalists: clarionet, Mr. Clinton; pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache; Conductors, Signori Randegger and Fiori. Tickets to be obtained at Lamborn Cock & Co., New Bond Street.

Mr. J. Greenhill will sing Meyerbeer's admired song, "Here on the mountain" (Clarionet obbligato, Mr. Clinton) at his Concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

Mr. J. Greenhill will sing his new song, "Oh! whisper but the gentle word," at his Concert at the Beethoven Rooms, February 21.

Herr Schuberth's Quartett Party.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Jung. Viola—Herr Eberwein; Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to Frank Bones, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

Mr. Orlando Christian (Baritone) may be engaged for Oratorios and Miscellaneous Concerts. Address—Nelson House, Slough.

Miss Bessie Emmett (Soprano). All communications respecting Engagements with his Pupil, Miss Hessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. Trenhell Calkin, 12, Oakley Square, N. W.

"Little Willie," by Jules Benedict. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss Edith Wynne. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 18 stamps from the publisher, Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Signor Romano (from Naples) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has arrived in town for the season. All communications respecting Singing Lessons for the Stage or Concert-room to be addressed to his residence, 6, Maddox Street, Regent Street.

The Surrey Choral Society. For Ladies and Gentlemen. All Saints School-room, Westmoreland Road, Walworth, (near Surrey Square, Old Kent Road, S.E.) Conductor, Mr. Leonard Walker. Accompanist, Mr. H. W. Little, Jun. Secretary, Mr. A. Lloyd, L.D.S., R.C.S.

Madame Montserrat (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. For terms and particulars respecting Lessons, &c., address — Madame Montserrat, 4b, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Oratorio, "THE MOUNT OF OLIVES"; Overture, "Les deux Journées"; Sonata for Organ Solo, Minor (No. 1,) (Mendelssohn); Adagietto and Scherzo from Suite in C (Raff); Prelude and Fugue, E minor (J. S. Bach); &c. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Perren, Mr. Winn. Solo Organ—Mr. F. Archer. Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—Mr. Manns. Admission, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 3s. 6d.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MONDAY to FRIDAY NEXT.—OFFENBACH'S POPULAR OPERATIC EXTRAVAGANZA, "BARBE BLEUE," will be given each afternoon, under the direction of Mr. J. Russell. Characters by Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Mr. J. D. Stoyle, Mr. Beverley, &c. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. Manns. The Theatre and entire Palace agreeably warmed daily. No extra charge. Admission, as usual, ONE SHILLING; or by Guinea Season Tickets. The MARCH TICKETS will be ready at all Agents and Entrances, on Tuesday, Saturday, March 5th, 20th Saturday Concert and Afternoon Promenade. Admission, 2s. 6d.

NOTE.—The Operas to follow "Blue Beard" will be duly announced.

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The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening next, March 3rd, commencing at Eight o'clock.

The Half Term will commence on Monday, March 28th. Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution, on Thursday, March 24th, at Eleven o'clock.

By order,
JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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THIS EVENING.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Director—MR. JOHN BOOSEY. The Third Concert, This Evening, SATURDAY, 26th FEBRUARY. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Arthur Byron, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Fielding, and Mr. Chaplin Henry. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski (Pianist to the King of Prussia). The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 3s. and 2s.; Area 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had at St. James's Hall; of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual Musicsellers.

SECOND PERFORMANCE OF "FAUST."

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, Regent Street.—SATURDAY OPERAS.—MR. STANLEY BEDJEMAN has the honour to announce a SERIES OF OPERAS IN ENGLISH. The Operas will be given entire, and with all the effect available in St. George's Hall, on SATURDAY, February 26th (on account of its great success), will be repeated Gounod's "FAUST." Faust, Mr. Stanley Bedjeman; Mephistopheles, Mr. H. Temple; Valentine, Mr. R. Lansdowne; Wagner, Mr. J. Harvey; Siebel, Miss Bessie Emmott; Martha, Miss Ella Collins; Marguerite, Miss Fanny Heywood; Chorus of Soldiers, Peasants, Students, &c. Military Band on the Stage. Conductor—Mr. Inwood. Stage Manager—Mr. Frank Burgess. Doors open at 7, 7.30; commence at 8. Carriages at 10 45. Admission—Numbered Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Full particulars and Tickets at St. George's Hall; Austin's; Chappell's; Duff & Stewart's; Vining's Operatic Agency; Mitchell's; Ransom's; and Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s.

ASH-WEDNESDAY at ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce A GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on WEDNESDAY, March 2nd, the first part of which will consist of Sacred and the second of Ballad Music. The following Artists will appear:—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Patey; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Pianoforte, Miss Kate Roberts. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor—Mr. J. L. Hatton. The Programme will include a Selection of the Songs from ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S "PRODIGAL SON." Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the principal Musicsellers.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing BLUMENTHAL'S popular song, "THE MESSAGE," for the last time previous to his departure for Italy, at his Benefit Concert, at St. James's Hall, March 16th.

MR. KERR GEDGE will sing To-Day (Saturday), at St. James's Hall, HENRY SMART'S new song, "GO, WHISPERING BREEZE," and at Stevenage, March 1st.

HERR CARL BOHRER from the Royal Opera, Dresden, will sing "NON PIU ANDRAI" ("Nozze di Figaro"), and (for the First Time in London) "ROLAND, OR THE FREE LANCE," by LUDI FAITNER, at the Saturday Evening Concert, at Exeter Hall, this Evening.

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ST. MARYLEBONE.—TO ORGANISTS.—Notice is hereby given, that the Vestry of St. Marylebone are prepared to receive APPLICATIONS from professional men desirous of becoming candidates for the APPOINTMENT OF ORGANIST at the Parish Church, at a Salary of £50 per annum. Applications, with testimonials, to be forwarded under cover to the Vestry Clerk, on or before Wednesday, the 2nd day of March, after which time no applications can be received. Notice will be given to each candidate of the day on which his attendance will be required. Further information as to the duties may be obtained on application to the Vestry Clerk.

By order,
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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Nineteenth Season of these Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concerts will commence with the Public Rehearsal on March 21st. Prospectuses are now ready.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him as follows:—Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, until March 8th; Theatre Royal, Glasgow, from March 7th to 24th; Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, March 21st to 26th.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she will give GUITAR RECITALS during the Season, when she will play Selections from the Compositions of Giuliani, Sor, Schulz, and her own. Terms for Lessons, and Private Musical Parties, Address, 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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A Comedy in Five Acts.

Being an English version* of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Froufrou*, written by H. Sutherland Edwards.

(*Continued from page 127.*)

ACT IV.

At Venice six weeks afterwards.

Dining-room in an old palace. In front, on the L., a little breakfast table well appointed; clock laid for two. On the R., chairs and work-table. Sofa against the wall. Windows at the back. Practicable door R., door L. Susan discovered.

Susan (*holding a bill in her hand*). Yes, Venice is a very nice place, and the Venetians very nice people, but they need not be in such a hurry for their money. Fifty pounds here, fifty pounds there, and a hundred somewhere else—altogether there must be a good deal owing (*walks back towards table*). And why does not Lord Walsingham come? Breakfast has been ready this quarter of an hour.

Enter Isabel, L.

Isabel. Have you sent for Lord Walsingham? (*Susan hides the bill.*)
Susan. Only this moment, ma'am.
Isabel. Very well.
Susan (*aside, looking at the bill*). I must show it to her.
Isabel. Susan.
Susan. Yes, ma'am.
Isabel. You are a very good girl, Susan, and it was really very kind of you to follow me here——
Susan. I have never been in service except with you, ma'am; so, directly I heard, ma'am, where you were I thought it was my duty——
Isabel. And I am very much obliged to you—but what is the matter? What confuses you—tell me what it is?
Susan. The fact is, ma'am——
Isabel. What is that paper you have in your hand?
Susan. It's a bill, ma'am.
Isabel. A bill?
Susan. I am sorry to tell you, ma'am, but several people have been here for money.
Isabel. For money. (*Aside, smiling rather sadly.*) It is true, I did not think of that. (*Aloud.*) Well, let me see it.
Susan. There it is, ma'am (*gives her the bill*); but there are a great many others, some of them, as far as I could make out, for very large sums.
Isabel. Where are they?
Susan. Here. (*Gives bills.*)
Isabel. Give them to me, give me them all. (*Looking at the bills—aside.*) In debt am I? I did not think of that when I sent back the money. However, I will write to my father. Never mind, Susan, I shall be able to pay them. (*Enter Servant, bringing newspapers and letters, which she places on the table, and a letter which she hands to Isabel.*) Ah, it is from the doctor.

(*Exit Servant. (Isabel takes letter and reads it with emotion; when she has finished reading it she perceives that Susan has not left the room and that she seems to be waiting for something.*)

Susan. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I heard you say the letter was from the doctor; and that being the case I beg your pardon, but I——
Isabel (*with much emotion*). You wish to know?——
Susan. How Master George is?
Isabel. Master George is quite well. All the news is good. Very good, indeed.
Susan. Very good, indeed?
Isabel. Yes, Master George is quite well; and (*with an effort and very rapidly*) his papa, who for nearly a month was dangerously ill, is now perfectly recovered. That is what you wanted to know, Susan, was it not? I understand you, and there was no harm in your asking me.
Susan. Thank you, ma'am
Isabel. Very well, Susan, that will do. (*Exit, Susan. A pause. Isabel casts her eyes slowly around her.*) An hour's anger has brought me to this! Ah! Well, it is too late now!

Enter Walsingham.

Walsingham. Isabel!
Isabel. At last you have come.
Walsingham. Yes; I am a little late.

* This version is sanctioned by the authors and published with their approval, in conformity with the requirements of the International Copyright Act of 1852 (signed H. Meilhac, Ludovic Halévy. Paris, January, 26, 1870).

Isabel. Don't speak of it. (*Goes to the table.*)
Walsingham (*also going to the table; they both sit down*). Yes, I must speak of it. Do you think I should not have been here before if there had been nothing to detain me? I will tell you.
Isabel (*uneasily*). You will tell me?
Walsingham. Certainly! My mother has been here for the last three days.
Of course you did not know.
Isabel. I did know.
Walsingham. How could you?
Isabel. Do you not remember three days ago you were a little late as you were to-day? It was the first time, and there was a singular expression in your face. I could not resist it; and the moment you had left the house——
Walsingham (*smiling*). The moment I had left the house?
Isabel. Well! A young woman concealed in a gondola follows a young man in another gondola—what can be more Venetian than that? And that is how I discovered that your mother was at Venice.
Walsingham. You knew it, and you did not speak to me of it?
Isabel. I dared not. I was so frightened?
Walsingham. So frightened.
Isabel. Yes, indeed! I feel a little reassured now because I see you laugh, for I know you would not laugh if I had anything to fear.
Walsingham. And what was it you were afraid of?
Isabel. She hates me, does she not?
Walsingham. My mother is too fond of me to hate those who——
Isabel. Those who love you, why do you not say the word?
Walsingham. To hate those who love me——
Isabel. But she would like to separate us.
Walsingham. My mother means to pass a portion of the winter at Rome; and she hoped, she said, that I would accompany her there.
Isabel. Ah! And what did you say?
Walsingham. How can you doubt? My mother starts to-morrow morning, and she starts alone.
Isabel. Does she really?
Walsingham. Indeed she does.
Isabel. How will she start alone? What, then, are Sir John and Lady Lorimer, who came with her, going to do? Will they leave her?
Walsingham. Ah, you also know that Sir John is here?
Isabel. Yes, and Lady Lorimer too. Of course I know; (*sadly*) and why should I not confess it? I did hope, for a moment, that Lady Lorimer would, perhaps, come——
Walsingham. Isabel!
Isabel. But what does it matter after all provided you remain. All my life is centred in you now. I must not forget that, and I shall be happy as long as you do not forget it either.
Walsingham. Why say such things, Isabel? You know that I never shall forget it.
Isabel. Yes, I know it.
Walsingham (*rising*). Let us see what news there is from England. (*Takes up newspaper from table; reads.*) "Last night of the opera season. Doors open at eight, the performance will begin at half-past."
Isabel. We shall never have time to get there.
Walsingham. No; in the first place it is rather a long distance; and then this number of the *Times* is dated three days ago.
Isabel (*getting up*). And what was going on three days ago?
Walsingham. Let me see, "Irish Land Question." Do you care about that?
Isabel. Not much.
Walsingham. "Russians in Central Asia?"
Isabel. Not at all. Are there any new novels advertised? (*Looking over Walsingham's shoulder, and reading.*) "Romance and Reality," "Love or Marriage"——
Walsingham. What are they doing at the theatres? At Drury Lane, *Formosa*.
Isabel (*quickly*). What did they finish with at the Opera?
Walsingham. *La Traviata*.

(*Their voices become sadder and sadder as they read, until at last Walsingham lets the paper fall from his hands. They remain silent for a moment, each reflecting, then look at one another.*)

Walsingham. Well, Isabel?
Isabel. At least you do not regret it?
Walsingham. I?
Isabel. Tell me that you do not regret it.
Walsingham. How can I?
Isabel. You love me, do you not?
Walsingham. I adore you.

Enter Susan, R.

Susan. Oh, ma'am!
Isabel. What is it?
Susan. Sir John Lorimer, ma'am, and Lady Lorimer with him.
Isabel. Oh! (*with joy.*)

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Enter Lady Lorimer.

(Lady L. and Isabel embrace affectionately.)

Lady L. Oh, my dear. [*Exit Susan.*

Isabel. How kind of you to come!

Lady L. Well, if Sir John had not consented to accompany me I really should have run away and come by myself. *(They sit down together on the sofa.)*

Walsingham (to Sir John). I am very much obliged to you for coming.

Sir John (aside). Do not thank me. I came to give you a message—which must be given at once.

Walsingham (aside). What message?

Sir John. Vivian arrived here this morning.

Walsingham. Vivian? Ah, now I understand why you allowed Lady Lorimer to come. If anything happens, Isabel, at least, will not be alone.

Sir John. Yes, I thought of that.

Walsingham. Vivian——

Sir John. Did you not expect?——

Walsingham. There are some things which are sure to happen, and of which, nevertheless, one scarcely ever thinks. *(To himself, with a smile.)* Death, for instance. *(Going towards the two women.)* What numbers of things you must have to say to one another.

Lady L. I should think so.

Walsingham. If you will allow us we will leave you together a little while to continue your conversation.

Isabel. You are going to your mother's?

Walsingham. Yes.

Isabel. But—— You will come back?

Walsingham. Of course. Sir John will come back for Lady Lorimer, and I shall return with him.

Isabel. Good-bye, then, for the present.

Walsingham. Yes, good-bye for the present, Lady Lorimer. *(Bows to her. Aside to Sir John, who is waiting for him.)* But if Lady Lorimer should tell her?

Sir John. Lady Lorimer does not know that Vivian is here.

Walsingham (returning to Isabel and almost unable to restrain his emotion). Good-bye!

Isabel. You will be back soon?

Walsingham. Yes, very soon. [*Exeunt Walsingham and Sir John.*

Isabel, Now sit down there *(makes Lady L. sit down in an arm-chair)*, and tell me what is going on in London. *(She takes a chair.)*

Lady L. In London?

Isabel. My little boy?

Lady L. He is very well.

Isabel. You have seen him lately?

Lady L. Yes; just a week ago, the evening before I started, I saw him with his governess. I kissed him once for myself and I do not know how many times for you.

Isabel (kissing Lady Lorimer). Thank you, thank you! And Louisa?

Lady L. She was staying with her father, you know that?

Isabel. Yes, I know.

Lady L. As soon as it was quite certain that Mr. Vir——*(correcting herself).* As soon as it was quite certain that all danger was at an end, Louisa and your father left London and went down to Elmtree.

Isabel (coldly). Elmtree?

Lady L. Yes.

Isabel (after a pause). And me, what do they say about me?

Lady L. They say nothing about you.

Isabel. Nothing?

Lady L. Only fancy, it took place six weeks ago. During the first fortnight if you like—but don't be alarmed. There was a general understanding about it. It was considered good taste to defend you. And then Mr. Vivian's solicitor let something out, and it was soon known that when your dowry was forwarded to you here, you sent back the whole of the fifty thousand pounds by return of post.

Isabel. Was it not my duty? The money belonged not to me but to my child.

Lady L. However, you sent back fifty thousand pounds, and there are a great many women in this world—at all events, it had the best effect. After that even the most severe picked you, the others almost admired you. *(Isabel looks at her in the face.)* Courage is such a fine thing, and so rare.

Isabel. People were not too unmerciful with me then?

Lady L. No, no; and I dare say there was more than one who secretly envied you, for you are very happy here.

Isabel. Happy?

Lady L. Yes.

Isabel Certainly, I am happy *(with a sort of terror)*, and, gracious heaven! what would become of me if I were not. *(They both rise.)*

Lady L. Forgive me; but you are really not quite so much to be pitied as you imagine. He loves you—no, you need not answer—I am sure he loves you. I could see that just this moment, when he left you.

Isabel. Yes, he loves me.

Lady L. Fancy Lord Walsingham! Who would ever have thought him capable of a serious passion.

Isabel. Why did I not marry *him?* I thought of that when you spoke of Elmtree. Do you remember—it is now five years ago?

Lady L. I remember.

Isabel. He also had proposed for me; and naturally, as it was Lord Walsingham, they did not even give themselves the trouble——However, if I had married *him* I should not be here now.

Lady L. (with an air of doubt). Oh, as for that——

Isabel. What do you say?

Lady L. Nothing at all.

Isabel. Yes, I heard you.

Enter Susan, much agitated.

Susan. Oh, ma'am, here is I——

Isabel. Good heavens, Susan! what is the matter? What has happened?

Susan. It's——*(whispers to Isabel).*

Isabel. Oh!

Susan. He's outside, ma'am.

Isabel. (to Lady Lorimer). Come, I beg of you ——

Lady L. What has happened, my dear?

Isabel (pointing to the door of her room). Go in there, I beg of you, and don't come out until I myself ask you to do so.

Lady L. Isabel, my dear Isabel!

Isabel. But don't go away—not on any account. I shall have need of you, I am sure. You promise me, don't you—you will stay? Do not abandon me.

Lady L. Certainly I will stay.

Isabel. Thank you *(opening the door).* Go in there, then, and wait for me. *(Lady L. goes into the room.)* Now, Susan. *(Susan goes to the back, and Vivian appears, pale, emaciated, frightfully changed.)* Is that you?

Vivian. It is I.

Isabel. I knew that you had been very ill, but I heard that afterwards, fortunately——

Vivian. Yes, I was nearly on the point of death, but I did not die. So, as soon as I had strength enough, having something to settle with you, I came here.

Isabel. Something to settle?

Vivian. Yes, it is about——*(he staggers and supports himself with the back of a chair. Isabel is going towards him. He stops her by a gesture.)* It is nothing. I beg your pardon, I am still very——my throat is on fire—I can scarcely speak—some water.

Isabel. Water. *(She goes to the table, pours out some water into one of two glasses, and goes towards her husband with it. He has noticed that the table is laid for two. Points it out to Isabel, and pushes away the glass. Isabel falls back in despair, and replaces the glass on the table.)* Gracious heavens!

Vivian. It's about your money.

Isabel. My money?

Vivian. Yes, your dowry. You sent it back to me, you must take it again.

I do not wish you to be exposed to——

Isabel. You have had my answer.

Vivian. I know, I know. Nevertheless——

Isabel. No, I tell you I will not have it.

Vivian. Will you compel me to give you another reason? *(Isabel looks at him with a terrified air.)* I will not allow my son to touch a farthing of that money. I will not allow him—do you understand me?

Isabel. Oh!

Vivian. And in order that you should hear this from no one else I came myself, and I leave you this. *(He places a large sealed envelope on the table, and makes a step towards the door.)*

Isabel. You are going away?

Vivian. Yes, now that everything is arranged as I desired.

Isabel. You are going to fight?

Vivian. Of course I am going to fight, and I can assure you that if I had had strength enough to come before——you don't doubt me, I suppose?

Isabel. A duel—on account of me? Two men try to kill one another on my account? It is impossible! Only think! *(He is about to leave the room. She stops him.)* You shall not fight!—A man like you fight about a woman like me. You always had far too high an opinion of me. I saw it, but I said nothing; I was wrong. But I will not let you go so far as to kill a man. No, I will not—I will not. I do not forget what I have done, gracious heaven! no. I might well say that I did it in a moment of madness. That scene with Louisa—ah! I knew now how wrong I was, and I implore forgiveness for it. However, if it had not been for that scene I never should have——but I will not attempt to defend myself; you must have your revenge. Yes, I understand that; avenge yourself then, but in some other way. As for a duel, it shall not be. Is there no other way of satisfying your honour?

Vivian. My honour?

Isabel. The opinion of the world! But you know very well whatever you may do, the world will never doubt your courage.

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Vivian. Oh, you make a great mistake if you think that I am troubling myself about my honour, or that I care one atom what the world may think of your fault or of my vengeance. I loved you; you betrayed me because you loved another man, and I am going to see whether I can kill that man. That is all. It is plain enough I think. (*He goes towards the door.*)

Isabel. No, no! I will not have it. I alone am guilty; crush me, but me alone. (*She clings to him, he endeavours to disengage himself.*)

Vivian. Leave me!

Isabel. What vengeance do you require? Do you wish me to disappear from the face of the earth? I do not speak of dying, I should not have courage enough. But there are convents here—close by there is one. Often, as I have passed before it, I have looked at the gate. I can knock and ask for admittance. You can take me there yourself. The gate will close upon me, and never, never again, will you hear of the woman who has offended you.

Vivian (*still trying to disengage himself*). Come, I have told you.

Isabel. Is that not enough, gracious heaven! If not, think of some other punishment. I will submit to anything. Yes, to anything, only do not condemn me to live with the horrible thought that a man has perished on my account.

Vivian (*endeavouring to unclasp Isabel's fingers*). This is all useless.

Isabel. Pity! mercy!

Vivian. No.

Isabel. Henry!

Vivian (*seeking more violently to get rid of her*). Oh

Isabel (*hysterically*). Don't go. I will love you for ever!

Vivian. Oh! oh! (*Isabel faints, still holding her husband by the hands. He makes a few steps, unable to get rid of her. At last he manages to unclasp her fingers, when she falls back on the sofa. Vivian is about to leave the room, but having reached the back of the stage, he stops, returns, looks on the inanimate figure of Isabel, and for a moment remains bewildered. Lady Larrimer comes from the inner room, then Vivian, without saying a word, points to Isobel, and exit.*)

Lady L. Isabel, Isabel!

Isobel (*slowly recovering consciousness, and opening her eyes*). Where is he?

Lady L. Gone.

Isobel. Gone?

Lady L. Calm yourself.

Isobel (*rising*). He has gone out to fight. (*Lady L. looks at her inquiringly.*) He told me so.

Lady L. Oh!

Isobel. I must go; I must prevent them.

Lady. L. Go where? you do not know.

Isobel. I will find out.

Lady L. And even if you were to find out? No—remain here. I understand how. Sir John knew all about it, and wished me to be with you. He was right.

Isobel. I implore you—let me go!

Lady L. No, I will not let you leave the room (*she makes her sit down on a chair*).

Isobel. What am I to do, then?

Lady L. Wait. Sir John will come and tell us.

Isobel. Wait?

Lady L. Yes.

Isobel. Oh!

Lady L. It is only a duel after all, and how many duels end in nothing.

Isobel. Oh! not this one. (*As if struck by an idea.*) Ah! (*she rises*).

Lady L. What is it?

Isobel (*walking in an agitated manner about the room*). He will not defend himself, I know he will not. Why did I not say just now that he would not defend himself? That's what I should have said. If I had said that there would have been no duel (*finding a chair in her way she takes hold of it, and drags it mechanically after her*).

Lady L. Isabel!

Isobel (*sinking into the chair, Lady L. goes down on her knees before Isobel and embraces her*). Gracious heavens! To be here useless, waiting and unable to do anything but wait. (*A dead silence, prolonged as much as possible.*) Do you remember three months ago one night we were at the play together, with Mrs. Danvers and Lady Langton? We had a large box just over the stage, and I felt so happy. I can't tell why, but I remember saying to myself, between the acts, that I felt so happy, and that I had never amused myself so much before. You remember? It was about three months ago.

Lady L. Yes, quite well.

Isobel. Sir John has not come. Perhaps the duel has been stopped. (*Again a prolonged silence.*) Ah, listen!

Lady L. I hear nothing.

Isobel. Yes, some one is coming. (*She suddenly jumps up.*) I heard plainly enough. (*Enter Sir John, very pale.*) Gracious heaven! I dare not ask. (*To Sir John.*) My husband?

Sir John. Your husband is safe——

Isobel. And?——(*Sir John makes no answer*). He is dead?

Sir John. No; only wounded, but——

Isobel. But?——

Sir John. Wounded dangerously.

Isobel. Very well, I will go——

Sir John. No, you cannot.

Isobel. What do you mean by "cannot"? Ah! if you think anything on earth can prevent me——

Sir John (*stopping her*). His mother is with him.

Isobel. His mother?

Sir John. Yes.

Isobel. Ah, you are right. If his mother is there—of course—I cannot. (*She staggers. Lady L. pushes forward a chair, Isabel sinks exhausted into it.*) That is quite right.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Same scene as in Act III. Room presents a deserted aspect. No flowers, no flower-pots in the stands. No music on the piano. Time, evening. On the table a lighted lamp. George and his Governess discovered. The Governess (*seated near the table, is reading with George*). "The prince reached the gate; as soon as he touched it with the talisman it opened of itself, and he ran into the unknown land to look for the princess. After seeking her everywhere for two years he had the happiness to find her, and brought her home with him."

George. And why did the prince take so much trouble to find her?

Governess. Because he was very fond of her.

George. And he did find her at last?

Governess. Yes, I have just told you, "after looking for her everywhere for two years he had the happiness"——

George. I say—if you don't mind; but you must not say anything about it to any one——

Governess. If I don't mind?

George. If you don't mind we will start together, and we will go and look for mamma all over the world. (*The Governess kisses the child.*)

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Miss Simpson——

Governess. What is it?

Servant. Susan, Mrs. Vivian's maid.

Governess. Mrs. Vivian's maid?

Servant. Yes, she is outside. She wishes to see Master George.

Governess. Really! I don't know whether I ought to allow it.

Servant. She would only stay one minute.

Governess. I don't think I can allow it. (*With some emotion.*) On the other hand I don't know whether I ought——

Enter Susan. (*She stops at the back of the stage*).

Susan. Oh, Miss Simpson, I beg of you! [*Exit Servant.*

George (*running up to Susan*). It's Susan!

Susan. Did you know me, Master George?

George. I should think so. I knew you directly.

Susan. What a big boy you have grown.

George. It's such a long time since I saw you.

Susan. Yes, a long time, more than six months.

George. Why did you go away?

Susan. Why?

George. And where's mamma?

Susan. Oh! (*a pause.*)

Enter Vivian, R.

Vivian (*to the Governess*). Take George away, Miss Simpson. (*He kisses his son.*)

Governess. I hope, Mr. Vivian, I did nothing wrong?

Vivian. I do not reproach you. Please take George away.

[*Exit Governess, R, with the child.*

Susan. I beg your pardon, sir.

Vivian. Never mind, never mind. How long have you been in London?

Susan. Since yesterday.

Vivian. And are you——alone.

Susan. No, sir. Miss Louisa is here also, with Mr. Royston and——

Vivian. And?

Susan. Yes, sir.

Vivian (*to himself*). Close to me, in London!

Susan. Oh, we are only passing through. We start to-night for Paris, and from Paris to the south of France. The doctors said it was absolutely necessary.

Vivian. The doctors?

Susan. Yes, sir. We stopped here for a consultation, and I thought that if mistress could hear how Master George was, that would do her more good than anything the doctors could think of. So I came without saying anything to anyone.

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Vivian. Is she in danger, Susan?
Susan. Yes, sir.
Vivian. Not in danger of dying, however, not in danger of dying?
Susan. I don't think so.
Vivian. You do not think so?
Susan. I was very much more frightened—of course I was very much more frightened the day, sir, when you—— (*she pauses*).
Vivian. Speak, Susan; pray tell me what you have to say.
Susan. I certainly thought then that all was over. It lasted three days. Lady Lorimer and myself did all we could for her, but every moment we thought would be the last. After these three days Miss Louisa arrived. Mistress did not know her at first, but at last she recognized her, and Miss Louisa took her in her arms, and mistress began to weep, and they both wept without saying a word. From that time mistress began to improve, and soon afterwards we started for Devonshire, and went to stay with Mr. Royston at Elmtree.
Vivian. And once in Devonshire she got better and better?
Susan. Yes, for the first two months she seemed to do so, but she was very pale and smiled so sadly when she did smile. Ah, sir, if you had only seen her, in her common black dress, her, who formerly——
Vivian (*interrupting her*). Formerly what?
Susan. Then she was always with the poor, with the sick; at last what might have been expected took place. After passing several nights by the side of a poor old woman whose life she saved, she, in her turn, fell ill, and when she wished to rise from her bed, it was impossible. Then the doctors came. Some recommended one thing, some another, and at last she was advised to go to London, and the London doctors, as I just told you, sir, say she must go to the south of France.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Miss Royston, sir.
Vivian. Louisa!
Susan. Ah, sir, if Miss Louisa has come, mistress must——
Vivian. What do you say?
Susan. Mistress must be very ill indeed.
Vivian (*pointing to the door*). That way—you will find George. You can wish him good-bye. There, be quick! [*Exit Susan, r.*
(*Vivian has made a sign to the servant, who has gone out at the back.*)

Enter Louisa.

Louisa. The child!
Vivian. Louisa!
Louisa. Her child! You cannot object to her seeing her child before she dies?
Vivian. Before what?
Louisa. Before she dies.
Vivian. Oh!
Louisa. You do not answer me.
Vivian. George is in there. (*He rings the bell.*) He will come directly. You shall take him with you.
Louisa. I shall take him with me?
Vivian. Is not that what you asked?
Louisa. Yes; that is what I asked, but that is not what I hoped you would answer.
Vivian. What do you desire, then?
Louisa. Her child! It would be too much to ask you, perhaps, but I hoped that you would bring him yourself—that you would see her—that you would even utter a word of forgiveness.
Vivian. Of forgiveness?
Louisa. Henry!
Vivian. Oh, if that is what you wish!
Louisa. She is dying.
Vivian. Dying! Oh, Louisa! Oh if it were possible! My heart is suffering from the most frightful torture imaginable. If by giving my life I could save hers, I certainly would give it without hesitation. I tell the truth when I say that; I should tell a falsehood if I said I forgave her.
Louisa. It is by your hand that she dies.
Vivian. By my hand?
Louisa. Yes, by yours. You avenged yourself. Very well. But after vengeance comes forgiveness.
Vivian. I cannot!
Louisa. Has not the expiation been painful enough? Think of what she has suffered.
Vivian. What she has suffered? Look around you! Do you see the house deserted, the child abandoned? Look, consider, and tell me which of the two, she or myself, seems to have suffered?
Louisa. She longs to see you, and she is dying!
Vivian. Do you wish me to tell a falsehood? If that is all, I will do what you ask me. I can say that I forgive her, though there is no forgiveness in my heart. But if you require more than that—no, it is impossible! The wound was too severe—my grief is too profound.
Louisa. A greater injury than yours has been forgiven, nevertheless.
Vivian. A greater injury than mine?
Louisa. A greater injury than yours.
Vivian. Of whom are you speaking?
Louisa. It is your fault if I evoke such recollections. I speak of that mother——
Vivian. Louisa!
Louisa, Whose son you killed.
Vivian. Oh!
Louisa. She saw that Isabel was dying. And Isabel, dying as she is, begged that mother to forgive her, and to forgive you.
Vivian. And did she grant her forgiveness?
Louisa. She did.
Vivian. It is untrue!
Louisa. She swore to heaven that she forgave you both.
Vivian (*after a pause.*) What faith you women must have to perform such miracles!
Louisa. Henry!
Vivian. Take the child—take him away at once.

Enter Royston.

Louisa. Papa!
Vivian. You, Mr. Royston?
Royston. She would come.
Louisa. Isabel?
Royston. She is outside. [*Exit Louisa.*] (*To Vivian.*) You cannot refuse to see her. She has only come here to die. (*Isabel appears at the back supported by Louisa. She takes a few steps, and sinks on her knees. Royston takes a step towards her to raise her from the ground.*)
Isabel. No, papa, not you. (*Vivian rushes towards her, raises her up, and takes her in his arms.*)
Vivian. Oh, Isabel, Isabel!
Isabel. Thank you, thank you. (*Isabel is now on the sofa, Vivian on his knees by her side.*)
Isabel (*looking around her*). At home again, at home!
Vivian. Yes, at home, Isabel, at home! And you will not die, and you will remain here, now, for ever.
Isabel (*smiling*). For ever!
Vivian. Isabel, my Isabel!
Isabel. You pardon me, do you not?
Vivian. Yes, yes, I forgive you, and you shall not die.
Isabel. Oh, as for that!——where is my child, bring me my child.
Vivian. Yes, I will go for him.
Isabel. Directly, and bring him to me yourself.

[*Exit Vivian, and immediately afterwards returns with George.*

George (*with delight*). Mamma!
Isabel. George, my child! (*She takes him in her arms and embraces him.*)
George. Now you have come back.
Isabel. Yes, but not for very long, George; I think not. Let me kiss you again, once more (*embraces her son several times*). And now, Louisa come here, Louisa. (*She places George in Louisa's arms.*) He is yours, I give him to you.
Louisa. Isabel!
Isabel. Yes, yours; and he also (*pointing to Vivian*). Take care of them both. Once before in this very place I said the same thing to you. Forgive me!
Louisa. Oh!
Vivian. You will not die, it is impossible.
Isabel. Not die! (*Looking around her.*) It would be a pity not to do so now.
Royston. My darling!
Isabel. Never mind, poor papa. What had I a right to expect? That I should die deserted in despair! Instead of that I die in the midst of those who love me, calm and happy.
Vivian. No, it is not you who require forgiveness; it is I—I who did not sufficiently take care——
Isabel. You, why should you be forgiven? For having loved me too much? (*Pointing to Louisa and Royston.*) That has been my misfortune, you have all been too fond of me.
Louisa. Isabel?
Isabel. And that is why I am dying, and that is why I am dying so peacefully. (*Sighing.*) Oh!
All (*thanking her dead*). Isabel!
Isabel (*raising her head*). Louisa, where are you, Louisa? Come here; I have something to tell you. When I am dead you must take this dress off. I don't like this black dress—no. You will find among my ball dresses a white one. The skirt is covered all over with little rosebuds. Let me wear it again. You will see how nice I shall look, and you will all think of the Isabel whom you loved so much and who was so happy in former days.
Vivian. Ah!
Isabel. Yes, always the same! (*To George.*) My dear little boy! You forgive me, do you not? Isabel, poor Isabel.
All. Oh!

END.

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BEETHOVENIANA. No. VI.*

(Continued from page 37.)

VIII. FINALE TO A SMALL UNKNOWN OPERA—*continued.*

The fact that the duet rises to a greater pitch of expression than the trio, shows that the one must be differently sung from the other. The difference in style of delivery must extend even to the chief subject which is common to both pieces. In the case of the duet, this must have more accentuation and variety, while in the trio, though the *tempo* is the same, the expression must be more even.

No information is extant by which we can determine the time at which this *finale* was composed. The manuscript has the appearance of belonging to about the date 1800. That it was written before *Leonora* seems to follow from the fact of the parallelism between the two; for it is impossible to believe that Beethoven would have used a melody from *Leonora* in a later work.

It is also impossible to help remarking, how naturally the words of the *finale*: "Nie war ich so froh wie heute," suit that melody, while in the duet the unusual repetition of the half of the second word: "O namen-namen-lose Freude," goes against the fact of any original connection between the words and the music.

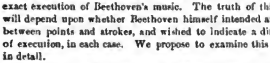
IX. DOTS AND STROKES.

On looking through the original editions of Beethoven's works, and comparing them with recent editions, it will be observed that the former contain two marks of *staccato*, namely, both points and strokes; while in the latter only points, or only strokes, are used, showing that in the later editions, the distinction between the two modes of marking has been given up, as if it were not necessary for the understanding or the exact execution of Beethoven's music. The truth of this conclusion will depend upon whether Beethoven himself intended any difference between points and strokes, and wished to indicate a different mode of execution, in each case. We propose to examine this point a little in detail.

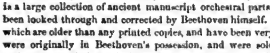
In the library of the *Gesellschaft der Musik-Freunde*, at Vienna, there is a large collection of ancient manuscript orchestral parts, which have been looked through and corrected by Beethoven himself. These parts, which are older than any printed copies, and have been very much used, were originally in Beethoven's possession, and were sold by auction with the rest of his musical remains (see No. 190, &c. of the Auction Catalogue, and the *Deutsche Musikzeitung*, 7th July 1862)

Beethoven looked very sharply after his parts. In one of the first violin parts just mentioned, some one has, in two places, put this mark: X X. To the first of these, Beethoven has marked with red pencil, in his own large writing:—"*N.B.*—These are the X's of an ass who has left his mark here,"—and at the second one: "This X is also by an ass." The "ass," whoever he was, has preserved his incognito.

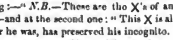
But to return to the correction. Many of them refer to the marks of Lowing and the like. In one of the first violin parts of the 7th Symphony, the copyist has written a passage in the second movement as follows:—



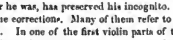
on which Beethoven has altered the dots above the quavers into strokes, leaving the passage as follows:—



with a mark in the margin calling attention to the alteration, probably for the information of some one who was assisting him. The same thing occurs in the viola part at the 5th and 6th bars of the same movement, where the copyist has—

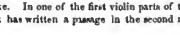


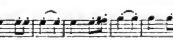
which Beethoven has altered to—



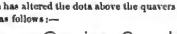
with X!! in the margin.

Further on, beginning at bar No. 19, the copyist has written—



which Beethoven has corrected to—

placing in the margin ⌣ and "+ — take away thn 11." Similar changes are to be found in other passages, and other parts.

In a letter of 1825 to Carl Holz, who had undertaken to correct a copy of the quartet in A minor, recently finished, Beethoven says: "Where a dot stands ever a note, it must not be changed into a stroke, and the reverse—



is by no means the same as ."

From these examples it is evident that as early as the year 1813, when the seventh Symphony was first performed, Beethoven made a difference between points and strokes. I am not in a position to show that it was the case before that time, but there is no reason to doubt it.

The question now comes—What difference in value did Beethoven attach to these different signs? He must have understood them as he had been taught to understand them, and his interpretation could hardly have been other than that in use at the time in Vienna and elsewhere. To ascertain what this was it will be advisable to consult such works as had at that time a general authority, or were written by persons living in Vienna, and standing in a close relation to Beethoven. [G.]

(To be continued.)

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

THE NEW YORK BEETHOVEN CENTENARY.

Our friend Watson, for reasons best known to himself, as-calls the Beethoven Festival scheme with his sharpest satire. Hear him:—

"It is reported that Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, the President-Vice-President the concentrated essence and the nitrous-gaseous principle of the Beethoven Festival, will not move from Union Place, next May. This stationary—'more' is, in some way, remotely connected with the Beethoven Festival. Only last week an agitating report was current, that a body had been found exhibiting evident marks of neglect or something worse—some said it was poisoned, others that it had been 'burked,' and that it had been sent to Dr. Doremus for musico-chemico analysis. A few of the oldest inhabitants, it is said, recognized the corpse as that of one Beethoven, which, they said, had of late been needlessly disinterred. We believe this report to be altogether unfounded, as Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the great Jubilee-Festivalist, was in New York during the past week, searching with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, but could find no signs of that body. Several of our wealthiest and most-influential citizens were seen last week to move their fingers from their breeches pockets, and place them upon their noses. The 'move' was received as a certain indication that the treasurer of the Beethoven Festival had been about. The one hundred directors of the Beethoven Centennial Festival have given our representative historical painter, William H. Powell, an order for a great cartoon, in honour of the occasion. It is to be allegorical and apocryphal, and will represent Apollo strident, one foot resting upon the Crystal Palace, London, and the other on the Coliseum, Boston. Apollo will be playing on the harp of a thousand strings, blowing a trumpet at the same time; while Beethoven, astride on his shoulders, will wave the American flag. Mascabenetts will be represented as a forlorn damsel, sitting on Plymouth Rock, with dishevelled hair, wringing her hands, while Gilmore, weeping, applies some Eau-de Cologne to her nose. The effect will be fine, and the application as clear as mud. Our representative composer, George F. Bristow, having received an order to write a Grand Centennial Overture, has, after mature consideration, arrived at a pause, before the beginning of the overture. He feels certain that at this rate, the work will be completed in time for the Festival. The price is put down among the minor expenses at 5,000 dollars, a sum which will be hardly noticed in the aggregate of expenses."

THE Duke of Saxe-Coburg has named M. Eugene Ketterer, a Chevalier of the Order of Saxe-Ernestine.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), FEBRUARY 26TH, 1870,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in E flat, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI		*Mozart.*
SONG, "Sigh no more, ladies"—MR. KELLY GEORGE		*Sullivan.*
BALLADE, in G minor, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN		*Chopin.*
CHACONNE, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—HERR JOACHIM		*Vitali.*
SONG, "Go, whispering breeze"—MR. KELLY GEORGE		*Smart.*
GRAND TRIO, in B Flat, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI		*Beethoven.*
Conductor	MR. BENEDICT.	

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, DAUBERT, and PIATTI		*Schubert.*
AIR, "A te fra tanti affanni"—MR. BYRON		*Mozart.*
PRELUDE, in B minor		*Bach.*
CANON, in A flat major	Madame SCHUMANN	*Schumann.*
IMPROMPTU, in F minor		*Schubert.*

PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI		*Beethoven.*
SONG, "Good Night"—MR. BYRON		*Schubert.*
CONCERTO, in D minor, for two Violins, with Accompaniment of Double String Quartet—MM. JOACHIM and ELLIOTT, accompanied by MM. L. RIES, POLLITZER, LUDWIG, ZERBINI, STRAUS, ZERBINI, JUNR., DAUBERT, PRATTEN, and PIATTI		*J. S. Bach.*
Conductor	MR. BENEDICT.	

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

MARRIAGE.

On the 24th inst., at St. Gabriel's, Warwick Square, by the Rev. T. L. Ghladcwe, rector of Frodesley, Shropshire, assisted by the Rev. Brymer Belcher, M.A., JAMES LAMBORN COCK, of 20, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and 63, New Bond Street, to EMMA (Ellice), eldest daughter of the late ROBERT J. JEWELL, of Newport, Isle of Wight. No cards.

DEATH.

At Paris, on the 12th inst., of bronchitis, at the age of 45, CLEMENCE GABRIELLE, the beloved wife of J. P. GOLDBERG, Esq., late of 11, Park Lane, London.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

A WANDERING *MÉNÉSTREL.*

A CERTAIN Monsieur Ernest David has thought it worth while to write a series of articles in *Le Ménéstrel*, based upon Dr. Burney's *Travels in France and Italy*. We are not going to quarrel with him for doing so, being content simply to regret that he knows no better. But in his last article, Monsieur Ernest David goes out of his way to make some sharp reflections upon English music and musicians. Here, of course, it is our duty to interfere, and we discharge our duty none the less readily because Monsieur Ernest David has written himself down an ass. Here are the lines between which long ears are visible:—

"Burney me paraît d'une naïveté adorable avec ses *jeunes compositeurs anglais* et sa *musique anglaise*. Qui donc les connaît? et, sondés et connus, les appelle-t-on ces fameux musiciens anglais? Duquel d'entre eux le nom a-t-il jamais traversé le détroit? Et la musique anglaise! quel est son genre, son caractère, son cachet? Dans quelle œuvre la trouve-t-on? Certainement Tallis, Purcell, Arne, Burney lui-même ont écrit d'assez bonnes choses pour l'église, mais on ne les connaît qu'en Angleterre. La véritable musique anglaise n'existe que dans les *glees*, les *catches*, les gigues et les chansons; je ne la trouve pas hors de là. Car il est impossible de dire que la musique de Handel est anglaise; autant vaudrait soutenir que lui-même était anglais! A ce compte-là Haydn serait anglais parce qu'il a écrit douze symphonies à Londres! Et Weber aussi à cause de son *Oberon* représenté à Londres et son ouverture de *Jubel* qui finit par le *God save!* Et encore Mendelssohn qui a terminé sa troisième symphonie en *la mineur* par le développement d'un thème anglais! Ces deux productions de ces grands compositeurs, au surplus, ne sont pas leurs meilleures; ils ont voulu caresser la faible oreille britannique et n'ont fait que gâter leur inspiration. Il ont sacrifié à la nationalité! C'est très-beau la nationalité, mais pas en cas pareil. Nos chers voisins ont fait ce qu'ils ont pu pour s'approprier Handel; il ont même été jusqu'à dénaturer son nom et son *prénom* (qu'on me passe cette expression!) en l'écrivant Handel au lieu de Hændel en véritable orthographe. Mais malgré tous leurs efforts ils n'ont jamais pu réussir à lui enlever sa nationalité, ni faire de l'Angleterre un pays musical."

It is quite unnecessary to refute this egregious nonsense for the behoof of Englishmen. Having read to the end—if, indeed, they can get so far, without going into convulsions—our compatriots will put Monsieur Ernest David among the most remarkable examples of Frenchmen who know nothing outside France, and straightway forget all about him. But as Monsieur Ernest David may himself read these lines, and may not be beyond the hope of perceiving some glimmer of truth anent England and the English, we dwell upon his remarks for a moment. Monsieur Ernest David, looking across the Channel with disdain and incredulity, asks—"Where is English music, and where are English musicians?" Monsieur Ernest David knows nothing of either. Is this presumptive evidence that neither exists? We might think so if it did not immediately appear how many things are to moderately-informed people which are not to Monsieur Ernest David. For example, our Gallic friend does not know that Handel's oratorios were written in the English school, and, for the most part, remain English property, so far as performance goes. He does not know that "le *God save*" is the Prussian national melody, on which account it appears in Weber's *Jubilee* overture. And he does not know that the *finale* of Mendelssohn's A minor symphony is innocent of a Scotch, much more of an English theme. It may be, therefore, that English music and musicians exist without being known to Monsieur Ernest David. What comfort there is in the thought! How freely we breathe again! Au revoir, Monsieur Ernest David!

—o—

IN consideration of the genuine success of *La Bohémienne* (*The Bohemian Girl*), at the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris—a success which has actually prevented that establishment from closing its doors—Mr. Balfe, the composer, has received the decoration of the "Legion of Honour." Such a decoration his thousands of admirers in "Old England" have long ago affectionately bestowed upon him—*from their hearts*. Mr. Balfe has now got it *in ribaud*, from a magnanimous foreign nation, which, having, at present, but little original music of its own to boast of, thus gracefully expresses its sense of the possession of true musical genius by an Englishman.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

More information has come to hand respecting the "Proverbs" by Haydn, which will soon be published at Munich. They are six in number, and run as thus:—"Tout commencement est difficile." "Qui saute haut saute mal." "Qui se ressemble s'assemble." "A chacun son bien." Trop et trop peu ne valent rien." "Finis coronat opus." The last but two is highly spoken of for its ingenuity, each of the four parts being in a different rhythm. These interesting trifles now belong to a Father Kaim, and were written by Haydn at the Monastery of Ochsenhausen, where Haydn broke his journey from England.

After twenty-three years of service, M. Strauss retired from the post of purveyor of dance music to the French Court, with the red ribbon and cross of the Legion. M. Strauss's decoration seems to have turned his head. At a dinner given a few days since he harangued his orchestra as though mounted on a veritable *cheval de bataille*. "Let me remind you," said the new knight, "of the words of a king of France. Each soldier carries his marshal's bâton in his knapsack? I address myself to you, young guard; each of you has also his marshal's bâton in the case of his violin. The cross which I wear to-day marks a fact of great importance, an event." Well might the reporter call the speaker "Le Général Strauss." We should like to know, however, the precise time in the evening when the oration was delivered.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr. Aguilar's *Soirée d'invitation* took place on Thursday evening week, when the following programme was gone through:—Solo, Piano, "Bolero," Aguilar (Mr. Aguilar); Song, "The Bird and the Maiden," Spohr (Miss Grace Aguilar); Duet, Clarionet and Piano, Andante and Rondo from Sonata in E flat, Weber (Mr. Lazarus and Mr. Aguilar); Song, "Mandolinata," Paladilhe (Miss Ferrari); Song, "The Ferry Boat," Aguilar (Mr. Desmond L. Ryan); Solo, Piano, Fantasia on *Il Trovatore*, Gottschalk (Miss Grace Aguilar); Song, "Eiley Mavourneen," Benedict (Mr. Frank Elmore); Songs, "Appeal," "In a wood on a windy day," Aguilar (Miss Grace Linde); Solo, Clarionet, Fantasia on *Der Freischütz* (Mr. Lazarus), "Alone," Aguilar (Miss Alice Ogle); Solo, Piano, Fantasia on *Faust*, Aguilar (Mr. Aguilar); Duet, "The Invitation," Glover (The Misses Ferrari); Song, "If Doughty Deeds," Sullivan (Mr. Desmond L. Ryan); Solo, Piano, "March of the 99th," Aguilar (Mr. Aguilar).

Miss Grace Aguilar accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

Brixton.—There has been no lack of really good music in this quietly fashionable and out-of-the-way southern suburb of late. Until the present season, indeed, the Amateur Musical Society held a complete monopoly of the local patronage, but this winter, encouraged by the growing taste for classical music, two enterprising rivals have arisen, one of whom, Mr. Ridley Prentice, has succeeded in establishing a series of strictly classical chamber concerts, held in the same building; while to those of lighter tastes, and who prefer choral to instrumental music, Mr. W. Lemare, the director of the new Brixton Choral Society appeals, and does his best to enlist support by performing works of standard merit. This competition has had beneficial results in many ways. The advent of Mr. Prentice and Mr. Lemare has stimulated the old amateurs to increased exertions, and at the same time that the number of their subscribers has not fallen off in the least, neither of the former have had cause to complain of a want of support; and the Brixton concert-goers have the benefit of hearing every month, without the inconveniences attending a journey to town, very superior performances of orchestral, chamber, and choral works. Within a fortnight three of these concerts have taken place in the elegant room called the Angell Town Institution. Speaking them in chronological order, the first (4th inst.) was a Brixton Amateur Concert, rendered especially interesting by a performance of Haydn's symphony, No. 7, in D, in the interpretation of which the band gave many evidences of careful training. The programme, besides, included an overture, a march, and an operatic selection (on *Rigoletto*), in which there were some choice bits of solo playing; and Miss Annie Stocken played Weber's pianoforte sonata, Op. 24. Closely following this concert came the last but one of Mr. Prentice's series, when the works presented were Mozart's string quintet, in G (oboe, No. 3; Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*; Prelude and Gavotte, in G (*Suite* 6), J. S. Bach, for violoncello; and Haydn's string quartet, in D minor. Messrs. Weist Hill, F. Amor, W. H. Hann, S. Webb, Prentice, and W. Pettit, took part in the above selection, and the concert was one of uniform excellence. The Lusitanian Glee Club, Miss Banks, and Mr. W. H. Hillier, lent their aid in the vocal department. Last Monday the Choral Society gave a concert (the third of the season), and signalized itself by first performing in the metropolis Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's much admired oratorio, *The Prodigal Son*. The choral parts of the work were rendered with admirable effect by the choir, numbering about 100 good and well tutored voices, and the artists entrusted with the solos were Miss Katherine Poynts, Miss Newton, Mr. Harley Vinning, and Mr. Stedman. This last gentleman, who is, we believe, an amateur, sang the tenor music with a commendable infusion of taste, but his voice evidenced tremulousness all the evening. The others acquitted themselves to perfect satisfaction; but the work, as a whole, owing, perhaps, to the absence of orchestral accompaniments, met with no great amount of appreciation. Mr. Lemare conducted, and there was an exceedingly full audience.—W. H. P.

HERR JOACHIM AND MADAME SCHUMANN.

The following comparison between these artists appeared recently in the *Birmingham Daily Post*. Of its truth we leave our readers to judge for themselves:—

"The former has long been acknowledged by every nation in Europe as the foremost violinist of the day; the lady's fame in this country is of more recent growth, but already she ranks among our best pianists; and even those who turn a deaf ear to the charm of her deceased husband's music freely recognize the rare executive talent of Madame Schumann. Beyond the perfection of their technical skill, their earnestness, intelligence, and general musical culture, the two artists have not much in common. Herr Joachim, with all his versatility and intensity, being as essentially phlegmatic and reserved as Madame Schumann is ardent and enthusiastic. In the fiery C minor sonata, this distinction between the two players was very conspicuous. Madame Schumann's performance, in the first and last movements more particularly, was marked by a spirit and *abandon* which frequently bordered on exaggeration, whilst Herr Joachim's playing, though never wanting in true feeling, exhibited a reserve and moderation which stamped the thorough artist. In the merely mechanical qualities of their performance the same difference was observable. Herr Joachim's playing being as faultlessly easy, as that of Mdme. Schumann was successfully laboured. The latter may be said to have struck fire from her audience repeatedly, but the former contrived to keep his hearers in a steady and continuous glow. And with slight modification this remark will apply to all their subsequent performances."

We regret to hear that Mr. C. G. Watkin Hill, a son of the late Mr. F. Hill, of the once famous music publishing firm of Monzani and Hill, is in a destitute condition, and suffering from an incurable disease of the most painful description, which totally precludes him from following his profession as an artist and portrait painter. A few friends who have long known him have made an appeal for pecuniary assistance, which we trust will meet with hearty response. Mr. Charles Hodgson, of the firm of Chalon & Hodgson, pianoforte makers, Oxford Street, will gladly receive and take charge of any donations for the relief of Mr. Hill.

Monday Popular Concerts.—On Monday night, Madame Schumann made her first appearance for the season, and played Beethoven's sonata in D minor, Op. 31, in a manner peculiarly her own. She was twice enthusiastically called back at the end of her performance. She also played, with Herr Joachim, the same composer's sonata in A major, Op. 30. Schumann's laboured quartet in F major (of which the slow movement offers the finest existing specimen of "Brummagem Beethoven") began the concert. Now that Mr. Chappell has joined hands with Mr. Manns of the Crystal Palace, we may hope to be speedily Schumannized to a wish. The most interesting instrumental feature of the programme was Beethoven's trio in G, for violin, viola, and violoncello, splendidly played by Joachim, Straus, and Piatti. The singing of Herr Stockhausen, in songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Handel, was as near perfection as possible. Being encored in Schumann's "Widmung," he sang another *Lied* by that composer.

A BRIEF DIALOGUE.

Bodger. I heard ——— ——— to-night. I suppose, Jenny, it is allowed to celebrate "virtuoso" to play wrong notes.

Jenny Bodger. Yes, of course, papa, if they only play them *with expression*.

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PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—We condense as follows from the *Malvern Advertiser*:—

"The first concert in connection with the Holy Trinity Choral Society was given on Tuesday evening last, at the Morris School Room, Newtelde's 'Rule, Britannia' was well rendered. Mr. Bedarick's 'Liquid Gem' was slightly marred by an unfortunate tendency to 'read' indistinctly. 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' was well rendered. 'The Canadian Boat Song'—as given by Messrs. Resarick, Vaughan, and Ividge water—was extremely effective. Miss Meegan's 'Floating on the Wind' was good, but might be improved by less assumption of professional airs. Mr. Dailey's 'Yesterday' was given with much taste. 'The March of the Men of Harlech' was rendered in a manner to give satisfaction to all. The first encore of the evening was won by Mr. Vaughan for his rendering of 'Madeline.' Master S. Morgan and Master W. H. Smith in 'Under the willow she's sleeping' and 'Softly falls the moonlight' showed great promise. Stirling's gem, 'The Dream,' was certainly the success of the evening. As conductor Mr. W. Higley deserves great praise, as the efficiency of the society tends to show."

WEYMOUTH.—In the *Southern Times* we find a long account of Mr. T. Avant's concert, at which Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Montem Smith, and Herr Carl Stepan were the vocalists. The bad weather, notwithstanding the attraction, caused the room to be but scantily filled. Those present, however, were well pleased. The *Southern Times* writes as follows about the performance of a trio by Signor Randegger:—

"The first part of the programme concluded with the trio, 'I Naviganti' ('The Mariners'), sung by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Montem Smith, and Herr Stepan. It was ably rendered, but subject to the usual disadvantage of 'stars' performing part music—each endeavouring to 'outshine' the other, to the inevitable destruction of the equilibrium and symmetry indispensable in this class of singing."

Of Mr. Avant's performance, the *Southern Times* says:—

"Mr. Avant's piano solo, fantasia on 'Robin Adair' and 'The Hundred Pipers,' added to his laurels both as performer and composer."

DORR.—A correspondent writes as below:—

"At the fourth of the 'Subscription Concerts,' Wellington Hall, Herr Wiener and Mr. Sheddick were again violinist and pianist." About the singers, the *Dover Telegraph* writes:—"Madame Emmeline Cole possesses a rich and mellow voice, perfectly under control, and her songs were charmingly given. Mr. Greenhill is a painstaking artist, with a pleasing tenor voice. His singing is all the better liked because of its light and shade."

YORK.—A correspondent has favoured us with the subjoined:—

"Mr. Tom Smith gave his second grand concert here on Thursday evening, the 11th inst. The artists were Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Vanzini, Mdlle. Scalchi, Herr Stockhausen, Signori Della Rocca, Tagliafico, Tito Mattei (pianoforte), and Bevignani (accompanist), all of whom used their best efforts, and gave great satisfaction to the numerous and fashionable audience. The York Choral Union, under the direction of Mr. R. S. Burton, of Leeds, sang most successfully two or three glees between the first and second parts; and no higher compliment can be paid them than to say they were worthy to perform on the same occasion with the artists above named."

BIRMINGHAM.—The following is from our own correspondent:—

"The weather, which for some considerable time past it would have been gross flattery to call genial, has by no means impeded the musical activity of this busy town (so-called), there having been three concerts within as many weeks. First: Mr. Flavitta, at the Exchange Rooms, with a chamber-concert programme as follows:—

"Trio, pianoforte and strings, E flat, Op. 93, Hummel. Solos, violin—Romance, H. Ries; Slumber song, Reber. Solos, piano—Schlummerlied, Schumann; Tarantelle, Thalberg. Quartet, strings, in D, No. 1, Op. 64, Haydn. Solos, violoncello—Adagio, Mozart; Musette (17th century). Trio, pianoforte and strings, Op. 52, Rubinstein.

"The executants in the quartet were Messrs. Flavell, Ries, Hayward, and Daubert, the first and third being local professors, the other two well known at St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace. The pianist, Mr. Franklin Taylor, is (I understand) a native of Birmingham; his performances here have therefore an additional interest, and upon this occasion he showed himself in all respects worthy the high praise which has been generally bestowed upon him by the London press. Although the attendance was not so large as could have been wished, Mr. Flavell had no reason to be dissatisfied with the artistic result, which was a complete success, the artists one and all acquitting themselves in a manner which left little to desire.—Next in order came Mr. Anderton's orchestral concert at the Masonic Hall. The principal pieces for the band were Rossini's overture to *Otello*; Arthur Sullivan's Overture, *In Memoriam*; Mendelssohn's symphony in A major ('Italian'); and a selection from Donizetti's *Favorita*. This is the first time Mr. Sullivan's work has been heard in Birmingham, and it may be agreeable to that gentleman to know that the highly favourable impression he created at the Town Hall here in 1864, when his *Kenilworth* was produced, is now more than confirmed by the overture which was introduced to the public at the Norwich Festival. The advent of his *Prodigal Son*, to be given by the Birmingham Choral Society on March 3rd, with Mesdames Rudersdorff and Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Carl Stepan, in the principal parts, is anxiously looked forward to. But this by the way. The solo vocalist was Madame Patey-Whytock, who, being in beautiful voice, charmed her hearers pre-eminently. In Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*, for pianoforte and orchestra, Mr. Anderton (the concert-giver), won deserved applause, but the orchestra lacked the refinement necessary to give full effect to this exquisite composition. Indeed it seems almost impossible to find an orchestra out of London (Manchester honorably excepted), efficient in the full sense of the term.—The great feature of Mr. Harrison's concert at the Town Hall on the 17th, was the appearance of Herr Joachim, who has not played in Birmingham for some three years past, and the reception given to the greatest of violinists was of the heartiest. His solos were a Prelude and Gavotte of Bach, and Spohr's *Barcarolle* and *Scherzo*, with pianoforte accompaniment. Beethoven's trio in G major was set down, but in consequence of Signor Piatti's absence, through indisposition, the sonata-duet of the same composer in C minor (Op. 30), was substituted. In this, Madame Schumann sustained the pianoforte part, Mozart's sonata in A major being also played by the same artists. For solos, Madame Schumann selected one of her *Nachtstücke* of her late husband, and a *Scherzo* by Mendelssohn, exhibiting in both all her wonted energy and familiarity with the key-board. To praise Herr Joachim is akin to gilding refined gold, or painting the lily, but as a faithful chronicler it is my duty to report the generally expressed opinion that he seemed to play even more finely than ever. The vocalists, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Vernon Rigby, both won encores, to which they in each case responded. The gentleman has however much to learn before he can sing Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' which we have had three times in the Town Hall in little more than a month, the previous singers having been Herr Stockhausen (baritone), and Mr. Sims Reeves. It is not well to make, still less to provoke comparisons, which Mrs. Malaprop says are 'odorous.'—BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM."

CARMARTHEN.—In the *Journal* of Feb. 18th we read:—

"The first annual season of the Carmarthen Choral Class was wound up on Monday evening last, in a peculiarly gratifying and unexpected manner. Mr. Valentine Davis, one of the vice-presidents of the society, and a gentleman whose invariable motto is, 'Do unto others as you would wish to be done by,' issued invitations to the whole of the performing members of the class and the committee to a musical *soirée* at the Assembly Rooms, to which about sixty-five ladies and gentlemen responded. The room was most brilliantly lighted up with wax candles set in magnificent silver candelabras, and the tables generously supplied cut his idea of giving a drawing-room appearance to his entertainment. The programme was then performed. At intervals during the evening a *posse* of waiters handed round to the guests, cake, biscuits, and a profusion of choice wines, including port, sherry, and champagne of the rarest vintages. The Rev. Latimer M. Jones proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Davis for his kind hospitality, which was carried with acclamation, and Mr. Davis responded, expressing the great pleasure he felt in entertaining his guests. The company broke up about eleven o'clock."

GLASGOW.—The following is condensed from the *Glasgow Daily Herald* of Feb. 19:—

"Last night the *Beggars' Opera* was produced at the Theatre Royal to a crowded house, of course with Mr. Sims Reeves as Captain Macheath, and however high the popular expectation, it was fully realized. We never hear Mr. Reeves sing without discovering some fresh point of interest. It is not only his voice, in proportion as all times irreproachable—there is something beyond each. Mr. Reeves possesses, in an eminent degree, the rare gift of imbuing music with refined poetic sentiment and feeling. It is this that makes him attractive alike to the masses and to educated musicians. When most singers appeal to the feelings the devices of the art are resorted to—hence we have, instead of pathos, *vibrato* and *tremolo*, which lead to mock expression. Mr. Reeves does not have recourse to such tricks, his naturally sympathetic voice, combined with his own fastidious taste, enabling him to dispense with them. Last night he both acted well and looked the part admirably, apparently entering with personal enjoyment into the delineation of the jovial Captain. His singing in the duets, 'Pretty Polly' and 'The Miser thus,' as well as in the

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solos, 'If the Heart' (encored), and 'How happy could I be with either,' was simply incomparable. The scene in the condemned cell, where the medley is introduced, served to show Mr. Reeves' great facility in giving expression to quick-changing shades of feeling. He was well supported by Miss Jane Vincent as Polly. Miss Vincent evoked the sympathies of the audience in her first air, 'Can Love be controlled?' and improved her advantage on till the close of the opera. We were sorry the orchestra did not give her better support. Mr. Duncan Smyth received an encore for 'Who deeply drinks'—the introduction of which, however, was an anachronism. Miss Anderson dressed and acted the part of Lucy well; and a word of commendation is due to Mr. Fitzroy as Mr. Appleby. The piece was well put on the stage. To-night, the last of Mr. Reeves' engagement, he will appear in *The Beggars' Opera* and *The Waterman*."

DUBLIN.—From the *Evening Post* we extract the following:—

"The proposal for a new theatre in Dublin is one likely to meet with popular support. Messrs. Gunn, of Grafton Street, are the promoters, and their name is a guarantee that, should a patent be granted, the establishment will be got up on a scale creditable to the city. It is not intended to be carried on counter to any existing establishment. It will be devoted principally to lighter performances, not cultivated to any extent in Dublin. Musical pieces will enter largely into the entertainments. The site for the building is at the Stephen's Green end of Grafton Street. One of the principal entrances will be formed in South King Street, close to Stephen's Green, which will necessitate the removal of old and unsightly lane premises at present in existence."

CORK.—Respecting the concert given here lately by Mr. Santley, the *Cork Examiner* says:—

"A treat of this kind so rarely occurs that it is always eagerly availed of, and on this occasion not even the unusually formidable prices of admission deterred the citizens from attending. This result we cannot but attribute in some degree to the fact that it was the occasion of the *début* in her native city of Miss Helene D'Alton Shea, a young and gifted vocalist, the daughter of an old and distinguished Cork gentleman. Certainly this feature in the performances lent a peculiar charm to the event, and the presentation to the young lady of an address and testimonial from the citizens of Cork, added more than ordinary public importance to it. The concert company embraced first-class talent. Mr. Santley is a host in himself; Madame Sinico properly commands high consideration; Miss Edmonds, too, is not slightly in value to a concert company; of Miss Dalton we have said enough to show why she should awaken great interest in Cork, and we know that her achievements even in the British metropolis have been highly spoken of; Herr Wilhelmj is a violinist one might be content to hear long evening without other entertainment; and the company also included Herr Pauer, the celebrated pianist. Not a little disappointment was felt at the absence of Madame Goddard, whose name appeared in the early announcements of the concert; but Herr Pauer took that celebrated pianist's place."

FLORENCE.—Herr von Bülow performed several pieces at the last concert, given by the Società Cherubini.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Herr Rubinstein's last work, a "one-act sacred opera," entitled *Der Thurmbau von Babel*, was performed a short time ago.

LEIGE.—The 129th anniversary of Grétry's birth was celebrated in this town, his birthplace, by the revival of his opera, *Zémire et Azore*. The *Guide Musical* observes:—"It is a strange thing that of all Grétry's scores, the one which, in our opinion, has preserved its colour, together with its freshness and novelty, is the very one in which, to use the expression of Grétry himself, he tried to do a bit of the old ——, we mean *Richard Cœur de Lion*, a work full of originality and chivalrous character. We do not hesitate preferring it greatly to *Zémire et Azor*, which, we all know, was the composer's favourite opera. We cannot conceal the fact, that *Zémire et Azor* has aged extremely, both as regards the music and the book." It might reasonably be supposed that, if the management thought it worth while to revive the opera, and on such an occasion, too, they would have done so in good style. Quite the contrary. The performance was unsatisfactory. On this head our contemporary remarks:—"The occasion was a solemn one; a great fuss had been previously made about it. The fact was notified to every person who passed by a few wretched flags, waving in the cold air, around Grétry's statue, and the public came in great numbers, believing in a programme of which only a portion of the promises was fulfilled." After *Zémire et Azor*, Mdlle. Juillet read the verses composed by M. Marcellis, senior, for the inauguration of Grétry's statue, in 1843; then various choruses, by the hero of the festival, were sung, and, lastly, his bust was duly crowned, on the stage, with laurels.—About the middle of March, Madame Adelina Patti will appear in *Faust* and *Les Huguenots*. In the latter opera she will sustain, for the first time in any theatre, the part of Valentine.

MR. WOOD'S OPERA TOUR.

The Drury Lane Company began work in Edinburgh on the 21st, with a performance of *Lucia*. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska made her first appearance in the Scottish capital on this occasion, and is thus spoken of in the *Scotsman*:—

"Mdlle. Ilma di Murska made her first appearance before an English audience in 1865, proving herself great in voice, and even greater in dramatic talent, and before the end of that season took the public of London by storm. She has since maintained her position among the foremost operatic artists of the day, and the character of Lucia is one of the parts in which she has attained her greatest triumphs. Graceful, blonde, and prepossessing in appearance, with a good deal of vivacity in her countenance, there is, nevertheless, the most perfect girlish gentleness and refinement in her aspect, corresponding with the ideal of the heroine; and she possesses, at the same time, a complete command of all the rapidly succeeding emotions involved in the second and third acts. Her voice has rare compass and power, and she sings with delightful ease and vehability—her highest notes are about her best, and next to them her lowest. Her fine ornate version of the *cabaletta*, 'Regnare nel silenzio,' was followed by a burst of applause. Her acting and singing were extremely touching in the duet in which her brother persuades her that her lover is false, in the scene (which was encored), and in the impassioned close of the second act, where she is cursed by Edgardo. Her greatest success, however, was in the mad scene, a performance in which we equally admired her intense dramatic power and her rare flexibility of voice. In the difficult peroration her command of every sort of embellishment made a great impression, and 'Sparge d'amaro pianto' was sung with a deep pathos and vocal execution that roused the enthusiasm of the audience."

The next evening, *Il Barbiere* was performed, and introduced Mdme. Monbelli, of whom the critic thus speaks:—

"Mdme. Monbelli, who last night made her *début* here in the part of Rosina has not yet been heard in opera in London, but won golden opinions from the public at a Philharmonic concert last May, and in opera as well as concert she was delighting the visitors of Aix-la-Chapelle and Wiesbaden last July and August. She has a bright clear voice of rich and mellow quality, uniting great flexibility with marvellous power of expression, rather a mezzo-soprano than a pure soprano, which is an advantage for this *rôle*. Departing a little from some of the established conventionalities of the part, she gave us a most delightful representation of the charming, teasing, and cunning ward of Don Bartolo. Her 'Una voce' was delivered in a style both original and beautiful, and with an execution as finest as her phrasing was natural and expressive. For the lesson scene and its encore she gave two Spanish songs—one of them, 'La Calesera'—and there was a something in her acting and aspect all through the opera that was suggestive of Spanish local colouring. Mdme. Monbelli's Rosina differs exceedingly from Mdlle. Patti's. It would be hard to say which is the more delightful; but we are inclined to think that the former must be nearer the part as Rossini imagined it."

The other members of Mr. Wood's company received more or less praise, and the performances generally appear to have given much satisfaction.

NEW MUSIC.

We are always glad to welcome the music of Mr. T. M. Mudie, because well assured that anything from his elegant and scholarly pen must have a more than common value. Songs, however, we can only consider in the light of an earnest of better to follow. Remembering a certain overture in the Italian style played at a New Philharmonic concert, about two years ago, from the known arguing the unknown, we await the production of symphonies too long withheld from public notice. There are three of Mr. Mudie's songs before us. "Happy dreams" (R. Mills & Sons), in the key of F flat, and with a compass of nine notes, is remarkable for the elegance of its expressive melody, and the simple though musicianly harmonies with which it is accompanied. The words, by C. H. Mudie, are much above the average of their class. "When my thirsty soul I steep" (Cramer & Co.), a setting in G minor of Moore's well-known translation from Anacreon, takes much higher ground. There is a Handelian vigour about the music very uncommon in these degenerate days; while the happy manner in which the force of the words is heightened, and the charming contrast presented in each verse by the passage marked *a piacere*, go to make up a work of genuine merit. We have seen few songs of late worthy to be compared with this. *The Dying Gladiator* (Cramer & Co.), words by Lord Byron, is a *scena* of considerable pretensions. Mr. Mudie has treated this fine subject with freedom and power, as well as with much dramatic effect. Among the striking points in his work are—first, the expressive chromatic passage on the words, "And his drooped head sinks gradually down;" next, the charming music accompanying the allusion to the gladiator's home; and last, the exciting episode which leads to the invocation "Arise, ye Goths, arise." But the entire *scena* is deserving of attention as the work of a man who knows well how to express his ideas.

WIESBADEN.—"Better late than never" thought, no doubt, the management of the Theatre here, and, consequently, prodnced, on the 24th inst., Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*.

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PAKINGTON *VERSUS* DUDLEY.

Sir J. Pakington has addressed the following very sensible letter to the Editor of the *Worcestershire Chronicle* :—

"SIR,—I trust you will allow me to avail myself of your next publication to draw the attention of my neighbours to the critical position in which the ancient Musical Festivals of the three dioceses of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford in aid of an excellent charity, are now placed.

"The restoration of our beautiful Cathedral has been in progress for some years, but is still incomplete, and the funds raised, firstly, by the Dean and Chapter, and, secondly, by two public appeals to the liberality of the diocese, are exhausted. It was under these circumstances that, at a recent meeting of the Restoration Committee, which consists of the Bishop and the Dean and Chapter, together with certain noblemen and gentlemen connected with the diocese, the Earl of Dudley offered to give 10,000*l.* towards completing the Cathedral, on condition that the Musical Festivals should be discontinued. This is, of course, a question to be decided by the Dean and Chapter—not by the committee; and it is arranged that the committee shall meet again in Easter week to receive their answer. The temptation held out to the Dean and Chapter by such an offer is great, but the answer will probably be much influenced by any expression of the wishes of the public which they may, in the interval, receive. I was present, as a member of the committee, when the offer was made, and I met it at once by an earnest protest, and a declaration that I should do everything in my power to prevent such an arrangement. But, as an individual, I am powerless, unless I am supported in the opinions I entertain. I can only appeal to public feeling, and express my hope that it will not sanction the sudden and unnecessary destruction of an institution by which, for no less than 146 years, many a widow and orphan has been rescued from sorrow and distress, and the public have annually heard in one or other of the three cathedrals, the most sublime compositions by which the genius of man has enabled us to sing the praise of God. And where can the words of the Holy Scriptures, combined with and illustrated by those glorious compositions, be so fitly heard? Where can they excite so much devotional feeling as within the sacred walls of our finest churches? But I must not enlarge upon this part of the subject, or I shall exceed the space which I can fairly expect you to grant me. I will only say further upon this point, that, while I respect scruples which I am sure are conscientious, but which I am unable to share, I am confident that all whose sympathy and co-operation I hope to receive will join me in a feeling of extreme regret that, after the truly generous and munificent aid which our work of restoration has received from the Earl of Dudley, his lordship should have taken any course of which we cannot approve. I must not, however, close this letter without giving some information to the public as to the real financial position of the Cathedral question. I believe I am fully justified in stating, that, whether Lord Dudley's condition is objectionable or not, his offer is larger than the completion of the Cathedral requires. The estimates in the hands of the committee for finishing all parts of the restoration fall short by several hundreds of 10,000*l.* To this it may perhaps be answered that estimates are often exceeded. This is true. But it is my belief, and not without some reason, that these estimates may, with due regard to the beauty of the work, be reduced. Be this as it may, the committee have received an intimation from the Chapter that they will be able to contribute from time to time from the fund at their disposal for the maintenance of the Cathedral, &c., towards the remaining work. I am not in a position to state what may be the exact amount of this contribution, I have reason to believe that it would effect a material reduction in the sum to be obtained from other sources, and I am sanguine that whenever an appeal may be made to the diocese, to subscribe the remainder, it will meet with a response so general and so generous, as to put an end to any excuse for discontinuing our ancient Festivals, for the sake of the price that can be obtained for their abandonment. I trust this question will be decided by public opinion, on principle alone. If these sacred performances in sacred buildings are wrong—if we have all been in error for a century and a half; let them, on that ground, be stopped. If they are not wrong—if it is, as I believe, in our great churches that we can most appropriately join in 'Hallelujahs,' and declare in choral song that the 'Heavens are telling the glory of God,' let them be continued. These are my views on this interesting question, and I think it right to submit them to the consideration of the public. It will now be for those in authority in the city and county to consider what steps, if any, they may deem it to be their duty to take. For myself I will only add that I will join cordially in any movement that may be commenced, with the view of appealing to the Dean and Chapter to persevere in the course which they and their predecessors have so long adopted, and to resist every inducement to put an end to our Musical Festivals at Worcester.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

"*Westwood Park, Feb.* 14, 1870. JOHN S. PAKINGTON."

HISTORICAL MUSIC.

The production of Spohr's so called "Historical" Symphony at the Crystal Palace, and its very decided failure as a specimen of historical music, gives an opportunity for comment upon the form of art to which it belongs. Let us begin by saying that this is neither useful nor dignified. It is not useful, because we are not dependent upon modern composers for a knowledge of their predecessors. If, in politics, religion, and social life, we had full and accurate records of the past generally accessible, there would be no demand for the modern recorder of facts. This is actually the case in music. We know, or may know with very little trouble, what was the condition of music at any given epoch since it developed into a science; and may have such knowledge at first hand, because the actual compositions of the period have come down to us. Hence there is no need for the musicians of our own day to bring forward imitations. We can do without such things, and, even if they were better than they usually are, their authority compared with that of the originals lying close at hand, would amount to nothing.

But neither is the writing of so-called "historical" music dignified. Setting aside that it is not wanted, it can never have a value at what it pretends to be, those who compose the thing are little better than artistic masqueraders, dressing themselves up in the fashion of a past age to divert idle people. Of course there are occasions when, for the sake of local colour, or of "outline" hardly less important in music than in the drama, a composer has to go out of himself, and become indentified with the men of the past so far as to think their thoughts and to speak their language. An example of this was supplied at the Exeter Hall concert of Saturday week by Mr. G. A. Macfarren's *Hey-day*. In that case, the subject and all its surroundings illustrating old English life, the composer formed his music upon the old English pattern. Against a course so legitimate in its purpose and so artistic in its conception nothing can be said. But when imitation exists purely for its own sake it is an idle thing, and needs discouragement. This is the main reason why we cannot except the "Historical" Symphony of Spohr, a work ostensibly written in four different styles for no other apparent object, than to show off the fancied versatility of its composer.

But, granting that imitative music has a *raison d'être*, its existence should be held subject to certain conditions. For example, a composer may issue a series of historical sketches in chronological or any other order. Doing this he may be wasting his time, and making himself ridiculous, but nothing more. On the other hand, it cannot be permitted him to obtrude his whims on a recognized musical form to its impairment or destruction. If he chooses to make dolls for himself and dress them up in fancy costumes, nobody will trouble to say, "Don't;" but the case is different when he puts motley garments upon some classic figure. Of this latter Spohr has been guilty in his "Historical" Symphony. Such a work, as we think, is only permissible when one style is chosen—when there are four it becomes a forgfold absurdity. The unity of the symphonic form, to mention only the chief sin involved, is outraged. In Spohr's work we see that form treated as though made up of distinct parts, having no connection beyond that of accidental juxtaposition. Hence the "Historical" Symphony, so called, is, in strictness, not one work, but four, placed in the order, and, as regards mere outline, accommodated to the shape of a symphony proper. Beyond these points the difference is fundamental and essential. A symphony proper is not four works, but one; all its parts conducing to the same end, regulated by the same spirit, and indispensable to the same design. Examine any of the symphonies of Mozart or Beethoven, and this unity stands out plainly enough. The ear is led on from movement to movement as by a natural process; and at the close is satisfied with the satisfaction which a complete work of art can give. Contrast this with Spohr's production and the result is startling. In the latter we are shown a succession of phantasmagoria distorted by the medium through which they are apparent, and as distinct one from the other as the shadowy kings in *Macbeth*. Now Handel and Bach, now Haydn and Mozart, now Beethoven, and now Auber (or what is meant to be these illustrious men), pass before us till the mind is confused and definite ideas made impossible.

But there are special circumstances in the case of Spohr which make his failure more complete. We can only guess how Mozart or Mendelssohn would have succeeded with a "Historical" Symphony; and, guessing, we say they would have made the thing as interesting as

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complete imitation allows. Spohr has done nothing of the kind. His music is neither one thing nor the other. In outline it resembles the composer's model; in detail it is the pure and unadulterated composer himself. Hence the idea conveyed is, that Spohr could only catch the more obvious features of the men he copied, having no power to grasp their expression or reflect their thoughts. By this Spohr is not wronged. His was not a plastic genius, but one cast in iron. Whatever he did showed unvarying characteristics, and bore the same unmistakable stamp. The least acute judge of style can never mistake his music; for as soon as his florid harmonies, incessant modulation, and sentimental phrases appear, they are recognized with no shadow of reserve. Hence Spohr, of all eminent musicians, was least fitted for the work he undertook. Such a man contemplating dramatical music, is as though Mr. J. L. Toole appeared in the character of the lord Hamlet.

The upshot of the whole matter is not encouraging to the business of a musical masquerade. In composition, as in most other work, naturalness is best; and he most commits his own interest who, having first studied his own genius, implicitly obeys its indications, and employs the gifts of nature as nature intended. Conveying this lesson, the "Historical" Symphony is not without the use which attached to the bones of Bunyan's wandering pilgrims.

THADDEUS EGG.

MEDIÆVAL MUMMERY AT SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

(From the "Choir.")

The ceremony of installing three clergymen as prebendaries of Salisbury Cathedral, on the 12th ult., was interrupted by a protest from the Rev. H. W. Pullen, one of the minor canons, and as the canon-in-residence ruled that it could not be received, the document has since been published, thus enabling us to set some extracts from it before our readers. Mr. Pullen commences with a description of the ceremony of installation:—

"At the commencement of morning service, while three minor canons, the choristers, and the lay clerks are taking their accustomed places in the choir, the dean, canons, and prebendaries, together with those about to be installed, repair to the chapter house, where a service is performed, comprising detached portions of mediæval Latin, relieved by intervals of agreeable conversation in the mother tongue. As soon as the chanting of the psalms has begun, two minor canons leave the choir for the chapter house, where they are instructed by the dean, or 'president of the chapter,' to instal the newly-appointed prebendaries into their respective seats in due form. This they proceed to do, conducting each prebendary into the choir, standing over him as he takes possession of his stall, and pronouncing some mystical words in a language understanded of nobody at all, inasmuch as the psalms are being sung, and the organ is playing its full accompaniment throughout the ceremony. And thus the attention of the people is distracted, in the midst of a most solemn act of praise, for the mere purpose of keeping up a silly custom, derived from ancient times; only for the sake of making as much parade as possible about the conferring of a dignity which is worth absolutely nothing whatever—which is the very emptiest of all the empty honours which the Church of England has to bestow. Further, on the return of the minor canons and prebendaries to the chapter house after the installation, some more mediæval Latin, and some more scraps of agreeable conversation ensue, while the minor canon on duty reads the first lesson in the choir; after which the service is deliberately suspended until the dean and prebendaries are ready to assume their accustomed seats—or, in other words, the worship of God is made to wait, till it is convenient to the dignitaries to join in its celebration."

This proceeding Mr. Pullen proceeds to stigmatize as idle and mischievous. It is idle, he considers, because the gentlemen installed will have no real connection with or interest in the Cathedral, and he gives the following reasons in support of his second charge:—

"It is the custom, at least in this Cathedral, to draw the strongest possible line of demarcation between the prebendaries and the minor canons; a line so strong, that the latter are not only passed over perpetually, no matter how long they may have served their office, and made to yield precedence to each newly appointed prebendary; but are judged unworthy even of sitting on the same level with their brother-clergy during the performance of Divine service. The origin of these somewhat peculiar relations between them is not, perhaps, sufficiently well known. According to the primary constitution of our Cathedral, all the clergy enjoyed the rank of prebendary at least, and were all required to take an efficient part in the choral services of their Church. But as in ancient days no less than in modern, music was judged far too contemptible an accomplishment to be worth considering as a qualification for office in a musical society, each prebendary was permitted to appoint a vicar to perform his duties in the choir, while he himself resided upon some other benefice elsewhere. This vicar, as our records plainly demonstrate, was for the most part a man of vastly inferior grade; frequently not even in full orders; less frequently still, a graduate; and least frequently of all, if ever a gentleman. So convenient a custom as this, by which a prebendary could secure the enjoyment of a rich estate at the cost of some trifling annual payment to his deputy, was not likely to fall into disuse; and we, therefore, find that the office of vicar became so regularly established as to be endowed with lands and tithes through the charity of bishops or others, and even protected by Royal Charter through the favour and clemency of kings. This is the origin of all corporations of priest vicars, or vicars choral, whether they have retained their strict designation, or have adopted from cathedrals of the new foundation the more modern title of minor canon.

"Now it is possible that to such men as these it may have been no personal degradation to occupy an inferior row of seats, and to be shut out from all visible association with the higher orders of clergy. Nevertheless, such a state of things was a degradation, a most fatal degradation, to the offices which they held, and the services which they performed. It brought the music into contempt, as an exercise too mean for a prebendary, and only fit for his vicar. It generated, throughout all cathedral work, a system of deputising, whereby everybody evaded as much as he could, and transferred his duties to another. It begat a spirit of indifference among the authorities; a slovenly performance on the part of the choir; a hurried slipshod service, an irreverent demeanour, and a coldness of devotion, which is a constant reproach to us up to this very time. And because the ceremony now under discussion tends to perpetuate these abuses, by asserting that principle which I believe to be the sole origin of them all—the principle of a distinction of caste between one Cathedral clergyman and another, I call it a mischievous ceremony. It seems to me that prebendaries ought either to be done away with altogether, or required to do something more for their Cathedral than to preach one sermon a year; or, at the very least, if they be retained, it would appear only reasonable that the minor canons, being now just as much the recognized clergy of their Establishment as prebendaries were in days of old, should be raised to an equal level with their brethren, by having prebendal stalls conferred upon them. For indeed, since the relations between these two bodies are entirely changed, and the duties of the one have been permanently assigned to the other, there can be no meaning in their being both retained together; unless it be expressly intended to regard the prebendaries as an aristocracy, receiving dignity by contrast with the clergy below them. And, as the only clergy below them are the four minor canons, on whom the whole burden of the choral service falls, it follows that the maintenance of any such aristocracy is a direct insult to that service, and tends to bring sacred offices into contempt before the world. The men who are judged worthy, by the cultivation of certain natural gifts, in addition to the ordinary requirements of a clergyman, to lead the daily choral worship of a Cathedral, ought to be esteemed the highest, and not the lowest, among the ministers of their Church. It is simply ridiculous. If not something far worse, that in a Church whose distinctive feature is the celebration of a musical service, the only men on whom that Church confers any honour are those who are no musicians. It is mere empty talk to preach to crowded congregations of the reverence due to sacred offices and sacred things, when they see that the only priests on the Cathedral staff to whom no reverence is paid are those to whom these sacred offices are specially committed. It is most unreasonable that we four minor canons, who have been chanting the prayers in this Church for seven, fourteen, or five and thirty years, should have to give way again and again to each newly-appointed dignitary, in no essential respect superior to ourselves, whose place any one of us could fill with more or less efficiency, but who, on the other hand, could not sing our services to save his life."

Mr. Pullen concludes his protest by stating that he regards each successive conferring of a dignity in the Cathedral as a fresh insult to the minor canons, and expresses his belief that this insult will suffer aggravation every day until they are placed on an equality with the rest of the Cathedral clergy. The only principle of precedence which he would admit is that of seniority in years or length of service, and he would also give the minor canons, as musicians, a voice in the regulation of those musical services which are now, he is bound in conscience to declare, for the simple reason that they are in the hands of unmusical men, nothing short of a dishonour to Almighty God and a disgrace to this Church and country. Until such a reform takes place he considers that there is good reason why the public should withhold their support from the fund for restoring the Cathedral, which had better be allowed to fall into ruin than continue to foster such abuses.

A MUSICAL WEDDING.

Mr. J. Lamborn Cock, the well-known music publisher, was married on Thursday, to Miss Emma (Ellice) Jewell, the accomplished pianist. Amongst the numerous friends present on the occasion was Professor Sterndale Bennett, who composed the following "*Introit*," which was sung by the choir of St. Gabriel's Church:—

Numbers vi. 24—26:—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."—J. L. C. and E. L. C.

The *employés* in Mr. Lamborn Cock's establishment (63, New Bond Street) have presented him, as a testimonial of their good wishes, with a handsome silver inkstand, inscribed with an appropriate address.

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WAIFS.

Herr Rubinstein will visit Paris in April to fulfil a concert engagement.

M. Achard does *not* leave the Opéra Comique and go to Brussels, as reported.

Signor Schira, the eminent composer, leaves London, for Paris, on Monday.

"Beethoven Bummers" and "Midnight Caterwaulers" are the names of the singing societies of Yale College.

The appointment of organist to the Parish Church of St. Marylebone is vacant. The salary is £60 per annum.

"Mother," said a little poet of four summers, "just hear the trees makin' music for the leaves to dance by."

Mr. Alfred Holmes's *Jeanne d'Arc* will be played early in March at the Italiens, Mdlle. Krauss taking the chief part.

A grand concert in honour of Berlioz will shortly be given in Paris. Its projectors hope to give the solemnity a national character.

Mr. Benedict is credited by *La France Musicale* with writing an oratorio entitled *Petrick*.

M. Aubéry du Boulloy, a distinguished French amateur of music, died recently at Verneuil.

The French Government have made M. Paul de Saint-Victor an Inspector of Fine Arts.

Covent Garden Theatre closed its doors on Saturday, to re-open on the 29th of March, for the season of Italian Opera, under Messrs. Gye and Mapleson.

Herr Stockhausen, the great German baritone, is not engaged for the Royal Italian Opera. He will, however, pass some weeks in London during the concert season.

Mr. G. F. Anderson has retired from the post of Conductor of Her Majesty's Band, on a full pension. Mr. W. G. Cusins is appointed his successor.

M. Gueymard, the tenor, has asked permission to establish a popular opera on the Boulevard du Temple, with prices as low as 75 centimes.

In the Crystal Palace, London, an orchestra of four thousand performers can be got together in front of an audience thirty thousand strong.

Miss Vinnie Ream is said to be a singer as well as a sculptor. If the old rule holds good, one singing Ream ought to be equal to twenty tuneful quires.

A westward-bound passenger was lately surprised by the following announcement of the conductor:—"Chicago—fifteen minutes for divorces."

In our obituary is recorded the death, in Paris, of Madame Goldberg, wife of the composer and professor of that name. Madame Goldberg was well known and esteemed in London.

An Irishman, leaning against a lamp-post as a funeral procession was passing by, was asked who was dead. "I can't exactly say, sir," said he, "but I presume it's the jintleman in the coffin."

Two more decorations for artists. M. Auber is enrolled in the Order of the Osmanli, by unsolicited nomination of the Sultan; and Mdlle. Lucca has just received a Medal from the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, the vocalists (Mr. and Mrs. Maitland), have recovered damages, to the amount of £850, against the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, for injuries received while travelling on a professional tour.

Party (who has brought back the music-stool in disgust):—"Look'e 'ere, Mister Auctioneer, this plaguy thing ain't no manner of use at all; I've twisted un round, and ol' woman 'ave twisted un around, but sorra a bit of toon we can get out of un."

A Boston paper states that Mendelssohn's copy of Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* now belongs to a gentleman in that city. The book is said to be "made of extraordinary value by liberal memoranda and notes in Mendelssohn's own writing."

A New York paper, referring to a contemporary, says:—"As for Gressy *Watson's Art Journal*, it fairly reeks with the sickening slime of its abject sycophancy." Who, after this, will Americanize *all* our Institutions?

At the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, the novelties after the pantomime will be Mr. Gilbert's *Princess*, and a new play by a local journalist (Duckworth), whose wife (Miss Phillie Hall) is to sustain the part of the heroine, an actress struggling against social prejudices—hence the title of *Under the Ban*.

The chime, manufactured in France for St. Joseph's Cathedral, in New York, consists of 43 bells. They are worked by a key-board. Attached to the chime, and independent of the key-board is a clock, which is made to play any required tune on the bells, by means of 123 hammers, arranged on the outside.

The organ belonging to the new hall of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York cost 10,000 dollars. It was fully paid for, with enough left to buy a Chickering Grand, by the proceeds of a single concert, given Dec. 1st. The price of admission to this concert was four dollars.

It is doubtful whether human eccentricity ever went further than in the case of Lord Holland, contemporaneous with William III. It was his custom to regale his horses with a weekly concert. He had a gallery erected for the purpose, and maintained that the music cheered their hearts and improved their tempers.

A young and pretty lady in New Orleans has undertaken a novel missionary work, which is likely to expose her to criticism, though she is evidently in earnest. She is visiting the concert saloons in that city for the purpose of reforming the *habitués* of those establishments. Her method is to sing a few hymns at each place, accompanying herself on the piano.

Mr. Brinley Richards' "Cambrian Pinme" has lately been sung at the concert in aid of St. John's Church Fund, at Bedford, the solo being given by Mr. Clough, who was compelled to sing it twice. It has also been played at a banquet in Marlborough House, by the band of the Grenadier Guards, arranged as a quick step, by Mr. D. Godfrey, bandmaster.

There will be two Italian opera companies in the provinces this spring and ensuing autumn. The Gye-Maplesonians go to the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, while, for the first time the Royal Amphitheatre will be transformed into an Italian operahouse for the Woodites. The Schneider opera troop also visit Liverpool during the year, but we believe it is not definitely settled at which theatre they will appear.

The music in the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church costs 7,000 dollars a year. The organist gets 1,200 dollars, the conductor 2,000 dollars, the tenor 1,000, the soprano 900 dollars, the contralto 800 dollars, and the basso 800 dollars, leaving 900 dollars for incidentals. The paid singers sing the solos as concerted pieces, but the hymns are sung by the whole congregation, led by a volunteer choir of about seventy performers.

A *contretemps* occurred the other day in connection with the playbills of two of the Liverpool theatres. The "house bills" of two rival establishments are printed in the same office, and by some accident, the name of the lessees of C theatre appeared on the bills of A theatre as the "sole responsible managers and directors." As the managers of A and C are on the best of terms, nothing serious resulted—except to the printer, who got a "wigging."

The Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, under the directorship of Mr. Joseph Eldred, late of the Gaiety, one of the lessees, is recovering its old prestige. The new lessees have re-decorated the theatre, collected a first-rate "troop," and produced pieces new to the town, the Christmas burlesque being written expressly for the Prince of Wales by Mr. Brough. The company are rehearsing a fresh version of Mr. Reece's *Lady of the Lake*, which will be followed by the first production in Liverpool of Mr. Halliday's *Love's Doctor*. So far the management has given satisfaction to Liverpool playgoers, and the Prince of Wales' theatre seems recall the palmy days of Mr. Alex. Henderson.

Here is some more American "sensation" anent the late Herr Gottschalk:—

"Gottschalk was one of the few original and remarkable artists of this century. As a composer, he was himself, and not some other diluted, while as a performer, he seemed almost divine. His trill was the most rapid and equal ever heard in New York; his *staccatello* points invariably accurate. His *tours de force*, octave thunders, and *bravoures* crescendos (!) were done in so entirely exceptional a manner, that they used to send 'a cool shiver of delight' through the very marrow of his listeners. If that orator is the *soubrinquet* of the orator *par excellence* among pianists. In losing Gottschalk, the sweet singer as well as the thunderer of the piano, we, as a nation, have sustained a heavy, perhaps an irreparable loss. Alas! poor Gottschalk! we hoped soon to see and hear him again, but instead thereof we are converted into one of the thousands of mourners, who shudder to realise how sudden is the change from the intoxicating triumphs of crowded concert-rooms to the dark dank tomb, from the near presence of smiling and warm-hearted friends, to the still closer companionship of the cold clay-worm!"

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An American paper tells the following story, to which "*Se non è vero,*" &c., applies:—

"A certain stock-up lady in London, of the shoddy order, once gave a fashionable *soirée*, and to make the affair go off more brilliantly, she entered into an arrangement with Mr. and Mrs. Reward Paul to be present in the evening, and give a quotation from their entertainment. The price fixed was two guineas. 'You will dine with us,' added the lady, with a gracious smile; 'but as the dinner I offer you is worth at least a guinea—that is, two guineas for the two—I shall hand you the difference.' Pythagoras himself could not have calculated more shrewdly. Mr. and Mrs. Paul, who dearly love a joke, accepted the invitation and went next day at the hour appointed. They seated themselves gravely at the table, and enjoyed the dinner right merrily. After dessert, bold rose simultaneously, each deposited a guinea on the plate, and bowing respectfully, they ordered their carriage and disappeared, to the great astonishment of every one present. Of course the mistress of the mansion was furious—but that didn't bring back the singers."

The following is a specimen of Western American criticism:—

"Miss Jenny Busk astonished the audience by her high soprano voice. Her notes, like the 1000 dollars U. S. greenbacks, are of too high a denomination for common country currency; and suggested the probability that her music teacher occupied the summit of Mont Blanc during her rehearsals, and was 'hard o' hearing.' She beats cats on high notes. There was no music or chest tone in her voice; but it was about six octaves above the screech of a last Indian. We lost a part of Miss Busk's extraordinary performance when we noticed several opera-glasses levelled at her very 'open countenance' as she was gushing out notes at a terrific altitude, from a mouth that was a caution to sugar-plums and shad-flies."

A musical paper called the *Orpheonist*, has been started in New York. Here is a specimen of its quality:—

"In that poor, shrunken, miserable, little, ditty hebdominal, called *Watson's Weekly Art Journal* (heaven save the mark!) for December 25th, we are informed that we are a 'fishwoman,' and a 'poke-nose,' and that every one of our concerts have been failures, all of which is very great news to us. If nine years of failure have been ours, we wonder who has paid all the bills. Certainly not Henry C. Watson. We can forgive our high-minded contemporaries, for between them all we get a good laugh about once a week. When it isn't *Watson*, it is the *Weekly Review*; and when neither of these, then *Dwight* condescends to play the dancing elephant for our entertainment. When all three are sleeping, the *Season* supplies the fun—by all of which papers we here return our most grateful acknowledgments. Poor Mr. J. K. Paine comes in for a little mud, too, and the *N. Y. Tribune* gets h—l from *Watson's*. Taken altogether, since we are in such excellent company, we *rather think* we can stand it. So much for the joke of the thing. Perhaps a little earnest may come next month.

"*Postscript.*—We were lately invited to subscribe 25 dollars to a benefit fund to this same Watson, but didn't feel as we could afford it, on account of our 'failure.' So we got the backgammoning, and he *didn't* get the 25 dollars."

The price of the *Orpheonist*, outside New York, is one cent. Inside, it is given away, for the reason which may be imagined.

True genius always reaps its reward. Some very eminent musicians and composers have been known to die poor. But we may be sure they deserved no better fate. Look at Mr. Gilmore, the gentleman who "arranged" that jubilee at Boston, and first found out that a salvo of artillery was the highest form of melody. What is the lesson of his life? He has received altogether 39,628 dollars 4 cents. for teaching brawny men to hammer on anvils in unison. Recently an opera was performed in this city, written by a gentleman, who received scarcely enough for the work to enable him to live in comfort for a month. He composed a good deal of music, which is always popular wherever it is played. Moreover, he conducted orchestras, just as Mr. Gilmore did. His name was Wallace, and if he was not a man with niggard hands during his life, how could he leave money at his death? We doubt whether he received so much as 40,000 dollars all his days. But then he lived in England—perhaps that makes the difference. Mr. Gilmore may thank his lucky stars that his lot was cast elsewhere, and that he was permitted to let off his big guns and beat his anvils, not on a rugged island, but in the very centre of the universe. He may not be a greater musician than Wallace, but he made more noise in the world, and was better paid to do it.—*N. Y. Times.*

The splendid diamonds in Ole Bull's bow, which have attracted so much attention, were not the gift of a single individual, as is supposed by many. The bow is about three times the ordinary weight, and two inches longer than usual. The diamonds are the gifts of friends at various times. The large one in the end was the gift of the Duke of Devonshire, and was presented to Ole Bull under the following circumstances:—The Duke's sister, Lady Granville, then residing in Paris, was paying him a visit at his château, nine miles from London. Ole Bull, and Rubini, the famous tenor, were invited to be present at the grand reception, when each contributed his skill to enliven the occasion. The Duke being, however, unfortunately, quite deaf, could not hear many fine points of Ole Bull's violin playing, and privately told him so, at the same time desiring him to remain after the company had dispersed, and take dinner with him alone. After dinner he requested the artist to extemporize some fantasias on familiar opera airs; and in order to hear and enjoy the performance, he tied a cord to the head of the violin, and taking the other end in his mouth, seated himself opposite the musician. After playing for his gratification some considerable time, the Duke arose, and, expressing his thanks for the great happiness that had thus been afforded him, the tears streaming down his cheeks, presented a magnificent diamond ring to the violinist, at the same time remarking that it was a family relic, and begging him to keep it as a souvenir.—*New York Paper.*—[Humbug.—A. S. S.]

A rich eccentric business man of Columbus, Ohio, has recently made a will which disinherits all the natural heirs of the maker of it, and devises the entire property in trust for the establishment of an *infirmary for cats*. It provides areas for that sweet amatory converse so dear to the feline heart, and rat-holes of the most ravishing nature, to be kept well stocked. The most ingenious contrivances are provided for securing to the rat a chance for escape, so that the cats may not lose the pleasures of the chase by finding their prey come too easily. High walls are to be built, with gently sloping roofs, for the moonlight promenades and other nocturnal amusements of the cats. The trustees are directed to select the grounds for this novel infirmary in the most populous part of some great American city, and the devisees are to be protected, by a competent force of nurses, from the ravages of men and dogs. No person of the male sex is ever to be admitted within the walls, and no female who has children or is under thirty years of age. This last provision of the will is more ridiculous than the previous ones. Says the devisor: "I have all my life been taught to believe that every thing in and about man was intended to be useful, and that if it was man's duty, as lord of animals, to protect all the lesser species, even as God protects and watches over him. For these two combined reasons —first, that my body, even after death, may continue to be made useful; and secondly, that it may be made instrumental, as far as possible, in furnishing a substitute for the protection of the bodies of my dear friends, the cats—I do hereby devise and bequeath the intestines of my body to be made up into fiddle-strings, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of an accordion, which shall be played in the auditorium of the Cat Infirmary by one of the regular nurses, to be selected for that purpose exclusively—the playing to be kept up for ever and ever, without cessation day or night, in order that the cats may have the privilege of always hearing and enjoying that instrument which is the nearest approach to their natural voice."

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MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing at St. James's Hall, March 17th; and in the "MESSIAH," at Stroud, March 24th. For terms, address, 126, Regent Street, W.

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CARL MARIA VON WEBER.*

(*Continued from page* 136.)

For his concert, Weber had his *Jubilee Cantata* studied in its entirety, in addition to the other pieces. Seated in a large arm-chair; wrapped up in furs; and apparently dosing, he listened to what was being done, restricting himself to merely giving a few hints in an under-tone; once only, he seemed to recollect the happy days when he commanded his musicians of Prague and Dresden. "Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "pray stop! would you hollow like that in Heaven?" Moscheles, Hawes, Smart, and Fürstenau, assumed the whole task of organizing the concert. Weber was unable to undertake it. He was, also, compelled to renounce the idea of conducting; Cramer and Mori considered it an honour to replace him; with regard to the performance, all the great artists in England were proud to take part in it. Yet, despite all these manifestations, so soothing to his heart, the concert did not allow him a minute's repose. "It is to take place in a fortnight," he wrote to his wife. "Would you believe it? My heart beats like a child's. It is the last time that I shall ever give a concert."

The hour fixed for the concert arrived at last.—What a disappointment.—In the first place, it was the day of Epsom Races; then, Beyrer, the singer, had given, in the afternoon, a grand Musical Réunion at the Duke of St. Albans', when all the aristocracy had been present; then, it began raining in torrents; and, lastly, the Lady Patronesses of the Philharmonic Society, not having received a visit from Weber, had not troubled themselves at all about his concert. The consequence was that the Argyll Rooms were almost empty, so that his friends were absolutely ashamed, and dreaded the moment of his entering the orchestra. And, in truth, when he appeared, leaning upon the arm of his friend Smart, his lips were for a moment contracted by a bitter smile.

The *Jubilee Cantata*, which the translator entitled the *Festival of Peace*, was something marvellous. Each artist surpassed himself; then came the turn of the matchless Rieveaux, whose fine talents was justly applauded; the overture to *Oberon* was next dashed off with great spirit, Mori being the conductor; and the song of *Lalla Rookh*, followed by the overture to *Euryanthe*, completed the programme. It was the last time Weber's fingers touched the keys of the instrument to which he owed his first triumphs.

The success was great, but the receipts were nothing. What a dispositment for the dying master, deeply wounded in his *amour-propre*, his glory, and his matchless Réseuse, to leave the concert-room, he fell upon a sofa in the green-room. He said to the friends who came up and grasped his hand, "What do you say now, eh?—Weber in London!" He was attacked by a vomiting of blood, succeeded by a fainting fit of several minutes. His friends sent off immediately for Dr. Kind, his medical man, who, by a singular coincidence, was a nephew of his old companion, Franz Kind, the faithful colleague of his happy days. Blisters were applied, and Weber passed a quiet night.

The very next day, he began thinking about his benefit which was fixed for the 5th June. He was to conduct *Der Freischütz*, given in its integrity. But he soon abandoned the idea, on account of the great fatigue he had experienced after Miss Paton's benefit. In consequence of some conversations he had with Dr. Kind on the subject, Fürstenau proposed to Weber that he should return direct to Dresden, by the way of Brussels and Cologne, instead of going to Paris and stopping there a few days, as it had been settled he should do. The reader may imagine that Weber joyfully consented; as Fürstenau, too, influenced by a spirit of the profoundest devotion, renounced his own concert, and as the earlier they set out the better, the 6th of June was fixed for the day of their departure.

With what impatience the composer looked forward to that day so ardently desired! But he could scarcely stand, and he experienced such difficulty in breathing that a very movement caused him acute, excisting pain. Kind sent for the patient's intimate friends, and proved to them that the final catastrophe could not possibly be far distant. Fürstenau proposed sleeping in Weber's room, but Weber would not allow him to do so. "My dear fellows," he said, "you make me out worse than I am." He would not consent either to one of Sir George Smart's servants remaining near at hand in the next room, in case he should require anything; they could not even prevail on him to leave off boiling his door inside, as he was accustomed to do.—In consequence of more bad symptoms, Kind applied a blister to the sufferer's chest. This, as he himself writes in his note-book, procured him "a delicious night." The improvement in his condition enabled him to settle his accounts, a task in which he was assisted by Goetschen, a son of one of the musicians in the band at Dresden. He likewise begged the young man to make some purchases for his (Weber's) family.

On the evening of the 4th June, the day before that fixed for his departure, he chatted gaily with Smart, Goetschen, Fürstenau, and Moscheles, about his journey and his plans of repose at his beloved Hosterwitz. His companions listened to him, and were delighted at seeing him in so desirable a frame of mind. But as his voice was evidently growing weaker from the very excitement caused by these dreams of the past, at ten o'clock they advised him to retire. Fürstenau and Smart conducted him to his room. He bade the former good night, but kept Fürstenau, who was the only person whom he would allow to do little odd things for him. Fürstenau helped to undress him, and looked to see that the blister had not shifted from its proper place. Weber, after winding up his watch, said to him: "Now, my old friend, leave me to go to sleep." Fürstenau repeated his offer to have a bed made up in the room, but Weber would not hear of such a thing. He went with his friend as far as the door, which he shut after him, and then locked.

The friends he had left remained together till midnight, talking over the probable incidents of his journey, and seeking to devise some means of dissuading him from it. When they went out, they locked up to-gether Weber's window. He had not extinguished his light.

The next morning, early, one of Sir George Smart's servants knocked gently at Weber's door. Receiving no answer, he knocked more loudly, a thing he had never done before, as Weber slept very lightly. He then cried out for his master. The latter, suspecting what had happened, sent at once to fetch Fürstenau, who lived in the neighbourhood. The door was hastily burst open. A terrible silence reigned in the room, where the only sound was the ticking of the watch, which had been placed upon the table. Smart hurriedly pulled open the curtains, and Weber's pale face met his view. A smile played upon his lips. He was leaning on his right hand and appeared to be sleeping. A doctor was sent for instantly, and asked to bleed him. The latter took hold of his hand. All eyes were fixed upon him. Letting the hand fall again, he said: "It is no use. This person has been dead five hours!"

"He is not dead," said Fürstenau, closing his eyes; "he has returned to his fellows, the gentil and the wise!"

The news of Weber's death spread rapidly all over London. Marks of sympathy and regret were manifested everywhere, and the papers were never tired of singing the praises of the master, whose last work had been composed for England.

The Philharmonic Society headed the programme of its concert for the 12th of June with the "Dead March" from Handel's *Saul*, and the words: "As a Tribute to a departed Genius." On the 17th June, the day which had long before been fixed on for Weber's benefit at Covent Garden—the proceeds of which benefit went to swell the composer's estate—Drury Lane Theatre was closed so as not to interfere with the rival establishment. But this act of courtesy availed nothing, for the receipts barely covered the expenses. The public taste had already flocked to another idol.

A committee, headed by Smart, Moscheles, and Braham, was formed to manage the funeral. A notice appeared in the papers requesting persons desirous of joining the procession to come in mourning, and send a guinea and a half towards rendering the ceremony as solemn and grand as possible. The burial was at first to have taken place at Westminster, but the deceased composer's religion led to St. Mary's, Moorfields, being chosen, and his remains were consigned to a crypt there. A sub-committee, of which Lablache was chairman, undertook the musical part of the service; all the singers, as well as the members of the bands and choruses at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, responded to the call, and begged to have the honour of lending their assistance to this grand manifestation. But the size of the chapel did not allow the committee to accept all the offers made. Cramer, to whom this detail was confided, found himself, much to his regret, obliged to erase at least two-thirds of the names inscribed on the list.

The 15th June was fixed on for the burial, which resembled, in all respects, that of a person of the highest rank. The procession set out at nine o'clock in the morning. According to the English custom, it had a mediæval appearance, adding still more to the effect such lugubrious processions would otherwise produce. Heralds dressed in mourning, and pages led the way. Then came the hearse, drawn by six horses, and having on it Weber's family arms, and the simple word, "*Resurgam*" in gold letters. It was followed by sixteen mourning

* From the *Guide Musical*.

In its number for the 13th May, 1826, the *Mercure de Londres*, a French review, edited by P. Chatelain, announces a performance for the next day but one, at the French Theatre, of a romance, accompanied to the bills, "devait assister le célèbre auteur de *Der Freschuitz*" (*sic*) "Carl Maria von Weber." This performance, again according to the bills, was made up of "*Les deux Cousins, ou l'Ecole du Scandale*, vaudeville en trois actes, imité de la comédie *The School for Scandal*, de Sheridan; *M. Bonnefils*, comédie en un acte (de M. de Jouy); CARL MARIA WEBER *en Voyage*, petit apropos à l'occasion d'un grand compositeur, en un acte mêlé de musique." We have been unable to discover whether Weber went to witness the performance.—*Note by the Ed. of the "Guide Musical."*

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coaches, and a countless number of private carriages, containing all the celebrities then residing in London. The clergy, headed by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Westminster, came to receive the body on its entrance into the chapel, and, at the same moment, the grandiose accents of Mozart's *Requiem* :—

"Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!"

re-echoed beneath the vaulted roof to salute the great master in the name of that art of which he was so illustrious a representative.

Weber's last wish, his ardent desire to repose among those belonging to him, was not fulfilled. Various letters, at various periods, appealed to German patriotism to restore his ashes to their native land; but these isolated appeals met with only a feeble response, when, in 1841, the paper, the *Europa*, published an article, saying that: "It was now time to dig in German soil a tomb for the German bard." The article created a sensation, and, shortly after its publication, a committee was formed in Dresden to carry out the object it advocated. The *Liederspiel* here had the honour of contributing the first obolus to the national work, and other societies imitated their example. The subscriptions came in rapidly. Suddenly the Government completely damped the pious zeal of Weber's countrymen, by stating that permission to remove the body would be refused by England. Shortly afterwards, the Committee, having no longer any reason for continuing in existence, was dissolved.

Two years subsequently, Baron Max von Weber,* the composer's eldest son, being in London for the purpose of completing his scientific education, wrote to his mother, saying that, thanks to his influence and his high connections, he hoped to obtain the authorization they so ardently desired. On the receipt of this intelligence, which was confirmed a short time afterwards, a new Committee was formed, with Richard Wagner for chairman. Contributions were forwarded from all quarters to that devoted friend of Weber's family, who then occupied at Dresden the post which the composer of *Der Freischutz* had rendered celebrated. A few weeks later, the Committee declared the subscriptions closed.

On the 25th October, 1844, the "John Bull," bearing the precious remains, was moored at Hamburgh. The remains were solemnly received on reaching the composer's native land. Having been conveyed up to Dresden, they were placed on a vessel which was to transport them to the qual opposite the Theatre. The ceremony took place at night. All the bands, all the societies, and all the academies of the place were drawn upon the qual, as were, also, the deputations. The mortuary bark, bearing a catafalco, brilliantly lighted up, moved slowly along upon the river. When this bark reached the qual, the coffin, by means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance, rose of itself from among the torches. It was greeted by the cheers, a thousand times repeated, and by the applause of the immense crowd which lined the qual. The procession, constellated with countless torches, was immediately formed, and set out to the strains of a march composed by Herr Richard Wagner, on motives from *Euryanthe*. At the entrance to the cemetery were all the persons connected with the Theatre. At their head were Mdmes. Schröder-Devrient, Spatzer, and Gentiluomo. A short service was performed in the mortuary chapel, the torches were extinguished and the crowd dispersed. But there remained, in front of the mortuary, a poor woman, broken and aged by grief. She was supported by her son, who did not venture to disturb her profound sorrow, which burst forth with fresh intensity by the side of the beloved remains within the coffin.

Early the next day, the crowd returned to the cemetery, and the ceremony of inhumation began. After a majestic chorus by Wagner, and the last benediction, the composer was lowered into the tomb which already contained the body of Alexander, his youngest son, who had died in London a short time previously. Max von Weber threw the first spadeful of earth on the coffin; the persons nearest him imitated his example, and the tomb was filled with laurels and garlands.

Weber, "the German Bard," reposed in German soil.

Edmond Neukomm.

* Herr von Weber—who is an excellent musician, by the way—had the good taste not to embrace an artistic career. He profited by the example of Mozart's sons, who were friends of his father. He studied engineering, and now holds the position of Director-General of the Royal Railways of Saxony. After the Telegraphic Congress of Paris he was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Among other orders he is decorated with that of Saxony, which Count Vitzthum vainly endeavoured to procure for his father. He is an excellent writer, and, in addition to the work which serves as a basis to the present biographical sketch, and which is really a monument raised to his father's memory, he is the author of a great many romances and stories, though he is better known by his professional works, which are highly esteemed by his brother-engineers. He has also, published a remarkable book on Algeria, where he endeavoured to found German colonies. His son, Carl Maria, will be an engineer like himself. This young man studied at the Polytechnic School, Dresden.—Ed. Neukomm.

THE REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE OF FRANCE.

Few subjects can be found more interesting than this. During the French Revolution all kinds of social problems were solved, and among others, that, not previously attempted, of a perfectly free stage was dealt with. In early days of Greece even, the necessity was felt of some form of authority to be exercised over the stage. Writers, of all classes, from Plato downwards, have seen the abuses to which absolute license in theatrical affairs might lead. In the days of the Athenian comedy, accordingly, and in all days since, with the single exception of a short period during the French Revolution, some form of authority has been exercised. With the fall of the Bastille in Paris the censure ceased. Suard, who was then the censor, still exercised a pretended surveillance, but the discharge of his duties was confined to licensing every piece he had previously rejected. Not long was the experiment allowed to continue. One form of censure replaced another and did not prove less efficient. The tyranny of King Mob proved at least equal to that of King Law, and the voice of the people arrested more summarily the progress of a piece or the indiscretions of an actor than the most active and meddlesome of censors. During the time of the Revolution, however, a licence not before observable was witnessed. The pieces then produced were of a kind not previously or since exhibited, and the entire performances cast a light upon the history of that great movement of which the end is yet far beyond our ken. A history of the theatre during that period is, of course, a history of the changes of thought which attended the progress of the Revolution, and so correct are the indices afforded it would hardly be too much to say that from the plays produced and without aid from any other source, a full and fairly satisfactory and philosophical history of the French Revolution might be compiled.

Under ordinary conditions, the light cast by the stage upon history is very small. A sense of the danger attending any theatrical meddling with politics is generally experienced, and a tolerably complete approach to impartiality, for the stage, in other countries, is purchased by its observing rigidly the law of non-interference with religion and politics. Timidity, accordingly, for the most part, the stage follows at some distance the progress of political events, and the fact that a political struggle is referred to in comedy may be accepted as proof that all excitement connected with it at that period was over. During the progress of the French Revolution one period alone is found in which the vast majority of the pieces produced were political. This opinion became the real censor of the stage. Sauterne and his Sans-culotte attended every performance, and if anything was said derogatory from the dignity of his Majesty the People, took care it was immediately expunged. When this tyranny was at its height, when the reign of terror was established in France, when the penalty for any action construable by a refinement of ingenuity into disloyalty was immediate and final, the dramatists, naturally, were panic-stricken. Considerable courage was, indeed, necessary to write a drama in which a heedless line, or one even capable of misinterpretation, consigned to a certainty the author's head to the guillotine. While, accordingly, the terrible *théâtre rouge* was being exhibited in the streets of Paris, those theatres that still kept opened their doors gave quiet and inane operas. Such a more serious contrast could scarcely be afforded than that of the grim tragedy without and the prettily warbled love-notes of shepherds and shepherdesses within the theatres. To show how far the public supervision was exercised, a single anecdote will suffice. In a play on a scriptural subject, that of *Susanna*, an objection was made to the elders passing sentence upon her—"*Vous êtes ses accusateurs, vous ne pouvez pas être ses juges.*' in these words the audience saw an allusion to the trial of Louis XVI., then proceeding. A tremendous storm was aroused, and the author was obliged to make ample amends for a line that might (or might not) have been perfectly void of malicious intention.

Very simple works followed the first capture of the Bastille. So sudden was that event that the revolutionary dramatists were scarcely prepared for it. They would otherwise have had pieces ready to commemorate adequately their triumph. Those writers who first produced plays bearing upon the altered state of affairs were as a rule timid, and their efforts were merely translations of cheap romances or the fraternity between people of unequal station was sometimes the climax of any interest. A nobleman allowing his daughter to marry a workman, or his son to marry a daughter of one of the people, was a not uncommon denouement to a drama. Marie Joseph Chenier, brother to André Chenier, the celebrated poet, was the first man to bring upon the stage a work thoroughly impregnated with republican ideas. His *Charles IX.; ou, La Saint Barthelemy*, a tragedy, to which after its success he added the title, *L'école des Rois*, was sent to Suard, who read it but declined to authorize its production. This was, indeed, not the first time it had come before him. His permission for its performance was timidly withheld, and he was backed in his demand by the commune. But the public in their mood of triumph were not likely to be baulked in their pleasure. They insisted upon its performance, and Suard and the com-

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mone gave in. *Charles IX.* was full of incidents and phrases upon which the populace could seize. In *Charles IX.* monarchy was assailed, and in the cardinal religion. The monarch sat upon the stage and fired upon his defenceless subjects, while the cardinal exhorted the troops to the murder of the Huguenots, and blessed and consecrated the weapons with which their murder was to be accomplished. Though considered, when first played, a work of great boldness, *Charles IX.*, as might be expected, was but tame besides works which were to follow. So long as Marie Antoinette and Louis were alive a species of antagonism was exhibited. Pieces the end of which was unmistakably to incite animosity against the King or the Autrichienne, were played at one theatre, and were followed at another by dramas exhorting to mercy and to the suppression of disorder. Some of the later pieces were exceptionally bold, and were produced at a time when the courage of author and actor must have been well tried.

While the result of the trial of Louis was yet doubtful, Léon de Laya gave at the Théâtre Français his *Amis de Lois*, a piece in which Frenchmen were strongly urged to resist the attempt that was made to lead them into the paths of cruelty and brutality. This piece incurred, of course, the admiration of Santerre, and its performance was after a time prohibited. We are not sure that the pieces in which the crusade against the revolutionary government is maintained are not the most interesting of the epoch. Martainville, and after him Picard and Duval, wrote appropriate sketches upon the law concerning "the suspected." This terrible "loi des suspects," a measure so strong that it frightened the very men by whom it was proposed and carried into effect, was the subject of able ridicule. The piece of Martainville, produced at the Variétés, the 14th Pluviôse, An III. (23rd April, 1795), showed how the inhabitants of a village being told to furnish a list of the "suspects," could not understand the phrase, and furnished, for honour and reward, a list of their worthiest citizens. The irony of this piece is strong. In the second piece, *Il faut surveiller les Suspects*, a government agent is introduced smoking a pipe and boasting of his employment. "I am a Jacobin, and am called Gracchus Courantin; I am agent of the government, yet the commune is not under arms to receive me. Very well. I will take tempest in which France then was, myself by destroying it. (Taking his notes.) I am not dissatisfied with myself. In the next township I have arrested fifty people; seventeen women, ten rich farmers, three scholars, and the rest nobles and priests. I have established three prisons on the model of those in Paris. I have drunk delicious wines without paying for them. I have a portfolio fill of assignats. I drink the wine of the aristocrats. *Vive le Republique.*" It required courage, amounting almost to heroism, to write or to speak these words in the tempest in which France then was.

Before the Republic gave way to the Empire a large production of the plays acted had a bearing upon England. It was a constant dream of the Republicans to cross the Channel, fraternize with the English, who were supposed to be ripe for rebelling their coming, and end all by serving George III. as Louis had been served. Some pieces, in which Grey, Fox, and Sheridan, are represented singing the "Ca Ira" in caps of liberty, while George III. is carried through the streets in a cage with other like matters, are very droll.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ed. Devrient has resigned his post as Director-General of the Grand-Ducal Theatre. The Grand-Duke has conferred on him the Commander's Cross of the Zähringer Löon, a noble heraldic animal, of which the Grand-Duke is the legitimate metaphorical Van Ambrugh.

DRESDEN.—There was some talk of getting up a festival to celebrate the fact that, on the 6th inst., half a century will have elapsed since F. Schneider first produced his *Weltgericht* at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic. On the 13th April following it was performed in the University Church of the same city.

BRUSSELS.—"Er liebt mich—liebt mich nicht." "He loves me—loves me not," says Margaret in the garden. "He'll bring it out—he'll not produce it," says the theatre-goer in this capital, as, utterly bewildered by the course pursued by the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, he plucks to pieces, thought by thought, his power of prophecy with reference to Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. We stated in a late number of the *Musical World* that there were grave doubts as to whether this opera, after all, would be promised for ever so long, would see the footlights at the above theatre after all. These doubts are still entertained, and lets freely taken that the admirers of Herr Wagner's music (as it is called) will have to borrow the line, "Leb wohl mein, lieber schwann!" ("Farewell, dear swan!") from the first act, and, speaking in their own persons, apply it to the celebrated bird, even before they have seen him. Meanwhile, the management have produced Signor Ricci's opera, *Une Folie à Rome*, but it has not achieved a very decided success. It is true that the artists were far from doing it justice.

ST. THOMAS'S CHORAL SOCIETY.

Usually concerts given by local societies for local objects do not repay attention. This, however, cannot be said of a performance which took place in St. James's Hall, last Thursday week, under the direction of Mr. Randegger, who brought forward a new but well-trained body of voices—the St. Thomas's Choral Society—in connection with a programme of singular interest. The result was an exceptional audience such as is only attracted by exceptional means. A symphony in G minor, the work of Etienne Henri Méhul, opened the proceedings, and was performed for the first time in seventeen years. To the majority certainly the French composer, who held so prominent a place through the stormy years of the Republic and Empire, is barely known by name. The fate has befallen him common to so many excellent masters unfortunate enough to be contemporary with the giants of music. True, English amateurs of the better informed order are more or less acquainted with *Joseph* and with the interesting programme overture to *Une Chasse de Jeune Henri*; but, apart from these, Méhul's forty-two operas are out of sight and mind. As regards his symphonies, orchestral concert-givers seem to have forgotten them. If we may judge by the composer's biography in M. Felix Clement's *Musiciens Célèbres*, they are as little honoured in their native country. M. Clement, while devoting ample space to the "Chant du Départ" and the "Hymne à la Raison," briefly and contemptuously dismisses the symphonies as "*compositions froides qui firent assister le public au déclin pour mieux dire définitif d'un grand maître.*" It would appear from this that M. Clement knew nothing at all about them; and if so with him, how with the general body of his compatriots? Very few of Thursday's audience, we hope, would style the symphony in G minor a "*composition froide*," because, as a matter of fact, it is distinguished by symmetry, tunefulness, and a masterly working out of ideas only found in the best examples of the school of Haydn and Mozart. We might bring forward portions of each movement in proof; but it will suffice to mention the *andante* and the *scherzetto*, which are in the highest degree excellent. Let us hope that, having now heard one of Méhul's symphonies, we shall soon hear others. Music of so good a sort repays not less than it deserves attention. Mr. Randegger's *Medea* followed. This strange and effective scena was first performed at Leipsic by Madame Rudersdorff; and next at Norwich by Mdlle. Tietjens, on each occasion successfully. Good luck has now attended it for the third time. In fairness we must credit this last result equally to the music and the singer. Madame Rudersdorff, who has rarely been heard to more advantage. She did her work magnificently, alternating dramatic energy and tender sentiment in a manner beyond reproach. Never was recall more fairly earned. The serenade by Mozart, which attracted some notice at the late Norwich Festival, was another feature in Thursday's concert. We have already said all that is necessary about this trifle; and there only remains to point out that, though a trifle, it ought to be played well, or not at all.

The second part was wholly taken up by Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, in which Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Winn appeared as soloists. We are glad to see Mr. Sullivan's work strengthening its hold upon public favour, a result sure to follow performances like that under notice. Mr. Randegger's choristers acquitted themselves so well that it was not once needful to remember the youthfulness of their association. Even "They went astray," and "O that men would therefore praise the Lord," were delivered with almost entire correctness. That the St. Thomas's Choral Society has by no means wasted the first year of its existence is, therefore, tolerably clear. Among the more successful solos were "O that thou hadst hearkened" (Mdme. Rudersdorff); and "Love not the world" (Mdlle. Drasdil). Mr. Byron, who accepted his task at short notice, strengthened the impression made by his recent singing in *The Seasons*; Mr. Winn was hardly less satisfactory. Mr. Randegger conducted throughout with marked ability.

A STRANGE BOUQUET.—As a pretty general rule it may be asserted that the walls in the drawing-rooms, or salons, of celebrated artists are ornamented with wreaths, medallions, and other tokens of triumphs achieved. But nothing of the kind is visible in Mad. Alboni's drawing-room. One thing, however, rather astonishes the visitor, and that is a collection, under a glass shade, of tufts, such as are used to ornament the shakos worn by French soldiers. These tufts are arranged in the form of a bouquet, and the following story is connected with them:—On one occasion that Mad. Alboni sang at the Theatre in Metz, she raised the audience to a more than ordinary degree of enthusiasm. The stage was inundated with bouquets, wreaths, and—shako-tufts. The last were flung by the fair artist's martial admirers, who had not flowers or wreaths, any more than money for the purchase thereof, but who, for all that, were quite as ecstatic as the civilian spectators. Mad. Alboni had all the tufts carefully collected, and they were the only tokens she carried away with her of her triumph at Metz

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Respecting the first appearance, this season, of Madame Schumann, at the Monday Popular Concerts, the *Globe* comes across the second trio by Mendelssohn for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and writes as follows:—

"In Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, the two accomplished performers (Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim) appeared together, the party being completed by Herr Daubert. As might have been expected, their performance separately left little to be desired. Of the *ensemble*, however, it is impossible to say as much. Madame Schumann played on one of the most recent specimens of those formidable pianofortes, which, however suited or needed to hold their own against an orchestra of modern magnitude, are altogether out of proportion in intensity with the most sonorous specimens that can be found of the violin class, even in the hands of a Joachim or a Wilhelmj. A wider departure from the intention of a composer than the combination of one of these monstrous instruments with a single violin and violoncello could hardly be made, unless it were substituting a cornet-à-piston for the one or a trombone for the other, supposing for a moment that it were possible to execute the violin and violoncello passages upon them. For a solo, a piano—or rather a *forte*—of this class may or may not be well suited; any inconvenience attending it is confined to him or her who plays upon it. If such instruments, however, are finally admitted into concerted music, it is not difficult to foresee the eventful result—the doubling, trebling, or quadrupling of the concurrent parts: in other words, the annihilation of chamber music. For this, it is to be hoped, the world is not yet prepared, though how soon the preparation may be completed it would be rash to say."

The *Globe* is mysterious, but doubtless has a hidden (esoteric) meaning.

Ash Wednesday and the Theatres.

The following sensible letter from "A London Manager" appeared in Wednesday's *Daily Telegraph*:—

"Sir,—Belonging, as I do, to an overmuch licensed and supervised class, I venture, with great diffidence, to utter a mild protest against the compulsory closing of theatres on Ash Wednesday. To-night the refined and intellectual entertainment which I am in the habit of placing before the public is suspended by an order of the Lord Chamberlain, and my patrons are thrown into the arms of those who provide what I have been taught to regard as a much lower form of amusement. The two hundred and eighty intelligent beings in my employment are, with two exceptions, deprived of this night's work and their night's salary, the exceptions being a young lady with a voice, who will sing at three concerts in the course of the evening, and an active young pupil comedian, who will perform at a country theatre about one hundred miles from London. Some of the less fortunate members of my company have asked me why the law compels us to take a holiday in the stormy months of February or March, while the Crystal Palace represents the *opéra bouffe* of *Barbe-Bleue*, and most of the great music halls and casinos remain open. They are scarcely consoled when I tell them, that places licensed by the magistrates have been allowed to break the strict letter of the law with impunity, while theatres licensed by the Lord Chamberlain have been ruled with more unbending severity. The Church has, doubtless, still much to do with these Lenten prohibitions, and yet the Church is not above drawing some portion of its sustenance from the playhouse. I pay about two hundred pounds a year in Church and Rector's rates, and have never even had a prayer offered up for the success of my entertainment."

Herr Raff at the "Palace."

In its notice of last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks thus of Herr Raff's music:—

"An *adagietto* and *scherzo* from Raff's *Suite* in C were in the programme for the first time. Joachim Raff, who, we are assured, 'has a certain fame on the Continent, and is in every respect a composer of our day'—a doubtful compliment by-the-bye—belongs to the class Mr. Manns delights to patronise. He produces much of an 'advanced' German kind, and varies this occupation by writing in defence of his faith, and of its prophet, Wagner. No wonder is, therefore, that Mr. Manns did not turn the light of Raff upon us long ago. But, judging from the movements played on Saturday, the loss arising from Raff's absence has not been serious. True, there are features in his music of such merit as belongs to occasional tunefulness, and to a picturesque use of the orchestra. But these are neutralised by other features of an opposite sort. Herr Raff seems one of those men who so rarely lay hold of a melody that, having done so, they immediately get all they can out of it by putting it to the 'question.' There is an example in the *adagietto*, where pretty if not original themes are tortured to an insupportable degree. Again, both movements display an almost feverish anxiety to be original, which in the absence of adequate power only leads to 'great cry and little wool.' The ostentatious challenge to attention of the *scherzo*, for example, is to the actual result what the gorgeous 'canvas' of Mr. Magsman's show was to Chops and his fellow-phenomena. Mr. Manns hopes to introduce the whole work; but how far this feeling is shared by others remains very doubtful."

Chevalier Balfe.

Apropos of the honour recently conferred upon Mr. Balfe by the Emperor of the French, the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday said:—

"We have a Sir Michael Costa; we may have, some day, a Sir Jules Benedict; but the *Gazette* has not yet chronicled the creation of Sir Michael Balfe. The genial composer of so many delightful operas, the man of many melodies, the English Auber, has long since passed the meridian of life; he has fought a good fight, and has rendered bright services to the muse of his charming and humanizing art; but, in his own country, away from the ranks of his profession, he is nobody. He is not even an Academician—for Musical Academy, in the proper sense of the term, England has none. The establishment in Tenterden Street is merely a musical school. Yet has Mr. Balfe, quite ignored and unrecognised by authority in his native land, been just raised to the chivalric grade. A telegram informs us that the Emperor Napoleon has conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the author of the *Bohemian Girl*. As Mr. Balfe looks at the glittering bauble, and fastens the ribbon to his button-hole, he may derive additional pleasure from the reflection that he will not be allowed to wear his decoration in England without express permission from the Crown; and that such permission is, as a rule, only granted to members of the military and naval services. Perhaps, if Mr. Balfe had been bandmaster of the 5th Foot, he might be permitted to wear his cross, and might have earned a few war medals besides; but, as it is, he must keep the Legion of Honour for the Tuileries. At St. James's such a sight as the unauthorized badge on the breast of a civilian, and that civilian a musician, would fill the whole of the Lord Chamberlain's department with horror."

PROPOSED OPERA FOR BOMBAY.

The following letter appeared in the *Times of India*:—

"Sir,—May I venture to enquire whether any steps have lately been taken with reference to a new Opera-house for Bombay? It is unnecessary to say that the present Grant Road Theatre is unworthy of the dignity and importance of this thriving and prosperous city, and the locality is far from being the most choice and convenient.

"In Calcutta, the Opera has become quite an institution of society; and although they boast of no permanent Operahouse, their present structure answers every purpose until such time they can afford to erect a *pucka* building. Is there, then, no public spirit, no energy, no enterprise amongst the musical society of Bombay to make a stir in this matter. Many months ago I was associated with several friends in trying to promote the interests of Signor Steffani in establishing a yearly operatic season here, but our united efforts signally failed. Since then I have had the pleasure of attending several operas in Calcutta, and I now feel the more convinced that it requires only a certain amount of determination and support to place Bombay on a footing with the sister presidency in this one particular. The residents of Bombay are yearly increasing, and immediately railway communication is established with Calcutta and the North-west, a constant stream of strangers, &c., will be passing through here, and hence a great support may be calculated on from this fact.

"A general description of the Operahouse at Calcutta may perhaps enable us to judge how far it is practicable to erect a similar building here. The structure is only temporary, and built entirely of wood and corrugated iron; its external design has no pretensions whatever, but its interior is carved out in a simple and effective manner. The plan is well arranged, both for seeing and ventilation, and considering it to be only a temporary building, it has a most substantial and genuine appearance when lighted up.

"The Governor having recently paid a visit to the Opera at Calcutta, we may doubtless calculate on his Excellency's support both pecuniarily, and also in providing an appropriate piece of ground in a central locality; and let us hope that no time may be lost in giving effect to what I have suggested, and that arrangements be made with Signor Steffani, of Milan (who so ably conducted the opera here of 1866), to bring out a first-rate company for next season. I would suggest that the building in question should not only be the Operahouse and Theatre, but also a place for holding choral and musical meetings and concerts. The floor might also be constructed so as to admit of being converted into a ball-room where the assemblies, &c., might be held. If these few suggestions are the means of stirring up the Bombayites to do like unto the Calcuttaites, I shall have no occasion to regret signing myself—Yours truly,

W. P."

Darmstadt.—Herr Niemann has been singing here.

Leipsic.—At the concert for the benefit of the Orchestra-Pension-Fund, the programme included, among other things, Sterndale Bennett's Overture to Thomas Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*. It was much applauded. Müdle. Emma Brandes, from Schwerin, played Beethoven's Piano Concerto in E flat major, besides smaller pieces by Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Heller. Mdme. Peschka-Leutner sang some songs by Mozart and Winter, and the orchestra performed Hector Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture.

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THREATENED.

What is threatened? Only the existence of an ancient Festival; and the credit of a dean and chapter.

Musical readers will, doubtless, remember that just before the Worcester Festival of 1866, Earl Dudley showed a sudden and violent repugnance to its celebration. As far as repugnance goes the noble lord was not alone. Many other good and pious men cannot persuade their consciences to accept musical entertainments in a cathedral. For the most part, however, they are satisfied to hold aloof from the affair. If they are not *for* the Festival, they are not *against* it, in the sense of taking active measures. But passive opposition did not suit the ardent zeal of Lord Dudley. He looked about him for some weapon wherewith to demolish the sacrilegious institution which the last piety of 150 years has encouraged. Looking about, his eye lighted upon his money-bags and kindled with the satisfaction money-bags can so readily excite. Here was something more formidable than public protests, or private influence, and Lord Dudley lost no time in setting it to work. So an offer was made to give the Charity supported by the Festival, as much cash as the Festival was likely to bring, provided the Cathedral performances were abandoned. Such an offer, coming from such a quarter, at a time when it was needful to conciliate long purses for the sake of Cathedral restoration, was a potent affair, and the Festival's supporters were naturally anxious. As all the world knows, the offer was declined, the Festival took place, and proved a greater success than might have been expected with Lord Dudley and his brethren everywhere praying against it. His first assault beaten off, the noble lord waited his opportunity for another. Meanwhile, he gave liberally to the Restoration Fund. Before the Festival of last year nothing was heard of Lord Dudley, and sanguine folk imagined he had become reconciled to a passive attitude. Not so, however. That great champion of cathedral sanctity has just made a second, and more formidable attack, on a weak point of his enemy's defence. The dean and chapter of Worcester have a noble edifice within £10,000 of complete renovation, and we need not say that, in such a case, the last £10,000 is the most difficult to obtain. Seeing this, Lord Dudley now offers that sum, tied to his old condition—the giving up of the Festival. The bait is a tempting one, and we feel much for the intended victims, because it is put before them in the name of zeal for the House of the Lord, which they are officially bound to respect and encourage. At present the dean and chapter are deliberating, and while they debate the matter, it behoves the friends of the Festival to be up and doing on their side of the question.

Happily, the Festival has friends of a sort which must give Lord Dudley some disquiet. The belted earl put his lance in rest, but when his trumpeters sounded defiance, an answer came from the direction of Westwood Park, and Sir John Pakington is now seen "pricking across the plain" armed, very strongly, with common sense and good feeling. What will be the issue of the fight between the golden earl and the doughty baronet?

As to the side on which public sympathy lies there can be no more doubt than as to the course which interest, as well as duty, suggests to the dean and chapter. If the Cathedral authorities swallow Lord Dudley's bait, it will be said of them, not without good reason, that either they abandoned a good institution for money down; or that for years they supported a bad one from which they could only be induced to separate by bribes. THADDEUS EGG.

ORGAN NEWS.

Specification of the organ at St. John's Church, Waterloo, Liverpool. Builders, Messrs. Bishop & Starr :—

GREAT ORGAN.—CC to F.

Open Diapason	Flute, 4 ft., tenor C
Dulciana, tenor C	Twelfth
Clarabella "	Fifteenth
Stopt, Bass	Sesquialtera
Principal	

SWELL ORGAN.—CC to F.

Double Stopt Diapason, tenor C	Principal
Violin, open	Piccolo
Metallic Flute, tenor C	Oboe, tenor C
Stopt Bass	Cornopean
Lieblich Flute, 4 ft., tenor C	

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC to E.

Bourdon

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great | Pedal to Great

SWELL.

Three Combinations to Great Organ.

The instrument was opened on the 23rd ult., by Mr. J. J. Monk, who played an admirable selection of music, including Bach's great fugue in G minor; march in C from Ousley's *St. Polycarp*; offertoire in F (Wely), and the march from Costa's *Naaman*. A local paper says:—"The organ is a really splendid instrument, and its manifold beauties were ably displayed."

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—A correspondent writes as below:—

"The Monday Popular Concert at the Ulster Hall was fully equal to anticipation. Madame Thaddeus Wells was in excellent voice. In 'Ye Little Birds' (Bishop), she was encored, as well as in 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.' The flute solos of Mr. Henry Nicholson were a treat, and did more than sustain his reputation, as one of the best performers on that instrument. His solos —Fantasia on Airs from Benedict's Opera, *The Lily of Killarney* and 'Drouet's Variations on 'Rule, Britannia'—were both encored. Mr. Collier, as usual, displayed the power of an adept on the grand organ. The attendance was not so large as it should have been."

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Scotsman* of Monday last:—

"At the organ performance on Friday afternoon, in the Music Class-room, Professor Oakeley played the following music, prefaced by a few remarks on some of the pieces:—

"Prelude, and Fugue on the notes B A C H, C. P. E. Bach; Air and Chorus, 'The marvellous work' (*Creation*), Haydn; Andante in F, string quartet, No. 2, Mozart; Theme and Five Variations (*Septuor*), Beethoven; Adagio, Scotch Symphony, No. 3, Mendelssohn; Andante, No. 2 of second set of *Organ Pieces*, S. S. Wesley. Choruses by Handel; 'How excellent Thy name, O Lord' (*Saul*), 'May no rash intruder,' Nightingale Chorus (*Solomon*), 'Let their celestial concerts all unite' (*Samson*).

"The theme and variations in Beethoven's septet would, the Professor remarked, be heard on Saturday afternoon at the last of the excellent concerts of chamber music; and the *adagio* in the Scotch Symphony may, to some extent recal the 12th of this month. The second number of Dr. Wesley's *Organ Pieces* consists of a melody in F sharp minor, with a light variation introducing a finte stop with effect. Mr. Oakeley announced that his next lecture on Mediæval Music would be given on Friday."

CANTERBURY.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The Corn Exchange was completely filled last week at a concert for a local charity. The principal attraction was Mrs. Frances Tallourd, the well-known amateur vocalist, who is never tired of giving her valuable services in aid of the worthiest of causes. The audience, duly appreciating her talent, warmly applauded each of her songs, especially 'The Lover and the Bird,' which they would have willingly heard thrice in succession had the singer been willing."

BRESLAU.—Middle. Marie Krebs appeared at the tenth *Soirée* of the Association for Chamber Music, and played various pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Bach, Chopin, and Liszt.—Herr Bernhard Hahn, organist of the Cathedral, died on the 16th ult., aged forty-eight. Herr Hahn enjoyed a high reputation in Germany for his playing and compositions.

Lines for Music.

THEN AND NOW.

A shading oak—a slope of green,
A river gliding by;
And coming up the winding path—
Half hidden from the eye—
A maid, in all the bloom of youth,
Resplendent in her grace,
Whom I await, with beating heart,
At our old trysting place.

And there, beneath the spreading tree,
We linger many an hour,
Dreaming sweet dreams of boundless hope,
Love's dreams! (O precious dower!)
Her dear face rests upon my breast,
We speak with murmured breath,
Those golden words, from soul to soul,
Which triumph over death!

I passed the spot not long ago,
The stately Oak stands there!
The river still rolls swiftly on
Beside the green slope fair.
But up the shaded, winding path,
There comes, Ah! never more!
That Form unto our trysting place,
As in the days of yore.

HENRY C. WATSON.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MORNING PERFORMANCE,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 5TH, 1870,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in D major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ..... *Mozart.*
SONG, "The Garland"—Mr. CUMMINGS ..... *Mendelssohn.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ ..... *Beethoven.*
BARCAROLLE and SCHERZO, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—HENRY JOACHIM ..... *Spohr.*
SONG, "O ma maîtresse"—Mr. CUMMINGS ..... *F. David.*
SEPTET, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass—MM. CHARLES HALLÉ, ROCKSTRO, BARRET, C. HARPER, STRAUS, PRATTEN, and PIATTI .. *Hummel.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 7TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

FANTASIA and CHORALE for Organ—Master ARTHUR LE JEUNE ..... *Smart.*
ANDANTE and FUGUE, in E minor (posthumous), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI ..... *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "L'Addio"—Miss ENSEQUEZ ..... *Mozart.*
FANTASIA CHROMATICA for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ ..... *Bach.*

PART II.

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI ..... *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Linden Tree"—Miss ENSEQUEZ ..... *Schubert.*
SONATA, in G major, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. CHARLES HALLÉ and JOACHIM ..... *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 8s.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

DEATHS.

On the 24th ult., in her 82nd year, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. HENRY T. SWAYNE, Professor of Music, and daughter of Mr. Henry White, Musicseller, Oxford Street.

On the 27th ult., of softening of the brain, BIANCHI JOHN, eldest and much beloved son of JOHN BIANCHI TAYLOR, of Bath.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

A WANDERING MUSICIAN.

LAST week it was our duty to have a word with *Le Ménestrel*; now, an English contemporary demands attention, but with regard to a very different matter. The *Musician* has just delivered itself of a long article on "English Musical Criticism," wherein fallacious assumption and error in matters of fact jostle each other to the exclusion of well nigh everything else. The article tries to show that the criticism of our daily press is "insular" and narrow; that it is unable to accept novelty; and that in furtherance of its prejudices it does not hesitate to bluster "progressive music" out of England. Illustrating all this, our contemporary refers to the cases of Gounod and Wagner, the first of whom, we are told, was "kept out of England for ten years," and the second is even now a victim of "arrogant and wanton misrepresentation." It delights us to add that the *Musician* grants the critics to be free from bad faith and sinister motive, because thereby its first gratuitous assumption is made plainer, which assumption is this:—the music of Gounod, of Wagner, and of Schumann (who, by-the-bye, is dragged in), is progressive music. It may surprise the *Musician* to learn that we, ourselves, altogether decline to grant this premiss; and, "bad faith" and "sinister motive" being absent, it follows that the critics of the "dailies" do the same. That which the *Musician* takes for granted is really the point about which battle must be waged. Instead of scolding the critics for blustering progressive music out of England, our contemporary should prove that the music in question *is* progressive. If it succeeds in doing this, we may safely promise that the critics will lay down their weapons, and take all the composers of the future to their arms.

Now let us turn to the *Musician's* errors in matters of fact. First, we are told that concert reports show "a certain air of mutual dependence which always reads to us a little debilitating." Our contemporary should have clearly explained what is to be understood by "a certain air of mutual dependence," and should, moreover, have fortified his position by examples. Our own experience tallies not at all with that of the *Musician*. We detect no mutual "leaning" on the part of the *Times* and the *Post*. The writers for the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* have little in common; while those of the *Standard*, *Globe*, and *Daily Telegraph* each pursues a course entirely its own. Such is our conviction; such, perhaps, may be our mistake. Nevertheless, we hold to it so long as the *Musician* does not condescend to particulars.

Again, the *Musician* is befogged about a matter having a personal bearing, and, therefore, one as to which it should have been specially careful. After alluding to the "double literary life" of some critics, our contemporary goes on to speak of a recent article on Wagner, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and says that the identity of this critic is "easy enough of detection to those acquainted but moderately with the London press." Is it, indeed! Then we, who have, at least, the moderate acquaintance referred to, must be hopelessly blind, for we cannot light upon the smallest clue to the identity our contemporary beholds so plainly. This, however, we do know—that the *Musician* has made a gross mistake, and based upon it a misleading assertion.

Once more, the *Musician* speaks of "a pen which has the run of the two most influential organs of the daily press."—"Such tricks hath strong imagination—that, if it would but apprehend some joy, it comprehends some bringer of that joy." In like manner the *Musician*, wanting to prove its case, imagined this wonderful pen. Do not believe in it, good Reader, for it is but a creature of our contemporary's active fancy. There is no such pen; and the argument growing out of its supposed existence is a delusion and a snare.

Here we leave the *Musician*, having given it enough to meditate upon during the current month. Let us pray that our contemporary may see the evil of mistaking fancies for facts; and of rushing blindly into a discussion about the details of which it knows next to nothing.

AMSTERDAM.—At the first performance of his *Sancta Cecilia*, Herr G. A. Heinze had the order of the Iron Crown conferred on him by the King of Holland.

BONN.—No one having been found to purchase the late Professor Otto Jahn's musical library and collection of music in a lump, they will be sold in separate lots by auction, on the 4th April.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In our last we announced the merited honour conferred upon Mr. Balfe by Napoleon III. We are now able to give the text of the note in which the Ministre des Beaux-Arts conveyed his Majesty's pleasure to our distinguished composer:—

"Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous informer que, par décret en date du 18 de ce mois, l'Empereur a bien voulu vous nommer Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur. Je me félicite d'avoir proposé à sa Majesté, pour cette distinction, un compositeur dont les œuvres tiennent depuis longtemps, un rang distingué au répertoire des principales scènes lyriques de l'Europe.—Recevez, etc.,

M. Richard."

Mr. Balfe must feel that the value of his new distinction is enhanced by the graceful manner of its offering.

A contemporary, who lately made himself conspicuous in defence of Mr. Hugo Pierson's music, and who accused everybody holding an adverse opinion of all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanours, has just turned upon his idol and smashed it. Reviewing a *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* of Mr. Pierson's, our contemporary uses the following expressions:—"The failure is conspicuous;" "we regret that he should ever have attempted to set the words before us;" "passages of the commonest description, without any apparent design or cohesion;" "mere Christy Minstrel music;" "a vulgarity which is simply astounding." Here, truly, is a more wonderful "translation" than that of Bully Bottom: Poor Mr. Pierson, his "Ek ta, Bevan" is, doubtless, come from the depths of an anguished soul, at receiving this "unkindest cut of all." As regards our contemporary, we shall not draw a parallel between him and certain Africans who are in the habit of thrashing their gods.

Herr Scaria of the Royal Operahouse, Dresden, can certainly not be accused of idleness in the exercise of his profession. On the 11th February, Saturday, he sang in *Der Freischütz*, and on Sunday in the *Waffenschmid*. On the Monday, he appeared at Breslau as Marcello in *Les Huguenots*; on Tuesday he sang as a concert, and, on Wednesday, he sustained the part of Falstaff in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber*. Immediately after the performance, he rushed off to the railway station, and was at Dresden, for rehearsal, by nine o'clock on Thursday morning. On Friday, he sang the part of the Burgomaster in *Czaar und Zimmermann*. On Saturday, he sang in *Der Waffenschmid*, and, on Monday, in *Fidelio*. On Wednesday, he was at Gotha, singing Mephisto in *Faust*; on Friday, he appeared at Weimar, as Falstaff, and, on Saturday, in the same town, as the Cardinal in *La Juive*. On the following Monday, he sang at a Court Concert in Meiningen; and on Tuesday, at a concert of the Euterpe Society in Leipsic. On Wednesday and Thursday, he sang again in Breslau; and, lastly, on Friday, in Dresden, and there, as the Bishop said to the Earl of Rochester, we leave him.

SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Although Mr. Wood has withdrawn the orchestra from these concerts, the programmes show a strong infusion of the classical element. Last Saturday, for example, the performance began with Neukomm's once admired *Septuor* for wind instruments, to which Messrs. Rockstro, Crosier, Lazarus, Catchpole, Wotton, Bosworth, and Smith did every justice. With this work was also given (first time in London) a portion of Mozart's serenade for oboes, clarionets, corni di bassetto, bassoons (two of each), four horns, and contra-bassoon. Mr. Crosier was much applauded after a fantasia by Lafi for the oboe; and Herr Wilhelmj displayed his truly magnificent great powers as a violinist in Ernst's inimitable "Airs Hongrois," and David's *Fantaisie Russe*. That Herr Wilhelmj is among the greatest violinists of the world there can be little doubt. Mendelssohn's overture for wind instruments concluded the concert, and was well given under Mr. Henry Leslie's direction. The vocalists were Miss Clari Frazer, Mdlle. Palmerini, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Carl Bohrer. Miss Frazer did her work pleasingly; Miss Palmer—we beg her pardon—Mdlle. Palmerini—should study hard for a long time, and then re-appear; as for Herr Bohrer, he was encored in "Non più Andral," and thus made an encouraging début. Mr. Sims Reeves, sang Balfe's "Lady Hildred" (encored), and "Come into the garden, Maud," with all his customary and exquisite taste. This concert ended the season. We understand, however, that a new series will be commenced when Mr Wood's operatic tourists re-appear in town.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

An unusually large audience attended Saturday's concert and heard the following selection:—

Overture, "Les deux Journées"...	Cherubini.
Sonata for organ solo in F minor (No. 1)—Mr. F. Archer	Mendelssohn.
Air, "With plaintive notes" (*Samson*)—Madame Sherrington	Handel.
Adagietto and Scherzo from Suite in C	Raff.
Prelude and Fugue (E minor)—Mr. Archer	F. S. Bach.
Oratorio, *Mount of Olives*—Madame Sherrington, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Winn, and the Crystal Palace Choir	Beethoven.

An opportunity of improving acquaintance with the prelude to *Les deux Journées* is seldom afforded, for what reason would be hard to say, unless, as the opera is neglected, it might appear invidious to honour the overture. The overture is worthy of honour, nevertheless, as a masterly work, full of dramatic force, and hardly less distinguished by episodes of Mozart-like grace. It was well played, but coldly received, for the reason, perhaps, that its audience had not discrimination enough to recognize its beauties, and had not heard it often enough to know it by heart. The two movements from Raff's *Suite* also failed to excite enthusiasm, although the *adagietto* is sometimes pretty, and the *scherzo* always so "very original"—we quote "A. M."—not to be serious. Herr Raff's knowledge of the orchestra evidently serves him well, and he is not afraid to go far out of the beaten path after ideas. But good colouring of strange figures does not command instant appreciation, and we wait further experience. Mr. Archer's performance of both the sonata and fugue was very masterly. Using his instrument with surprising facility and unvarying correctness, he added to these qualifications a power of expression rarely brought to bear upon an organ. The *finale* to the sonata, and the whole of the fugue were played in a manner which must have excited the highest admiration among those best acquainted with the difficulties overcome. It is long since the organ has spoken to equal effect, and we care not how soon it speaks again after the same manner. Madame Sherrington's song was well sung but—with all respect to Handel—scarcely worth the singing. We need not say much about the *Mount of Olives*. The music is pretty well known and admired, while the performance was, on the whole, satisfactory. Madame Sherrington, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Winn, did their best, and the chorus were not unworthy of association with them.

PEDAL AND SPOT STROKE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—As I see you take a great interest in, and write a good deal about, the Monday Popular Concerts, may I, as a very old subscriber, beg you to use whatever influence you may have to persuade the director to make one of the famous German pianists play Beethoven's sonata in B flat, Op. 106, which has hitherto only been attempted in Mr. Chappell's admirable entertainments, and each time by an English artist, who, of course (being English), is not fit to hold a candle to any of the great German pianists.

My only stipulation I would make is one similar to that upon which amateurs of billiards are used to insist whenever a match is got up for any other billiard player against Mr. Cook, Jun.—viz., that a certain mechanical advantage should be waived. Once on the "spot stroke," there is no getting Mr. Cook off it; and once on the pedal, a famous German pianist adheres to it with equal pertinacity (witness the last movement of one of Beethoven's finest sonatas, a fortnight since). Now, if it was only arranged that the great pedal should be muzzled during the fugued *finale* ("a tre voce, con alcune licenze"), I think that a most interesting and instructive display would be the result. Pray assist me in this matter, and count upon the gratitude of—Yours, very faithfully, Lavender Pitt.

Everybody interested in organs and organ-building will be glad to learn that Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. are about publishing, by subscription, a new and considerably augmented edition of "*The Organ; its History and Construction*, by E. J. Hopkins and E. F. Rimbault." The new edition will contain important matter bearing upon recent improvements, as well as show a thorough revision of what has already appeared in print. A large number of diagrams will illustrate the letter-press. The work is to be brought out in one vol., royal 8vo, 700 pp.

The Oratorio Concerts.—Beethoven's great Mass in D is to be performed at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, as we are informed, without alteration or curtailment. The same composer's *Choral Fantasia* is also to be given—the two works, thus combined, forming a programme of singular interest. As his enterprise progresses Mr. Barnby seems to acquire more and more confidence.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mrs. J. Holman Andrews gave a *Soirée musicale* on Tuesday evening, in the Beethoven Rooms, to a large and fashionable audience. The programme included Weber's Mass in G, sung by the ladies and gentlemen of Mrs. J. H. Andrews' choral class. The solos were given by Mrs. J. H. Andrews, Miss A. Smyth, Mrs. Hirschfeld (late Miss Anne Jewell), Miss Webb, with Messrs. Bird, Hayes, and the Rev. W. G. Martin, who conducted most efficiently. After the Mass, "God is a Spirit," from Dr. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* was given, with Henry Smart's charming part song, "Ave Marie," and Coward's "Take thy Banner," which closed the first part. The second part consisted of a miscellaneous selection, commencing with "The Spring Song" Signor Ciabatta's excellent rendering of Paladilhe's "Mandolinata" obtained an encore, and the same compliment was given to the artistic singing of Miss H. Edith and Gertrude E. Andrews in Stern's duet, "The Woodlands;" the latter also sang with much taste a song from Weber's *Oberon*. Mrs. Hirschfeld was encored in a song by Mrs. J. H. Andrews, called "The Rainbow." Mrs. E. S. Pratten played solos on the guitar, and Mr. J. M. Wehli, his own arrangement for the pianoforte, on airs from *Rigoletto*. Mrs. J. H. Andrews and Miss A. M. F. Andrews, with G. S. Minson, accompanied.

The first concert of the fourth season of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, 24th February, the first part of the programme formed by compositions of Franz Schubert. His celebrated string quartet in A minor ("Hungarian") opened the evening, capitally played by Herren Ludwig, Jung, Eberwein, and Schuberth; the programme included, also, a song, "As o'er the Alps he ranges," sung by Mr. Renwick; "Adieu," Miss Mayfield; "Weary Flowers," Mr. Stedman; and a violoncello solo, the inimitable "Ave Maria," played with much feeling by Herr Schuberth. The second part was miscellaneous, including a sonata for piano and violin, Mozart, Herr Schrattenholz and Herr Ludwig; solo, pianoforte, *Concerstück* (Weber), Herr Schrattenholz. Miss Barry Eldon made her first appearance, since her return from the Continent, and earned hearty applause for Bishop's "Bid me discourse;" she was joined by Miss Mayfield in a duet from Mr. Macfarren's *She Stoops to Conquer*. The latter lady sang also Bandegger's charming song, "Peacefully slumber" violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth); and was joined by Mr. Stedman in Nicolai's duet, "One word." Mr. Renwick gave Hatton's "Wreck of the Hesperus." The rooms were crowded, and the concert was a success. The next will be devoted to some of Schumann's instrumental and vocal compositions.

Madame Laura Baxter, the well-known contralto, gave a musical entertainment at Drury Lane Theatre, on Ash Wednesday, to a fair audience. The feature of the programme was Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in which the solos were assigned to Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Baxter, Mr. R. Larwill, and Herr Stepan. The chorus and band, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt (Mr. J. T. Willy, leader), a selection from Mr. J. Barnett's *Raymond Mortimer*, in which Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Baxter, Mr. Renwick, and Mr. Byron, took part (Madame Baxter being encored in "Sleep, it is a gentle thing," and Mr. Byron in "The Harbour Bay"), closed the first part. The second consisted of an *alla podrida*, vocal and instrumental, too long by far for detailed description. Amongst the things most worthy of notice was the part singing of the St. Cecilia Choral Society (under Mr. Hargitt), a brilliant duet for two pianofortes (Mendelssohn and Moscheles) on the March from *Preciosa*, by Miss Emma Barnett and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and the singing of Madame Laura Baxter, in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," accompanied by the band. Messrs. L. Sloper, Ganz, F. Mori, and Zerbini were among the various conductors and accompanists.

The Students of the Royal Academy of Music gave a concert, on Thursday evening. The following was the programme, executed in all cases with earnest care, and in some with more than average ability:—

"Allegro Maestoso" and "Large Pastorale," from Grand Duet in A, for two pianofortes, Moscheles (Miss Bairnsfather and Miss Jessie Ferrari); Glee, "Swiftly from the mountain's brow," Webbe (Miss Pocklington, Miss E. Gardner, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Parry); Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mozart (Mr. Shakespeare); Six Variations, on Air in F, Op. 34, Pianoforte, Beethoven (Miss Field); Chamber Duet, "Langue geme," Handel (Miss Goode and Miss Marion Severn); Andante, in C, Flute, Mozart (Mr. Cook); Aria, "Cangio d'aspetto" (*Adriasto*), Handel (Miss Marion Severn); Sonata, in F, Pianoforte, Mozart (Miss L. Gardner); Romanza, "La dea del Lago," Donizetti (Miss Rebecca Jewell); Capriccio, in E minor, Pianoforte, Mendelssohn, and Arabesque, Pianoforte, Schumann (Miss Taylor); Songs: "To Chloe in Sickness" and "May Dew," W. S. Bennett (Miss Ferrari); Valse, in A flat, Op. 42, Pianoforte, Chopin (Miss Channell); Song, "Zuleika," Mendelssohn (Miss Pocklington); Madrigal, "All creatures now are merry minded," Benet (by all the Students). Among the vocalists, Miss Marion Severn, Miss Rebecca Jewell, and Miss Ferrari, made the "hits" of the evening. Miss Severn in Handel's "Cangio d'aspetto," Miss Jewell in a *Romanza* by Donizetti, and Miss Ferrari in Professor Bennett's "May Dew," all three skilfully accompanied by Miss Jessie Ferrari. Miss Townsend, Mr. Heywood, and Mr. Wingham accompanied the other vocal pieces. Miss L. Gardner deserves a word of praise for her performance of a sonata, by Mozart, and Miss Taylor another for that of Mendelssohn's Capriccio, in E minor.

North-West Amateur Musical Society.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given by this society, at the Eyre Arms, on Thursday evening, Feb. 24, under the direction of Mr. W. Bovan. The singers were Mdme. Florence Lancia, Misses S. Poynts, J. Boyd, Sinclair, and Knott, Messrs. Nottingham and Bovan, the latter of the second tenor. The instrumentalists were Miss Kate Roberts, Messrs. Lazarus, T. H. Wright, Buziau, W. Beavan, Mori, J. Beavan, and Bartle. It would be invidious to select any artists in particular for commendation, inasmuch as everything was applauded, and almost encores "re-called." The choir evinced good training in Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," the execution of which reflected credit alike on the members and on their conductor, Mr. W. Beavan. Miss Poynts gave the solo part admirably. The concert was attended by a large and appreciative audience.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY'S ASH WEDNESDAY.

Ash Wednesday was celebrated at St. James's Hall by a "Grand Concert of Sacred and Ballad Music," organised by Mr. John Boosey, the success of whose Ballad Concerts is notorious. The first part of the programme was devoted to music either directly or indirectly of a sacred character. It commenced with Becker's part song, "The Little Church," by the Orphens Glee Union. This was followed by "O rest in the Lord," sung by Miss Julia Elton; Madame Sainton's "If thou wouldst reap," by Miss Edith Wynne; "In native worth," by Mr. Vernon Rigby; and Monsieur Lemmens' "Legend of the Crossbill," by Madame Lemmens. It is needless to say how well these pieces were sung. The first part ended with a selection from Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, beginning with "Trust in the Lord," sung with much earnestness by Mr. Maybrick; "Love not the world," by Madame Patey; "Come ye Children," by Mr. Vernon Rigby, and "O that thou hadst hearkened," by Miss Wynne, were all excellently rendered, and the last encored.

The characteristic *scena*, "I will arise," was given by the incomparable singer for whom the tenor music of the oratorio was expressly written, and whose admirable delivery of this and other pieces produced so profound an impression on the production of the work at last year's Worcester Musical Festival. Not then, or at any previous period in his career, has Mr. Sims Reeves sung more grandly. In elevation of style, intense and genuine pathos, admirable phrasing, and general refinement, his performance was one of those rare examples of intellectual conception and highly-finished vocal art, for which no amount of praise can be in excess; and so the audience seemed to think, judging from the enthusiastic applause bestowed on the singer, whose first entry, indeed, was greeted with a warmth which proved that the disappointment sometimes manifested when he is too unwell to sing, is really no great because of the estimation in which he is held. The quartet, "The Lord is nigh," by the four singers first named, terminated the selection from Mr. Sullivan's work, which was accompanied as the pianoforte by the composer.

The second part was altogether miscellaneous, including, "Come into the garden, Maud," and "Tom Bowling," by Mr. Reeves, who was again received with acclamations, and had to repeat the first. Other songs, by various singers, madrigals by the glee party, and a pianoforte fantasia brilliantly played by Miss Kate Roberts, made up the remainder of the concert, which attracted a full room. Mr. J. L. Hatton conducted.

H. L.

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN'S TOMB.*

A short time after my arrival at Vienna, in 1835, I engaged as music-master a member of the Burgtheater. He was by no means a virtuoso, but he knew enough for my purpose, and, as he spoke French pretty well, I was always pleased to see him. One day, the conversation turned upon Beethoven. "I have often seen him," said my master. "He was decidedly the most eccentric man you could find on the face of the globe. I should never end were I to tell you all the strange things attributed to him during his lifetime. He was as capricious as a woman. One evening, at a party given by Prince Lich-

* From the *Guide Musical*.

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nowaky, who had invited him solely on account of his talent, for, as a rule, it was impossible to get a word out of him, he persisted in refusing to play anything. Some of the ladies went so far as to go down upon their knees, and yet were unable to prevail on him to approach the piano. He appeared to be continually immersed in thought; his frequent fits of absence of mind have become proverbial, and Kotzebue has borrowed one or two touches of him for one of his little comedies.

"One day that I was dining at the Swan, an inn where Beethoven, too, usually dined, I saw him enter. He took off his hat and top-coat, and, leaning his head upon one hand, remained buried in thought. The waiter went up and accosted him, but he refused dinner. He got no answer. Thinking he had not been heard, he repeated his question, but again with no effect. After three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, Beethoven, who had remained perfectly motionless, seemed to rouse up suddenly. He called the waiter and asked how much he had to pay. 'Nothing,' said the man, 'you have not had anything.' 'Have not I!' said Beethoven, with an air of great surprise; 'well, never mind.' With these words, he got up, took his hat, and left the place.

"He had some singular caprices. He would remain an entire week without opening a piano; then he would be seized, all of a sudden, with a fury for music, so to speak, and play for whole nights without taking any rest. One day, I behaved very badly to him. It is a long time ago. I was very young, and he, poor fellow, was beginning to suffer the first attacks of the deafness, which rendered his life a torture, and certainly curtailed it. The doctors had recommended him to go and drink the waters at Baden, near Vienna, where, at that time, Beethoven was poor. He hired a room in the house occupied by the mother of my wife. I was then paying my addresses to the latter. As often as my profession would permit, I used to go from Vienna to Baden to see the young lady. There, I found both her and her mother in great distress. Their room was separated from Beethoven's only by a door, which was kept locked. He had played incessantly the two previous nights, and the poor women had not been able to get a moment's rest. 'I will settle that,' I said to them.

"In the evening, Beethoven retired early, but about ten o'clock he got out of bed, and, putting on a large great coat, which served him as a dressing-gown, came and seated himself at the piano, which was placed with its back close to the door. My eye would follow, through the key-hole, all his movements. He opened the piano. His fingers, thin, but agile and strong, began coursing over the key-board, of which each key seemed to be a human voice. Ah, sir, what chords, and how the performer's eyes flashed in the darkness! I remained two hours without daring to move; I no longer breathed; my thoughts were, so to speak, broken off; and the only fact by which I perceived I was still alive was that tears were inundating my face and hands. I at length recollected, however, my promise, and what I had to do in order to carry it out. I hesitated for a long time; but, having gone so far, I felt ashamed to beat a retreat; besides, I was in love; this is a sentiment which you treat rather lightly in your country, but with us, it is serious and powerful, and it is capable of doing anything. It caused me to commit a bad action; yes, an act of impiety, a crime. In the midst of a piece of extempore playing to which the angels might have listened in religious silence, I began playing something in a different key. Beethoven started and instantly left off. I heard him get up, shut the piano, and go to bed. He did this without complaining, without a single impatient word." "Poor Beethoven!" I exclaimed, "How could you act in such a manner? you who are a musician too!"—"Well, sir, as I told you, I was young and in love. What I then did, without understanding all its import, I would not do now for a fortune, and I am poor, as you know.—I can't say whether Beethoven understood my object," he continued, "but his piano was heard no more at night as long as he remained at Baden, where, as you are aware, he did not get cured. A great many years elapsed; he was living obscurely at Vienna; people thought little about the man of genius, who went hard or soft as he got to obtain bread for the morrow. It was vaguely known that there resided in one of the suburbs a great musician, named Ludwig van Beethoven, one of whose symphonies was performed now-and-then, but no person thought of ascending a hurdling hand to him, though he was worn out by age, infirmity, and disappointment. At length something happened and attracted public attention to the rival of Haydn and Mozart. I refer, sir, to the news of his death. Those who had done nothing for him during his life, bestirred themselves, when he no longer needed anything. Meetings were held, and a subscription was opened, to erect a monument to him and defray the expenses of his funeral. They had not than found, in an old piece of furniture belonging to him, the sum of 3000 florins, which the poor fellow had put there and forgotten. Like many others, I received an invitation to make one of those who were to accompany him to his last home. I have kept it as a memento. It ran thus:—

"'The world of music lost the celebrated composer, Ludwig van Beethoven, on the 26th March, 1827, about six o'clock in the evening. He died in consequence of an attack of dropsy, at the age of 57. He received the sacraments of the Church. On the 29th March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the funeral procession will start from the residence of the deceased, situated in the Red House, No. 200, in the Wachringergasse suburb. Those taking part in it will assemble on the glacis of the Scotch Gate.'

"I went, and must own that the procession was numerous and worthy of Beethoven. The corpse was taken to the Church of the Holy Trinity, and thence to the cemetery of Waehring, a little village half a league from Vienna."—"Do you mind going there with me?" I asked the musician. "What day?"—"When you choose."—"Make it to-morrow then. Be at the Scotch Gate at ten punctually. I will meet you." The next day I proceeded to the place of meeting. My music-master had got there before me, and was quietly smoking his pipe till I came. We walked on together across the glacis.—"Look," he said, "you are now on the spot where the procession was formed. All this vast space of ground was occupied by ten thousand persons. In the presence of the man of genius, when he was no more, all distinctions ceased; nobles and plebeians, rich and poor, advanced indiscriminately, with their heads uncovered, and on foot. One thing especially grand and dignified, and which struck me very much, was the imposing and majestic silence which reigned in the serried ranks of the crowd when the coffin appeared. At that moment the ten thousand persons possessed only one heart. You perceive opposite us, a little to the left, a house touching that old church, which has been turned into a warehouse for military stores; that is where Beethoven lived; that is where he composed his last works. Those are his windows on the third floor. How often he must have cast a glance of reproach upon the city which was allowing him to die without a mark of sympathy! What a sad end for an artist like him to see himself thus deserted at his last moments, and to be reduced to doubt the immortality of his fame as he breathed his last sigh. And now, sir, if you please, we will go and see the place where his ashes rest!"

We went down the Waehringergasse suburb, and, passing the Josephine Academy, reached the Waehring Gate, and, shortly afterwards, the village of the same name. We followed the principal street, which traverses its entire length, and we admired the pretty white houses which are painted every year, on the return of the fine weather. Some hundred paces farther on, we perceived the cemetery. It was situated in charming position, in the midst of the fields, and the delicious view the visitor enjoys from within its precincts, had rendered it fashionable for some years past; every one wanted to be buried there. As I approached, I read the following sentence engraved over the entrance:—"*Deine Auferstehung ist die Starke unserer Hoffnung.*" ("Thy Resurrection is the Strength of our Hope.") We entered the lodge occupied by the porter. He was out, but his wife, who was very busy, informed us that he had gone to invite the doctor and the curate to dinner. "We always ask them twice a year," said the good woman, with truly German *naivete*. "Quite right," I thought to myself, "the one supplies your husband with his customers, and the other brings you fees." Not wishing to disturb her in her important occupations, we begged her to give us some idea as to where Beethoven's tomb was situated.—"Oh, yes!" she said, "you mean the musician's tomb, don't you? There, go down that path, and keep looking to the left; you can't fail to find it. It is a singular thing," she added, "we have a host of nobles in magnificent tombs, but no one goes to visit them, while every one wants to see Herr van Beethoven's, who, after all, was only a musician." We did as she told us, and soon came near the monument for which we were in search. There was nothing ostentatious about it, but it was noble and appropriate. It is a small pyramid cut off short at the base, with no ornament except a lyre and a butterfly placed in the middle of a circle formed by a serpent with its tail in its mouth. The lyre, is the lyre of Beethoven; the butterfly is the soul, the *Psyche* of the Ancients; and the serpent is immortality, a graceful emblem of the Greeks, an emblem borrowed by our religion from Paganism. Those who erected the mausoleum, have given proof of their good taste and their sense, for it bears no inscription but the single word:

BEETHOVEN.

It is there, not far from another artist, young Schubert, who was following in his footsteps, and whose graceful ballads were beginning to be generally known—it is there, under a modest tomb in a country cemetery that the greatest musician of our age reposes. A shrub, still young, but full of strength and life—I think it is a medlar—had grown up by chance at the head of the monument, and was beginning to shade it with its thick foliage. The Ancients, whose ideas were always so full of poesy, would not have failed to invest this tree with a sacred character; they would have said that Beethoven's genius had taken refuge under its bark, and become mixed up with its life-giving

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sap. We, who are men of a positive nature, or represent ourselves as such, merely see in this case a tree like any other. Yet who knows whether the opinion of the Greeks is not worth as much as ours! The mysteries of Nature are secret and veiled; who has ever penetrated them—who will ever probe them?

I respectfully plucked a small branch of Beethoven's medlar; I have had it carefully framed, and for nothing in the world would I exchange this relic of the author of *Fidelio*.

ALFRED GROS.

WAIFS.

Signor Peruchini, a composer, and ao old friend of Rossini, has just died at Venice, aged eighty-six.

A correspondent of *La France Musicale* says that Gounod's *La Colombe* will be produced at the Lyceum after *Le Petit Faust*.

Madame Patti is expected to arrive in Paris on the 10th or 12th inst. She will make her *rentrée* at the Italiens on the 15th.

M. François Bazin has received from the King of Prussia the order of the Royal Crown.

Signor Luca Fumagalli has been named Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Signor A. Biaggi, of Milan, has just finished a memoir of Rossini, five hundred pages long.

The revival of *Robert* at the Grand Opéra has been postponed consequent upon the illness of Madame Carvalho.

Mdlle. Schneider is to make her first appearance in Dublin on March 14th.

Mdme. Patti has had her *angine* at St. Petersburgh; and Mdme. Lucca has had her *angine* at Berlin. Mdlle. Nilsson sojourns nearer the equator.

The inauguration concert which was to have taken place on Monday night at Dr. Hayne's new music hall, at Eton College, was unavoidably postponed in consequence of the death of one of the Eton boys.

The *Scotsman* (who ought to know) says that the perfection of Mdlle. Tietjen's Scotch accent and pronuociation is truly marvellous for one not born and brought up to the oorth of the Tweed.

The fête given by M. Offenbach to the artists of the Bouffes-Parisiens and Variétés was a success. Nooe of the guests went home till morning.

No fewer than 937 persons are connected in some capacity or other with the Munich Operahouse. The Chapel Royal supports two *maitres* and 101 subordinates.

Nine examples of German nobility are engaged at the Berlin Court Theatre, among them a princess (Marie Taglioni), a countess (Ernhardt), two baronesses (Lucca and Mallinger), and two barons (Wilhelm and Kruger).

It is notified that on the first of March will appear the first number of a new daily financial paper, entitled the *Financier*, and conducted by the gentleman who, after holding the City editorship of the London *Daily News* for nearly twenty years, has just resigned it.

Mdlle. Nilsson will take a benefit at the Grand Opéra before leaving for London; the proceeds of which she has, beforehand, devoted to the Associations for the relief of musical and dramatic artists. Says *Le Ménéstrel*: "Christine Nilsson a autant de coeur que de talent." So she has.

The Parisians regret the loss of Mdlle. Reboux, one of the most promising of the Grand Opera *troupe*. She is engaged by Mr. Gye, and leaves immediately for Londoo. The artists of the Porte Saint-Martin, who make part of the company engaged for a series of performances in London, have received notice to be in readiness for departure.

Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and (for the first time in this country), Cherubini's Grand Mass, No. 2, will be performed, at the Catholic Church, St. John's Wood, on Sunday, March 13th and April 17th (Easter Sunday), with a full orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr. Charles J. Hargitt.

A musical contemporary made two curious mistakes in his last number. First, he spoke of Prince Poniatowski as a royal person; and, next, announced that M. Auber had received "The Grand Cross, the most honourable of Turkish orders." Our contemporary should know that the "Grand Cross" is not an order at all, but a grade of the Osmanli.

From America we learn of the production ot a new burlesque, entitled *Seven*, at the Tammany, New York, and of the immediately forthcoming representation of a spectacle, entitled *The Twelve Temptations*, at the Grand Operahouse, and a version of *Frou-Frou*, at the Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Howard Paul has obtained a great success at the French Theatre in the *Grand Duchess*.

To the present dearth of good singers, and especially of good tenors, the news from Italy about Signor Perotti, whose performances at Turin, Rome, and Florence (now, during the "Carnival") are unanimously extolled, will be received with general satisfaction. What we hear induces us to believe that Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, on the one hand, or Mr. Wood, on the other, would do well to look after Sig. Perotti.

The new theatre in the Strand has finally received the name of "The Vaudeville." It is to be opened at Easter, under the management of Messrs. Montague, Thorne, and James. Engagements have already been made with Messrs. George Honey, W. H. Stevens, and Henry Irving; Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Amy Fawsitt, Miss Nelly Power, &c.

A short comic opera by Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein—entitled *Quick March*—now serves to prepare the minds of the audience at the Queen's for the reception of a graver entertainment affoided by Mr. Tom Taylor's new play. It is of the school which delighted our fathers in the days when a drama, interspersed with a few ballads, and, perhaps, a duet or so, was deemed operatic, and the decline of which is sometimes lamented by living Nestors.

Miss Amy Weddle, of whom report speaks highly, as an interpreter of pianoforte music, belonging to the so-called "romantic school," is to make her appearance at St. James's Hall on St. Patrick's Eve, in a fantasia, by Mr. Willie Pape (the insurrector), entitled "Irish Diamond." "Miss Weddle," writes the *Portsmouth Times*, "our musical readers may remember, played at the Portland Hall, as a child, and delighted all who heard her."

According to the French newspapars the Viceroy of Egypt has launched out so extravagantly that he is now unable to be munificent in mere luxuries. The directors of the opera at Alexandria, MM. Pisani and Parmeggiani, have resigned on account of the small sum given to them to cover the losses of their leaseeship. It is added that the celebrated *impresario*, M. Carvalho, has left Paris to offer his services to the Viceroy.

The following will be the programme of the Berlioz Festival, to be given at the Grand Opéra on the 8th inst:—Overture (*Egmont*), Beethoven; air (*La Captive*), Berlioz; duet (*L'Enfance du Christ*), Berlioz; march (*Harold en Italie*), Berlioz; quintet and septet (*Les Troyens*), Berlioz; finale (*Romeo et Juliet*), Berlioz; overture (*Le Carnaval Romain*), Berlioz; air (*Alceste*), Gluck; air (*La Damnation de Faust*), Berlioz; duet (*Beatrice et Bénédict*), Berlioz; finale (*La Vestale*), Spontini.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes as follows:—"I am sure that all musical England and Ireland will be glad to hear that, on account of the great success of the *Bohemian Girl*, Mr. Balfe received yesterday from the Emperor the decoration of the Legion of Honour. I am happy to say that the last-created chevalier is better; but even yet he does not go out, and he has indeed had a very trying time during this Russian winter.

We read the following in the *Sydney Empire*, of December 31:—

"Intelligence was received by the mail steamer, 'Geelong,' of the death of Mr. Frank Howson, vocalist, brother of Madame Albertazzi, and father of the Misses Emma and Clelia, and Messrs. Frank A. and J. Jerome Howson, who composed the Howson opera *troupe*. Deceased, who was fifty-two years of age, came to Australia in 1842, and was for twenty years a member of the musical profession in these colonies, associated with Miss Catherine Hayes, Madame Anna Bishop, and Lady Don, in the performance of operas and operettas. Three years ago he sailed with his family for California. While in San Francisco, he was attacked by illness, and while proceeding to New York, to obtain medical advice, he died at Omaha, Idaho county."

The late Mr. John Dryden ("Glorious John") is said to have addressed the following epigram to the director of the Monday Popular Concerts, before the director of the Monday Popular Concerts was born—which last fact may account for his (Glorious John's) mistaking German for French:—

> "We dare not on your privilege intrench,
> Or ask you why you like them?—they are French.
> Therefore, some go with courtesy exceeding,
> Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding;
> Each lady striving to, &c.
> To make it seem they understand, &c.
> Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
> To teach us English where to clap the play."

The real fact is that the Germans, not the French, are showing us "what's what."

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The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* gives us the subjoined brief and graphic narration:—

"We are in full carnival, and entertainments of every kind are competing all classes to turn night into day. A thoroughly original fête was held last night by M. Offenbach, who thus fittingly signalised his return to Paris. He gave a ball and supper to the actors and actresses of Les Bouffes Parisiens, and Les Variétés, where pieces of his are now played. I will not describe what took place within M. Offenbach's rooms; but as the entertainment was in the Grand Hôtel, it is allowable to note the scene in the court-yard of that much-visited establishment. The supper was ordered for one o'clock; when all the orderly people in the hotel were, or ought to have been, in bed. A good many men, however, assembled under the glass roof; for it had been noised that the prettiest actresses in Paris were at M. Offenbach's guests and that the king had ordered his fair subjects to come in fancy dress. Accordingly, as carriage after carriage drove up, out came pair after pair of dainty feet; and tight little figures, all opera-cloak and legs, ran bewildered about the court-yard. Some of the ladies were not unknown to some of the men, and these ill-bred youths amused themselves by misdirecting the innocent damsels, eventually making them run the gauntlet of a double file of active eyes and jesting tongues. The male guests being in ordinary evening dress escaped remark, but the celebrities of the hour—Mdlle. Blanche d'Antigny, Mdlle. Devéria, Mdlle. Schneider *e tutte quante*—came in for at least as much *badinage* as the young ladies in their *ballet* costume. The confusion became worse confounded when wonderful uniforms, and marvellous costumes, returned from the Tuileries ball—and to go to M. Offenbach's. An odd scene—*mais que voulez vous?* Is it not Carnival time?"

An interesting pamphlet, on the relations existing between French composers and the operahouses subsidized by the State, has just been published at Paris, from the pen of M. Guy de Charnacé. After enlarging on the importance of music as an agent in promoting civilization and national advancement, this great facilities for its cultivation placing it within reach of the masses who are debarred from the enjoyment of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, M. Charnacé pleads for an increased supply of the latter from the public purse, but, at the same time, urges the necessity for greater care in the expenditure and a more definite searching for results. Thus he would impose upon the directors of the theatres a more serious code of instructions as to the execution and production of new works in order that the public should obtain some idea of the utility of their contributions and of the manner in which their money is spent. The programmes of the Conservatoire Concerts and of the Opéra Comique he would divide equally between music of the past and present. The Théâtre Lyrique he would devote especially to the performance of the works of new composers. The Théâtre Italien he would make a cosmopolitan arena for foreign operas, or for those of French authors specially composed for it. He further recommends the appointment of a committee for the examination of new lyric works, its members to be men unconnected with the theatrical establishments; and he advises the application of 100,000 francs annually to the performance and publication of new works by French composers. The scheme thus placed before the French Parliament at the time when, in voting supplies, these subjects will naturally be considered, is exciting some attention in Paris, and we shall, doubtless, hear of it again ere long. Already M. de Charnacé has been invited by the Minister of Fine Arts to discuss with him the suggestions contained in his pamphlet.—*Choir.*

We are apt to think that London monopolises the good music heard in England, save when London goes to the country to hold high festival. This idea is far from correct. Some provincial towns are equal to the metropolis as regards activity and the facilities for gratifying an artistic taste. What Mr. Halle has done at Manchester everybody knows, but we wish to illustrate our remarks more particularly by reference to Liverpool. In this great seaport music is chiefly represented by a Philharmonic Society, of which Mr. Benedict is conductor. This society gives twelve concerts in the season of high character, as regards the selections. What music pleases the Liverpudlians, and how much they get, may be seen from the following catalogue of works performed during the last two years:—

"Oratorios, Masses, and Sacred Cantatas.—Handel: *Messiah* (twice), *Judas Maccabæus*, and Coronation Anthem (*Zadok the Priest*). Haydn: *Creation* and the *Seasons* (Spring and Autumn). Mendelssohn: *Elijah*, 95th Psalm, and 'Hear my Prayer.' Beethoven: Mass in C. W. Sterndale Bennett: *The Woman of Samaria*. Gounod: *Messe de Sainte Cecile*. Rossini: *Messe Solennelle* and *Stabat* (twice). Cantatas and choral works, with orchestral accompaniments.—Mendelssohn: *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Finale* and choruses from *Lorelcy*. J. F. Barnett: *Ancient Mariner*. Benedict: *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Symphonies.—Beethoven: No. 3, *Heroica*; No. 4, B flat; No. 5, C minor; No. 6, *Pastoral*; No. 7, A major. Haydn: No. 8, E flat; and No. 10, E flat. Mendelssohn: *Reformation* (twice), and No. 4, A major (Italian). Mozart: E flat and G minor. Spohr: No. 5, in C Minor. Overtures.—Auber: *Exhibition*, *Fiancée*, *Gustave*, *Masaniello*, *Les Diamants*, *Leocadie*, *Le Serment*, *Zanetta*. Beethoven: *Egmont* and *Men of Prometheus*. Benedict: *Prins von Homburg*. Boieldieu: *La Dame Blanche*. Cherubini: *Les Abencerrages* and *Medea*. Hérold: *Zampa*. Lindpaintner: *Faust*. Mendelssohn: *Athalie*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (twice), and *Ruy Blas*. Meyerbeer: *Camp of Silesia*, *l'Etoile du Nord*, and *Struensee*. Méhul: *Joseph* and *Chasse du Jeune Henri*. Mozart: *Cosi fan tutte*, *Seraglio*, and *Zauberflote*. Nicolai: *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Onslow: *Le Colporteur*. Rossini: *Italiana in Algeri*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide*, and *Guillaume Tell*. Spohr: *Der Berggeist* and *Last Judgment*. Weber: *Ruler of Spirits*, *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*. Wagner: *Tannhäuser*. Concertos and solos with orchestral accompaniments.—Violin: Beethoven's Concerto, Ernst's fantasia, *Otello*, E. W. Thomas's *Barcarolle* and *Tarantella*. Violoncello: Carl Eckert's *Concertstuck*, B. Romberg's *Adagio* and *Rondo* from *Concert Suisse*. Pianoforte: Mendelssohn's *Rondo* in B minor (twice), Mozart's Concerto for two pianofortes in E flat; Chopin's *Adante Spianato* and *Polonaise*."

For comprehensiveness and quantity this list surpasses any that could be furnished by either of the metropolitan associations. We are glad therefore to direct attention to it. A little of the stimulus imparted by an unfavourable contrast with what was never suspected to have a chance of rivalry may do great good.

NEW MUSIC.

Twilight Fancies. Twelve Pieces for the Pianoforte. Composed by EDMUND T. CHIPP. (Op. 12.) [London: Samson & Co.]

ONLY by courtesy can these compositions be placed under the head of new music, because they were really first published some years ago by another firm. However, they deserve a second notice in virtue of more than common excellence. Mr. Chipp has written throughout with more or less of facility and grace; some of his "Fancies" claim precedence over the rest. We may mention as examples, No. 2, "And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind;" No. 4, descriptive of the gentle whispering of young leaves; and No. 8, "The Chase." In these, and others, the melody and its accompaniment show a fine poetic feeling, and considerable imaginative power. It was perhaps a foregone conclusion that Mr. Chipp would to some extent imitate the Mendelssohn *Lieder*, but no one could have anticipated his No. 3, which in key, form, and mode of accompaniment, is the counterpart of the *Lied* in C minor, Book 3, No. 2. The re-embrance here is so great that Mr. Chipp can only escape the Scylla of plagiarism by the Charybdis of ignorance.

What do the Angels dream of, Mother? Semi-sacred Song. Melody of I. CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A very simple and, withal, a pleasing melody is this of M. Gounod's. It suits the character of the words admirably, by reason of the tender feeling expressed. The song is in all respects easy, and may count upon public favour.

Heandshaendeo Waltz. For the Pianoforte. By J. F. BOBSCHITZKY. [London: Augener & Co.]

This is an odd production. It purports to be a waltz, while, at the same time, it assumes to illustrate an "argument" which takes an entire page of close print to set forth in words. The introduction, five figures, and *finale* are so many acts of a drama much too long for discussion here. Let it suffice that the story is very amusing, and not less so the manner in which the music and narrative fit each other. Looking at the waltz as a waltz,—but nobody is ever likely to do such a thing, and why should we?

Appogyiatura versus *Acciaccatura Polka.* For the Pianoforte. By J. F. BOBSCHITZKY. [London: Augener & Co.]

The object of this polka, which otherwise has no special merit, is to enforce the difference between the graces mentioned in its title. So far it is certain to be useful, especially to young people, who, assuredly, would never forget the lesson.

La Spenioia. Arranged as a Solo for the Harp. By F. GLADSTANES. [London: Gladstanes.]

THIS arrangement of an attractive melody is easy, and in all respects adapted to the capacity of amateurs. There is not too much harp-music of the sort available.

The Wee Pet Mavurka. For the Pianoforte. Composed by LOUISE WHITE. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THERE are mazurkas and mazurkas,—this belongs to the better sort. Excellent as to rhythm, melody, and variety; useful, moreover, from the comparative absence of difficulty, this piece will everywhere be in favour with the lovers of its kind.

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MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Four Hymns," set to music by E. Stourton Flint.
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—BENEDICT'S GRAND OPERA, the "LILY OF KILLARNEY" (founded on the popular drama "The Colleen Bawn") having been enthusiastically received last Thursday, will be repeated on TUESDAY and THURSDAY NEXT. Characters by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss A. Goodall, Miss Emmeline Cole, Messrs. Aynsley, Cook, Temple, Cotte, and Perren. New Scenery by Mr. F. Fenton. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission as usual to Palace and Theatre, One Shilling.

NOTE.—Half-a-Crown Stalls for either day may now be secured.

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MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, Westbank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

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HERR RICHARD WAGNER'S *WALKÜRE.*

In the *Rheingold*, the Nibelung, Alberich, steals, as we know, the said Rhine gold, entrusted to the custody of the water-nymphs of the Rhine, and

> "Mit arger List
> Schuf sich Alberich
> Aus Rheingold
> Einen Reif.
> Seinem starken Zauber
> Zittern wir stumend;
> Mit ihm zwingt er uns Alle
> Der Nibelungen mächtiges Heer."*

The whole drama turns upon this ring and on the curse launched by Alberich at Wotan, when the latter steals it from him by stratagem. The two giants, Fafner and Fasolt, have built Wotan his *Götterburg*, or fortress of the gods, Walhalla, and demand, as their recompense, Freia, the Goddess of Youth. She is delivered up to them; but, as the gods, on account of youth leaving them, begin themselves to grow old, Wotan ransoms the lovely goddess with the treasure of the Nibelungen, and, in consequence of the urgent warning of the wise Erda, even gives the ring which is synonymous with the empire of the world, but the real worth of which the giants do not know. The fearful spell, however, caused by the curse attached to the ring is immediately made manifest. When the two giants are dividing the treasure, Fafner kills his colleague Fasolt, because the latter will not include the ring in his share. Thus far did the prelude go. In the first part of the drama we make the acquaintance of Siegmund, who, wearied and worn out, reaches Hunding's hut, and to whom Sieglinde, Hunding's wife, attends. On his return from hunting, Hunding is not greatly edified at finding his visitor, and declares enmity for the morrow against him. In the night, however, Sieglinde visits the unwelcome guest, and betrays to him the secret connected with a magic weapon which has been driven up to the hilt by Wotan himself into the trunk of an ash in the hut, and which no hero in existence has been able to pull out, though Wotan says:—

> "Dem sollte der Stahl geziemen der aus dem Stamm ihn zög."†

Siegmund, with a powerful effort, tears the sword, "Nothung" out of the trunk, and reveals himself to his sister. Both are sprung from the same stock, both are Wälsungen, and a fearful doom drives brother and sister to plunge into a horrible and unnatural love, into glowing passion, which proves the destruction of both. With the words:

> "Brant und Schwester
> Bist du dem Bruder.
> So blühe denn Wälsungen Blut" ‡

the first act is brought to a close. In the second, Fricka, the protectress of marriage, exasperated by the unnatural union, begs her husband, Wotan, to allow Siegmund, who is related to him, and of whom he is very fond, to fall in the encounter with Hunding. Wotan promises compliance. But Brünhilde, his best-cherished Walkyra, resolves, despite Wotan's express prohibition, that she will do battle for Siegmund. She is thwarted, however, at the decisive moment, by Wotan, for the mortal blow aimed at Hunding with the terrible sword, Nothung, glides off from the spear held out by Wotan, and the sword is shivered to pieces. Siegmund falls beneath Hunding's blows. The third act portrays the punishment which the offended God, Wotan, inflicts upon Brünhilde, the Walkyre, who, defying his express order, has not only protected Siegmund, but has, also, saved Sieglinde, who already bears in her womb Siegfried, the fruit of her sinful union, and the real hero of the drama. He drives her out of the Walhalla. She is no longer the free maiden, charged to bear his shield, but the object of his curse:—

> "In festen Schlaf versehliess ich Dich;
> Wer so die Wehrlose weckt, dem wird sie, erwacht sie, zum Weib!"§

It is only at her earnest supplication not to let her become "the booty of the greatest coward" that he consents to surround, with a fiery spell, the hill on which she is to sleep her long sleep:—

> "Flammende Gluth
> Umgluhe den Fels;
> Mit zehrendem Schreck
> Der Feige fliehe
> Brünhilden's Fels:—
> Denn Einer nur freihe die Braut,
> Der freier als ich, der freier als ich, der Gott!"*

This concludes *Die Walküre*, the first part of the great drama. In the second part, Siegfried, the youthful hero, the offspring of the fearful union between brother and sister, whom it ruined, rescues the Walkyre Brünhilde, who has been sleeping in the midst of the spell of fire, while, in the third part, which is entitled *Götterdämmerung, Siegfried*, through the instrumentality of Hagen, falls a victim to the curse accompanying the unfortunate ring, by means of which he has won for Günther the Walkyre Brünhilde, who has become mortal.

The overthrow of the Northern Gods, whose fate was bound up with the ring of the Nibelungen, is simultaneous with the ruin of Siegfried. —*Die Walküre*, like Herr R. Wagner's other opera books, presents immense practical scenic difficulties. The ride of the Walkyres, and the representation of the burning rock, especially, are something which a few years ago any machinist would have said could never be carried out on the stage. The following, for instance, are the directions of the composer himself at the commencement of the third act:—"To the right, the stage is bounded by a pine forest; to the left is the entrance of a rocky cavern, forming a natural hall. Above it towers the rock up to its summit. The prospect at the back is perfectly open; rocks of different heights form the edge of what is supposed to be a precipitous abyss. Detached clouds, as though driven by the storm, scud along over the edge of the rocks. In one of these passing clouds there is suddenly a flash of lightning, and a Walkyre on horseback becomes visible; over her saddle hangs a warrior who has been slain."

ANOTHER PARISIAN REVOLT.

The directors of some of the Paris theatres have risen against the *droit des pauvres*, and absolutely shut their doors in the obnoxious collector's face. How far they are entitled to sympathy will appear from the following article, printed in the Paris correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph* last Tuesday week:—

"We have another revolt here. The law is again outraged, authority again defied. The rebellion is the more formidable inasmuch as the insurgent chiefs are men who mix in the best society, wear the most delicate pearl-grey gloves, and sometimes have large balances at their banker's, and occasionally, though rarely, acquire immense fortunes. It is not the *ouvriers* who now refuse to pay taxes, but the managers of theatres. Only a few weeks ago I drew attention to the serious exactions to which French managers are compelled to submit in the *droit des pauvres*, the tithes on their receipts seized in behalf of charity. The *impresarj* seem at last determined to oppose the tax. It has hitherto been customary for some official nominated by the city to attend at every theatre, and take the authorised proportion of the money paid at the doors. Some days ago, however, several directors, without giving previous notice, flatly refused to give up a sou, and since then a conflict has been going on with varying results. At one theatre the manager declined to acknowledge the commissaire unless he wore his scarf of office; but when he had complied with this formality he found only 60 francs of money paid for seats taken in advance and 100 francs which belonged to the woman who presides at the bureau. At the Variétés 500 francs were paid, but the account-books were not shown. At the Vaudeville the receivers took the cash-box, out of which they helped themselves to their tithes of 500 francs. At the Gaieté, Cirque, and Palais Royal, every farthing was refused. At the Ambigu the officials found only 10 francs of receipts; but they took possession of the change belonging to the woman clerk. The manager of one theatre was so enraged that, in order to lessen the tax, he is said to have let in for nothing the people who in the evening were unprovided with tickets—a new and ingenious method of cutting off his nose to spite his face. All this seems very childish, as illogical and unreasonable as the Quaker's old habit of letting his clock be seized every half-year and buying it back again by way of protest against the iniquity of church-rates. But it will have the effect of bringing public opinion to bear upon the

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* "By deep cunning Alberich obtained a yellow ring out of the Rhine gold. We tremble in amazement at its great magic power; with it, he overcomes all of us in the mighty host of the Nibelungen."

† "The steel would become him who pulled it out of the trunk."

‡ "Bride and sister art thou to thy brother. So, then, let Wälsungen blood bloom on."

§ "I plunge you into a deep sleep. If anyone rouses you, in your defenceless state, his wife shall you be, when you awake."

* "Let glowing flame, terrible and all-consuming, surround the rock. Let the coward flee Brünhilde's rock; for let only one woo (free) the bride, namely, one who is freer than I, who am a god." The word "freien" means "to free, deliver," as well as "to woo."

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question, and it may provoke a discussion in the Chamber. The directors appear to persuade themselves that the tax is not legal because it has not, they maintain, been decreed by the Legislature—a bold doctrine for so young a constitutional Government as that of the France of to-day. As a matter of fact, the law dates from the time of the first Republic, it having been decreed on the 7th of Frimaire in the year 5—in other words, on the 27th of November, 1796—that the spectators at theatres, balls, concerts, races, &c., should pay an additional décime on every franc in the prices of admission for the good of the poor. This has been re-enacted in the budget of every succeeding year, and I do not see that the managers have any legal *locus standi* in their refusal to conform to the requirements of the law. They accepted management subject to a certain drawback, and they should not now complain of being hardly used. You will observe that neither of the five subventionized theatres has actively protested. They have entered, it is maintained, into a bargain with the State, and they cannot repudiate their share of the liability. There was more excuse for the continuance of the exaction in the old times, when each theatre had, to some extent, a property in a particular class of dramatic performances. But now that anything may be played at any theatre the managers have no monopolistic *quid* for their charitable *quo*. The question of legal right came before the Tribunal of Commerce yesterday, and it was arranged by the Court that things should remain *in statu quo* until Wednesday, when a definitive judgment should be pronounced. Meanwhile the directors are not to pay the poor-rate, on condition that they give an account of their receipts for each evening. Will not this *ad interim* decision seem strange to English lawyers? So long as the tax is allowed by law it surely ought to be levied, and a practice of eighty years' standing ought not to be set aside even for a day without grave and overwhelming importance.

The entire tendency of modern legislation is to do away with taxes which press on any one particular class of the community. There is no more reason why a manager should give away a tenth of his receipts in charity than a newspaper, or an hotel keeper, or a railway company, or an insurance office. The tax, I must repeat, is levied on the receipts, not the profits. So that when a piece has cost a great deal of money to bring out, the house may be crammed every night for weeks, and the gain to the hospitals may be prodigious, while the manager is being ruined. I must confess, however, that if any one class more than another can afford to be specially taxed it must be the managerial community. It is next to impossible to get inside a well-placed theatre at this time of the year without making elaborate preparations in the early morning. The old-fashioned delight of sailing for the *entr'acte* after a plentiful dinner, and consulting what theatre you shall go to, is no longer procurable. Go to the Bureau, and the sternly-civil woman will probably hiss through her tightly-compressed lips, 'Messieurs, il n'y a plus rien.' Or else a dirty, raffish looking fellow outside will offer you the ticket for a *strapontin*, 'que je vous laisse pour quinze francs, va!'—its proper price being five. To go to the theatre in comfort it is necessary to pay an high price at one of those *agences* which seem to be doing a famous trade—why has one never been started in London?—give one's days' notice, like early in the morning, take a portable generator of oxygen to counteract carbonic acid gas, engage a friend to pinch you into constant wakefulness, arm yourself with padding against your neighbour's knees, make your will, and go through sundry other small formalities. Attend carefully to all these instructions, and you are pretty well certain, wherever you go, to enjoy yourself heartily."

TENORS AND BASSES.

The tenor I take to be the happiest man in the world, or, at least, he ought to be. He is the individual whom all the operatic Elvinas love. He loves them, also. He has all the serenades to sing. He alone can indulge in the *ut de poitrine*. Almost invariably, he is allowed to die for the heroine, when he isn't permitted to marry her, and always has a *fiorituras* death-song given to him which, like the swan's, is full of sweetest. What little stage business there is, in the way of kneeling at the feet of the *inamoratas*, kissing of hands, and embracing of languishing Leonoras, belongs exclusively to him. He also can be the melancholy man, and dress himself with tears, and wear the chalky grief and cork-lined wrinkles of woe. The women dote upon the tenor, send him little billets, look at him through the lorgnettes, and adore him in secret, as Heine's pine adored the palm. He finds bouquets upon his mantel, and little perfumed notes upon his dressing-table. If he be a *tenor di grazia*, lovely woman will sigh for him; if a *tenor robusto*, lovely woman will die for him, or wish that heaven had made her such a man. The amateur tenor enjoys the same advantages as the operatic tenor, on a small scale. He is privileged to sing all the pretty things, and he may sing them as badly as may be, if he is only interesting. He is the idol before which female bread-and-butterhood bends, both Grecian and otherwise. He is usually fragile, *spirituel*, and delicate. He sleeps on the underside of a rose-*leaf*, drinks Angelica-eats caramels, and catches butterflies. He carries his voice in a lace pocket-handkerchief, when in the open air, and does it up in amber when he retires to sleep upon the rose-leaves. He alone is permitted to wear white kids and vest, and reserves array himself after the manner of the festive hotel waiter. He knows the secret of immortal youth, and never grows old. All tuneful lays set to the tinkling of flutes, guitars, and harps belong to him. He alone can sing to the moon and address the stars. In his *répertoire* are all the interesting brigands, the high-born cavaliers, the romantic lovers, and the melancholy artists.

And he has nice legs, or, if he hasn't, he had better degenerate into a baritone, and have done with it.

A tenor without nice legs is worse off than a soprano who can't sing "With verdure clad." If there be such a *rara avis*, or an alto who has to do Sicbel and Matteo Oneiri with elephantine ankles, and there never was an alto in the world with whom I wouldn't measure feet, and give them the odds of one or two numbers.

The tenor lives in clover, chin deep, and never gets stung by the bees. Sometimes he forgets to wrap up his voice in the handkerchief when he goes out, or he sleeps in the direct line of a current of air, which comes in under the door, and the result is an indisposition. When he has an indisposition, he goes off hunting ducks at Calumet, instead of dears in the audience, and the manager forgives him and the audience play him. He doesn't die like other singers, but gradually fades away like the rose, and disappears in a little cloud of perfume.

The bass, on the other hand, is the personification of vocal misery, and he knows it. He feels that he is not interesting at all. He knows that the women don't adore him, and he takes a fiendish delight in bellowing at them. He never has an opportunity to languish on the stage, or to go round kneeling and sighing and kissing of hands. He is never a lover. If a brigand, he is a dirty cut-throat. If a cavalier, he is some dilapidated old dinke, with a young and pretty wife, just packing up preparatory to elopement with the tenor, and requesting him not to interfere with her little arrangements. If a sailor, he is a swaggering pirate. If an uncle, he is a miser. If a mayor, he is a simpleton. If a father, he is a fool. The composers never give him but one aria in opera, and that is always written an octave higher than he can sing, or an octave lower than his boot heel. He is always in trouble with the orchestra. He knows he can squelch the first fiddles and reeds, if he chooses, but even with this consolation he is not to be eased, for the man with the trombone is his mortal enemy, and the man with the kettle-drums his skeleton. He feels in his heart of hearts that the one can blow him into ribbons, and the other pound him to a jelly, and what is worse, he knows they are never happy, except when they are engaged in that pulverizing process. What little singing he has to do is devoted to panegyrics upon beer, dissertations upon cookery, and lugubrious screeds upon the infidelity of woman and his own ponderous wretchedness. When he is not confined to this, he is set up for a laughing stock in *buffo* work. He has no runs and thrills, and sky-rockets with which to dazzle people. He knows that one of his long arias is like a long sermon. He usually has so much voice in his copper-lined and cavernous throat, that it invariably gets the better of him, either running like molasses in cold weather, or coming out by fits and starts, and leaking all round the edges. He must inevitably sing false, and it makes him unhappy. He is not at all delicate, being usually doubly blessed in the chest and stomach, and can't faint if he would if he tries. The blessed indisposition which so often gets into the velvet throat of the tenor, rarely gets into his, consequently his opportunities for duck-hunting at the Calumet are very limited. All of these afflictions make him misanthropical, and he goes through life mouthing his little *répertoire* of "The Calf of Gold," "Infelice," "O mio Palermo," "The Last Man," and "The Wanderer," a very labmael of wretchedness, and a howling Dervish of despair. He drinks beer, and all sorts of fiery damnations, eats sausage and kraut with impunity, and smokes villainous tobacco in short clay pipes. He despises the razor, and eschews the little weakness of kids and patent leathers. The tenor is the nightingale; he is the crow. The tenor is the beloved of women, but for him no serenade, no face in the latticed shaming the moon with its brightness and beauty. I pray, therefore, all gentlefolk to deal kindly with the bass, and make his rough road as smooth as possible, for it is inevitable as fate that he will live to a hundred years of age, and sing every blessed day of the century, and will finally be gathered to his fathers, singing as he goes.—*Letters of Peregrine Pickle.*

MILAN.—Prince Poniatowsky has been made an honorary member of the Conservatory.

MADRID.—A new *diva*, a star of the first magnitude, is said to have made her appearance here. The lady's name is Signora Albani. If she only resembles her great predecessor, Madame Alboni, as nearly in her voice as in her name, the musical public will have good reason for being content. Recollecting, however, the very numerous occasions on which *prime donne* who were to surprise the world have falsified the favourable prophecies so recklessly promulgated about them, we have some slight misgivings that Signora Albani may turn out a second Madame Albouf, with a difference.

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BELLOWS-BOYS.

I have had considerable to do with them in my time, and know pretty well their idiosyncrasies—the chief of which is an inconceivable ingenuity of invention and execution of mischievous pranks and capers, that in due time flower into positive *diabolism*. Of course, they are always smart: lithe as eels, venturous as monkeys, unconscious of reverence, defiant of decorum, oblivious of rules, aspiring and ambitious after a sort, they are the larvæ of scamps, the embryo of dare-devils, Always boys, they never reach adolescence in that sphere, but emerge, I suspect, from their organ-loft chrysalis into first-class acrobats, gymnasts, and flying-trapeze lions. There is great *metempsikose* in the race: its instincts ingrain, and usually similar in their out-cropping, possibly a little more pronounced in individuals. They all belong to the Pilsbergitibet family, the portrait of one of whose members Sir Walter Scott has so very well limned. Victor Hugo has not happened to mention it, but it is quite certain Gavroche must at some time have done duty in the organ-loft of Notre Dame or the Madeleine. As a class, they have strong pictorial tendencies, and the white walls of their sanctum bear graphic witness to their skill in caricature and the grotesque—most often, ridiculous portraits of minister, organist, or members of the choir. Nor do they disdain exploits in sculpture and engraving; and when so opulent as to possess a jack-knife, they make their mark upon door-panels and window-sills, and especially delight to adorn the smooth surfaces of the sub-bass pipes with reliefs and intaglios, worthy a Cellini or a Flaxman.

Music, too, after their kind, is an intuitive fine art with them. They know every negro melody and every popular jingle that ever was written, and add to them rich variations of their own. But in a higher realm, too, they are proficient. Their imitative powers are often simply marvellous, but too often are they a little indiscreet in the display of their abilities. An undergraduate of mine had a "Vox humana" stop of his own, that he pulled out at will with telling effect; but unfortunately we did not always agree as to the appropriate passages for his part of the performance, and as I had no register to his larynx, the amateur had to be content till we dissolved the connection. Another was inimitable in an *obbligato* tremolo that he improvized, quite eclipsing the flutter of the French valve. There was too much organ in him, and we had to part.

They have original and abstruse ideas of mechanics. They scorn the prosaic bellows-lever, moved by manual force, and often operate by striding the fulcrum, and, adroitly shifting their poise, manage inflation in a way not wholly orthodox. Of gregarious tastes, your true bellows-boy has ever a respectful "following," juvenile aspirants for his place, who are delighted to perform his functions in an unskilled, spasmodic way, while the oligarch employs his elegant leisure in carving, pencilling, or practising "*pous*" on his head.

One specimen I had, the consummate flower of all the vagaries, all the possibilities of his class. Skim-milk eyes, hair ruddiest of the ruddy, face mottled and freckled like a rich turtle-soup, limbs lank and angulus as a gibbet, who could have looked for aught but tamest prose in him? Yet he was the very quintessence of mind-pep and mischief. Alexander of unthought of exploits if the Apostle Paul was ever an organist, such a boy might have been his thorn. He was a spike, a crowbar, in my flesh. Upon one occasion he installed an acolyte at the "*pump*," while he sought recreation in dizzy heights and a wide prospect. I knew by the *jerky* pulsation that a neophyte was operating, and my wrath fast gathered head, as gasp after gasp told me at any time my instrumental breath might fail, when happening to glance upwards, I beheld, in close proximity to the ceiling, two protuberant chalky orbs, in a halo of foxy locks, calmly surveying the external world—the appertaining head resting right over the central sixteen-feet C. Oh! how I wished that great pipe had been charged with some fierce explosive, that, at my behest, I might send that head flying into space! That wish was vain. I could only use it as an argus, and, quick as thought, I struck pedal and key of the pipe beneath that *conchant* ear. It told. One ghastly roll of the milky eye, a meteoric gleam of red hair, and then a *thud*, deep in the bowels of the organ, told me something had dropped.

For once Pilsbertigibbet lost his *sang froid* and precarious footing, and fell three fathoms and into disgrace, and never again appeared on that field of his *faux pas*.

Henceforth, for motive power give me steam, or galvanism, or anything *not* in the shape of an ordinary bellows-boy.

IBRAHIM.

FLORENCE.—Signor Carlo Dueci, the pianist, has erected a large concert-room, which is to be called the Sala Rossini, and is devoted exclusively to classical music. It was to be opened this month with a grand concert, at which Herr Hans von Bülow promised to *perform*. The second concert in the room is to be a popular concert, *a la* Pasdeloup, when Herr and Mdme. Jaell will appear as the soloists.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Dr. Bennett's Symphony (G minor).

With reference to last Saturday's performance of this work at the Crystal Palace, the *Pall Mall Gazette* said:—

"The symphony was that written by Dr. Sterndale Bennett for the Philharmonic Society, and first heard at a concert given in June, 1864. Mr. Manns, as he himself assures us, introduced 'this beautiful work' with great satisfaction; but we certainly do not find in his assurance any explanation of the reason why it has not been played before. That such a symphony 'by the most distinguished living English composer' has lain neglected, while inferior works by Volkmann, Raff, Gade, Reinecke, and others, have had a hearing, may well require explanation. Is it that even the first of English composers ranks in Mr. Manns's opinion after the last of his German brethren? or is it that the Philharmonic Society desires to monopolize the advantages of its own property? Of the two, we prefer to believe the latter, especially while the affect made by Dr. Bennett's beautiful composition is fresh. On the occasion of its performance at a Philharmonic concert last year we discussed the merits of the work, and need not repeat now what was said then. Enough that in all which distinguishes music of the highest class—in graceful melody, skilful development, and rich orchestral colour—this symphony may claim a rank next below those of the great masters. Nay, more: we will venture to say that works by some of the great masters might be found which, in strictness, should yield place to it. As far as concerns the pleasure given to an audience, this declaration is amply sustained. Though elegant and refined, Dr. Bennett's music has a charm for everybody; and when on Saturday the graceful *minuetto* was encored, not by a few enthusiasts, but by general desire, the fact was made agreeably plain. A better performance of the work has certainly never been heard."

"Antigone."

The following remarks appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *apropos* of Mr. Henry Leslie's last concert:—

"Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* is always looked for in the course of Mr. Leslie's season—not often in vain, because the excellent male voices of the choir supply a means for its performance quite unique. In any case, we fancy, somebody would have to give so fine an example of Mendelssohn's genius. The music of this master is invariably characteristic. It cannot escape recognition, no matter under what conditions it appears, because, either from necessity or from choice, Mendelssohn always wrote in the particular style which has become identified with his name, and has exerted no marked an influence over his successors. We are disposed to think the result one of necessity—not, however, of a necessity dictated by powerlessness, but by that serious view of art in which the composer notoriously indulged. Whatever he did was done with a reverence which permitted no affectation. Hence the naturalness of his utterances; hence, also, their obvious resemblance to each other. Under such circumstances, it is curious to note differences which spring from the most subtle developments of art—differences to be felt rather than described—and not even to be felt by everybody. Here palpably the same hand appears in the *Walpurgis Night* and in *Antigone*, a dozen points of resemblance go to prove. Yet there is between them dissimilarity as happy in result as refined in character. The music of *Antigone*, for example, is tinged with a local colouring very different from that of the *Walpurgis Night*. The one we can see used as an adjunct to the Greek drama not only without pain but with the pleasure arising from a sense of harmony; the other is equally applicable to the scenes and events with which it has to do. As we do wonder as Tydeus and Gaul in some respects, therefore, are works that in others lie close together. Here we have a proof of the true genius which need not to go out of its way after variety, and which can afford to employ the same forms, because able to animate them with a different spirit. For the reason suggested by those remarks—that is to say, because *Antigone* presents to us a phase of Mendelssohn's genius only seen in it and *Œdipus*—Mr. Leslie's performances of the work are always welcome."

After expressing unqualified approval of the execution of Beethoven's trio in E flat (Op. 70), by Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, the *Choir* (March 8), proceeds to say:—

"But we cannot express the same unqualified satisfaction at the lady's performance of Bach's Prelude in B minor. Unmarked variations of the time, and the liberal use of the open pedal, which characterized her performance, are not, in our opinion, a good exchange for the quietude and conscientious strictness, combined with point, which we have been accustomed to regard as the characteristic method of interpreting the older masters."

Beethoven's Grand Mass.

In a lengthy notice of this work as performed on Wednesday, the *Daily News* says:—

"In comparing it with Beethoven's one other work of the kind, the Mass in C, Op. 86 (composed in 1807), we have a striking exemplification of that wondrous progression from clear symmetrical beauty and harmonious proper-

* *Athalie?*—Ed. *M. W.*

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tion to the vast sublimity and gigantic Idealism of those aspirations towards the heavenly and the infinite, which were the tendencies of the composer's matured thought and feeling. The *Missa Solennis* in sacred music, and the Choral Symphony in secular composition, stand apart, both in form and treatment, from all other works, even by their author. They are indeed, not to say it irreverently, revelations through the medium of music of a god-like purity and nobility of thought, fused into a practicable language with a power and felicity of expression that would seem to be beyond human attainment. An author's judgment of his own productions is notoriously not always a just one; but it is impossible not to attach importance to the long period of time and the earnest devotion bestowed on this Mass by Beethoven, and his recorded opinion that it was his 'grosstes und geiungensetes werk.' Admirable, and sometimes even sublime, as is his Mass in C, its clear beauty and refined human sentiment are replaced in the later work by a vast idealism and an awful grandeur that are no more subjects for criticism than is the setting sun in all its greatest splendour. It is to be regretted that some critics, in certain stricture on portions of the Gigantic Mass, did not bear in mind the axiom—

> . . . la parole est toujours reprimée,
> Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.

It is painful to think that it was during the composition of the *Missa Solennis* that Beethoven suffered some of his greatest privations and annoyances—as gathered from his own journal, and recorded by Schindler. Constant disputes with servants are entered in his diary; besides sundry 'bad days,' four of which (in August, 1820) are explained by his biographer as having been 'when, quite destitute of money, he was obliged to make his dinner of a few biscuits and a glass of beer, as I have heard from his own lips.' The confusion in his household affairs may be judged from the narrow escape from destruction of the score of the first movement of this very Mass—the *Kyrie*. 'The large sheets, which looked just like waste paper, served in the dull housekeeper the very thing for wrapping up boots, shoes, and kitchen utensils, for which purpose she had torn most of them in half.' Perhaps, however, without such worldly annoyances, Beethoven might not have soared into those aspirations in which he sought a refuge, and of which he has left such glorious permanent transcripts.*

MISS SUSAN GALTON.

This young artist was married on the 17th ult. to Mr. Alfred Kelleher, at the Catholic Cathedral, Philadelphia. A lively writer on religious topics, in the *Sunday Mercury*, thus records the event:—

"The Duke of Clarence was sentenced to capital punishment. He was permitted to choose the instrumentality of his death. He had a natural aversion to the scaffold. As he could see no romance in hanging, he chose to ebb out his life by drowning in a butt of Malmsey wine. Duke Clarence was a connoisseur in the various vintages of the period. His favourite 'variety' was 'Malmsey'—a wine as little known at the present day as *tachryma christi*, Falernian, or 'genuine old crusted port.' In a butt of this liquid the executioners immersed him. He suffered *capital* capital punishment. We narrowly escaped a hideous fate last Thursday morning. The means, however, were somewhat different. We escaped being crushed to death by good-looking women at the Cathedral, on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Alfred Kelleher to Miss Susan Galton, *prima donna* of the comic opera *troupe*. Miss Galton embraced the Catholic faith a few months since. She was baptised in St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans, during her last engagement in that city. She had been under religious instruction about two years previously, or from the time the *troupe* first came to this city, and opened their memorable and triumphant season at the Seventh Street Opera-house. The church was completely filled, principally by ladies, including numerous dramatic and musical celebrities. At a quarter to 10 o'clock, the bridal party entered. It included Mr. Kelleher, the Bride, Mr. Thomas Whiffin, and Miss Blanche Galton, his *wife*. The bride wore a handsome pearl-coloured silk, with pannier skirt. Her hair, without any ornament whatever, hung loosely down her back; she wore a hat of the same colour as the dress. Mrs. Whiffin was attired in walking costume. The groom was fashionably attired in black coat and light pants, and blue necktie. As the party entered the church the organ pealed forth the grand Coronation March from *Atilla*. After being seated awhile in front of the altar, the party advanced to it, and the marriage service was performed by Rev. Father O'Neill, assisted by Rev. Father Morris, of the new Theological Seminary. During the celebration of the Mass, Miss Welsh, the soprano of the choir, sang in admirable style the solos, 'Veni Sancti,' by Barnby; 'Alma Virgo,' by Hummel; and 'Laudate Dominum,' by Vogler. Several amateurs were present and assisted the choir. Mr. Meinhal H. Cox presided at the organ. At the opening of the church he played 'Hark! 'tis the Marriage Bell,' and at the conclusion of the ceremonies. Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.' The wedding ceremonies being concluded, and the Mass finished, the pair passed down the centre aisle of the church to the carriages waiting at the door. They drove to Petry's, at Broad and Walnut Streets, where the reception took place. The couple then repaired to the bride's residence, Fifteenth Street, below Locust, where the necessary preparations for travel were completed; after which they drove to the New York depot, at Thirty-first and Market Streets, taking passage in the 1·20 train for New York."

TO THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF WORCESTER.

We, the undersigned, beg to request you to convene a Public Meeting, to give the inhabitants of the County and City of Worcester an opportunity of adopting a Memorial to the Dean and Chapter, urging them not to allow any influence to lead them to withdraw their consent to the use of the Cathedral for the Triennial Musical Festivals, which have been celebrated with so much benefit to the cause of charity for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

T. Bowles Hill, High Sheriff of Worcestershire; Henry Willis, Sheriff of Worcester; Francis Woodward, ex-Mayor of Worcester; Lord Sandys, Ombersley Court; J. S. Pakington, Westwood Park; R Paul Amphlett, Wychbold Hall; G. W. Hastings, Barnard's Green; Whittington Landon, Mayor of Bewdley; Richard Padmore, Henwick Hall; Thomas L. Wheeler, Rector of St. Martin's, Worcester; William Meredith, College Street, Worcester; J. Stone, High Street, Worcester; J. Waldegrave Stone, Bath Road; J. R. Davey, Avenue House, Worcester; J. Jones, Solicitor, Worcester; J. H. L. Jones, Worcester; John Paul, Rector of St. Helen's, Worcester; W. C. West, Malvern; John Holyoake, Droitwich; George Hill Clifton, Ripple Rectory; W. Stallard, Copenhagen Street; Robert Woodward, Arley Castle; Robert Woodward, Jun., Arley Castle; Samuel Rawlins, Severe; Edward Wheeler, Kyrewood House; Richard Nash, Hallow; John Pearson, Suckley; J. G. Watkins, Woodfield, Ombersley; John Parker, Worcester; Alexander Inglis, Worcester; W. Price Hughes, Worcester; Ernest Lavie, Bath Road; G. Hyde, Worcester; William Strange, M.D., Worcester; Stanley Baldwin, Stourport; Henry Allsopp, Hindlip Hall; H. F. Vernon, Hanbury Hall; T. C. Norbury, Sherridge; Henry Hudson, Pershore; J. Slaney Pakington, King's End; James Nash, M.D., Worcester; Edward Cunnington, Stamford; George Clarke, Worcester; J. F. Gillam, Worcester; Richard P. Hill, Worcester; R. V. Baker, Worcester; William Wilkes Cawley, Great Malvern; R. W. Johnson, Bricklehampton Hall; General Colvile, Kempsey House; H. J. Vernon, Eckington Vicarage; W. Ward Jackson, Great Malvern; H. B. Marsh, Upton-on-Severn; Frederick Maze Gregory, Upton-on-Severn; A. H. Royds, Great Malvern; Anthony Martin, Evesham; William Todd White, Kempsey; S. S. Reden, M.D., Droitwich; E. Middlemore, Thorngrove; Thomas W. Walsh, Worcester; David Everett, Worcester; C. Foley Pidcock, Worcester; T. J. Baldwin, Stourport; J. C. Rogers, Stourport; Benjamin Danks, Stourport; William Woodward, M.D., Worcester; William Barkley, Worcester; R. A. Douglas Gresley, High Park, Droitwich; H. D. Carden, Worcester; Charles E. Hardyman, Worcester; G. A. Sheppard, Worcester; H. W. Budd, Worcester; Thomas Barnsley, Worcester; Robert Berkeley, Jun., Wolverton; R. S. Bartleet, Redditch; T. L. Wheeler, Jun., Worcester; Colonel Johnstone, Worcester; Thomas King, M.A., Malvern Link; Samuel Tombs, Solicitor, Droitwich; William Barker, Grimley; William Coventry, Powick; Edward Woodhouse, Worcester; Edmund Wadama, Malvern; John Watson, Warndey; H. G. Gobbingham, Worcester; Martin Severn, Vale, Mathon Court; A. J. Douglas, Mathon Vicarage; G. G. Brown, Stourport; W. T. Adcock, Worcester; Richard Griffithes, Worcester; Charles Sidebottom, Worcester; R. T. Rea, Worcester; George Chamberlain, Battenhall; Joseph Wood, Lansdowne Villa; Frederick Corbett, Worcester; Josiah Stallard, The Bhanneries; Peter Hardy, The Grange; E. Leader Williams, Digiis House; G. W. Bentley, Worcester; F. W. Coates, M.D., Malvern; G. J. Sylvester, Worcester; F. Ina Bennett, M.D., Droitwich; Alfred Kendall, Worcester.

In compliance with the foregoing requisition, I hereby convene a Public Meeting, to be held at the Guildhall, in the City of Worcester, on Saturday, the 5th day of March next, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

E. BARNETT, Mayor.

Guildhall, Worcester, 25th Feb., 1870.

MODENA.—Sig. Alberto Giovannini has produced a new opera entitled *Irene*. It was successful.

PLACENCZA.—*Francesco da Rimini*, a new opera by Sig. Marcarini, has been successfully produced.

NAPLES.—Rossini's opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, was recently produced at the San Carlo, when it proved a—complete failure! *Altri tempi, altri costumi, ed altri sistemi!*

BRUSSELS.—The rehearsals of *Lohengrin* have, at length, really commenced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, under the conductorship of that fervent disciple of the Future, Herr B. Richter, to whom M. Singelée has ceded his *bâton* for the occasion. M. Vachot, the manager, has engaged M. Blum, the tenor, for two months. M. Blum is to receive six thousand eight hundred francs for eighteen performances. Eighteen performances of *Lohengrin!*

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PROVINCIAL.

HASTINGS.—A correspondent writes:—

"Two concerts were given here on February 24th, in aid of the Choir Benevolent Fund, which were patronized by a large and fashionable audience. The morning performance included several anthems by English composers, rendered by a choir of twenty select voices from Her Majesty's Chapels Royal, St. James's and Windsor, St. Paul's, Eton, &c. Misses Blanche Reeves and L. Franklin, Messrs. Mason, Dyson, O. Christian, Distin, and Briggs, were the soloists. In the evening a miscellaneous selection of glees, songs, madrigals, &c., was given. Mr. Shoubridge was conductor. Solo pianoforte, Mr. W. H. Thomas."

READING.—Our correspondent informs us that:—

"The Choral Union gave a performance of Mr. W. H. Birch's two operettas, in the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday, February 23rd. Misses Sykes and F. Danielson, Messrs. Mellor and O. Christian were the principals; the band and chorus of eighty were under the direction of Mr. Birch. *The Merry Men of Sherwood Forest* is just the thing for choral societies, and *Katrine, the Pride of Killarney*, abounds in pretty ballads and lively tripping choruses. There was a large audience, and the performance was a great success."

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Horton C. Allison, formerly pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, and *premier prix* of the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, is now established here, and the *Manchester Courier* thus writes about a recent pianoforte recital given by the young artist:—

"A Manchester audience lately showed its appreciation of this style of entertainment, which is more refined than popular, by attending in large numbers at the Town Hall, King Street, to hear Mr. Allison's performances on the pianoforte. These, of course, always difficult to one artist to retain the attention of his audience unaided, but this Mr. Allison with great skill as a pianist, and considerable judgment in the selection of his programme, was enabled to do. The programme included several pieces of classical and acknowledged beauty. Some well recognized compositions of Mendelssohn, Handel, and Beethoven, were given with great effect, and notably the Prelude and Fugue by Mendelssohn; *Presto*, by Handel, which is one of the good old school; the *Marcia Funebre*, by Beethoven; the Fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Liszt. But the applause of the audience seemed especially reserved for Mr. Allison's own composition—*Tarantella*, two fugues, *Impromptu*, and *Valse*, which showed Mr. Allison to be an accomplished composer as well as a skilful artist. None of these were encored, and the highest tribute was paid to the power and ability of the executant."

CHELTENHAM.—St. David's Day was kept in this town by the annual concert of Welsh music, of which the *Examiner* speaks as follows:—

"The annual concert has always come to be looked upon as one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the year. The occasion, indeed, was this year made one of peculiar interest, inasmuch as it was chosen for presenting to Mr. Henry Davies, to whose liberality the town is mainly indebted for these celebrations, a very handsome testimonial, which had been subscribed for chiefly among resident natives of the Principality. The testimonial consisted of a fine salver and tea and coffee service of solid silver, value £170. The programme was somewhat long, and was made longer by encores. When we state that it was taken part in by Miss Edith Wynne, over a great favourite at these concerts; by Mrs. Matthison Wynne, by Mr. W. H. Cummings, and by Mr. Lewis Thomas, it need scarcely be said that success did not depend on the musical quality of the audience. Then there were the valuable contributions made by Mr. J. Thomas (harpist), and a young lady with a Welsh name, who sang two or three songs in costume very sweetly indeed. The reception obtained by Miss Wynne was particularly enthusiastic, and on no occasion was she allowed to leave the platform without an encore. It was nearly eleven before the presentation took place. Then the Rev. H. T. Price said he had the pleasure to offer Mr. Henry Davies a slight recognition of kindnesses extended to many of those he was addressing during a long series of years. But before he did so he wished to say that they never felt more proud in these honourings of St. David's Day than they did when their English neighbours and friends shared their welcome, and gave the approval of their voices. For their dear friend and fellow-countryman they did not need the eloquence of the tongue to find expression and grace to the outspoken feelings of their hearts, and so, shortly and simply, he would congratulate Mr. Davies on the testimony it was his (the speaker's) pleasure to present to him in recognition of the generosity and patriotism which had guided him. He had great pleasure in presenting the testimonial and also a book containing the names of the contributors. Mr. Davies, on coming forward to reply, was received with much cheering, and much cheering followed the conclusion of Mr. Davies' acknowledgment. Then the programme was brought to a close, the audience rising *en masse* to sing the chorus of the stirring song by Mr. Davies, 'St. David's Day.' At a late hour the company dispersed, a select few adjourning however, to the ante-room, where an elegant supper had been prepared for their entertainment.—W. G."

EARL DUDLEY AND THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

(From the "Birmingham Daily Post.")

There are some conscientious scruples which it is not easy to understand, and that of Lord Dudley, in reference to the performance of sacred music in sacred edifices, is one of them. In this case, perhaps, it is not so much the scruple as the individual professing it, which excites our surprise—for, although his lordship has given substantial evidence ere now of his interest in ecclesiastical architecture, by his munificent contributions to the Restoration Fund of Worcester Cathedral, his reputation as a musical patron and connoisseur is indentified more with the music of opera and ballet than with that of the Church. Stranger than either the scruple or the quarter whence it comes, however, is the manner in which it has recently been pressed. We can quite understand and respect a sincere, even though mistaken opposition to the performance of Festival music in a Cathedral, as a supposed desecration or, at least, diversion of the building from its appointed purpose; but we must confess that it is quite beyond us to appreciate the casuistry which can lead a super-sensitive conscience to take advantage of the need of the Church itself, to constrain its activity, and seek to buy its acquiescence by means of a golden bribe. Yet this is substantially what the Earl of Dudley has permitted himself to descend to in his latest endeavour to close the doors of Worcester Cathedral against the periodical celebrations of "the Three Choirs." The strangeness of this inability to the Festival is made only the plainer by Lord Dudley's antecedent relations with it. For many years the Worcester music meetings had no warmer supporter than his lordship, whose territorial position and cultivated musical tastes, seemed to point them out as their natural patron and guiding spirit. A couple of Festivals ago, however, Lord Dudley, for some unexplained reason, was suddenly seized with doubts of the propriety of performing Handel, Haydn, and Mozart in a Cathedral, and finding the Dean and Chapter of Worcester slow to share his scruples, he withdrew from the committee and used his influence in opposition to the Festival. Happily this extreme course produced quite the contrary effect to that intended. The Worcester people, who had hitherto been rather lukewarm in supporting the institution, were aroused to renewed efforts in its behalf, and the Festival, which had almost invariably been a failure, commercially speaking, began now, for good and all, to yield a substantial profit. Thus matters have been going on since 1866—the Festival growing in fame and profit year by year, and Lord Dudley like Achilles sulking in his tent, becoming apparently more and more implacable in his opposition to it. Within the last month or two this passive antagonism on the part of his lordship has been exchanged for a piece of active diplomacy, which if not quite unimpeachable on the score of good feeling and taste, is certainly creditable to the noble Earl's ingenuity. Failing to extinguish the Festival by direct hostilities, Lord Dudley now attempts to buy over the authorities of the Cathedral with the offer of a handsome contribution to the Restoration Fund. The edifice, it seems, is still incomplete, and the funds raised, first by the Dean and Chapter, and afterwards by two public appeals to the liberality of the diocese are quite exhausted. In this strait the Restoration Committee, consisting of the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, together with certain noblemen and gentlemen in the diocese, were recently gladdened by an offer of £10,000 from the Earl of Dudley, towards the cost of completing the building, but their joy was speedily turned to disappointment and indignation when they found the offer saddled with the condition that the Musical Festivals hitherto held in the Cathedral shall be discontinued. The answer so far as the committee are concerned, was of course a direct negative, but the ultimate decision rests with the Dean and Chapter, who have not yet officially spoken. The temptation to these dignitaries is unquestionably a great one, but considering the firmness and independence they have hitherto shown on the Festival question, we have no doubt their answer will be in full accord with that of the Restoration Committee and of public opinion. Already the townspeople are moving in the business, and the resolution passed at the Worcester Town Council on Tuesday can hardly fail to have a beneficial influence on the result. We trust that Lord Dudley's new attack upon the Festival may be as successful as his former one, in enlisting public support in favour of the threatened institution.

FOREIGN.

VIENNA.—*Die Meistersinger* has been successfully produced at the Imperial Theatre. The applause was, however, diluted with a good deal of hissing. We are informed that the performance lasted *only* four hours, seventeen pages having been mercilessly cut out of the libretto.

CAIRO.—Great activity is displayed by the manager of the Italian Operahouse. In the short period of not quite ten weeks, he has produced nine operas: *Il Barbiere, L'Elisire, La Traviata, Rigoletto, Ernani, Il Trovatore, Un Ballo in Maschera, Lucia*, and *Faust*, together with two ballets: *Gisela*, and *La Fille mal-gardée*.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 12TH, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 163, for two Violins, Viola, and two Violoncellos (by desire)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, DAUBERT, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Schubert.*
SONG, "Swedish Winter Song"—Miss ANNIE EDMONDS .. .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
FANTASIA DRAMATICA, in C major, for Pianoforte alone (first time in Public)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. *W. Friedemann Bach.*
SONG, "O fair dove, O fond dove"—Miss ANNIE EDMONDS .. *Balfe.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 14TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. ??, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts) —MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Haydn.*
SONG, "I Were not, dear mother"—Miss LASCELLES .. .. *Costa.*
THREE STUDIES (posthumous), for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

CHAMBER TRIO, in A major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI .. .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*
SONG, "Gretchen am Spinnrade"—Mlle. CARLA .. .. *Schubert.*
QUARTET, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS
WILL BE GIVEN ON
Saturday Mornings, March 19th, 26th; April 2nd, 9th; Monday Evenings, March 21st, 28th; April, 4th, 11th.
On Monday, April 4th, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will take her Annual Benefit at these Concerts.
Madame SCHUMANN will appear on Monday Evening, March 21st, and on Saturday Afternoon, March 19th.

Nouveau et Populaire Concerto pour le Piano, par Sigismond Thalberg, intitulé Hommage à la Reine Victoria. Prix net 7s. 6d.
Le même arrangé pour deux mains, par l'auteur. A paraître sous peu.
Exécuté par Madame Arabella Goddard à ses Concerts populaires du Samedi, et par elle sera exécuté très prochainement à la Salle des Concerts de la Reine.
Chez Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTICE.
It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MESSRS. GYE AND MAPLESON issued their prospectus for the coming season on Thursday. It is a business-like document, altogether free from trumpet flourishes, and comes at once to the point. Let us imitate so good an example.

As to engagements, four absolute first appearances are announced. The singers in question are Mdlle. Olma, Mdlle. Cari (Miss Carey, an American contralto), Mdlle. Madigan, and Mdlle. Sessi. Respecting the first and third we know nothing; the second is well reported of; the fourth, as our readers know, enjoys a Parisian reputation. Apart from Mdlle. Sessi, who may or may not be equal to her fame, the directors will have to depend upon the *prime donne* of former seasons, the chiefs of whom—Mdme. Adelina Patti and Mdme. Pauline Lucca—are announced. Mdlle. Tietjens, moreover, will assist the management with her long experience and indomitable energy. The other ladies promised are Mdlles. Vanzini, Locatelli, Scalchi, Bauermeister, and Dell'Ance. These are all well known, and the extent of their attraction can be estimated. We come, now, to the gentlemen, who are, without exception, more or less familiar to London opera-goers. The tenors include MM. Wachtel, Della Rocca, Naudin, Gunz, Marino, and Mario; the baritones and basses are MM. Cotogni, Bagagiolo, Petit, Capponi, Fallar, Tagliafico, Ciampi, Caravoglia, Rossi, and Graziani. The directors have thought a simple mention of these names sufficient, and there is no doubt they are quite right. Last year's system of duality is kept up with regard to conducting, and Signor Vianesi will alternate with Signor Bevignani, who comes to his post fresh from a course of training in the provinces. We infer, of necessity, that duality in conducting has been found to have advantages. Signor Tito Mattei assumes the post of *Maestro al Piano*, and Mr. Augustus Harris, as heretofore, takes the place of stage-manager.

In the department of works promised we look, first of all, for novelties, and find two—Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, and Verdi's *Macbeth*. The latter will be interesting, when it comes; of the former we know no more than that it has had success at St. Petersburg. But whatever its merit, we shall, at least, witness Mdme. Patti's assumption of a new part. Among the known operas which are cast are some we feel bound to welcome. *Medea*, *Fidelio*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Guglielmo Tell*, *Der Freischütz*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, give a classical tinge to the prospectus which will gratify a large section of music lovers. Among works less exalted we notice *Le Domino Noir* (Mdme. Lucca as Angela), *I Puritani* (Mdme. Patti as Elvira), *Lucia* (Mdlle. Sessi as Lucia), and *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Mdlle. Sessi as Maria). If we refrain from naming others it is because there is nothing in the arrangements concerning them to call for particular notice.

Thus, then, we know what Messrs. Gye and Mapleson mean to do. Comments are unnecessary, and comparison is impossible, because Mr. Wood has not yet shown his hand. The next move rests with Drury Lane.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The musical critic of the *Daily News* has just illustrated the danger attending a rash use of terms. He is among those who admire Robert Schumann's music, and, very properly, he loses no chance of furthering its success. Thus far, the critic does no more than the duty which every honest man feels to be binding. But our friend has no right to impute motives where he discovers opinions different from his own. In a recent notice of Schumann's pianoforte concerto he spoke of those who are "pledged" to decry it and all other things by the same composer. If the *Daily News* critic knows anything of English he must be aware that the term we have quoted, when used in reference to those in a position similar to his own, is a very ugly one. A "pledge" implies a binding engagement. Will the *Daily News* critic inform us, at his earliest convenience, with whom those who do not admire Schumann have entered into such a contract? If not, he must admit that the word was used with a want of caution such as a public writer ought carefully to guard against.

In another column we give a report of the meeting held at Worcester last Saturday, with reference to Lord Dudley's attempt

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upon the Three Choir Festivals. Our readers will be glad that local public opinion is thoroughly roused upon the question, and that an ancient and praiseworthy institution is not doomed to be smothered by bribed guardians without a struggle. The decision of the Dean and Chapter will be anticipated with great interest; but, meanwhile, everything should be done to influence it in the right direction. In our opinion little can be gained by arguing the legality of performances in a church. Discussion about this has gone on for years with no result, because the matter is one with which men's prejudices are mixed up. The friends of the Festival should, therefore, abandon this ground, and urge upon the Dean and Chapter the inevitable consequence of accepting Lord Dudley's offer. In what a very undesirable position those reverend men will stand, should they yield to temptation, we need not say. Either the Festivals, as now conducted, are right or wrong. If right, ought they to be bribed away? If wrong, why have the Dean and Chapter waited for a bribe? With this dilemma before them, we leave the capitular body to its deliberations.

Upon one point connected with the very admirable performance of Beethoven's Mass in St. James's Hall, we ask for information; not, however, in a cavilling mood, but to have a doubt cleared away. The full score, published by Breitkopft and Härtel, gives all the "Sanctus" (to the end of "Osanna in excelsis") to the quartet. On Wednesday the quartet was employed only in the first brief division of the movement. Mr. Barnby had, doubtless, good reasons for this change other than the gain in effect—a gain we cheerfully acknowledge.

We understand that the Birmingham contingent of the Festival choir rehearsed the opening choruses of Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, on Monday last, under the composer's personal direction. Report says that the music, so far, is both elaborate and masterly; and that the work will appear as a grand oratorio strikingly dramatic in outline and details. *St. Peter* will be welcome as coming from a musician of acknowledged great ability, and as, therefore, certain to add another to the treasures of sacred art.

The clever musical critic of the *Globe* enjoyed an unexpected treat on Wednesday evening. Having lately fulminated against monster pianos, the sight of a "semi-grand" on the platform of St. James's Hall must have gladdened his eyes. Whether it gladdened his ears, also, is more than we can tell; but, for our own part, we trust its appearance was the last, as well as the first, result of the kind arising out of the pitch muddle. The *Globe* critic must have been influenced by some recent performances, when he preached a crusade against Messrs. Broadwood's splendid instruments. He should have reflected that there are players and players,—some who wrestle with the piano, as Milo did with the bull, till it thunders in wrath; and some, in whose hands it can be gentle as a child not less easily than powerful as a giant.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The following programme was that of last Monday week:—

Part 1.—Quintet, in C major, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, Daubert, and Piatti—Schubert. Air, "A te fra tanti affanni," Mr. Byron—Mozart. Prelude, in B minor, Madame Schumann—Bach. Canon, in A flat major, Madame Schumann—Schumann. Impromptu, in F minor, for pianoforte alone, Madame Schumann—Schubert.

Part 2.—Trio, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame Schumann, MM. Joachim, and Piatti—Beethoven. Song, "Good Night," Mr. Byron—Schubert. Concerto, in D minor, for two violins, with accompaniment of double string quartet—MM. Joachim and Sainton, accompanied by MM. L. Ries, Pollitzer, Ludwig, Zerbini, Straus, Zerbini, jun., Daubert, Pratten, and Piatti—J. S. Bach.

Schubert's quintet was new to most of the audience, whose patience it must have tried by the very great length to which it ran. The work, written in the last year of its composer's life, resembles his last symphony in diffuseness, and, also, let us say, in the prodigal beauties with which it abounds. There are beauties everywhere in it, and the more they are met with, the greater must regret be that the splendid genius from whom they emanated was not, also, a master of his craft in the sense of knowing how best to use them. Herr Joachim and his *collaborateurs* played the quintet remarkably well, and proportionately increased the effect to be made, in any case, by such music. Beethoven's trio need not detain us. "One of the most original and beautiful pieces in existence" has already been discussed sufficiently. There only remains to enjoy it as Monday's audience did. When the Bach concerto was first played last season we devoted much attention to it. Not to repeat what was said then, we now simply mention that its performance interested everybody. The two solo violins were admirably played, and there was little to desire in the accompaniments. Our readers have already detected the strange combination of names and keys in Madame Schumann's solo. Its effect resembled that of eating ice cream after a hot "joint." From Bach to Schumann, and from the one in B minor to the other in A flat major! What a leap was there! The music, however, was capitally played, with an absence of fuss, a neatness of execution, and a high intelligence not often—as regards the first two qualities—observable in the artist. This time Madame Schumann earned, as well as obtained, boisterous applause. Mr. Byron should have made a better choice of songs. Excellent in themselves, they suited his voice by no means well, and a loss of effect resulted.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon, Mozart's string quintet in D was given (another imperishable masterpiece); Mr Hallé played the last sonata of Beethoven (C minor, Op. 111); Herr Joachim played the well-known *barcarolle* and *scherzo* from Spohr's *Salon-Duettinen* (accompanied on the piano), and, being encored, substituted the prelude from Bach's E major sonata (solo); Mr. Cummings sang the "Garland" of Mendelssohn, and F. David's "O ma maitresse;" and the brilliant septet of Hummel (Mr. Hallé at the piano) wound up the whole. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist.

At the concert of Monday last, a posthumous *capriccio* for string quartet, written by Mendelssohn, at Leipsic, in 1843, was played for the first time. It is in two movements (key E, minor), the first being a short *andante*, strongly resembling more than one of the *Lieder ohne Worte*. This is followed by a masterly fugue, built upon a capital subject, and worked out with exceeding ingenuity. The whole was played in very spirited fashion, and encored. After this novelty absolute came a novelty comparative, in the shape of Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica*, which Mr. Charles Hallé played with all needful distinctness and precision. Other features of the concert were Master Arthur Lee Jessop's performance of Henry Smart's capital organ fantasia in G minor (which, being encored, the young performer substituted one of Bach's great pedal fugues), Beethoven's trio in C minor (Op 9), and his sonata for piano and violin (Op. 96). The vocalist was Miss Enriques, whose good contralto voice and cultivated style were shown to advantage.

Madame Arabella Goddard, whose appearances at St. James's Hall are becoming more and more rare, is to play at the concert of to-day and that of Monday. Thaddeus Egg.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT.

There was a very interesting selection at the concert of last Saturday afternoon—so interesting that we subjoin it *in extenso*:—

Overture, *Preciosa*	...	...	...	Weber.
Romance, "Unter blühenden Mandelbäumen."				Weber.
Symphony in G minor...	...	...	...	W. Sterndale Bennett.
Aria, "Qui la voce" ...	...	...	...	Bellini.
Pianoforte Concerto ...	...	...	...	R. Schumann.
Romance, "Un pauvre petit Savoyard"			...	Cherubini.
Ballad, "Good night, sweet mother" ...			...	N. Diodonato.
Song, "Thou whom I vowed to love"			...	Schubert.
Overture, "La Circassienne" ...		...	...	Auber.

The feature of the programme was Professor Bennett's orchestral symphony in G minor, composed for the Philharmonic Society, and first produced at their concerts in 1841. This should long ago have found its way to the Crystal Palace. But better late than never. That it was not too late was significantly demonstrated by the applause which greeted the symphony, and the unanimous encore awarded to the minuet and trio. Of the work itself, its origin and history, its design and its merits, we have spoken more than once; and it will now

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suffice to say that every new hearing of it discloses fresh beauties. With its performance, under the direction of Mr. Manns, scarcely a fault could be found; the orchestra played it *con amore*, and the conductor, judging by the pains he took, seemed to share the feelings of those who acted under him. We have so seldom the chance of hearing, still more of legitimately applauding, a composition of such importance as a symphony from the pen of an English musician, that when the chance does come it is a rare satisfaction to have to record it. In the programme, Mr. Manns prefaced the analytical description prepared for the Philharmonic Society, by the subjoined note:—

"It is with great satisfaction that I place in the programme of a Crystal Palace Saturday Concert this beautiful work by the most distinguished living English composer. Would that the appearance of a great orchestral work from his pen were not so rare an event."

The complete and genuine success of the symphony must have convinced those in authority at the Crystal Palace that they might with safety have brought it forward earlier.

The next striking incident of Saturday's concert was the performance of Schumann's pianoforte concerto (with orchestral accompaniments) in A, by Madame Schumann, who, while she plays every author with enthusiasm, is never, in our opinion, heard to such advantage as in the music of her late husband, which she has not merely in her head and in her fingers but in her heart. Of the concerto itself we have nothing new to say; nor can we add a word to what we have written again and again about Madame Schumann's execution of it—an execution not more admirable for its vigour and brilliancy than for the deep sympathy it evinces with every phrase and passage. That she was unanimously called back at the end it is almost superfluous to add. How Madame Schumann gave the *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* in E major and minor of Mendelssohn (her second piece) need not be told.

The overtures were both welcome. That to *Preciosa* is one of Weber's most genial inspirations, and s mple as is the workmanship (look, for example, at the theme of the quick movement—a phrase of four bars repeated four times over), it is in its way a masterpiece. That of Auber, if not among his best dramatic preludes, is (like so many other orchestral preludes fom his fertile pen) sparkling from one end to the other.

The vocal music was attractive. Mr. Arthur Byron, who has so good a tenor voice that he ought to make more of it, showed good judgment in selecting such pieces as the expressive romance from Weber's *Euryanthe* and the character-istic *chanson*, the prominent trait in which is so conspicuous in Cherubini's undeservedly neglected comic opera, *Les deux Journées*. But Schubert's song is not within his present means. Madame Florence Lancia, a vocalist of ripe experience, sang "Qui la voce" (*I Puritani*), remarkably well, and the ballad by "N. Diodonato" with unaffected feeling.

At the concert to-day the symphony is the No. 4 of Beethoven (in B flat); the overtures are Herr Niel Gade's *Michael Angelo* (first time), and Mendelssohn's *Melusine*; Madame Norman-Neruda plays; Mdlle. Enequist and Miss Enriques sing.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE programme of Mr. Aguilar's last recital of pianoforte music was as follows:—Sonata in C, Aguilar; "Oft in the stilly night," Aguilar; Polacca brillante, Weber; Nocturne in E flat, Impromptu in A flat, Chopin (Miss Mina Bourchier, pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Sonata in C, Beethoven; *Lieder ohne Worte*, Mendelssohn; Fantasia on two Russian airs, Thalberg (Miss Mina Bourchier); "Esmeralda" (morceau caractéristique), Aguilar; Pen-ée fugitive, Mazurka, Aguilar. Miss Mina Bourchier played exceedingly well, and Mr. Aguilar may be congratulated on so clever a young pupil.

MISS EDWARDS gave an "*après midi*" at her residence in Ebury Street, when the following music was performed and much appreciated:—

Vocal duet, "La Dove prende," Miss Edwards and Mr. F. Penna; song, "The Diver," and "O Lisbona," Mr. F. Penna; solos, violin, Signora de Bono and Signor de Bono; song, "Sleeping Queen," and "La mia Letizia," Mrs. R. Gordon; duet, "Dis moi un Mot," ("One Word"—Nicolai), Mrs. R. Gordon and Miss Edwards; pianoforte solo, "Alice," (Ascher), Miss Edwards; song, "Connais tu le pays" (*Mignon*), Miss Edwards; song, "Sweet and low" (Grazia), Miss Edwards.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY'S BALLAD CONCERTS.

The fourth entertainment in St. James's Hall, on Saturday evening, was the most fully attended of the series. Programmes, dedicated wholly or in part to one composer, one school, or one nation, are more attractive than liberally diversified bills of fare; and it may therefore be assumed that the large audience was due to the fact that half the concert was composed of Scottish songs. The Chevalier Antoine de Kontski's pianoforte performances appeared to afford satisfaction. His *Souvenir de Don Giovanni* served to show the ambidexterous qualities of the Chevalier's style. Later in the concert, another display of his peculiar powers was received with equal if not greater favour. Madame Sherrington resisted the call which followed her rendering of a new song by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, "Village Chimes;" but when urged to repeat "The Portrait," she substituted an Irish song. Miss Edith Wynne threw great pathos into "Auld Robin Gray;" and she, too, was encored in this and in a new song by Madame Sainton-Dolby, "Marjorie's Almanack;" later her talents were shown to advantage in a couple of Mendelssohn's duets, which she sang with Madame Patey. Mr. Vernon Rigby, set down for two songs, practically sang four; and, in short, if every call upon the ability and good nature of the singers had been obeyed, there is no saying at what hour on Sunday morning the concert would have ended. Mr. Theodore Distin, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Chaplin Henry assisted in the part-songs of the Orpheus Glee Union, under Mr. Fielding's direction. Mr. Hatton was conductor.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The second concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's season took place in St. James's Hall on Thursday, and presented much of excellence, if nothing of novelty. Mr. Leslie is the only concert-giver to whom we can look for a performance of Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone*, and he is kind enough to be careful that we do not look in vain. How many excellent renderings that music has had at his concerts our readers do not need telling. The number received an addition on Thursday night; and, once more, it was made evident with what masterly skill and *vraisemblance* the German composer could illustrate Greek drama. The male voices of Mr. Leslie's choir were, as usual, admirable; and, also as usual, encores were awarded to the quartet, "O Eros," and the "Hymn to Bacchus." Mr. Chaplin Henry was an efficient bass-soloist. The reader was Mr. Phillips. The dialogue was much and judiciously abridged. Beethoven's violin concerto followed *Antigone*, and was played by Herr Joachim in his usual style. What is we need not explain. Enough that the great violinist did justice to his noble subject, and was enthusiastically applauded after each movement, besides obtaining a "recall" at the end. Miss Stephens, a young *débutante*, sang "With verdure clad" so as to obtain a great and legitimate success. She has a good, pure, soprano voice, she phrases well, and we doubt not that after a little more experience she will attain the expressive power needed to complement these excellencies. Already she is far on the road to excellence. The characteristic Dervish chorus and Turkish march from the *Ruins of Athens* brought the concert to a close.

HANOVER.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* has been successfully produced.

BONN.—There is a report that the supreme direction of the festival to be given next August in honour of Beethoven will be confided to Herr R. Wagner.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The opera of *Halka*, by St. Moniuszko, was produced at the Russian Operahouse for the benefit of Mdlle. Platonoff. It met with a most favourable reception. The composer witnessed the performance, and was called for several times.—At the Italian Operahouse, Mdme. Adelina Patti appeared as Martha, in Flotow's opera of that name, on the occasion of H. Graziani's benefit. On the same evening, there was a Musical Soirée at the Marble Palace of the Grand Princess Constantine. Among the works performed was a *Stabat Mater*, by Alexis Lwoff.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has completed his engagement, and left this capital, but not till he had secured the respect and esteem of all who came in contact with him, either in his professional or his private capacity.

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THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

In compliance with a requisition to the Mayor of Worcester, a public meeting was held on Saturday afternoon to memorialize the Dean and Chapter of Worcester in reference to the offer by the Earl of Dudley of a sum of 10,000*l.* to complete the restoration of the Cathedral, conditionally on the discontinuance of the use of the Cathedral for the Triennial Musical Festivals. The Mayor presided.

The Right Hon. Sir J. S. Pakington, in moving for a memorial to the Dean and Chapter, praying them to decline Earl Dudley's proposal, said, in the many years that he had addressed public meetings in Worcestershire, he had never felt more deeply sorry than that occasion should have arisen for him to address them that day. He stated that he had received letters from Lord Leigh, Lord Sandys, Earl Coventry, and Lady Emily Foley, who were unable to attend the meeting, but who authorised him to attach their signatures to the proposed memorial to the Dean and Chapter. As to the objection which had been raised to the continuance of the Festivals in the Cathedral some of them were too trivial to require notice. As to the objection that for a certain period before and after the Festival workmen must be employed in the Cathedral to make the necessary preparations, he answered—if it was right to hold the Festivals there at all it could not be wrong to make the preparations for it. But then remained this objection,—that the performance within consecrated walls of these sacred compositions amounted to desecration. He could only say that he could not understand the feeling of those who had held such an objection. He would say that this was the proper place for these songs of prayer and praise to be played and sung, as they were the grandest emanations of human genius. The question of the acceptance of the 10,000*l.* rested with the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, to whom its care was entrusted, but for nearly a century and a half successive deans and chapters had sanctioned its use for the Festival, and he saw no reason why they should refuse it now. Public opinion was decidedly in favour of continuing the Festival as before. In 1846 Lord Dudley made a similar offer, which was declined. A memorial to the Chapter, signed by 300 or 400 persons, being presented. He (Sir John) declared as a Christian man that he approved of the continuance of the old plan, and, as a conscientious man, he hoped the custom would never be discontinued. He believed Lord Dudley acted from sincere motives, and had he been present (a voice, "He is in the town") he would have appealed to him directly that this being a question of opinion, and the public declaring overwhelmingly against him, was it for any man—however good his motives might be, or however elevated his position—to endeavour to force his own views of a question of opinion in violation of the opinion entertained by the great bulk of his neighbours around him. Of course if Lord Dudley did not like to attend these Festivals he was perfectly welcome to stay at home. On the last occasion he should be unwilling; but—and he said it with no disrespect to Lord Dudley—the Festival went off perfectly well without him. (Hear, hear.) Lord Dudley was a good neighbour, and a man of justice and good nature, but it really would not do in this country for any man to say that because I think so, I will try and make every one else think the same. He trusted for the sake of the Widows and Orphans' Charity, for the sake of their glorious Festivals, he might almost say for the sake of their own character, that the Dean and Chapter would not part with this Charity for money. Let the matter be settled on its merits, but do not let it be a matter of bargain and sale.

The High Sheriff of the county (Mr. J. R. Hill, a Nonconformist), seconded the motion.

Hyla Holden, Esq., then moved, and Rev. W. Rayson, minor canon of the Cathedral, seconded an amendment, affirming that the use of the Cathedral for other than devotional or strictly ecclesiastical purposes was objectionable.

On being put to the meeting, however, the amendment was lost, and the original motion was carried by an overwhelming majority.

BIRMINGHAM.

The last concert of the Festival Choral Society was in all respects the most noteworthy of the season, inasmuch as it comprised two important works, one an entire and the other a quasi-novelty to the Birmingham public. The first was Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, originally produced, with unanimous approval, at the Worcester Festival in September last, and subsequently received with high favour at the Crystal Palace, and wherever else it has been given. That very great interest should be manifested in the latest and most ambitious work of a composer who had already shown such great promise in his earlier effort (*Kenilworth*) at Birmingham some six years past, will be readily understood, and the Town Hall was filled, long before the hour of commencement, with an eager and expectant audience. Some surprise was felt that the conductor's *bâton* was not held by the composer, but possibly the etiquette of the Society does not permit Mr. Stockley (who took the utmost pains to secure a good performance) to resign his office, even temporarily, into the hands of another. The choruses, with one or two exceptions, went remarkably well, although greater delicacy, and more attention to light and shade would, in more than one instance have been desirable. With still greater force will the same remarks apply to the band, whose playing (usually lacking refinement, and at times unsteady) showed a decided need for improvement, more particularly in the accompaniments to the solos, which were invariably too loud. Allowance however must be made for the difficulty of getting together, in a provincial town, a complete orchestra for practice regular and sufficient to ensure a really perfect effect for compositions of such magnitude.

The quartet of principal singers included Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Carl Stepan. Despite the very severe indisposition under which the first-named lady was evidently labouring, the soprano music was sung throughout with the skill and intelligence always exhibited by that practised and experienced artist, the impressive air, "O that thou hadst hearkened," particularly calling forth the warm approval of the hearers. Madame Patey (whose progress the last few years clearly indicates that an English successor has been found to take the place so long and honourably filled by Madame Sainton-Dolby) sang the contralto part in a manner that literally left nothing to be desired, the tender admonishing air, "Love not the world," one of the especial gems of the oratorio, naturally coming in for the largest share of applause. In the tenor music, Mr. Vernon Rigby exerted himself creditably, and Herr Stepan displayed a good voice in the bass solos.

Having spoken generally of the performance, which on the whole was as fairly satisfactory as could be expected considering that there had been but one full rehearsal, I have only to add that the impression made by the work on the audience was unmistakable, the conventional restrictions as to applause being utterly disregarded, number after number eliciting the heartiest approval; while at the end of the oratorio came for the composer burst forth from every part of the hall, and when, after considerable delay, Mr. Sullivan appeared, the shouts of "brave," from all quarters were loud and continuous. It is to be hoped that next season the society may be induced to repeat a composition which has made so genuine a success with them.

I spoke of the second work in the programme as a "quasi" novelty. It will be scarcely credited that, in a musical town like Birmingham, whose Festivals alone have given it such a world-wide reputation, that Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has not been heard for a period of some say 26, some 24 years, but, to split the difference, put it at a quarter of a century! Yet such appears to be the fact. The soloists were the same as before, and with the exception of the bass, who at times seemed all abroad (notably in the fine "quando corpus morietur"), sang their solos honourably throughout. The remarks already made as to band and chorus will equally apply in this case.

Sir Michael Costa being in Birmingham on Festival business, was present at the concert. The principal Festival engagements at present concluded are with Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. Our famous English tenor is announced to play in ballad opera at the Theatre on the 12th, 14th, and 15th of this month, of which more anon.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

DRESDEN.—Herr Friedrich Grützmacher has just returned from a successful tour through the South of Germany and Switzerland. The critics of the various towns through which he passed unanimously pronounce him a first-class violoncellist.

MUNICH.—Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* is to be produced before the end of the present month. Such is the command of his Bavarian Majesty. The preparations are being carried on most actively day and night. As our readers are aware, *Die Walküre* forms the first part of the grand musical drama, *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, of which the *Rheingold* was the prologue or introduction. Though the practical difficulties in the *Walküre* are not so great as were those in the *Rheingold*, they are still sufficient to drive nearly distracted stage-manager and master-carpenters, together with all their numerous subordinates. Most of these difficulties have, however, at present, been overcome, or overcome, or, at any rate, are in a fair way to be so. The greatest was the task of representing—during a long piece of music—nine "Walkyres" on horseback, having on their saddle-bows the corpses of the heroes they have killed, and riding through the clouds to the Walhalla. As the fair vocalists of the Royal Operahouse refused, not unnaturally, to transform themselves into nythic female Mazeppas, so to speak, the youngest and best-looking of the grooms in the Royal stable will act as substitutes for them, much to the disgust of Herr R. Wagner, however, who at first insisted that the ladies themselves should perform the equestrian feat. Another great difficulty for the carpenters was the gradual conflagration spreading round Brunhilde's rock.—Herr R. Wagner will have completed *Hollendämmerung*, which is the third part of the *Nibelungen*, by the end of the present year. He will then proceed to write the music of his *Buddha*, and *Parzival*, the librettos of which are already finished. He hopes they will be completed in four years, after which he will lay down the pen as a composer, and devote himself entirely to superintending the production of his works. What a treat in store for the opera-goers of the Future.

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WAIFS.

"At the Saturday Popular Concert, to-day, Madame Goddard is to play for the first time in public, another work by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, which has hitherto only existed in manuscript, but which is now published by Duncan Davison & Co., as No 2 of "Revivals." At the concert on Monday night, Madame Goddard is to play Mendelssohn's three "Posthumous Studies," and (with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti) Sterndale Bennett's "Chamber Trio, in A major."

A son of Madame Sontag's has appeared at a concert in Rome, according to Roman journals, with success.

An opera by Signor Bottesini, entitled *Vincigenerra*, has been successfully produced at Monaco.

There is no chance of *Lohengrin* at the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie this season. It has, already, driven the scenic artists and machinists to despair.

The following works were played at M. Pasdeloup's concert last Sunday:—Gade's Symphony in B flat; Beethoven's "Pastoral;" and Herr Wagner's *Faust* overture.

The Salisbury Diocesan Choral Festival will be held by permission of the Dean and Chapter in Salisbury Cathedral on the 1st of June next.—*Choir.*

Signor Perotti, whose recent success in the principal theatres of Italy has been so marked, will appear at Drury Lane during the approaching season.

Among the engagements made by Mr. Wood for Drury Lane is that of Mdlle. Saverthal, an artists from whom the highest things are expected.

A full choral service took place on Ash Wednesday evening in the Temple Church; it is remarkable as being the first evening service known to have been held in that venerable building.

Le Ménéstrel says that when Herr Wagner has finished his *Nibelungen*, his career as a composer will also be terminated. Not earlier, O Prophet! not a little earlier?

A new theatre, to accommodate 600 persons, with a winter garden, club, and restaurant attached, is announced to be built, if a capital of £150,000 in £5 shares can be raised. The site selected is that formerly occupied by Saville House, Leicester Square, and the theatre is to be named the Denmark Theatre.

Abbé Liszt has just completed his oratorio, *Le Roi Etienne*, and will soon direct its performance at Pesth. Some years ago the Hungarians buried St. Stephen's crown lest it should fall into the hands of foreigners. Is there a chance of their doing the same with——but, no; foreigners are not likely to contest possession of the St. Stephen's oratorio.

The art aspects of Munich are apt to take a ridiculous turn, even where Herr Wagner's musical eccentricities play no part. Last year another touch was added to the public decoration of the capital. A gilded bronze statue of Goethe, on the Karlsplatz, after provoking curiosity for days as a veiled prophet under sacking, was uncovered and celebrated with speech-making, electric light, and other jubilations. The ignorant public was puzzled whether the statue were meant for "Apollo" or "Goethe;" whether—the post himself seemed to improbable! This *reductio ad absurdum* of the national hero is excused on score that the sculptor is paid very little for his work; not an uncommon fact in Germany, where failures are less expensive than with us!

At the re-opening of Womenswould Church, one of the most chaste examples of the English architecture of the thirteenth century, the sermon was preached by the Rev. G. P. Pownall, vicar of Hoxton, and formerly Dean of Perth, Western Australia. After remarking on the contrast which the beautiful edifice presented to the dreary ranges of whitewashed walls, with damp and mouldy corners, which he remembered to have seen in days gone by, when he was a frequent worshipper there,—the preacher noticed the scarcely less remarkable change in the character of the services in the majority of the churches throughout the country:—"You remember the minister and the clerk reciting to each other, the one, we will hope, for the edification of the other, I fear far more frequently for the amusement of the audience. No glad response of any kind. No song of praise. No chanted canticle. The *Gloria*, the *Te Deum*, the *Jubilate*, all alike, a dreary repetition. Two staves of Tate and Brady, to the melancholy accompaniment of the bassoon, were supposed to represent the praises of a people 'singing and making melody in their hearts unto the Lord.' And people were content with such a state of things. They said, 'Let it be, let it be; it is our way; we want no change.' But God, who has given us the Sabbath for a delight, and who desires His people to be joyful in the house of prayer, has not suffered, and could not suffer such a state of things to be. It is His work amongst us, this great change, this grand revival, and to Him be all the praise and all the glory. Moreover, under His guidance, and by the leadings of His ever-present Spirit, we are learning, I trust, from year to year, how to make still more joyous and frequent use of our renewed churches. What happy gatherings within their walls are frequent now, which were never so much as heard of then: the meetings of neighbouring choirs on some bright summer's day—the happy procession to God's House commencing the village school festival—the throng of young and old, rich and poor, to harvest thanksgivings—or the intense delight now felt in the comely decorations of the church at Christmas time, at Easter, or at Whitsuntide. All these are marks of happy progress in the same direction—all are leading onwards. Whither? There is the anxious question which is now so continually asked, and which receives such divers answering. Some bid us be upon our guard. They are for ever raising an alarm. If we restore a church, they cry 'take care;' if we remodel our choir, it is 'take care;' or if you chant a psalm which before was read, again it is 'take care;' and all for fear of the scare of Ritualism. Take care of what? Of the danger of doing what is obviously right? Take care of the risk of manifest improvement? Take care of what the better doing of our best work may lead to? No, indeed; I will not be careful of the consequences. God will take care of all that. What it will lead to is not my concern, nor yours, it is His. And have you such poor faithless hearts as to fear that progress so manifestly guided and overruled for good—progress from worse to better, from confusion to order, and from darkness to light—is the high road back to the follies of long discarded superstition? It cannot be. I verily believe that for us this wonderful work of church restoration throughout our land has a different message, a different meaning altogether."—*Choir.*

AMERICAN CRITICISM.

The following admirable examples of "gush" come to us from across the Atlantic. The subject is Carlotta Patti:—

"The star of the evening, the beautiful Carlotta, was then led forward by Mr. Colby. The princess of song was greeted by a burst of hearty applause. A cavatina, from *Linda di Chamounai*, had been chosen as her opening piece. This cavatina in question contained many passages which call for erratic, elaborate, and fantastic salutatory vocalization. Carlotta was equal to the emergency; she soared aloft and tackled the high notes, she docked down and scooped up the low notes. She succeeded admirably in getting her pretty throat full of a mouth chock full of the sweetest notes of all sorts and kinds of tones, and then blew them out through the pearly gates of the aforesaid rosebud mouth so gracefully that everybody was smilingly delighted, wonderingly enraptured. This reporter, as he gazed and listened, felt as though Odd Fellows Hall was crowded with a multitude of bright-plumed, cheery little birds, that kept flying hither and thither, around and about, piping and singing, trilling and warbling, caroling joyously their dainty little bird songs, while they darted every way, dazzling the eyes, entrancing the senses."

"The appearance of Mdlle. Patti, ere before she opened her sweet, rosebud lips, excited the interest and admiration of every one before her. She is slightly above medium height, and more than medium in other proportions; she has a slight limp, which was exercised very generously last night in response to frequent encores. This was acquired by an accident in childhood, and links a bit of sentimental sympathy with universal praise. She was dressed in a rich rose-coloured satin dress, with court train, cut so as to display to advantage her superb shoulders and arms, with point-lace overskirt, looped at the sides with bows to correspond with the dress. Her hair was dressed low on her broad, classic brow, as it appears in her latest portraits, and she wore a small, exquisite set of diamond jewelry. Every lady in the house, as far as heard from, whispered: 'Oh, isn't she lovely?' And true, she is a very queen of grace, and beauty, and song."

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VOL. 48—No. 12. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THE Directors of the Royal Italian Opera have the honour to announce that the Season of 1870 will commence

ON TUESDAY, MARCH 29TH.

The Directors respectfully submit the following arrangements for the Season, which will be adhered to as nearly as circumstances will permit:—

ENGAGEMENTS:—

Madame ADELINA PATTI, Mdlle. OLMA (her First Appearance in England), Mdlle. VANZINI, Mdlle. CARI (her First Appearance in England), Mdlle. MADIGAN (her First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera), Madame DELL' ANESE, and Mdlle. SESSI (her First Appearance in England),

ALSO,

Madame PAULINE LUCCA (her First Appearance these Two Years), Mdlle. LOCATELLI, Mdlle. SCALCHI, Mdlle. BAUERMEISTER,

AND

Mdlle. TIETJENS.

Herr WACHTEL (his First Appearance these Four Years), Signor LAROCCA, Signor NAUDIN, Dr. GUNZ (his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera), Signor MARINO, and Signor MARIO (his First Appearance these Two Years).

Signor COTOGNI, Signor BAGAGIOLI,

Monsieur PETIT (his First Appearance these Two Years),

Signor CAPPONI (his First Appearance these Two Years), Signor FALLAR.

Signor TAGLIAFICO, Signor CIAMPI,

Signor CARAVOGLIA (his First Appearance at the Royal Italian Opera), Signor CASSABONI, Signor ROSSI, and Signor GRAZIANI.

CONDUCTORS.—Signor VIANESI, Director of the Music at the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburgh (his First Engagement at the Royal Italian Opera), and Signor BEVIGNANI.

Principal Dancers:—

Mdlle. BLANCHE RICOIS, and Mdlle. WASEN (of the Imperial Conservatoire, St. Petersburgh).

Maestro al Piano	Signor TITO MATTEI.
Leader of the Military Band (Coldstream)	Mr. F. GODFREY.
Organist	Mr. PITTMAN.
Leader	Mr. CARRODUS.
Suggestrice	{ Signor LAGO, and Signor RALF.
Maître-de-Ballet	Mons. DESPLACES.
The Appointments by	Mr. LASHART.
Machinist	Mr. CARNEY.

THE UNRIVALLED ORCHESTRA OF THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The CHORUS selected from that of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, and from that of the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

STAGE MANAGER.—Mr. A. HARRIS.

Artistes Costumiers:

Madame VALLET, Monsieur HENNIER (of Paris), Mrs. JAMES, and Miss SMITH.

Scenic Artistes:—

Mr. DAYES and Mr. CANEY.

In addition to the most favourite Operas of the *Répértoire*, the following Works will be given during the SEASON:—

Esmeralda.—This Opera, the composition of Signor Campana, the libretto being founded on the Romance of Victor Hugo, has lately been produced at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburgh with such great success, that the Directors have purchased of the author the exclusive right of its representation in England. *Esmeralda* will be given at the Royal Italian Opera early in June, the principal characters being performed by Madame Adelina Patti, Signor Naudin, and Signor Graziani, &c.

Hamlet.—The Directors also possess the exclusive right of representation of this Opera in England, it will be given towards the end of April. The part of Ophelia by Mdlle. Sessi. Hamlet by Signor Cotogni, &c.

Medea.—(First time at the Royal Italian Opera). Jason, Dr. Gunz; Creonte, Signor Bagagiolo; Neris, Mdlle. Scalchi; Lamia, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Clyte, Mdlle. Madigan; Dirce, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Medea, Mdlle. Tietjens.

Le Domino Noir.—Will be produced soon after the arrival of Madame Pauline Lucca. Orazio, Signor Naudin; Giuliano, Signor Larocca; Gil Perez, Signor Ciampi; Lord Elbert, Signor Tagliafico; and Angela, Madame Pauline Lucca (her first appearance in that character).

I Puritani.—Enrico, Madame Adelina Patti (her first appearance in that character in England); Riccardo, Signor Graziani; Giorgio, Signor Bagagiolo; and Arturo, Signor Mario.

Lucia di Lammermoor.—The character of Lucia by Madame Sessi and Madame Adelina Patti.

Fidelio.—Florestano, Dr. Gunz; Don Pizarro, M. Petit; Rocco, Signor Bagagiolo; Marcellina, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Fidelio, Mdlle. Tietjens.

L'Etoile du Nord.—(For the first time these four years).—Peter the Great, M. Petit; Danilowitz, Signor Naudin; Gritzenska, Signor Ciampi; Prascovia, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Catarina, Madame Adelina Patti (her fourth appearance in that character)

Macbeth.—This Opera, held by many to be the *Chef-d'œuvre* of Signor Verdi will be produced for the first time in England, the chief characters being performed by Signor Graziani and Mdlle. Tietjens.

La Figlia del Reggimento.—Tonio, Signor Larocca; Sulpizio, Signor Ciampi. The character of Maria by Mdlle. Sessi and Madame Adelina Patti.

Les Huguenots.—Raoul, Herr Wachtel; De Nevers, Signor Cotogni; St. Bris, M. Petit; Marcel, Signor Bagagiolo; Urbano, Mdlle. Cari; Margherita, Mdlle. Vanzini; and Valentina, Mdlle. Tietjens and by Madame Pauline Lucca.

Il Flauto Magico.—Tamino, Dr. Gunz; Papageno, Signor Cotogni; Sarastro, Signor Bagagiolo; Regina della Notte, Mdlle. Sessi; Papagena, Mdlle. Olma; and Pamina, Mdlle. Tietjens.

L'Africaine.—Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca; Inez, Mdlle. Vanzini; Nelusko, Signor Graziani; Don Pedro, Signor Bagagiolo; Don Diego, Signor Capponi; and Vasco di Gama, Signor Naudin, also by Herr Wachtel.

Oberon.—Rezia, Madame Adelina Patti; Cerentino, Signor Naudin; and Huol, Signor Graziani.

Guglielmo Tell.—Guglielmo Tell, Signor Graziani; Un Pescatore, Signor Lancia; Gessler, Signor Tagliafico; Walter, Signor Bagagiolo; Arnold, Herr Wachtel; Edulge, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Matilde, Mdlle. Vanzini.

Freischutz.—Rodolfo, Dr. Gunz; Caspar, M. Petit; Hermit, Signor Bagagiolo; Killian, Signor Tagliafico; Kuno, Signor Capponi; Annetta, Mdlle. Vanzini; Briedesmadi, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Agata, Mdlle. Tietjens.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia.—Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

Don Giovanni.—Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Vanzini; Don Ottavio, Herr Wachtel; Don Giovanni, Signor Cotogni; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Commendatore, Signor Capponi; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens.

La Favorita.—Fernando, Signor Mario; Alfonso, Signor Graziani; Baldassare, Signor Bagagioli; and Leonora, Madame Pauline Lucca.

Faust e Margherita.—Faust, Signor Mario; Valentino, Signor Cotogni; Siebel, M. Petit; Siebel, Mdlle. Cari (her first appearance); and Margherita, by Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Pauline Lucca.

Le Nozze di Figaro.—Susannah, Mdlle. Sessi; Cherubino, Madame Pauline Lucca; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Tietjens, *&c. &c. &c.*

La Traviata.—Alfredo, Signor Mario; Germont, Signor Graziani; and Violetta, Madame Adelina Patti.

Martha.—Lionello, Signor Mario; Plunkette, Signor Graziani; Lord Tristano, Signor Ciampi; Nancy, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Lady Enrichetta (Martha), Madame Adelina Patti.

Roberto Il Diavolo.—Alice, Mdlle. Tietjens; Isabella, Mdlle. Sessi; Bertram, Signor Bagagiolo; and Roberto, Signor Naudin.

L'Elisir d'amore.—Nemorino, Signor Mario; Dulcamara, Signor Ciampi; and Adina, Madame Adelina Patti.

Fra Diavolo.—Zerlina, Madame Pauline Lucca; Beppo, Signor Tagliafico; Giacomo, Signor Capponi; Lorenzo, Signor Lancea; Lord Koberg, Signor Ciampi; and Fra Diavolo, Signor Naudin.

The Répértoire is now by far the most extensive of any Theatre in Europe, and consists of Forty-nine Operas.

[*See next page.*

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN—*continued.*

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF FORTY NIGHTS,

But as there will (after the first week) be regularly Four Nights in each week, viz., MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, Subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the Season, have the choice of selecting either two of the four nights. Subscribers of last Season are also respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same *at once* to Mr. EDWARD HALL, at the box office.

TERMS FOR THE FORTY NIGHTS.

Boxes on the Second Tier (for four persons), 100 guineas; Ditto First Tier ditto, 200 guineas; Ditto Grand Tier ditto, 240 guineas; Ditto Pit Tier ditto, 220 guineas; Orchestra Stalls, each 25 guineas; Amphitheatre Stalls, first and second rows, each 18 guineas.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

Applications for Boxes and Stalls to be made to Mr. EDWARD HALL, at the box-office, under the portico of the Theatre; also of Mr. MITCHELL, Mr. BURR, Messrs. LACOM & OLLIER, Messrs. CHAPPELL, Bond Street; Mr. A. HAYS, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,
March, 1870.

CRYSTAL PALACE SHILLING OPERAS.—The enthusiastic reception of, and large attendances at last week's performances of BENEDICT'S "LILY OF KILLARNEY," has induced its repetition on MONDAY and TUESDAY next, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE GRIEVE, Chancellor by Madame Florence-Lancia, Miss A. Goodall, Miss Emmeline Cole; Messrs. G. Perren, E. Cottle, G. Ro. Tempie, and Aynsley Cook. Secondary by Mr. F. Fenton. Full Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. On Thursday will be performed "LA SONNAMBULA;" Amina, Miss Blanche Cole. Admission, as usual to Palace and Theatre, One Shilling.

CHAMBER CONCERTS OF MODERN MUSIC.
MARCH 22nd.

MR. WILLEM COENEN'S FIRST EVENING CONCERT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Programme:—Trio, No. 2, Op. 112, Raff; Songs, "A Flood," "The Poet," Schubert; Quartet, E major, Max Bruch; Songs, "Evening song," "Kinderlich," Orpheus with his lute, Schlitzan; Quartet, in C, Op. 66, Rubinstein. Executants, Messrs. Cornes, Wiener, Jacoby, Zerbini, and Daubert. Vocalist, Miss Sinclair. Stalls, 5s.; Admission, 2s.; at Novello, Ewer, & Co.'s, and at the Hanover Square Rooms.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY NEXT, March 25th, BEETHOVEN'S GRAND MASS in D. Subscription Concert. Principal vocalists: Mdlle. Enequist, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lawy. Violin obligato by Mr. Sainton. Band and Chorus on the usual complete scale of the Society's performances, will consist of 700 performers. Commence (on this occasion) at Eight o'clock. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and Stalls 10s. 6d., at No, 6, Exeter Hall.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, THURSDAY Next, March 24th, Eight o'clock.—St. JAMES'S HALL.—Soloist, Herr Joachim. Programme:—Part 1, Overture, "Zauberflöte," Mozart; Motet for double choir, "I wrestle and pray," Bach—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir; Concerto for the Violin, Mendelssohn—Herr Joachim. Part II. Symphony in C minor, Beethoven; Motet, for an Eight-part Choir, "Judge me, O God," Mendelssohn—Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir; Solo, for Violin, "Adagio from the Ninth Concerto for the Violin," Spohr—Herr Joachim; Part Song, "The Band's up" (by Desk), Macfarren. The Band includes the most distinguished Metropolitan instrumentalists. Conductor, Mr. HENRY LESLIE. Tickets, 10s., 3s., 2s., 1s., at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly, and all Music Publishers.

THIS EVENING.
LAST CONCERT OF THE PRESENT SEASON.

SATURDAY BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Director, Mr. JOHN BOOSEY. THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, MARCH 19th. The last concert of the Present Season. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, Mrs. Henry Barnby, Madame Anna Jewell, and Madame Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Byrom. Pianoforte, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski (Pianist to the King of Prussia.) Clarionet, Mr. Lazarus. Harp, for Pianoforte, on Weber's "ORERON," will be played by Mr. J. L. Hatton and Master G. F. Hatton. The Orpheus Glee Union, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. HATTON. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s. Tickets to be had at St. James's Hall; of Boosey & Co., Holles Street; and the usual Musicsellers.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President, Mr. BENEDICT. Director, Herr SCHUBERTH. FOURTH SEASON, 1870. The Second Concert of the present Season will take place on Thursday, 24th inst. The first part of the Programme formed of R. Schumann's Vocal and Instrumental compositions. The few remaining Unreserved Tickets may be had at Messrs. D. DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 128, Regent Street.

MR. ARTHUR BYRON will sing BLUMENTHAL'S admired song, "THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE," at the Saturday Concerts, St. James's Hall, This Evening, Saturday, March 19th.

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.—To ORGANISTS.—The Committee of the Liverpool School for the Indigent Blind desire to obtain the services of a thoroughly qualified ORGANIST and TEACHER of MUSIC and SINGING. He will be required to attend the school every week-day morning, and conduct the service in the chapel on Sundays. Full particulars may be ascertained on inquiry from the superintendent at the school. Salary £100.—Applications, accompanied, with copies of testimonials, which will not be returned, to be addressed to the treasurer, School for the Blind, Hardman Street, Liverpool.

A NEW SONG,

"BLYTHE AS A BIRD."

By HANNAH R. BINFIELD.

Post free for 18 stamps.

BINFIELD'S MUSIC WAREHOUSE, READING.

Published This Day,

'MEMORY" (words by GEORGE E. NEWTON)	...	...	...	2s.
'GEM OF MY HEART" (words by W. HYRCHMAN, Esq., M.D.)	...	...	...	3s.
'COME BACK AGAIN, DARLING" (words by WILLIAM NEWTON)	...	...	...	3s.

Composed by WILLIAM NEWTON.

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FOR A CHURCH CHOIR, in the neighbourhood of Clapham, TWO SOPRANO VOICES. Apply, by letter only, with Testimonials to qualification and character, and stating terms, to C., Post Office, Longlebro' Place, Brixton Road, S.W. None need apply whose character will not bear the strictest investigation.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, Westmark Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play SEMLER'S "VALSE INQUIETUDE" (dedicated to Miss Aguilar) at Mr. Aguilar's Matinée of Pianoforte Music, March 31st.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Nineteenth Season of these Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concerts will commence with the Public Rehearsal on March 31st. Prospectuses are now ready.

Just Published,

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA
(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA
(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

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N.B. "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been long out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

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BEETHOVENIANA.—No. VII.*

(*Continued from page* 147.)

IX.—DOTS AND STROKES—*Continued.*

And first for the players. Clementi's "Introduction" appeared in the year 1801, and in it he says notes which are marked with strokes or dots must be sharply struck ("pointer ou piquer") the latter less forcibly than the former. In 1820 appeared the *Wiener Pianoforte-Schule*, by Frederick Starke, a work the appendix to which contains five little pieces, with fingering by Beethoven, which were subsequently published by the composer with six others, under the title "Nouvelles bagatelles," Op. 112 and 119. The book also contained two movements out of the sonata, Op. 28, with some of the fingering marked by Beethoven himself. In this work there are three kinds of staccato ("Stossen oder staccato"). First, the short, sharp staccato, noted by a stroke; in which each note should be held for only the fourth of its real value. Secondly, the half-staccato, designated by a dot, where the note should be held for half its value; and thirdly the dragging staccato (*appogiato*) denoted by dots under or over a slur, and where each note is held for three-quarters of its value. The same thing, though in different words, is said by Czerny, who had many communications with Beethoven in 1801 on musical subjects. It is not necessary to make any quotation from his *Pianoforte School*.

So far the players on keyed instruments, with whom the value of dot or stroke is confined to the mere period during which the note is held. The players on stringed instruments for the most part take them to denote a certain way of bowing; and the wind instrument players consider them as intended to denote a method of tonguеing, with less relation to the time of duration of the note. Thus, for instance, in Johann Adam Hiller's *Anweisung zum Violinspielen* (1793, p. 41), we find:—

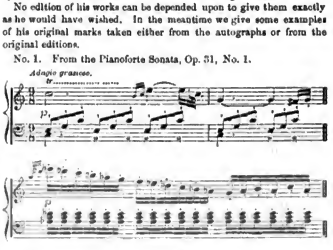
"If the accent is to be given quicker, with a more decisive stroke of the bow, it is denoted by a stroke (𝄽) over the note, or by the word *staccato*. Where the notes are marked with a dot, the expression is different, and it is denoted by the word *punto d'arco*. Several notes so marked may be taken by a single bow, and brought out sharply by a stroke of the bow. When a slur is found over the dots, it signifies that the notes are to be more united, with a firmer bow, and a slight accent only upon each."

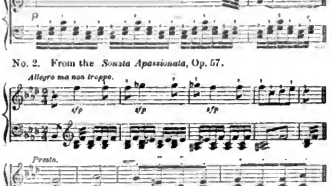
In the same manner, though not in the same words, we find these signs explained in almost all other instruction books, as for instance in the *Violin-Schule* of Leopold Mozart (1770, p. 39), and in Quantz's *Versuch einer Anweisung die Flöte traversiere zu spielen* (p. 64 and 193). Some doubt however is thrown on these explanations by the fact that the methods of playing have altered in the last eighty years, and that there was probably never a perfect agreement between the different schools of players. Thus, in the Leipzig *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1804, we find a remark (p. 730) to the effect that the staccato was formerly effected with the side of the bow, while at that time the middle of the bow was used. According to the Vienna tradition, however, Beethoven marked his strokes and dots whether for stringed or wind instruments without reference to the bowing or tonguеing, but simply as showing the amount of duration of the tone; the stroke denoting a sharp and short accent, and the dot a less short one; and this tradition seems to have two considerations in its favour—first, that Beethoven probably never blew a wind instrument in his life, and did not trouble himself about tonguеing; and next that he knew little or nothing about violin playing, and at the performance of his last quartets gave himself very little concern how the players bowed or struck. And this is corroborated by an extract from the great Violin School of Rode, Kreutzer, and Baillot, published by Diabelli, of Vienna, which says that strokes and dots both denote that the note should be played staccato, the strokes requiring a sharper accent than the dots. This is without doubt the manner in which they should be interpreted in Beethoven's music.

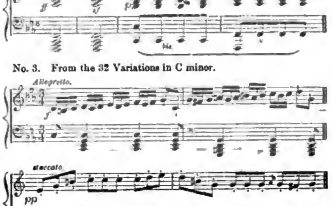
Whether such a distinction can be applied to all his works, or whether a time can be fixed at which he began to make ostensible difference between the two, are questions which would require a longer space for their examination than we can afford to give them.

No edition of his works can be depended upon to give them exactly as he would have wished. In the meantime we give some examples of his original marks taken either from the autographs or from the original editions.

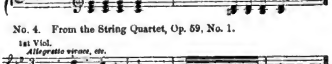
No. 1. From the Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 31, No. 1.



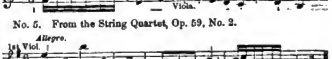
No. 2. From the *Sonata Apassionata*, Op. 57.

No. 3. From the 32 Variations in C minor.



No. 4. From the String Quartet, Op. 59, No. 1.



No. 5. From the String Quartet, Op. 59, No. 2.



* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

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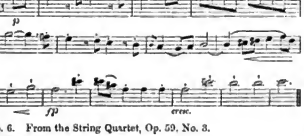
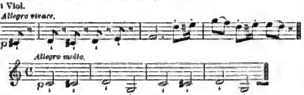
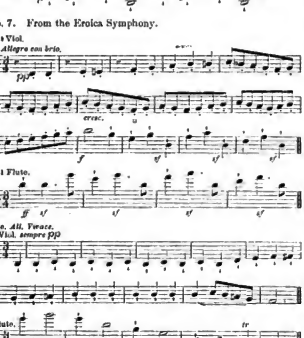
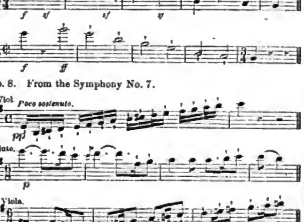
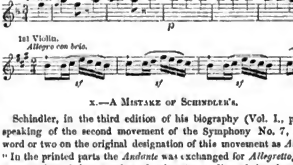

No. 6. From the String Quartet, Op. 59, No. 3.

No. 7. From the Eroica Symphony.

No. 8. From the Symphony No. 7.





X.—A Mistake of Schindler's.

Schindler, in the third edition of his biography (Vol. I., p. 192), speaking of the second movement of the Symphony No. 7, says a word or two on the original designation of this movement as *Andante*: "In the printed parts the *Andante* was exchanged for *Allegretto*, which seems to have led to a universal misunderstanding of the character of the movement. At a later time the composer restored the original *tempo*."

The statement that the piece was first marked *Allegretto* in the printed parts is not correct, for in the manuscript parts mentioned in the preceding article, which are older than the printed ones, and were used at the first performance of the Symphony, under Beethoven's direction, on the 8th and 12th December, 1813, we find the single word *Allegretto* at the head of the second movement. There are in all 24 of these manuscript parts, six of which are "violoncello and basso." One of the parts is dated "Wien, 12 December, 1813." [G.]

PARADISE AND THE PERI AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Correspondent of the "Choir.")

The disciples of Robert Schumann in Manchester, at the last of Mr Hallé's concerts, had the unusual opportunity of hearing a work which occupied the entire programme on the occasion of the performance for the first time in Manchester of *Paradise and the Peri*. Apart altogether from our estimate of the merits of the work, there can be no doubt that Mr. Hallé is highly to be applauded for producing novelties with the liberality which he has shown this season. We would gladly hail a little more of this spirit, for it is a just reproach against English audiences generally, that they are so fascinated with their favourite authors, as to be careless to extend their knowledge, or to judge fairly of the merits of the writings of other authors. This reservation in music is undoubtedly injurious to our modern writers, as their productions have either no chance of being heard, or, if heard, are passed by without a due consideration of their merits. Of Robert Schumann's works this cannot be said: on the contrary, of late years almost all his important compositions have been performed, and that, too, in a style worthy of the best works of the greatest masters. Indeed, his admirers attempt to place him on a level with Mendelssohn; but, if a comparison of the writings of the two masters must be made, the verdict naturally comes in favour of Mendelssohn. Schumann's symphonies, indeed, exhibit almost endless scholarly devices, but in addition to a great lack of melody, there is a want of freshness of idea, and lack of simplicity of treatment, while too often eccentricities and uncouthness creep up where animation is aimed at; affectation where tenderness and pathos might be looked for. Of his pianoforte music it has been tersely said, that the only fancy it contains is confined to the titles of the pieces.

Of the several cantatas which Schumann has left behind, *Paradise and the Peri* is, we believe, the only one that has been publicly performed in England. It is the longest, but perhaps not the most pleasing work of the author. Founded upon an episode in Moore's well-known poem, the words have suffered much from translation, and the re-translated English is certainly far from being an improvement upon the original. The music is, for the most part, characterized by all the peculiarities of the composer. Schumann's want of melody is here, as ever, by no means hidden, and wholly unatoned for by the constant changes of the rhythm, unexpected progressions of harmony, and strange cadences which never fail to betray his handiwork. This want of continuity is least felt in the light and pleasing chorus, "Des genies du Nil," (with its not very original subject) in the couplets, "Au bord du lac," in the soothing "Dors noble couple," which concludes the second part; and in the clever and very charming "Chœur des Houris"—"Faites tomber de nouvelles fleurs." This last-mentioned chorus is written in four parts for female voices, the trebles being employed in "Canon" with the same ease and mastery displayed by the author in many of his works; and noticeably in the opening of his cantata, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt*. Unlike most of Schumann's cantatas the first part of it is complete in itself, and would always please as a detached *morceau*. Any attempt, however, to describe the cantata from an inspection of the score, must, of necessity, be imperfect; it is only in the performance that Schumann's devices can be fairly understood. It is impossible, however, to rise from a first hearing of a work like that under notice with

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anything like satisfaction. There seems to be little or nothing to attract the attention, and the constant exhibition of unusual effect by no means atones for such an absence of melody, and eventually wearies the most attentive listener. There is a lumbering dreariness in points where the composer might naturally be expected to be heroic. The death of the lovers, for instance, is a situation capable of very fine dramatic expression; but Schumann at this point is not only not dramatic, but is positively tiresome and mysterious. The work was performed with all possible care, and the entire absence of enthusiasm from a very large audience can be more easily accounted for by the fact that the music has nothing of the popular element in it than from a lack of interest. This was the last of Mr. Hallé's choral concerts for the season.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

We are requested to publish the following letter addressed by Sir E. A. H. Lechmere, Bart., to the High Sheriff of the county (T. R. Hill, Esq.):—

"*London, Feb.* 28, 1870.

"DEAR MR. HIGH SHERIFF.—As I shall be absent from England when the discussion about the music meetings takes place, I venture to trouble you with my views, and to ask you to lay them before the meeting. I am conscious of more than one very serious objection to the musical festivals as at present conducted, and am therefore in favour of the acceptance of Lord Dudley's proposal, and have already expressed myself to that effect at the recent meeting of the Cathedral Restoration Committee. At the same time I should be very sorry that the original object of the triennial music meeting, namely, "the meetings of the three choirs" of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, with a view to aid the Clergy Widows and Orphans' Charity should be discontinued.

"It is possible, indeed very probable, that the sum collected under such circumstances, that is the meetings of the three choirs for a grand choral festival in the Cathedral, without the aid of public singers, would fall short of the amount which has, for some years past, been allotted to the Worcester Clergy Widows and Orphans' Society, but I cannot but think that means might readily be found by which the subscriptions to that charity might be very considerably increased so as to prevent any permanent loss of income. At present, the number of subscribers to the Charity is comparatively limited, and consists mainly of the clergy themselves.

"As the long existence of the present mode of conducting the meetings of the three choirs has been mentioned as a strong plea for its continuance, I would venture to remind you that for many years after their institution these meetings consisted of choral services in the Cathedral on two days with a sermon, and a collection in aid of the Clergy Widows and Orphans' Charity.* Two evening concerts† were subsequently added, at which oratorios were performed until the year 1759, when, at Hereford, the *Messiah* was performed in the Cathedral on the third morning, the two services remaining as before.‡

"The choral services were continued until 1784, when, at Gloucester one service was dropped, and oratorios were performed in the Cathedral on two mornings.

"This will, I think, prove that for many years the original objects of these festivals as § 'tending to the furtherance of God's glory, in the exaltation of His holy worship, to the improvement of our choirs' was strictly carried out. How far the present mode of conducting the musical Festivals tends to promote these most noble aims, the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral are the best judges; but it would seem to many that the original idea of solemn acts of choral worship in aid of charity has been lost sight of, and that the part taken in our Festivals by the three choirs themselves is not of the prominent nature, (evidently with a view to their encouragement and improvements) which was originally intended; indeed in the early days of its institution the lay members of the choirs participated in the benefits of the charity.‖

"I will not trouble you further with objections which I share with many others, and which I have no doubt will be fully and ably explained at the meeting, but I would, in conclusion, refer to one which I believe is very seriously felt by the Dean and Chapter themselves, and that is the triennial interruption of the services of the Cathedral, in their usual and proper place, preparatory to the musical Festivals. This need not be the case if the idea of reverting to the original meetings of the three choirs were adopted. When the Cathedral is completely restored, and the nave fitted up with seats and (as it is temporarily at present) used for service, especially on Sundays, the interruptions of the services will be still more marked and objectionable.—I am, dear Mr. High Sheriff, yours very faithfully,

"*The High Sheriff.* EDMUND A. H. LECHMERE."

In reply to an amendment proposed at the meeting reported by us last week, Sir John Pakington said:—

"When I rose to address you before I really felt I had something to say to you. Now I rise because I am rather requested to do so by my friends near me, who think it desirable I should offer a few words after what has fallen from Mr. Rayson. I do not mean the slightest disrespect either to Mr. Holden or Mr. Rayson when I say that I really have not heard in their addresses anything which I think is likely for a single moment to influence the judgment of this great meeting upon the question at issue. (Applause.) In fact when Mr. Hyla Holden first read his resolution it struck me there was some mistake. I thought he was going to support my views. I have been endeavouring to impress upon you the essentially devotional nature of the performances, and the first words of Mr. Holden's motion are that the Cathedral should only be used for devotional purposes. I have contended that it is used for devotional purposes. (Applause.) I say that this is the best, the truest justification of the Festivals. I am now only repeating in substance what I have already said to you. I have referred to some few of those wonderful compositions to which we have all listened with admiration, and, I believe, with increased feelings of devotion. I might go on for an hour to recite the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, those great composers who devoted their genius to the composition of sacred songs, thereby to encourage, by the elevated delight of listening to such glorious music, the devotional and religious feelings of the people. (Applause.) The seconder of the amendment has alluded to parish churches. Do we not constantly assemble in churches for the very purpose of hearing sacred music? In this diocese I have myself attended in parish churches, and there met the Rev. W. Rayson—(applause)—where numbers have been brought together in order to study sacred music. I would allude to the well-known case of one of the largest parish churches in the diocese. I refer to St. Philip's Church at Birmingham. For a long series of years the Birmingham Festivals were held in that church; I have myself attended them there again and again. And why were they removed? Because this church, although it is a great one, could not hold the crowds who came to hear that sacred music. (Applause.) The church was obliged to be given up, and that beautiful hall was built in which the Festivals are now heard. I would appeal to any man who has heard the *Messiah* in that hall and heard it again in Worcester Cathedral whether the devotional effect was not infinitely greater within the sacred building than it was or ever could be within the hall. Upon the suggestion of my friends, I thought it desirable to say these few words. I could not further detain you without going again over the ground already trod, and I believe it is wholly unnecessary I should do so—because—I conclude these few remarks by saying that with which I commenced—I heard nothing in the addresses of either of those respectable gentlemen which I believe will for a moment influence the judgment of this great meeting."

PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—The local journals write in eulogistic terms of the Messrs. Mackenzie and Adlington's classical chamber concerts just terminated. The following was the programme at the last:—

Song, "Ave Maria," Miss Stephen—Cherubini; Solo pianoforte, Romanza (Op. 32), Schumann; Polonaise (No. 1, Op. 26), Chopin; Etude, F sharp major, Henselt; Song, "Where the Bee sucks," Miss Stephen—Sullivan; Solo violin, Andante and Finale (from violin concerto), Herr Kuchler—Max Bruch; Song, "The Fishermaiden," Miss Stephen—Meyerbeer; Solo violoncello, *Lied ohne Worte* (posthumous), Herr Daubert—Mendelssohn; Otetto, in F (Op. 166), for two violins, viola, violoncello, contrabasso, horn, clarionet, and bassoon, Schubert.

The executants in the concerted pieces were Messrs. Mackenzie, Nicoks, Daubert, Wallace, Handley, Tyler, and Haverson. Herr Kuchler was solo violinist; Mr. W. Adlington, pianist; Miss Stephens, vocalist; and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, accompanist.

"We cannot conclude our notice," writes the *Scotsman*, "without expressing how deeply the lovers of music are indebted to Messrs. Mackenzie and Adlington for establishing musical performances which, both as to the works selected and the character of the performance, are superior to anything we ever had here before. The public support these concerts have received, though considerable, has been by no means proportionate to their merits: and this may have partly arisen from the absence of anything like fuss or pretension, having kept many in ignorance of their sterling excellence. We trust, however, they have not been financially such a failure as to discourage the spirited promoters from continuing them next year; were this the case, we would be inclined to despair for music in the Scottish capital."

The *Evening Courant* speaks thus of a performance of *Der Freyschütz* by the Gye-Mapleson *troupe*:—

"In the first act, where Rudolph, disappointed in the shooting match, is the central figure, alternately played at by the successful Killian, consoled by Kuno, the father of Agathe, and tempted by Caspar, Signor Della Rocca was fairly equal to the part. His 'Per i boschi' was smoothly sung and well received. Herr Formes' drinking song, 'Quaggiù in questa rai di pene,' received a re demand, and 'Taci taci' was delivered by him with an appreciation of its agitated and sinister character. Although the great basso's high notes are not as they once were, he still retains great sonority in the lower part of his range, and last night he appeared to more advantage than last year, his acting of Caspar being admirable. Mdlle. Liebhart has a pleasant voice, and sang and acted with much vivacity,

* Lyson's *History of the Meetings of the Three Choirs*, p. 130.
† *Ibid*, p. 135. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 180. § *Ibid*, p. 129. ‖ *Ibid*, p. 130.

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The great *scena* consisting of the prayer, recitative, and *vivace con fuoco* (the latter forming a prominent portion of the overture), which is so associated with Mdlle. Tietjens, was grandly sung, and loudly applauded. The incantation scene was well put on the stage, and the orchestra did their best to add to the effect. The last act opens with the fine air, 'E so la notte,' beautifully sung by Agatha, followed by Mdlle. Liebhart's best performance, 'Nonna mia sogno.' The acting here was very praiseworthy. The popular bridesmaids' and huntsmen's choruses were successful. The *finale* brought the performance to a worthy termination. Signor Tagliafico as the Hermit, Casaboni as Killian, and the representatives of Ottocar and Kuno did good service in their respective parts."

We read as thus, in the *Scotsman* of the 11th inst.:—

"Professor Oakeley played yesterday afternoon on the organ, in the Music Class-room, the following selection, prefaced by remarks on the various pieces:—

"Air, 'Where'er you walk' (*Semele*), Handel; March from *Scipio*, Handel; Andante and Menuetto (Symphony in E flat), Mozart; Andantino (stringed Quartett), Spohr; Andante (Organ Fantasia, Op. 5), Merkel; Entr'acte (*Rosamunde* music, No. 5), Schubert; Ave Maria, Henselt; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, Bach.

"The Professor, in conclusion, stated that, owing to the kindness and munificence of a great benefactor to the University, he had been enabled almost to complete the case for the organ, which it so much needed. The curtain in the centre is merely temporarily placed there, but he hoped that at the next organ performance another curtain of velvet would have taken the place of this one. For this handsome donation, added Mr. Oakeley, I understand that I shall be indebted to the kindness of some of my fair hearers who have honoured organ performances here on various occasions with their bright and welcome presence."

GLASGOW.—Mdlle. Madigan, who is announced to appear at the Royal Italian Opera, sang the music of Ophelia's mad scene recently, and elicited the following remarks from the local critics:—

"Those of our readers who were present at Mdlle. Nilsson's concert in December last will remember the impression she produced in the scene from *Hamlet*—and we hoped that on this occasion it would have been produced in its integrity—that Ophelia, instead of sinking into the arms of the shepherds, would have floated down the stream with the refrain of her lover's song upon her lips, the chorus of the peasants sung with closed lips, forming but a requiem. This, however, was dispensed with. In the fête with which the scene opens Mdlle. Ricois proved herself a graceful and accomplished *danseuse*, and was well supported by the *corps de ballet*; and Mdlle. Madigan, by her expressive singing and action, did all she could to interest her hearers, but with little apparent effect, as a considerable portion of the audience left the theatre before the curtain fell—a mark of discourtesy to the artist which ought not to have been offered.

"After the wonderfully gifted Swedish artist, the original representative of this part, any other singer of course appears to great disadvantage. Mdlle. Madigan, a member of the company whom we have not before seen, is young, and has a very sweet voice; she sings carefully and with a correct intonation, and with ease and flexibility in her upper register, which is particularly good. She sang her part remarkably well, going up without effort to the high D, the orchestra being, however, a little too loud for her. But she made absolutely no attempt to act, which would, indeed, have been impossible in the circumstances, as the whole proper scenery was wanting. The choruses were left out, but we had a ballet; and instead of the proper *dénouement* of floating down the stream, Ophelia fainted away in the arms of the peasants, and was borne off by them in triumph.

"The concluding performance in the Theatre Royal for this season of the Covent Garden Italian Opera Company has taken place. The opera was the *Nozze di Figaro*, and the occasion the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens. The *bénéficiaire* assumed the part of the Countess, Herr Formes that of Figaro, and Mdlle. Vanzini, that of Cherubino. Signor Tagliafico was announced to play the Count, but being prevented by indisposition from appearing, his place was taken by Signor Garcia. The sparkling music of Mozart's great work was rendered very effectively by these artists, the solos and duets particularly so. Herr Formes acted Figaro with a spirit and vivacity which probably at present cannot be equalled. At the close of the performance Mdlle. Tietjens was called before the curtain and greeted with the plaudits of a most enthusiastic audience."

LEEDS.—The *Leeds Mercury* informs us that the Madrigal and Motet Society have given the *Creation* in a creditable manner:—

"Miss Anna Hiles, Mr. Henry Riley, and Mr. C. Lovatt were the vocalists; Mr. Geo. Haddock had the direction of the band; Dr. Spark was at the organ; and Mr. R. S. Burton conducted. Miss Hiles gave 'The marvellous work,' 'With verdure clad,' and 'On mighty pens,' brilliantly. Mr. Riley, 'the new tenor,' possesses a voice of excellent quality, although lacking power. His 'In native worth' called forth an encore. The bass music was given by Mr. Lovatt, from the Manchester Cathedral. As a rule, the choruses went well. 'The Heavens are telling' came with special power, and 'Praise the Lord' was a worthy termination to the performances. Although including only string instruments, the band did its work ably; being assisted throughout by the instrument over which Dr. Spark so worthily presides. Mr. Burton conducted with energy."

BIRMINGHAM.—Our own correspondent from this place writes as follows:—

"Rarely has the Theatre Royal here shown such crowded houses as upon the recent engagement of Mr. Sims Reeves, whose popularity, far from abating, seems to be greater than ever. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the attractions in Mr. Reeves are manifold, and whether in the loftiest works of art, the sublime creations of such master-spirits as Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, or the simple and homely ballads of Dibdin and other racy melodists, he is equally at home, and confers grace and instre upon all. The great secret of Mr. Reeves's long and success-ful career is that he is always in earnest in whatever he undertakes, throwing his whole soul into the work before him, and making his audience comprehend the force and meaning of the subject as he himself feels it. Who, for instance, has ever sung the heartrending 'Passion-music' of the *Messiah* like Mr. Reeves? Who can give such significance to 'Why vexest thou Israel,' with the night soon pass?' from the *Lobgesang*? Who can warble like Reeves that most exquisite of love songs, 'Adelaide'? Who has ever sung the tenor part in Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew* like him? Who brings tears to the eye with the manly songs of Dibdin like our illustrious English tenor? And when to all this is added the further charm, that everything is done with the most perfect ease and entire absence of even the faintest appearance of effort, and that while the legitimate resources of art are brought to bear, all seems spontaneous and flowing, the *ars celare artem*, so difficult of attainment, is throughout manifested in the highest perfection. It is nearly three years since Mr. Reeves last appeared on the stage of this town, and the reception he met with on making his entry, as Henry Bertram in *Guy Mannering*, showed that the theatre-going public had a vivid remembrance of pleasure past, and no less eager expectation of enjoyment to come. The first notes of the 'Echo' duet (sung behind the scenes) showed that the hero of the evening was in excellent voice; and when the songs belonging to the dramatized version of Sir Walter Scott's interesting novel are *apropos* of nothing particular, and have not the slightest connection with the play, 'My Pretty Jane,' 'Tom Bowling,' and the 'Pilgrim of Love' were so charmingly sung that their irrelevance was forgotten, the delight of the audience knew no bounds, and the unanimous and persistent applause for the last-named air at length produced the much desired repetition. As Julia Mannering Miss Ada Jackson displayed a voice of agreeable quality, although not powerful, her most successful effort, 'Tell me, my Heart,' showing that she had been well and carefully taught, while her ladylike bearing and unconstrained style of acting created a decidedly favourable impression, which was amply confirmed on her subsequent appearance as the Lilly Dinchum in the *Beggars' Opera*. If anything could galvanize a passing interest in the deeds, or rather misdeeds of highwaymen, it would be Mr. Reeves's impersonation of Captain Macheath, in which the highest compliment that can be paid to his acting is to say that it is equally as good as his singing; but despite the occasionally really good music there is in it, the piece is altogether of a character unsuited to the present day, and can only be regarded as a musical and dramatic curiosity. That Mr. Reeves was enthusiastically called for at the end was only to be expected; and when he came forward, leading on Miss Jackson to share the honours, the applause was deafening. Yet even this did not appear to satisfy the multitude (some 2,400 persons), who continued their vociferations for a space of twenty-five minutes, and did not desist until the next piece had for some time been played in dumb show. For his benefit and last appearance, Mr. Reeves repeated the *Beggars' Opera*, followed by the *Waterman*, in which the well-known songs were given with all their wonted effect, to the unbounded satisfaction of a house again crammed in every part. It will be a long time ere the impression of these farewell performances will be effaced from the minds of the Birmingham musical public.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

CAIRO.—Signora Sarolta has abandoned Italian for French opera. She is announced to appear "at the especial desire of the Viceroy," as Mephisto, in M. Herve's *Petit Faust*.

KÖNIGSBERG.—The stringed quartet-playing of Herren Ahna, spenhan, Richter, and Müller, from Berlin, has given great satisfaction to the lovers of sterling music, in these northern latitudes.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Two works were conspicuous in the scheme of Saturday's Popular Concert; one, Schubert's quintet for violins, viola, and two violoncellos (Op. 163); the other, a "a dramatic fantasia" for pianoforte, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. Schubert's work was lately revived by Mr. Chappell, and met with so much favour as to seenre the honour of Saturday's repetition. Tha result might have been foreseen, although enormous length stood in the way. So far, the quintet is comparable to its author's ninth symphony, which, as everybody knows, makes equal demand upon one's admiration and one's time. No composer less fertile than Schubert in beautiful ideas, and not more endowed with ability to use for the best such as he may have, could write at equal length without material loss. But the quintet proves, what, indeed, the ninth symphony proved long ago, that Schubert is the "Ancient Mariner" of his order. His story may be very long, but there is no getting away from him. Instead of discussing Op. 163 in detail, we will simply mention that it displays both the characteristic beauties and defects of a man who, not free from the latter, abounded in the former. The work was played to perfection by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Daubert, and Piatti.

W. F. Bach's fantasia is one of a series of "Revivals," now publishing, and will therefore come under notice at a future time. We may, however, say at once that in certain respects it equals, in others surpasses the work by the same author which was brought forward not long ago. Each movement shows clearness of design, attractive melody, and pleasant artlessness of treatment; while the dramatic character given by tha use of recitative is alike novel and interesting. As usual, when new things are produced at these concerts, Madame Arabella Goddard was the pianist. Friedemann Bach's music made but little demand upon her great executive power, but it enabled her to show once more with what ability she can read a work, and lay its meaning as well as its design before her audience. The accomplished lady was recalled after retiring from the platform; and richly deserved the honour. Beethoven's favourite sonata for piano and violin in C minor (Op. 36) ended the concert; in its performance Madame Goddard was associated with Herr Joachim, the result being simply perfect. Miss Edmonds sang two songs after a fashion as unpretending as it was charming.

The concert on Monday was one of the most brilliant of the season. Madame Arabella Goddard played Mendelssohn's three magnificent "Posthumous Studies" magnificently, and was encored in the second (in F) and third (in A minor). The "encore" to the third was too emphatic to be disregarded, and the Study was accordingly repeated. Equally remarkable was Madame Goddard's performance of Sterndale Bennett's exquisite "Chamber Trio" in A, with violin and violoncello—Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. A more perfect execution of a work full of delicacy, and while, at times, just as marked by vigour and brilliancy, has rarely been listened to. The charming Serenade which forms the middle movement, with its piquant accompaniment for violin and violoncello, "*pizzicato*," was enthusiastically encored and repeated. The success of the Trio in A was so decided that, as we understand, it is to be given again at the Monday Popular Concert, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's annual "benefit." The quartets at the concert on Monday last were Beethoven, No. 4, Op. 18 (in C minor), and one by Haydn in G (first time). Both were played by Herr Joachim, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, in perfection. The singer was Mdlle. Carola. Mr. Benedict was the accompanist

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KIEL.—The Musical Festival of Lower Saxony is to be held here on the last two days of next July.

MUNICH.—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was revived lately, with new scenery and decorations, and *without* the cuts and mutilations which so disfigured it in this musical capital of the Future, where the wielders of the pruning-knife respected only the works of Herr it. Wagner. The celebrated garden-scene of the second act, a scene mercilessly cut out by these truculent individuals, has been restored, and is now played in its integrity, greatly to the delight of those still benighted enough to believe that Herr li. Wagner is not the sole—or, even the most illustrious—representative of musical art.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

HERR LOUIS LEE's concert, at Westbourne Hall, last week, notwithstanding some "disappointments," gave satisfaction. Herr Lee, who played Thalberg's *Mosè in Egitto*, M. de Kontski's *Reveil du Lion*, and Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, obtained marked applause. Mr. F. D. Lee was also applauded for his violin solo (De Beriot's "Une *Air Varié*"). Madame Piezzonka and Miss Emma Vernon were the lady singers. The former gave "Ah! non credea" and "Die Post," the latter the "Lover and the bird." The gentlemen singers were Mr. Charles Stanton, who sang "Maid of Athens" (R. B. Allen), and Mr. Leonard Walker, who gave "The Valiant Knight" and "Mibi Rampoli." Tha two, assisted by Madame Piezzonka, also pleased greatly in Signor Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti" (The Mariners).

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* was given on Friday week, conducted by Sir Michael Costa. The performance was throughout very impressive, the grand choruses being given with great power. "Mourn, ye afflicted children," "Hear us, O Lord," "Fallen is the foe," and other choral movements were, as usual, among the prominent effects. The solos were distributed among Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Dalmaine, Miss Julia Elton (in lieu of Madame Sainton-Dolby indisposed), Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. M. Smith, and Mr. Patey. The first-named lady was success-ful in all her airs, especially in "From mighty kings." Miss Dalmaine won approbation, particularly in "Pious orgies." In "Father of Heaven," "Hail, Judea," "O never bow we down," and "O lovely peace," Miss Elton sang with considerable effect. Mr. Rigby gave "Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an alarm," with such power as to elicit loud applause. Mr. Patey, always careful and efficient, came in for a fair share of approbation, particularly in "Arm, arm, ye brave." The hall was well filled.—*Daily News (abridged).*

NEW MUSIC.

The Cambrian War Song. Words by E. GILBERTSON. Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A PATRIOTIC appeal to Welshmen by a Welshman—so far this song might have been used by the bards of Cambria in the days of Longshanks. But there is nothing national about the music. Mr. Richards has employed the resources of modern art to enforce his theme; and we are bound to say with excellent effect. The first verse is set to a stirring theme in B minor, which is marked by very bold progressions. Following the sentiment of the words a happy change is then made to the key of E major, and to graceful *legato* phrases. The third verse brings back the minor key, and displays skill as well as knowledge of effect. Altogether, the song is one of Mr. Richards' most vigorous efforts, and might have been written under the inspiration of one of the men of Harlech.

Reine d'Amour. Romance. Words by F. T. PALGRAVE. Music by [London: Cramer & Co.]

IN this simple and pretty song we fancy tha handiwork of an experienced composer may be recognized. The melody is pleasing, and the accompaniments, while modest in character, are written with correctness and facility. The words which first appeared in tha *Cornhill Magazine*, are excellent, and the song, as a whole, deserves attention.

Go, Gentle Breeze. Song. Words by the Rev. H. W. PULLEN. Music by EDMUND ROGERS. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A BALLAD which makes very high demands upon singer and accompanist. It is so written as to suit all voices more or less; but contraltos, who, like contraltos in general, love music full of tender sentiment, will find themselves best suited by it.

Christ being raised from the Dead. Anthem. By WILLIAM SPARK. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

THE first movement of this anthem is a bit of plain and unremarkable counterpoint. The second, a soprano solo and chorus, begins with a phrase for the former, responded to by the latter which is tiresomely repeated, even though slightly varied. Certain passages, however, are effective. The last chorus and fugue are well worked, and end the anthem impressingly.

BONN.—The erection of the great hall for the Beethoven Festival next August, was commenced on the 3rd inst.

LEIPSIC.—The eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert introduced two novelties, the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" from a *Missa Solemnis*, by E. F. Richter, and a *Suite in Canon-Form*, by Julius V. Grimm, both works being performed under the personal direction of their respective composers, and both being, also, well received.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 19TH, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 12, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Quando a te lieta."—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. .. *Gounod.*
ROMANCE, D minor, Op. 23 ... } for Pianoforte alone—Ma-
ROMANCE, F sharp minor, Op. 28.. } dame SCHUMANN .. *Schumann.*
NOVELETTE, D major, Op. 21 .. }
SONATA, in A major, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. .. *Boccherini.*
SONG, "A Winter's Walk"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and Herr JOACHIM .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 21ST, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 131, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Toi, qui recus ma foi"—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A minor, Op. 42, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Schubert.*

PART II.

ANDANTE, E major, SCHERZO, A minor (Posthumous), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "I dream of thee"—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS .. .. .. *Smart.*
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 9, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (repeated by desire)—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS
WILL BE GIVEN ON
Saturday Mornings, March 26th, April 2nd, 9th; Monday Evenings, March 21st, 28th; April, 4th, 11th.
On Monday, April 4th, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will take her Annual Benefit at these Concerts.
Madame SCHUMANN will appear on Saturday Afternoon, March 26th, and on Monday Evening, March 28th.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

IN consequence of its brilliant reception when performed by Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, at the Monday Popular Concert, of January 14th, Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, in A, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be repeated on Monday, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's Benefit.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

MR. WOOD'S prospectus is out, and if (of which we have little doubt) all the things prospected come to pass, the season which opens on the 16th of next month, will be well worth remembering. Let us group the most attractive of them within a small compass.

First, as to new artists, and artists not new, but unfamiliar. *Place aux dames*, of course. Madame Volpini comes from St. Petersburgh; Mdlle. Lewitzky will show us the latest achievement of M. Wartel; Mdlle. Savertal brings the dramatic and vocal art which has gained her Italian fame; Mdlle. Rebour will suggest reminiscences of the Paris Grand Opéra; and Madame Monbelli is bent upon conquering the opera stage as she has already conqnered the concert platform. Among the gentlemen, Signor Perotti comes with good Italian credentials, so, also, do Signor Rinaldini and Signor Ragner. Last, but not least, appear Signor Verger and M. Faure. Add to this list the established names of Mesdames Nilsson, Sinico, Di Muraka, Trebelli; MM. Mongini, Bettini, Gardoni, Santley, Gassier, and Foli; and it will be seen with what a formidable array Mr. Wood enters on his first campaign. If it be true that Providence favours "big battalions," Drury Lane certainly will not want for super-human help. Practical men, however, may depend less on this, than on the fact that Signor Arditi is appointed sole "composer, conductor, and director of the music."

Now for the promised operas. The novelties are *Mignon* (Mdlle. Nilsson as the heroine); *Der Pfiegewiler Hollander* (Mr. Santley as the Dutchman); *L'Oeil del Cairo* (Mdlle. Lewitzky as Isabel); *Abu Hassan* (Mdme. Monbelli as Fatima); *Les deux Journeés* (Mr. Santley as the Water-carrier); *Tancredi* (Mdme. Trebelli in the title-rôle); *Macbeth* (Mdlle. Savertal as Lady Macbeth); and Signor Schira's *Silvaggia*, in which Mdme. Volpini appears. Is not this enough?

Behold, then, the attractions of Drury Lane; but not all. Last, not least, Mr. Jarrett is acting manager—a guarantee that real business is intended. For further information, *vide* the prospectus itself—a document such as rarely appears, and one entailing obligations on the issuer, which, if Mr. Wood bnt nearly fulfil, he will earn both name and fame.

THE DIAPASON NORMAL.

MR. BARNBY has addressed the subjoined letter to a contemporary:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'*

"SIR—In a paragraph in your last evening's impression it is stated that I have resolved to abandon the use of the 'Diapason Normal.' Permit me to say such is not the case. Despite the difficulties I have encountered, the advantages have so far preponderated as to confirm my appreciation of its value. May I also say that I fail in following your course of reasoning when you say that those who are instrumental in keeping up the present 'intolerably high' pitch are not to be blamed for altering Beethoven's score? Did it never occur to them that a return to something like Beethoven's pitch would be the more legitimate proceeding?—Yours faithfully,

"*March* 12. J. BARNBY."

Doubtless, it *has* occurred to them; and it has also occurred to them that, unless Mr. Barnby be as wealthy as Crœsus, as determined and as strong as Hercules, he will never be able to carry out his idea in this country. Singers are, generally, indifferent to the change; players upon instruments are, for the most part, opposed to it—while Sir Michael Costa is imperatively antagonistic to any innovation whatever. Who and what is Sir Michael Costa, we need hardly remind Mr. Barnby. The "paragraph" referred to by Mr. Barnby was an "Occasional Note" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 11, which we here reproduce:—

"That the 'Diapason Normal' is a failure in England may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Barnby, who introduced it into this country, has (we are informed) made up his mind to abandon it. At his concert on Wednesday night, when the *Choral Fantasia* and the Second Mass of Beethoven were given, the pianoforte part in the fantasia was played by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, upon a so-called 'semi-grand'—no grand concert pianoforte tuned to the lower pitch being in the possession of Messrs. Broadwood. Scarcely one pianist out of one hundred would have had the courage to brave such an ordeal, the pianoforte upon which Mdme. Goddard had to perform being not even a

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'solo instrument,' but one used for accompaniments at concerts in the suburbs, brought up in a hurry for the occasion. To say truth, except by universal consent among musicians, the idea of modifying the pitch generally accepted in England, though intolerably high, both for voices and instruments, is out of the question; and now that Sir Michael Costa has, it is said, decided upon that pitch for the great organ at Kensington, the chance of amelioration is further off than ever. Nevertheless, although Mr. Barnby has spent a good deal of time, pains, and money (for new instruments from Paris) in vain, those who heard Beethoven's colossal Second Mass on Wednesday most probably heard it as Beethoven wrote and intended it *for the last time*, and have, therefore, good cause to remember the occasion. With our pitch, the Mass in D is simply impracticable; and no one can fairly blame Sir Michael Costa, under the circumstances, for making certain alterations in the vocal score. How it will fare with John Sebastian Bach's *Passions-Musik*—to be given shortly by Mr. Barnby's Choir in Exeter Hall—remains to be proved."

Now, we can vouch for the fact that what the *Pall Mall Gazette* said was on trustworthy authority. Several of the artists engaged on the occasion referred to were heard to declare positively that this concert was to be *the last* with the pitch of the "Diapason Normal." Among other reasons stated, were—first, that Mr Sims Reeves himself would no longer sing with that pitch; secondly, that Mr. Santley had refused, under any conditions, to sing with that pitch at the Oratorio Concerts; and lastly, that the members of the orchestra were against it almost to a man. We, like Mr. Barnby, may think them all in the wrong; but if Mr. Barnby imagines that a "Utopia" in musical affairs can be reached by the magic of his name alone, he is likely to be as wrong as the rest of them. If this clever and highly spirited professor fancies that he is already a Hercules, powerful enough to cleanse the Augean stable, let him set about it at once; we bid him "God speed." He cannot, however, we apprehend, alter the nature of things, though—like Porson, he may reasonably say "Confound them!"

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr. J. Marsden, of Higher Broughton, Manchester, sends us some particulars respecting his pianoforte recitals. He appears to claim for them the merit of novelty, basing his claim on the fact that, instead of giving his audience classical music, he presents them with Kuhe's "Ireland," and such like. We regret our inability to assure Mr. Marsden of our sympathies. In the first place, drawing-room music wants no public expositors. It is already a bore. In the next place, we like to assist those who cry "Forward." Mr. Marsden would take the public back to the days of musical childhood. He must, therefore, "gang his ain gate," unassisted by us.

Let us honour an honourable effort in the cause of good music. Our readers know of the most useful concerts given from time to time by Mr. Henry Holmes, under the title of "Musical Evenings." A glance at the programme for Tuesday last will prove their usefulness. First, comes Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 132; next his Sonata in F for piano and violoncello; next, Heller's Caprice on Schubert's "La Truite," and next, Mr Holmes' own Quintet (for strings) in E major. The last deserves a more elaborate notice than we can give it here. But our present object is simply to call attention to its production, as the work of a clever English musician who is labouring zealously in a good cause. Besides the foregoing, the programme contained a short selection of songs. When we add that everything was confided to good artists, we have said enough.

With reference to our query as regards portions of the "Sanctus," in Beethoven's Second Mass, Mr. Joseph Barnby has kindly sent us the following:—

"In reply to your query in last week's *Musical World*, I have to say that had I not been firmly convinced I was carrying out Beethoven's intentions in causing the "Pleni sunt cœli" and "Osanna" to be sung in chorus, instead of *soli*, nothing would have induced me to make that arrangement. And I venture to think that very few musicians could be found who, after a careful examination of the score, would arrive at any other than the conclusion above mentioned.

"Gratefully acknowledging the kindly tone of your query, believe me, faithfully yours, J. Barnby."

We are fully assured that Mr. Barnby acted conscientiously in the matter, and we agree with him that the conclusion to which he came is one likely to be shared by every student of the score. It must be remembered, however, that Beethoven was a man *sui generis*, and by no means—especially when writing the *Missa Solennis*—amenable to ordinary rules. Moreover, a chance look into Schindler has proved that Mr Barnby's judgment led him astray. The biographer says:—"When we corrected the subscribers' copies, I pointed out to the illustrious author that these two movements (the 'Pleni sunt' and 'Osanna') executed by the choir, would have a grand effect, supporting my opinion by saying that the choir had very little to do in the 'Sanctus' and 'Benedictus,' and was reduced to be a simple auditor. Beethoven replied with loftiness and asperity, 'That must be for solo voices.'" Schindler's opinion as to how the music should be given remained unaltered, and so, doubtless, will that of Mr Barnby. But, henceforth, there can be no disputing Beethoven's intention.

The enemies of Prussian rule at Hesse-Cassel have lately been setting up a howl about the good old times—"all times when old are good"—and declaring that even the Theatre has been ruined by the blue-coated invaders, and is now no longer in the reign of the Elector what it was. To this charge, the Prussians and their adherents reply by saying that they own the Theatre is certainly not what it was, but for the simple reason that it is much better. In support of their assertion, they appeal to statistics. From these, it appears that in 1863, 1864, 1865, there were 62 classical dramas and 41 classical operas performed. In 1866, 1867, 1869, on the other hand, the number of classical dramas performed was 121, and of classical operas, 87. Of the 41 operatic performances given during the Electoral rule, 28 were supplied by Mozart, 3 by Beethoven, and 7 by Weber, while under the Prussian sway, Mozart's name figured 39 times in the bills, Beethoven's, 9, and Weber's, 22,—that is to say, the ration was as one to two. Facts are the *Zundnadelgewehr* (needle-gun) of argument, and the Prussians are in the present instance, as well provided with the former as they were well supplied with the latter at Sadowa.

A correspondent writing from Vienna to the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, *apropos* of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger*, says:—"I have just come from the Theatre. There was quite a disturbance at the production of *Die Meistersinger*. Even the overture was followed by hisses. This was the case with the first act also. The second was nearly not being finished. Immediately on Beckmesser's appearance, to sing the lute-serenade, there arose a most tremendous uproar, not to be appeased. The *finale* could not be heard at all for the noise. There was a struggle of several minutes between Wagnerites and Anti-Wagnerites. The former succeeded in getting up a number of calls, to which the artists responded every time the curtain was dropped. It was the third act, however, which really saved the opera. . . . There is a great deal, a very great deal, that is dreary in this work."

Philharmonic Concerts.—The first concert for the present season took place, in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The novel feature of the programme was Cherubini's Symphony in D, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society. The hall was crowded. Full particulars in our next.

The annual concert of the Military Band of Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons' manufactory took place on Friday evening, the 11th inst., at the Pimlico Rooms, and was attended by a crowded audience. Besides the performances of the band, conducted by Mr. H. Sibold, which were much applauded, the following artists took part in the programme:—Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Helen Barron and Miss Pocklington; Messrs. Joseph Parry, Oxley, and George Buckland; Mr. Wiener (violin), the Masters Dove (cornet), and Messrs. C. S. Cook, Twyford, Taylor, and F. D. Smither (pianoforte). Encores were bestowed upon Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Pocklington, and Mr. George Buckland.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

GADE'S "MICHAEL ANGELO."

The *Daily News* speaks as follows of Gade's overture, *Michael Angelo*, as played at the Crystal Palace last Saturday :—

"It is more than a quarter of a century since the first symphony of the young Danish composer, Niels Wilhelm Gade (who has now produced seven such works) attracted the attention and interest of Mendelssohn, then conducting the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic. His high opinion of the work, and the hopes entertained of its author, may be gathered from the great composer's published letters to Gade, dated January and March, 1842, containing, among other encomiums, this passage—' Whoever wrote the last half of this *scherzo* is an admirable genius, and we have a right to expect the most grand and glorious works from him.' The gifted and genial Schumann formed high anticipations of Gade's future, taking it as a favourable omen that the letters of his name correspond with those which indicate the four strings of the violin. Although these predictions have scarcely been fulfilled, Herr Gade has produced much music agreeable to hear as the result of earnest thought and cultivated skill, besides having a certain northern tone which distinguishes it from the mass of modern imitative productions. The overture played on Saturday for the first time in England was written for concert performance, and is furnished with a distinctive title in accordance with a fashion that has largely prevailed since the glorious examples set by Mendelssohn, in his *Midsummer's Night Dream*, *Meeresstille*, *Hebriden*, and *Schöne Melusine* overtures. If Herr Gade's work falls far short of such precedents and of the suggestiveness of its subject, it yet contains much of the merit already claimed for its composer's productions, and this, with its effective instrumentation, heard in Saturday's performance, sufficed to procure for it a favourable reception."

MUSIC IN CHURCH.

The *Choir*, in the course of an article on the letter recently addressed by his parishioners to the Vicar of St. George's, Hanover Square, says :—

"Whatever may be the upshot of the discussion which is resulting from the action already taken, we heartily rejoice that what may fairly be termed 'a congregational cry for the choral service has been uttered, and that too from amongst those high pews and closely barred seats which are the very stronghold of the 'respectable Christianity' of the age. The collar has been worn long enough, and at last it is being felt to be slightly irksome. A fine building, with capabilities far exceeding those of most London churches, is proved to be utterly failing to do its work ; and, as it seems to us, Sir Robert Phillimore and his fellow-memorialists have pointed to the true cause for the empty seats, the absence of Church life, and the consequent lack of funds. In those parishes where a rich endowment secures to the clergy an ample income, it may be possible to continue the dismal ceremonial and the parson and clerk duet ; but experience is proving every day that where the people have the power of showing their taste, they invariably choose the hearty service and the order and decency which are happily becoming the rule amongst us. Not only are long, unmusical services prejudicial to the growth of religion and a hindrance to the popularization of the Church system among the masses, but they are a financial failure ; and although we are not quite ready to advocate the adoption of that which 'pays' solely because it does pay, still, as the memorialists wisely put it : 'We have abundant evidence that people in this great and rich country will give freely where their hearts are touched and their devotional feelings called forth, where the service is full of life, where it does not repel by its length nor weary by its monotony the average class of congregations, and thus, at all events, the experimental introduction of such services will be worth the trial, inasmuch as the failure of the present system is admitted to be complete.' This is common sense, and gives a forcible illustration of the remarks contained in our recent leading article, '*In Statu Quo*.' That the effort will succeed, we sincerely trust ; and we may also add a hope that in other London parishes, where the Lion and Unicorn type of service prevails, a similar movement will be made."

J. S. B. AND F. M. B.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 14, has the following interesting remarks about two novelties, in the "fugued" style, introduced at the Monday Popular Concert of the Monday previous :—

"Two novelties, both fugues with preludes, and both of singular merit, were in the last Monday Popular programme. One was Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica* in D minor for pianoforte ; the other, Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* in E minor (Op. 81), for a quartet of strings. With number in point of time, and the second written by an enthusiastic admirer of him who composed the first, their chance coming together gave each an additional interest. This result was caused more by unlikeness than resemblance. Of course resemblance made itself obvious, because what were the canons of art to Bach bound Mendelssohn equally. Hence, as far as mere outline goes, the fugue in E minor might be the work of the older master, and the fugue in D minor that of his successor. But, quite as obvious as this unity, which illustrated the unchangeable basis of art, was a variety which displayed the advance made from merely scientific music to that music combining science and sentiment. In this respect a tyro among the audience could not easily have mistaken the authorship of the works he heard. Bach's fugue had the effect of a mental exercise, that appealed to everyone in proportion as his mind had been cultivated with regard to it. It was, so to speak, a problem in mathematics worked out with passionless accuracy, every step in the demonstration of which some could follow with absorbing interest, while others saw nothing but figures chalked upon a black board. So, more or less, with all the scientific works of the older masters. But the power and end of music has been more fully revealed since their time; and even scholastic art is not what it once was. In fact, we have seen it less and less tolerated, till there is danger of going to an opposite extreme, and, in the race after 'idesity' upsetting all the musical order. Under such circumstances, examples of how the rigid forms of art can be made instinct with feeling are doubly valuable. One of these examples we have in Mendelssohn's fugue. Its construction is almost pedantic as respects conformity to regulation ; but, at the same time, it is so full of life, and of life with obvious sympathies and aims, that he who cannot understand it can feel it. There were, doubtless, among Mendelssohn's audience those to whom 'counterpoint in canon,' 'counterpoint inverted,' and 'theme direct' are meaningless terms, yet who joined in enjoying music which spoke, through such devices, with intelligence and power. When another Mendelssohn shall arise, he will carry on the lesson thus taught —a lesson certain, by that time, to be sorely needed, if, indeed, the reign of those have not begun. The respective preludes of Bach and Mendelssohn supplemented those proofs of change upon which we have dwelt. In one there is pure fancy, a display of virtuosity in musical thought, intended to exhibit virtuosity in executive power, and, at that, stopping short. In the other we see underlying to call forth emotion and suggest ideas. The introductory *andante con moto* (for example) is a genuine 'Song without words.' The performance of both compositions especially harmonized with their character. Herr Joachim led the quartet in almost passionate style; while, on the other hand, Mr. Hallé played Bach's music in a manner as sure and as emotionless as fate. Before quitting the subject, it may be well to mention that the *Capriccio* forms one of a series of pieces known as No. 9 of Mendelssohn's Posthumous Works ; and was written at Leipsic in 1843."

BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN D.

About the recent performance of Beethoven's Second Mass, at the Oratorio Concerts of Mr. Barnby, and about the Mass itself, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following observations :—

"After years of silence, Beethoven's Mass in D major was heard in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening. Its performance was very natural and very laudable—natural because a new conductor and a young society sought distinction ; laudable because every work by Beethoven, and such a work above all, deserves regard. Seldom, however, does even the boldest of aspiring conductors fly at such high game as, in this instance, did Mr. Joseph Barnby. Prejudices in the Mass which stands among sacred compositions where the *Choral Symphony* stands among works of its class, involves such an amount of patient labour and executive skill, and has such a small chance of adequate reward, that only now and then is the attempt ventured. All the greater honour, therefore, belongs to Mr. Barnby, who both attempted and succeeded well nigh as far as success is possible when difficulties are insurmountable. It would be idle to encourage a belief that an absolute conquest of the Mass can ever be made. Music-writers with such a discord as the finale of a vocal power, both natural and acquired—music's no little adapted to kindle the enthusiasm of more than a few, and which treats the human organ as an orchestral instrument without giving the ability to play upon it—must bear an inevitable result. Mr. Barnby may labour, as he has laboured, and his choir may support him with unflagging zeal as they have supported him ; but in such a work there is no commanding other than partial success. To reach thus far may well content the workers. We are not going to discuss the details of Beethoven's extraordinary music ; because every musician, professional or amateur, has studied it more or less, and upon any body else time and space would be wasted. For nearly half a century the Mass has remained, what it was at the beginning, a sealed book to the majority ; to the few mostly, either a disappointment, or an idol only to be ignominiously worshipped at the best. About the first class we need not trouble ourselves ; but the disappointed people make themselves heard and must be regarded. One such, representing many we doubt not, has piteously begged for help in the columns of a contemporary. Impressed by the great name of Beethoven and the renown of the music, he went to hear, and came away to ask, 'Is this what I am expected to admire?' The querist is evidently prepared to do his duty as a man and an amateur, but needs assurance that a tremendous effort will not be utterly thrown away. For such assurance we would refer him to those Beethoven worshippers who believe their god most grandly displayed when shrouded in clouds and darkness. Even then the inquirer will need faith. The devotees will show things before which, if gifted with average discernment, he must stand wonderingly—masterstrokes of art that 'strike like a thunderbolt.' They will also utter phrases full of catch-words like 'idesity,' and 'abstract sublimity,' which the neophyte must accept as the evidence of things not seen by him, and but vaguely pointed out by his guides. A work so strange and mysterious is better left to make its own impression upon individual minds. Interference may only worse confound confusion."

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The writer in our contemporary (alone among our musical reporters) has also the fairness to say a word about a great English artist, whose performance, at the same concert, of the pianoforte part of Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," *without rehearsal*, and upon an instrument obtained at haphazard and at the last moment, from somewhere in the suburbs, was by no means the least remarkable feature of the evening:—

"Under what circumstances Mdme. Arabella Goddard played in the *Choral Fantasia* at this concert was mentioned by us last week. We did not then say, however, that her brilliant execution made all possible amends for a defective instrument."

We have not too many genuine musical artists in England; but those we can boast of are entitled at least to some show of consideration (if not of courtesy).

English Orchestras.

Apropos of Leslie's last concert the *Athenæum* says:—

"But the orchestra was imperfect, as usual. It lacked refinement, and fell a long way short of precision. For this we do not blame Mr. Leslie, who secured the best available men; neither do we blame the men, who worked conscientiously at their tasks. Both suffered from a system which makes the general run of concert-giving in England a farce. The rule is to have no orchestral rehearsals if any excuse can be found for doing without them; if not, then one scramble through the music, amid impatient glances at the clock, suffices. Herein lies the reason why English orchestras, with excellent materials, produce unsatisfactory results. An orchestra is a delicate machine, the parts of which, no matter how perfect in themselves, must well fit together before its object can be best attained. An average English orchestra is a machine loosely riveted which goes grinding on with a system which makes the perhaps under the nominal control of a man ignorant of its defects and helpless to amend them. How far all this is a necessity we cannot tell. If it be a necessity, more's the pity; if not, more's the shame."

The Mass in D.

One of the audience went home from Mr. Barnby's concert and wrote to the editor of the *Sunday Times* in the character of a representative man. He said:—

"Sir,—From a constant perusal of your musical notices, both as to the works performed and the performances themselves, I find that occasionally, though you might speak of a work as being well received and relished by an audience, yet, at the same time, you may deprecate the piece performed as not being conducive of the love of true art, and as not raising the minds of those who hear it. Now, as not disagreeing with you in the least as to the justness of your censure in such cases, ought you not, as critics, to judge very closely the productions of those composers who are generally looked up to as models of excellence for the young musicians to reverence and emulate? On Wednesday, as almost in duty bound, I took myself off to St. James Hall to hear Beethoven's Mass in D. I went with a full purpose of liking it if I could, though I felt somewhat dubious, having purchased the score a day or two before; well what did I hear? I heard many beauties, of course. How could Beethoven compose anything without beauties? but much of it was to me quite painful especially the loud *finales* of the 'Gloria' and 'Credo.' I should think in the case of either of these pieces, for fifteen mortal minutes, voices were screaming out notes that their voices were never meant for, and then running after each other in close imitation—all, no doubt, according to the rules of counterpoint and fugue, trumpets were blowing, drums were beating, *sans* intermission, and confusion seemed worse confounded, and all this time not a gleam of melody to awaken human interest. Am I expected as one of the public to like this music? is this the sort of thing that the public after hearing much of it expected to like? and ought I, not liking it, to be looked upon as one not having proper taste?—I remain yours, &c., Perhaps a Stupid Fellow."

The Monday "Pops."

Some recent novelties at these concerts are discussed in the *Athenæum* as thus:—

"Two novelties were brought forward at the Popular Concert of Monday—Mendelssohn's posthumous *Capriccio* in E minor (Op. 81), and J. S. Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica* in D minor. The former is written for two violins, viola, and violoncello; and opens with a short *andante* of the *Lieder ohne Worte* type. So far there is nothing either new or striking. The case is different with the spirited and masterly fugue which follows. Built upon an admirable diatonic subject, this movement passes through a series of elaborate developments to one of the most original climaxes the art can show. Though Mendelssohn has not here exhausted fugal device, he has employed some of its most effective forms to singularly good purpose. We might instance, for example, the counterpoint in canon which waits upon the 'answers,' and gives such striking unity to the work. We might instance, also, the masterly inversion of both counterpoint and theme, and a *perdole* as closely knit as any to be found out of Bach; adding that the fugue runs from end to end with a freedom which is the best test of a master in this branch of art. The entire work was encored, and repeated; appearing, therefore, to suffer nothing by the rapid pace at which it was played. Yet we think that pace a fault. The speed of a fugue should be inversely as its intricacy. As soon as the design becomes indistinct, so also does the meaning. Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica* was played by Mr. Charles Hallé with remarkable neatness and precision. Not a note was wanting, not a note was superfluous, and not a note was out of place. Bearing in mind the difficulty of the music this is great praise; but the able artist might have earned greater had he chosen,—had he, for example, united some degree of feeling to perfect mechanism. Even fugues require more than rigid accuracy; and there is a consciousness of waste when a great artist like Mr. Hallé does what might be as well done by machinery. Nevertheless—perhaps we should say all the more—the structure of Bach's music was laid bare in a manner admirably clear, and Mr. Hallé was loudly applauded."

Dr. Bennett's Symphony in G Minor.

The *Athenæum* remarks about a recent performance of this work:—

"Dr. Sterndale Bennett's admirable Symphony in G minor was played at the Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday, for the first time. Seeing that it is now six years old, surprise may be felt at this tardy production. But let us in fairness to Mr. Manns remember that the symphony is unpublished, and that the MS. belongs to a society which manages property of the sort upon strictly conservative principles. It is easier to believe in Mr. Manns' difficulty as to copies than in his reluctance to produce the work. As a matter of fact, reluctance with regard to such music is incredible. Dr. Bennett has written in a style so engaging, has crowded his symphony with such charming themes, and so thrown over all the classic refinement which marks the production of a master, that he not only deserves, but commands, admiration. This was ungrudgingly conceded by the Crystal Palace audience, who applauded every movement (encoring the *minuetto*) as heartily as though the work had borne a foreign name. The performance was excellent, more particularly that of the delicate 'Romanza per le Viole,' wherein twelve instruments played the theme as one, and with almost perfect taste."

WAIFS.

M. Waldeck, baritone, from Paris, has arrived in London.

A new musical journal, *L'Opera Espagnola*, has been started at Madrid.

Signor Alexandre Biaggi, of Milan, has just completed a voluminous memoir of Rossini.

An organist's appointment is vacant at the School for the Blind, Liverpool. The salary is £100 per annum.

The Californian legislature has abolished the law prohibiting operatic and theatrical performances on Sundays.

Mr. Benedict conducted the first chorus rehearsal of his new oratorio, *St. Peter*, at Birmingham, on Monday week.

A burlesque symphony, called *La Promenade du Bœuf Gras*, by M. Adolphe Blanc, is talked of in Paris. What next?

The MS. musical works in the Royal Library, Berlin, have suffered much damage through the bursting of a water-pipe. The accident took place at night, and was not discovered till after hours of mischief.

Herr Reichardt is in Paris. He lately sang his popular *Lied*, "Thou art so near," under the title of "O belle étoile," and was applauded with unanimity.

Madame Artot-Padilla (Mdlle. Desirée Artot) and her husband have been playing in Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, at Moscow, with great success. They are at present at Warsaw.

The great Dictionary of Music left unfinished by Professor Barbieri has been handed over for completion to Professor Beretta, of Bologna, with whom is associated M. Charles Molossi.

The French papers announce the death (on the 9th inst.), of M. Théodore Labarre, the well-known harpist and composer for that once fashionable instrument. M. Labarre was composer of several comic operas, and was once *chef d'attaque* (conductor) at the Opera Comique.

Signor Smeclia, proprietor of the Odéon Theatre, at Valparaiso, has arrived in Lima to arrange for the erection of a theatre capable of holding 2,000 persons, and in which he intends to hold performances of his opera company.

We understand it is not unlikely that Mr. Arthur Sullivan will be requested to write an important work for the Birmingham Festival of 1873. Nevertheless, his *Prodigal Son* should be in the programme of 1870.

Herr Wagner, so it is stated, will conduct the Bonn Festival in honour of Beethoven's hundredth birthday. Are we to understand that Germany accepts him as her representative man at that important solemnity?

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At the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, besides a Symphony in C by Haydn (first time), the overture called *Les Francs Juges*, by Berlioz, and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* are in the programme.

Le Figaro says that "Madame Parker," wife of the English Ambassador at the court of Japan, is now giving lessons on the piano to the "Mikadette." His Majesty of Austria presented an instrument to the Mikado, and the immediate result, says *Le Figaro*, was "Madame Parker's" engagement.

We take M. J. B. Wekerlin to be the most prolific composer of our day. He has just informed *Le Télégraphe* that in his portfolio there are no fewer than twenty-five dramatic works. Such industry and such perseverance in the teeth of an unappreciating world deserve to be noted.

A Paris contemporary rebukes those gossips who are for ever discussing in the public papers the marriage prospects of Mdlle. Nilsson. "Outside the theatre," says *La France Musicale*, "Mdlle. Nilsson belongs no more to the newsmonger than to the critic. We hope the journals to whom this advice is addressed will take due note of it." Our contemporary may rest assured they will do nothing of the kind.

Whether Fräulein Laura walks the rope at Holborn Amphitheatre safely or not, it is some comfort to hear of the withdrawal of the child whose life she used to risk with her own. Dr. Lush asked a question in the House of Commons, and was told that the result of the Home Secretary's inquiry had been that the child was no longer carried, and that the other portion of the exhibition had been rendered "as little dangerous as possible." We are at a loss to know what is meant by this. It would infer an absolute necessity that the public should be entertained with Fräulein Laura's performances at all hazards. If they can be conducted without risk, good; if not, they must be rendered "as little dangerous as possible." We appear to us there is no need of performances which involve danger to the performers. Of course the performers are always ready to incur danger; but if it is undesirable they should do so, they can only be prevented by authority in the form of prohibition.

By mail from America we are informed of the style in which Miss Lydia Thompson cowhides an editor, backed in the game by two of our compatriots, furnished with whip and revolver. A few months ago, Miss Thompson and her *troupe*—the *Blonde Troupe*"—exercised the transatlantic press almost as much as Mr. Boucicault our own with *Formosa*. The critics were divided: to one the breakdowns, puns, &c., were importations to be received with applause and bouquets; the opposition followed Matthew Paynes in his "*Hairdresser*," and scourged the performance with a severity that Stephen Grosson might envy. They went so far as to challenge the *bona fides* of Miss Thompson's chignon, and suggested that the "waterfall of gold," could be put on and off at will. The actress came forward in defence of her hair, and on that point baffled the assailants. What Mr. Storey did to bring down the vengeance of the "*Blonde* company," we can only conjecture. Miss Thompson was assisted by a Miss Markham, of the London stage, and a knout had been provided for Miss Wenderby, who did not, however, come to the scratch. In the *School for Tigers*, and the jockey pieces, whips are "your only wear," and the fashion of using them may, under certain influences, have developed into their being carried about as weapons. We do not know the particulars of the quarrel, but are not sorry that differences of opinion between actresses and critics can be settled without the cowhide in an "effete country." Imagine a critic hunted by *blonde* actresses in Rotten Row, the ladies armed with gutta-percha canes, and the manager supporting them with a revolver, while the literary gentleman feels in his pocket for his own six-shooter!

HERR IGNAZ MOSCHELES, the celebrated pianist and composer, died suddenly, at an early hour, on the 10th inst. He was born at Prague in 1794, and was consequently in his 76th year. He had recovered, as it was supposed, only a short time, from a long illness, and was believed to be completely out of danger, when an unexpected relapse carried him off. He had been attached, as professor, to the Conservatory here ever since 1846.

WEIMAR.—Herr Riff has completed a new opera entitled *Dame Kobold*. It is to be produced in April.

GHENT.—A new comic opera, *La Saint-Lucas*, by M. Miry, has been successfully produced.

MILAN.—Sefior Gomez's *Guarany* is in rehearsal at the Scala.

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Director.....Mr. GEORGE WOOD.

SEASON 1870.

IT IS RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCED THAT THE SEASON WILL COMMENCE

ON SATURDAY, APRIL 16th.

THE general arrangements subjoined will be adhered to as strictly as circumstances permit, and the Director trusts they may be found satisfactory to the patrons of the Opera. The Theatre will be decorated and completely remodelled after plans by Messrs. Mabie, Nelson, and Harvey, Architects, of Whitehall, and the alterations carried out under their immediate superintendence.

ENGAGEMENTS:—

Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON,
Madame VOLPINI (from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburgh),
Madame SINICO, Mdlle. PAULINE LEWITZKY,
Mdlle. MATHILDE SAVERTAL (from the Opera Comique, Paris, Madame CORSI,
and Mdlle. REBOUX (from the Grand Opera, Paris).

Mdlle. ILMA DI MURSKA, Madame MONBELLI,
and Madame TREBELLI-BETTINI.

Signor MONGINI, Signor BETTINI,
Signor PEROTTI (from the Theatre della Pergola, Florence), Signor ARCHINTI,
Signor RINALDINI (from the Teatro Reggio, Turin,
and Signor GARDUNI.

Mr. SANTLEY, Signor VERGER (from the Italian Opera, Paris),
Signor GASSIER, Mr. LYALL, Signor RAGUER (from the Scala, Milan),
Signor ZOBOLI, Signor CASTELLI, Signor TREVERO, Signor FOLI,
and Mons. FAURE (his first appearance in London these four years).

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.
Composer, Conductor, and Director of the Music—Signor ARDITI,
Acting Manager—Mr. JARRETT.

Principal Dancers, Mdlle. FIORETTI (from the Grand Opera, Paris).

Leader of the Orchestra .. .. Herr STRAUS
Organist .. .. Signor UNIA.
The Military Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. GODFREY.
Librarian .. Mr. HORTON. Supervisor .. Signor RIALP.
Maitre de Ballet .. Mr. M'CORMACK.
The Appointments by Mr. NEEDHAM.
Machinist .. .. Mr. TUCKER.
Scenic Artist .. .. Mr. WILLIAM BEVERLEY.

The BAND will comprise the most eminent members of the late celebrated Orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, reinforced by distinguished performers from various Opera Establishments on the Continent.

The CHORUS will be chiefly selected from the principal Operahouse of Italy and Spain, and will consist of Eighty Singers of the highest efficiency in each department, under the direction of Signor SANTI.

Stage Manager, Mr. STIRLING.

The Costumes will be entirely new, and made under the superintendence of Miss BENNETT and Mr. COMBES.

First time in England, and first time on the Italian Stage, the celebrated Opera of MIGNON, founded upon an episode in Gorthe's "Wilhelm Meister." This Opera, which immediately followed "Un Songe d'un Nuit d'Eté," and masterpiece of Ambroise Thomas.

Mignon.—Guglielmo, Signor Bettini; Lotario, M. Faure; Laerte, Signor Gassier; Giarno, Signor Ragner; Frederico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Filina, Madame Volpini; and Mignon, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Il Flauto Magico (Mozart).—Tamino, Signor Gardoni; Papageno, Mr. Santley; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Monostatos, Mr. Lyall; Papagena, Madame Monbelli; Pamina, Madame Sinico; and Regina della Notte, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, &c.

Roberto Il Diavolo (Meyerbeer).—Roberto, Signor Mongini; Rambaldo, Signor Bettini; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Alice, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, &c.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia (Rossini).—Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Gardoni; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Don Basilio, Signor Foli; Don Bartolo, Signor Castelli; and Rosina, Madame Monbelli, &c.

Der Fliegender Hollander. First time in England. A Romantic Opera in Three Acts, by Richard Wagner, under the title of **L'Olandese Dannato.** The Italian version made expressly for the Italian Opera Company, Drury Lane, by Signor Marchesi.—L'Olandese Dannato, Mr. Santley; Daland, Signor Gassier; Erik, Signor Gardoni; Le Pilote, Signor Rinaldini; and Senta, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, &c.

Guglielmo Tell (Rossini).—Guglielmo Tell, Mons. Faure; Arnoldo, Signor Mongini; Un Pescatore, Signor Rinaldini; Melchtal, Signor Ragner; Walter, Signor Foli; Gessler, Signor Gassier; and Mathilde, Madame Volpini, &c. The Last Scene of the Last Act, with the Storm, the Prayer, and the Death of Gessler, will be restored.

Rigoletto (Verdi).—Rigoletto, Mr. Santley; Il Duca, Signor Perotti; Sparafucile, Signor Colli; Maddalena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Madame Volpini.

Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti).—Edgardo, Signor Mongini; Astone, Mons. Faure; Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; and Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, &c.

Dinorah (Meyerbeer).—Hoel, Mr. Santley; Corentin, Signor Gardoni; Un Capraja, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka, &c.

La Sonnambula (Bellini).—Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Verger; and Amina, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, &c.

Don Giovanni (Mozart).—Don Giovanni, Mons. Faure; Don Ottavio, Signor Gardoni; Commendatore, Signor Foli; Leporello, Signor Verger; Leporello, Signor Castelli; Zerlina, Madame Monbelli; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Nilsson.

Martha (Flotow).—Lionel, Signor Mongini; Plumkette, Mr. Santley; Nancy, Madame Trebelli-bettini; and Martha, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, &c.

L'Oca del Cairo (Die Gans von Cairo).—Opera Buffa, in Two Acts; Libretto by Varesco; Music by Mozart (first time in England). *L'Oca del Cairo*, composed by Mozart in 1783, though one of his most melodious and genuine dramatic works, had never been performed since the date of its composition (eight years before Mozart's death), until its recent production, with extraordinary success, in Paris. The Italian version has been prepared expressly for the Theatre by Signor Zaffira. Isabel, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky. The fell cast will be duly announced.

Les Huguenots (Meyerbeer).—Raoul de Nangis, Signor Mongini; Nevers, M. Faure; Marcel, St. Bris, Mr. Santley; Marcel, Signor Foli; Urbain, Signor Trebelli-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka; and Valentine, Mdlle. Mathilde Saverial, &c.

Abou Hassan.—Operetta, in One Act, by Carl Maria von Weber. First time on the Italian Stage. The Italian version made expressly for the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, by Signor Marchesi.—Hassen, Signor Bettini; Omar, Signor Gassier; and Fatima, Madame Monbelli.

Le Nozze di Figaro (Mozart).—Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Mons. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Cherubino, Madame Monbelli; Susanna, Madame Volpini; and Contesse, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, &c.

Les deux Journees.—First time on the Italian stage in England, the comic *chef d'oeuvre* of Cherubini; adapted for the Italian stage by M. Barbier; the Italian version, by Signor Zaffira: dialogue set in accompanied recitative by Signor Arditi, especially for the Italian Opera, Drury Lane.—Michael (porteur d'eau), Mr. Santley. The cast will be duly announced.

La Traviata (Verdi).—Alfredo, Signor Perotti; Germont, Mr. Santley; Violetta, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, &c.

Un Ballo in Maschera (Verdi).—Ricardo, Signor Mongini; Renato, Mr. Santley; Samuel, Signor Gassier; Tommaso, Signor Ragner; Ulrica, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Oscar, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky; and Amalia, Mdlle. Mathilde Saverial, &c.

Otello (Rossini).—Otello, Signor Mongini; Iago, Mons. Faure; Roderigo, Signor Rinaldini; Duge, Signor Ragner; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Trovatore (Verdi).—Manrico, Signor Perotti; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Verger; Azucena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Leonora, Mdlle. Saverini, &c.

Tancredi.—The celebrated Opera of Rossini. First time in England since 1848. Argirio, Signor Bettini; Orbazano, Signor Ragner; Isaura, Madame Corsi; Amenaide, Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka; and Tancredi, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, &c.

Ernani (Verdi).—Lady Macbeth, Mdlle. Saverini; Macbeth, Mr. Santley; &c.

Selvaggia. A new Opera in four Acts, composed by Signor Schira. Libretto by Cavaliere Giorgio T. Cimino. Selvaggia, Madame Volpini; Landomea, Madame Trebelli-Bettini. The full cast will be duly announced.

Faust (Gounod).—Mephistopheles, Mons. Faure; Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentin, Mr. Stanley; Wagner, Signor Trevero; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Madame Christine Nilsson, &c.

Arrangements have been made which will enable the Director to produce any of the following Operas during the Season:—Il Barbiere di Siviglia (Rossini), Il Trovatore (Verdi), Roberta il Diavolo (Meyerbeer), I Puritani (Bellini), Lucrezia Borgia (Donizetti), La Traviata (Verdi), Gli Ugonotti (Meyerbeer), Le Nozze di Figaro (Mozart), Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti), Il Don Giovanni (Mozart), Norma (Bellini), Don Pasquale (Donizetti), Sigoletto (Verdi), La Figlia del Reggimento (Donizetti), Maria Stuart (Flotow), La Favorita (Donizetti), Un Ballo in Maschera (Verdi), Faust (Gounod), Il Flauto Magico (Mozart), Dinorah (Meyerbeer), Macbeth (Verdi), La Sonnambula (Bellini), L'Elisir d'Amore (Donizetti), Falstaff (Nicolai), Merlin (Gounod), Linda di Chamouni (Donizetti), Semiramide (Rossini), Guglielmo Tell (Rossini), Otello (Rossini), Fra Diavolo (Auber), La Gazza Ladra (Rossini), La Forza del Destino (Verdi), Masaniello (Auber).

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The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe.*

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VOL. 48—No. 13. SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Rudersdorff and Madame Patey; Solo Violin, Herr Franz Ries. Symphony, "Approach of Spring" (Hiller), first time; Overtures, "Jubilee" (Weber); and "Leonora," No. 1 (Beethoven). Adagio and Rondo for Violin and Orchestra (F. Ries), first time. Conductor, Mr. MANN.
Admission, 2s. 6d.; private season tickets free; reserved stalls, 2s. 6d., now ready.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — MR. PERREN'S OPERA COMPANY will perform "SONNAMBULA" on Tuesday next (Amina, Miss Blanche Cole), and "THE LILY OF KILLARNEY" on Wednesday and Thursday (The Colleen Bawn, Madame Florence Lancia).
Stalls 3s. 6d., for either date, ready after the Concert to-day.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening next, March 31st, commencing at Eight o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

"MEDEA."—MADAME RUDERSDORFF will sing RANDEGGER'S Scena, "MEDEA," at the Crystal Palace Concert, This Day, Saturday, March 26th.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Guildford, April 21st; Bishop Stortford, May 4th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Matilda Baxter's Concert, May 6th.

MISS AMY PERREN will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, May 14th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MADAME D'ELISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, Westbank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play SEMLER'S "VALSE IMPETUEUSE" (dedicated to Miss Aguilar) at Mr. Aguilar's Matinée of Pianoforte Music, March 31st.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 16, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 126, Regent Street.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure during the week at his Recitals of Pianoforte Music at the Crystal Palace.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, March 28th.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Jung. Viola—Herr Eberwein; Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. May be had for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANK ROSSA, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

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MR. VAN PRAAG begs respectfully to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession, that he has the honour to forward his Annual Circular, soliciting them that he still continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Mati-ées, Soirées, and that he also superintends Balls, engages Bands, Choruses, &c. Mr. Van Praag flatters himself after his many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, that he may again be favoured with their commands. All communications addressed to Mr. Van Praag care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W., will be immediately attended to. Quadrille Bands, for large or small Parties, supplied on the most reasonable terms.

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(IN C MAJOR),
FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY
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"COME BACK AGAIN, DARLING" (words by William Newton) ... 3s.

Composed by WILLIAM NEWTON.

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Moscheles.

Another link in the chain which binds us to the last generation of musicians has just been broken. Herr Ignaz Moscheles, or as he is better known to many hundreds of his friends and acquaintances in England—Mr. Moscheles—died on Thursday week, the 10th March, at his house at Leipsic, at the ripe age of seventy-six. The genial good old man, who had been intimate with Schubert and Beethoven, Spohr and Cherubini, the valued friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, Ernst and Paganini, and who was so fond of telling the recollections of these great men, has passed away to join his old friends and can never be consulted by any of us again.

Moscheles cannot be said to have been born on the further side of the French Revolution, but he came into the world on the eve of a movement not less important to music than that was to the politics and the life of Europe generally. He was born on the 30th May, 1794, when Beethoven was only sixteen, six years before the appearance of the first of those nine symphonies which achieved such a revolution in the art. His parents were Israelites (his real family name was Moses), and he was born in Prague, where he received his first instruction, and where, before he was twelve years old, his playing had achieved an immense reputation.

Vienna was at that time the metropolis of music, and it was natural that Moscheles should be sent to the city from which Haydn had just departed, and where Beethoven and Schubert were in the full vigour of their powers. He arrived there about the year 1810, and immediately put himself under the guidance of Albrechtsberger and Salieri; he was also a pupil of Beethoven, and lived with him in great intimacy, and I have myself heard him mention how often he had seen him, conversed with him, and heard him play. In fact it is impossible that a young musician of the ardour and enthusiasm which Moscheles possessed to the day of his death, could have lived in Vienna without getting more or less intimate with the great master of his art. On that great day for music, the 18th December, 1813, when Beethoven's seventh symphony was first produced in the University Hall, for the benefit of the Austrian soldiers wounded at Hanau, Moscheles was amongst the throng of artists who pressed forward to assist their chief, and he played the cymbals by the side of Meyerbeer and Hummel who had the drums. Although, as may be imagined from the instructors under whom he placed himself, he paid great attention to composition, yet pianoforte playing was at that time and always the immediate object of his life. He then laid the foundation of that extraordinary reputation as a player which attended him for so many years.

In 1816, Moscheles visited the north of Germany, but shortly returned to his practice in Vienna. In 1820 he took a longer flight, and after a lengthened stay in Paris, where his playing created the greatest enthusiasm, he arrived, in 1824, in London, bringing with him his wife, Miss Embden of Hamburgh, whom he had married in the preceding year. Thenceforward, for 22 years, London became his home, where he lived surrounded by a very large circle of admiring and affectionate friends and pupils. He very soon became Professor at the Royal Academy, Director of the Philharmonic Society, and was listened to with delight at all the concerts of the day. Mendelssohn was his regular pupil,* and one of his greatest friends; it was at his house that the young genius lived during his first visits to London, and many of Mendelssohn's most brilliant, most comical, most affectionate, and most admirable letters, embellished with sketches and drollery which would make the fortune of a caricaturist, were among the treasures of his album, which the good old man delighted to show to his visitors at Leipsic. "Many remembrances from the Moscheles," says he in one of his charming letters. "They are excellent people; and after so long an interval it is truly delightful to meet an artist who is not a victim to envy or jealousy or miserable egotism. He makes continued and steady progress in his Art."

At the pianoforte concerts, or as they would now be called, "Recitals,"† which Moscheles gave on his own account, the programmes were distinguished for their great research, and for the admirable tact and knowledge which he displayed in bringing forward the works of ancient masters. Many fine and curious compositions of Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, Mozart, Clementi, Woelfl, and Beethoven (at that time as little known as any of them), were first heard at Mr. Moscheles' concerts.‡ He was also celebrated for his powers of improvization, the recollection of which is sufficient to warm into enthusiasm even a critic so little liable to excitement as Monsieur Fétis:—

"His extempore playing was the result of a great natural gift developed by labour and thought. The number of his ideas was so prodigious, and the contrivances with which he developed them so clever and so happy that it was difficult to believe that his improvizations were not prepared beforehand; but no one who was in the habit of hearing them could have any doubt that they were really extemporaneous. Doubtless the general form into which he cast his spontaneous thoughts was the result of study, just as is the case with an extempore speech. When a subject is given to an artist who possesses this talent, he sees in a moment the resources which it contains, and subordinates one part to another in a regular gradation; and what distinguishes an extempore performance from a written composition, is the frequent and unexpected sallies which diversify and adorn the regular form of the piece. This precious talent is possessed by a few, and probably no one ever employed it to a higher degree than Moscheles. I was at a concert at Brussels in the year 1835, when three themes were offered him for improvization. Not content with choosing one out of three, he first of all treated each in succession, and then united the three in the most exquisite manner, giving them alternately in each hand, and making each accompany the others, and all without the least hesitation, or a moment's failure in the progress of the interest. The applause at the end of this extraordinary performance was something prodigious, and I confess that if I had not heard it, I could not have believed in the possibility of such a feat."§

In October, 1846, on the foundation of the Conservatoire of Music at Leipsic, Mendelssohn induced Moscheles to transfer his abode to that city, and take the post of professor of the piano at the new institution; and there he remained, esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, until the day of his death.

His compositions are principally for the piano, and are very numerous, embracing some of the best music for that instrument. The list contains six sonatas for piano solo, six pieces for four hands, twenty-two fantasias and rondos, thirteen divertissements and polonaises, three books of studies which will never be superseded, eight concertos for piano and orchestra, the well-known "*Souvenirs d'Irelande*," a trio, a septuor, and other concerted pieces. In addition to these, he composed for the orchestra a symphony and several overtures, and he conferred a great benefit on the literature of music by translating Schindler's biography of Beethoven, with many additions by himself and extracts from Beethoven's correspondence. This, it is true, has been since partially superseded by Schindler's second and third editions, but the book remains the only approach to a life of Beethoven that we possess in English.

An English musician, one of his most favourite and most distinguished pupils, writes to me as follows:—

"Amongst his many good and endearing qualities, nothing was more striking than the encouragement and help he gave to young artists. By advice, or by using the influence which his position naturally gave him, he gladly assisted those who were beginning the steep ascent which he had himself climbed so brilliantly and successfully. The almost fatherly interest he displayed in his pupils whilst they were under him, and the delight with which he afterwards watched them successfully working out their artistic career, are pleasant recollections to those whose good fortune it was to have been amongst the number. There are many of his old pupils in England now, who can testify to this, and who will always bear his kindness to them in grateful and affectionate remembrance."‖ (O.)

* Mendelssohn was nothing of the kind.—Ed. *M. W.*

† The name was invented by Liszt.—Ed.

‡ Really very few.—Ed.

§ Fétis had probably never heard Mendelssohn or even Hummel.—Ed.

‖ All of which must be taken *cum grano salis*.—Ed.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Friedemann Bach's "Dramatic Fantasia."

The *Sunday Times*, of March 20, has the following about Madame Goddard's recent performance of this new and very interesting "Revival":—

"A novelty was introduced at this concert by Madame Arabella Goddard which deserves attention. The work alluded to was a *Fantasia Drammatica* by Friedemann Bach, just published for the first time as one of Duncan Davison & Co.'s 'Revivals.' The fantasia consists of several movements, varied in style, full of melody, masterly as to treatment, and easy to play. An interesting feature is the connection of several parts by means of recitative, which gives to the work a genuine dramatic character. After saying thus much it will be assumed that we attach importance to the publication, not merely for the sake of the thing published, but also for the sake of the composer, who has scarcely been treated according to his deserts. Madame Goddard played the fantasia with her customary perfection of style and manipulative skill. She has so often brought forward novelties that there will be nothing fresh in the remark that she read the music as though it had been an old acquaintance."

Sims Reeves.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* (March 21st) gives the following account of our greatest singer's temporary "farewell" concert in St. James's Hall:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves, being on the point of a journey to Italy, took a public farewell of his friends in St. James's Hall on Friday evening. His friends responded in such numbers that the place was far too small for them; and, it is said, many hundreds were turned from the doors. The disappointed ones lost more than a leave-taking, for their favourite tenor was in excellent voice, as well as in a mood to humour encores; besides which, the concert generally turned out an excellent thing of its kind. Mr. Reeves sang nothing but songs he has made emphatically his own. 'Deeper and deeper still,' 'Adelaide,' 'My Pretty Jane,' and 'Tom Bowling,' are now associated with the vocalist who succeeded to the honours of Braham, and so they are likely to remain while he keeps before the public. Mr. Reeves' title to them was never clearer than on Friday evening. The pathos of his singing in Handel's recitative and air, the classic purity with which he rendered Beethoven's love-music, the exquisite delicacy manifested in Bishop's song, and the truthful sentiment infused into Dibdin's ballad, were each, perhaps, unapproachable, certainly unapproached. With regard to the two more important airs, Mr. Reeves was fortunate in his accompaniments; those to 'Deeper and deeper still' being played by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and those to 'Adelaide' by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, whose services he cordially volunteered. Need it be said that the audience applauded furiously, or that they demanded everything twice? It may, however, be necessary to state that the singer yielded twice to their importunities. * * * The concert was a thorough success, materially as well as artistically."

Bennett and Mendelssohn.

The same paper in its very interesting and comprehensive article on "concerts," of Monday, thus refers to the "Chamber Trio" of our countryman, Sterndale Bennett, and the "Posthumous Studies" of our quasi-countryman, Felix Mendelssohn, both performed at the Monday Popular Concert of March 14th:—

"Dr. Sterndale Bennett's trio in A major for piano, violin, violoncello, so long a stranger to these concerts, must have proved welcome to everybody. The official analyst declares the trio 'one of the most familiar of Dr. Bennett's instrumental works, having been included in the programmes of almost all our chamber concerts.' We are glad to receive this assurance for the sake of a gifted composer and of music as charming as the most exacting taste could wish. Every movement is thoroughly characteristic. Dr. Bennett has a style of his own, not to be confounded with that of any other; but most distinctive of all in this trio is a 'serenade' wherein pianoforte sings a theme to a *pizzicato* accompaniment for the strings. The working out of this original idea is marked by exquisite delicacy, and by an effect satisfactory to cultivated and uncultivated alike. Monday's audience were fairly the captives of its beauty, and the movement was received with what more nearly resembled enthusiasm than any feeling usually evoked by an Englishman's music. In justice let us say that this may have been partly due to a performance of rare and striking merit—merit not surpassable, perhaps, by any combination of talent. When such artists as Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti are engaged upon a work we may well despair of its falling into better hands. Mendelssohn's three 'Posthumous Studies' furnished the pianoforte solo. Our remarks upon these works when played last year by Herr Paner, need no addition; but it is necessary to say that Madame Goddard gave each study in so faultless a manner that difficulties seemed to disappear altogether, and only by resisting the illusion could the full merit of her performance be made obvious. A finer display of executive skill in combination with artistic taste it would be vain to expect. The last study was encored and repeated."

The *Athenæum* (March 19th) speaks as follows of the same pieces:—

"Dr. Bennett's 'Chamber Trio' in A major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, is a good example of our English composer. Written throughout with delicacy and grace, the work has most reason to boast of a serenade in which those qualities are very conspicuous. With its theme given to the piano, accompanied *pizzicato* by the other instruments, novel effect is added to music a great master might own with pride. This movement was encored, but, without adequate cause, and the whole trio was played faultlessly by Madame Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti. It is no light thing to say that each artist proved worthy of the other two. Mendelssohn's three Posthumous Studies for pianoforte made up the solo of the evening, and afforded Madame Goddard all needful scope for her executive powers. How those powers were manifested those who know the difficult music and the accomplished pianist may imagine. Enough if we say that the artist had to repeat one study at the command of an audience quite disposed to rehear the whole."

The same paper chronicles as below the first performance of another unknown fantasia, by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach:—

"In Saturday's Popular Concert programme there was one novelty of mark—a 'Dramatic Fantasia' for pianoforte, by W. Friedemann Bach, now first published. The great John Sebastian's gifted son is brought one step nearer due recognition by this event. He certainly appears to advantage, both in the matter of original form and attractive details. Starting with an *allegro* (a genuine fantasia), the work successively introduces a melodious and graceful *vivace* of regular construction, and a 'dramatic scene,' in which several distinct movements, admirably varied as to character, are connected by recitatives. The development of this scene is highly interesting, and the fantasia, as a whole, deserves more than passing notice. It was played by Madame Arabella Goddard (whose mission is to search after hidden treasure) with great taste and with a carefulness which overlooked not a single point. Schubert's quintet (Op. 163), and Beethoven's sonata (Op. 30) were also in the programme, together with two songs which Miss Annie Edmonds sang very sweetly."

The Philharmonic Concert.

On two points of interest connected with the Philharmonic Concert of Wednesday week, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—

"Wednesday's concert began with a symphony written for the society by Cherubini, and performed for the first time on the 24th April, 1815. Its success with the Philharmonic audience of that day does not seem to have been great, for the work was shelved and forgotten till 1864. We do not feel disposed to quarrel with the taste of half a century ago on this matter. It was wrong, no doubt, to forget Cherubini's symphony, because every important work, by so great a master, must have uses, and consequently value. But we think, nevertheless, that the music puts substantial obstacles in the way of its own success. It wants individuality to a much greater extent than usual with Cherubini; it is often dry and laboured; and generally conveys the idea of having been written to order. From these remarks we must, however, except the minuet and trio, which fully sustain the composer's reputation. Finally, Madame Norman-Neruda in an artist of consummate ability nobody disputes. It is also beyond question that much violin music, written to be played with masculine vigour and breadth of style, lies outside her proper repertory. Among this must be classed the first and third movements of Mendelssohn's concerto, in which, passages here and there excepted, the lady by no means satisfies critical ears. When dealing with music demanding sentiment and delicacy—such as, for example, the slow movement in Mendelssohn's work—Madame Neruda leaves hardly anything to desire; and it would be well, therefore, if some discrimination were exercised in the choice of works for her use. To these remarks we must add that the Philharmonic audience seemed equally delighted with everything she did, and applauded the *finale* which was faulty, just as much as the *andante*, which was perfect. No doubt a genuine artist like Madame Neruda appreciates such gallantry at its true worth."

The Mass in D.

The remarks of the *Athenæum* upon this work and its recent performance in St. James's Hall are subjoined:—

"Mr. Joseph Barnby's performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* showed that the work still remains impracticable. The attempt to conquer its difficulties was, however a gallant one. An excellent choir spared neither time nor labour; a quartet of principal voices made fewer mistakes than usual, and the band, we are told, actually enjoyed the advantage of two rehearsals. Yet the performance, relatively one of merit, was absolutely one of faults. For this let us not blame the executants. A dozen careful repetitions would, of course, have surmounted all but insurmountable obstacles; but talk of what is practically out of the question may be spared. Mr. Barnby and his subordinates

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were bound to fail; it is creditable to them that they failed with honour. The audience, it may be assumed, received various impressions. Nevertheless, let us hope that all recognized the genius which spoke with such astonishing power. We need not go through the work, and show the great ideas abounding in it; ideas that create, even in the most appreciative minds a sense of yet undiscovered grandeur. These are known—though, at most, inadequately—to all musicians; and it is these that make not a few less tolerant of what seem purposeless difficulties. Practical men ask why power so obvious in comparative simplicity should hide itself at any time where discovery is only possible after sore assertion. They ask whether music so unvocal, so elaborate, and so hard to be understood, is necessary to the utterance of the highest thought. These questions, however, are scarcely consistent, because only a greater than Beethoven could answer them. Enough that an unequalled genius, at a time when his powers were ripest, brought forth the Mass, and declared it his most perfect work. All that remains to be done is to conquer such difficulties as are conquerable, having faith in ultimate reward. But there are idealists whom the Mass never troubles. Beethoven is their god, and they are prepared to trust him where they cannot trace him. Hence, just as Robert Irving used to bow his head in adoration at the sound of the 'unknown tongues,' these people listen reverently to Beethoven's obscurest utterances. Superstition is sometimes respectable, and here is a case in point; all the same, however: discerning conviction is better than blind faith. We shall be glad to have the Mass oftener performed on this account. For the most part, it has been kept in seclusion, and spoken of as vaguely as a Thibetian might speak of the Grand Llama. True the cost and labour demanded by even an ordinary production are enough to deter managers. But Art needs martyrs; and the braver the cross the brighter the crown. This, doubtless, is Mr. Barnby's compensation."

Berlioz and Haydn.

The conjunction of *Les Francs Juges* and Haydn's "Letter R" at the Crystal Palace, led to the following remarks in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"Berlioz's overture, *Les Francs Juges*, was a great—we will not say an attractive—feature of Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace. It used often to be heard by the patrons of the late M. Jullien; and probably stood as high in their estimation as the 'Row Folks.' But at the Crystal Palace it appeared for other and better reasons than excessive noise. The overture is an example, according to Berlioz, of the 'programme music' which some in these latter days, consider the fullest development of art. As such we can understand its claims upon Mr. Manns' consideration. The excellent conductor has analysed it with becoming gravity; labouring, however, under the slight disadvantage of not knowing what programme his 'programme music' was meant to illustrate. "The hearer may construct for himself,' says Mr. Manns,' * * * * Incidents and drama of the most tremendous nature, if he has a turn for so doing.' Of course, out of compliment to M. Berlioz, the hearer will base his fancy upon what he knows of the terrible Vehmgerichte. Otherwise he might make the overture as depicting an earthquake, or a bombardment, or an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which it does in each case quite as forcibly as it illustrates the doings of a secret tribunal. Concluding his remarks, Mr. Manns observes that the overture 'cannot fail to afford pleasure to all, and instruction to young composers,' &c. As regards the latter we quite agree with Mr. Manns—it teaches young composers what to avoid. For this reason, and because the public should know whither modern music tends, we were glad to see *Les Francs Juges* in the programme. Mr. Manns would next bring forward *King Lear*. If, as some might think, M. Berlioz supplied the bane, the antidote was furnished by Haydn, whose charming symphony in C (latter R) followed, and was heard for the first time at those concerts. After the din and confusion of the modern Frenchman, the tuneful likeness and orderly construction of the old German came as a positive relief. Never, we imagine, did they produce a greater effect; but, under much less favourable circumstances. Haydn's music would be heard with pleasure, more especially the *andante*, which is an unbroken stream of delicious tune. The entire work was played to perfection, Messrs. Wallis (flute) and Crozier (oboe) distinguishing themselves greatly in the sole passages given to their respective instruments."

Coblenz.—At the sixth and last Sinfonie-Soirée for the season, the new Symphony in D minor, by Herr R. Wüerst, was greatly admired.

Halle.—The members of the Singacademie, assisted by Herr Wiedemann, from Leipsic, and Herr Hasselbeck, from Munich, lately performed Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, before a most numerous and appreciative audience. Herr Virolzeh was the conductor.

Hamburgh.—Weber's *Oberon* has been revived, after a lapse of several years. It is exceedingly well put upon the stage.—At the eighth Philharmonic Concert, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller conducted a new orchestral work entitled *Symphonische Fantasie*. He then performed Mozart's Concerto, in D minor, and a Gavotte and Impromptu, the latter, like the *Fantasie*, being from his own pen. Its was most heartily applauded.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS.

Mr. George Perren and his English Opera Company have resumed their performances in the new Crystal Palace Theatre. It is satisfactory to observe that increased efforts are being made to do what is attempted in a fashion worthy the place. Mr. Perren has made an admirable selection of an opening work. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* may certainly claim to rank among the best of English operas. Throughout tuneful and masterly, it pleases alike the cultivated and uncultivated ear. A serious and successful effort has been made to produce the work effectively, so far as appointments go. The scenery is picturesque, and the general mounting of the opera must be accounted much in advance of anything yet done on the same stage. Mr. Manns' orchestra, of course remains as usual, for the excellent reason that it could not be improved. Mr. Perren has gathered round him a tolerably strong company. It would be idle to pretend that there is not room for improvement, as idle, in point of fact, as to expect that, with so few opportunities for gaining experience, English lyric artists can ever be thoroughly satisfactory. Nevertheless the *Lily of Killarney* goes well; better, perhaps, in the musical than in the dramatic department. Madame Florence Lancia is an agreeable Eily O'Connor, and sings with both fluency and expression. In "My Wild Mountain Valley," she makes a specially good effect by legitimate means. The Mrs. Cregan of Miss Annie Goodall is another satisfactory feature; and as Anne Chute Miss Emmeline Cole finds plenty of admirers. Mr. Perren, we need hardly say, assumes the part of Hardress Cregan, and devotes all the energy and intelligence which has marked his previous impersonations. The director-artist is evidently in favour with his audience; and who shall say that favour is undeserved? Certainly not ourselves. The other male characters are taken by Mr. Edward Cotte (Myles), Mr. G. Fox (Mr. Corrigan), Mr. R. Temple (Father Tom), Mr. W. H. Hillier (O'Moore), and Mr. Aynsley Cooke (Danny Mann), whose good singing and long experience of stage business distinguish him greatly, and make him a most important accession to Mr. Perren's company. The revival of Mr. Benedict's opera is a success; and we are not surprised at so natural a result.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme on Saturday, the 19th inst., was rich in attraction, a fact which simply quoting it will prove:—

Overture, "*Les Francs Juges*"		Berlioz.
Aria, 'Vedrò mentr'io sospiro" (*Figaro*)—Mr. L. Thomas ...		Mozart.
Symphony in C		Haydn.
"Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"...		Beethoven.
Song, "O Araby" (*Oberon*)—Miss Elton		Weber.
Recit and air, "Costanza" (*Seraglio*)—Mr. Cummings ...		Mozart.
"The First Walpurgis Night"		Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Semiramide"		Rossini.

The overture in which Berlioz has expressed his ideas about the terrible "Vehmgerichte" is an extraordinary thing. We set aside altogether its pretensions as "programme music" for the reason Mr. Manns gives us in his analysis:—

"No two hearers can agree as to the meaning of a single bar, unless by pure chance."

Programme music which may mean anything is obviously absurd. Looking at the overture as music, we find here and there a pleasing or masterly passage; but, for the most part, it suggests the breaking loose of some musical "Bedlam," or a civil war among the elements of cacophony. From *Les Francs Juges* to Haydn's symphony was like passing from the whistling circumference of a cyclone to the centre, where all is peace. The old master's delightful music, with its pure melody, and its symmetrical form, never was more welcome, perhaps never more enjoyed. We cannot now discuss the work at length, even if discussion were necessary. But Haydn is always Haydn, and his name calls up ideas which need no enforcement. Beethoven's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* (for chorus and orchestra) suffered by a bad performance. The choir sang much out of tune. The *Walpurgis Night* was heard to more advantage, the chorus being efficient, and the soloists well up to their work. Miss Elton sang "Know ye

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not a deed so daring" well; Mr. Cummings did entire justice to "Now May again;" while the more important music of the Druid priest was given by Mr. Lewis Thomas with conscientious care and appropriate dignity of style. The miscellaneous vocal pieces were well chosen.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S CONCERT.

The hold which the greatest of English tenors (or, for that matter, the greatest of tenors) still has upon public regard was conclusively shown on Friday evening week, in St. James's Hall, on the occasion of his benefit concert. Mr. Sims Reeves being about to quit England for a while, a public leave-taking was a very natural, and, as the result proved, a very satisfactory procedure. The audience crowded the hall in every part, and such an anxiety to be present was manifested that hundreds were turned away from the doors. This was well, because showing how thoroughly a great artist is appreciated ever when circumstances compel him, as they often do Mr. Reeves, to disappoint his admirers.

The favourite tenor sang four songs, and accepted two encores. It will be assumed that, doing so, he was in good voice, and that the audience enjoyed a rare treat. In "Deeper and deeper still" Mr. Reeves (accompanied by Mr. Arthur Sullivan), touched every heart by the intense feeling he threw into Handel's pathetic music. But a yet greater success was obtained in "Adelaide." Sung to absolute perfection, and equally well accompanied by Madame Arabella Goddard (whose services for that purpose were gracefully proffered), the audience heard Beethoven's matchless love song according to Beethoven's ideal. We say this confidently, because it is not possible to imagine anything better. It may be asserted with less confidence that the audience heard it as they will never hear it again, unless under similar circumstances. Mr. Reeves's third song, Bishop's "My pretty Jane," was encored, and its last verse repeated. The fourth, "Tom Bowling" (the very perfection of ballad writing, helped out by the very perfection of ballad singing), was also demanded again; but, for it, J. L. Hatton's "Good-bye, Sweetheart" was substituted, to the obvious delight of all present. It is quite needless to say that the audience kept enthusiasm up to a high pitch all the evening.

Apart from Mr. Reeves, a good deal was done of an interesting sort, at which, however, we can only glance. Mr. Leslie's Choir sang a selection of part-music with great success; Madame Carola and Miss Stephens each gave two songs; Mr. Coccen played two pianoforte solos (one, Bach's *Fantasia Cromatica*); and Madame Norman-Neruda gave the slow movement from one of Spohr's concertos, and Vieuxtemps' *Air Varié* in D. Mr. Henry Leslie conducted with his accustomed care and intelligence. Messrs. Calcott and Sydney Naylor accompanied certain vocal pieces.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The nineteenth season commenced on Wednesday night at St. James's Hall—this being the second year of their removal from St. George's Hall, Langham Place, to which new building they were transferred from the former locality in 1867. The concerts, directed and conducted by Dr. Wylde, have long been distinguished by the excellence of the orchestra, the importance of the works performed, and the appearance of some of the greatest of the opera singers. All these attractive features are again put forward. The following programme will show what a good commencement of the new season has been made:—

PART I.

Overture, "Rosamunde"	...	...	..	...	...	Schubert.
Cavatina, "Della Rosa" (*Bianca e Falierо*)	...	...	...	...	...	Rossini.
Concerto, violin, No. 7	...	...	...	...	...	Spohr.
Aria, "In vane il fato" (*Roberto*)	...	...	...	...	...	Meyerbeer.
Symphony in F	...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto in C minor, pianoforte	...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Duo, "A figlia" (*Maria Padilla*)	...	..	...	...	...	Donizetti.
Solo, violin, "Le Trille du Diable"	...	...	...	...	...	Tartini.
Overture, "Les Abencérrages"	...	...	...	...	...	Cherubini.

Schubert's overture charmed, as it almost must, by its bright genial beauty. The last but one of Beethoven's symphonies was capitally played by the splendid orchestra over which Dr. Wylde presides with great enthusiasm—and the same may be said of both overtures. The *Allegretto Scherzando* of the symphonies was encored as usual. Spohr's seventh concerto is one of the finest of more than twenty such works. Like the pianoforte concertos of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; and violin concertos of the two last-named, those by Sophr have the importance of symphonies in design and treatment, while allowing ample scope for the display of expression and execution by the solo player. That the concerto referred to was played to perfection may be inferred from the name of the player—Herr Joachim, who was received with enthusiastic applause, the graceful slow movement calling forth a special demonstration. The fantastic piece which the great violinist of the last century is said to have heard in a dream, gave an opportunity for Herr Joachim to exhibit his facility in vanishing "impossibilities," as its difficulties were long considered to be. Beethoven's third concerto, worthy precursor of that in G and the unparalleled "Emperor" in E flat, the energy and rhythmical power of the player were displayed with his usual success. Vehement applause followed each movement, and especially the last. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was heard to advantage in the airs of Rossini and Meyerbeer, which also and the public are so familiar; and Donizetti's duet was effectively given by the same singer and Miss José Sherrington.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second of the *Soirées musicales* given by the New Philharmonic Society took place on Thursday week, in St. George's Hall. The programme contained two novelties, viz.:—a violin quartet by a lady composer, Alice Mary Smith, and a solo for the violoncello, written and executed by M. Paque. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quartet in A	...	...	...	...	...	Alice Mary Smith.
Song, "Sognai"	...	...	...	...	...	Schira.
Solo, violoncello	...	...	...	...	...	Paque.
Duet, "A Mirrath"	...	...	...	...	...	Handel.
Cantata, "Hear my prayer"	...	...	...	...	...	Mendelsohn.
Song, air "Des Bijoux"	...	...	...	...	...	Gounod.
Trio in G—pianoforte, Miss Grace Sherrington; violin, M. Pollitzer; violoncello, M. Paque.	...	...	...	...	...	Hummel.

PART II.

Quintet in C	...	...	...	...	...	Kalkbrenner.
Song, "He's gone"	...	...	...	...	...	Macfarren.
Solo, pianoforte—Miss Sherrington	...	...	...	...	...	Heller—Bach.
Part song, by the Choir	...	...	...	...	...	Mendelssohn.
Duet, two pianofortes—Miss Kingdon and Miss C. Kingdon						(Mendelssohn and Moscheles

The quartet is a work of merit. The subjects are well contrasted, melodious, and graceful, and are wrought with the hand of a musician. The work was listened to with much interest. The interpretation over much to M. Pollitzer, one of the best violinists of the day, and his able coadjutors, Messrs. Wiener, Hann, and Paque.

The solo for the violoncello is one of the many pieces which M. Paque has written for his instrument. In touch, style, and expressive delivery of phrase, Miss Sherrington is accomplished. Her performance was altogether highly successful. Dr. Barth also showed his command over the pianoforte.

The charming voice of Miss Katherine Poynte was heard to advantage in Signor Schira's "Sognai." The duet singing of Miss Sinclair and Miss Emma Forbes told with good effect. Miss Forbes was encored in Macfarren's song. The choir performed Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," with excellent effect, Miss Poynte singing the solos. Mr. W. Beetson conducted the choir.

The *soirée* concluded with the grand duet for two pianofortes arranged by Mendelssohn and Moscheles. It served to display the fine pianoforte playing of the Misses Kingdon, whose performances were much applauded. The vocal music was accompanied by Herr Ganz with his usual ability. Mr. T. H. Wright was the director of the evening.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—After singing at upwards of thirty concerts in England, Scotland, and Ireland, Herr Stockhausen will shortly sing in this capital at three historical concerts.

BUDAPEST.—*Les Ronsonilles*, an original two-act opera, founded upon a Russian legend, has been successfully produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The audience on the first night were in the most amiable of humours, applauding everything—music, libretto, scenery, actors, and orchestra; and, when the stage-manager announced the name of the fair author, at the conclusion of the piece, greeting it enthusiastically, as though they were taken by surprise, and had not been previously aware that the novelty was composed by the Baroness de Maistre.

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PROVINCIAL.

LEWES.—A correspondent writes from this town as below:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren gave one of her popular pianoforte and vocal recitals on Thursday, March 10th, at the New Lecture Hall in West Street. There was a large attendance, and Mrs. Macfarren's playing of a sonata of Beethoven, and several brilliant pieces by Dussek, Weber, Thalberg, Litolff, &c., was warmly appreciated. She was much applauded throughout the evening, and repeated a portion of Brissac's fantasia, 'Scotia.' Miss Jessie Royd gave several songs, in three of which she was encored."

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The concert at the Royal Pavilion, under the conductorship of Mr. C. J. Bond, in aid of the Boys' Brigade and Night School, was more successful in a musical than in a pecuniary point of view. A number of amateurs and a few professional singers gave their assistance. Among them was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Harper, the eminent trumpet player, who made her first appearance. She has a good voice, and sings extremely well. The Brighton Glee and Madrigal Union sang part-songs. Mr. Bond played pianoforte solos, including his own fantasia on "God Save the Queen;" Mr. Harper, the "Ave Maria" of Schubert; and "The Soldier tired," on the trumpet. Messrs. Potts & Co. kindly gave the use of a grand pianoforte, and superintended the general arrangements.

EDINBURGH.—The annual concert of the University Musical Society was held in the Music Hall on Friday week. There was, as on former occasions, a chorus of past and present students, numbering about sixty; and the orchestra, amounting to about fifty, consisted of amateurs, chiefly from the St. Cecilia Society, with an infusion of the professional element—and of wind instruments from the band of the 17th Lancers, the conductor being Mr. Adam Hamilton. There was a large attendance, and the hall looked its best, being decorated with evergreens and busts of distinguished musicians.

LEEDS.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The Gye-Mapleson *troupe* put in an appearance here last Friday and Saturday, on their way from Edinburgh, and gave *Il Trovatore* on the first evening, and *Don Giovanni* the second evening. Notwithstanding the season of Lent, and the number of our upper thousand who object to support "amusements" during the forty days and forty nights, there was on each occasion a very large and brilliant assemblage. Enthusiasm prevailed each evening—especially with the *Trovatore*. Herr Wachtel was Manrico; Mdlle. Tietjens, Leonora; Mdme. Scalchi, Azucena. Signor Bevignani was the conductor. In *Don Giovanni* the Leporello was Herr Formes.—On Thursday, the 17th, Mr. Halle, Herr Joachim, Sig. Piatti, and Miss Edith Wynne gave a concert at the Town Hall, which was moderately well attended. The King of Violinists carried all before him by his playing exciting the audience to enthusiasm. Mr. Halle's concerts have not paid in Leeds this season, and the local papers state that Mr. Walker Joy's long purse has been drawn upon for the deficiency so much, that the concerts are to be abandoned. Still, it would appear that Mr. Archibald Ramsden, the musicseller, is willing to risk *his* money in trying Halle and his band once more; and, from what I can gather, there will be other orchestral concerts given by local musical celebrities, who will contest the position with Messrs. Halle and Isaacs. Messrs. Spark and Barker are giving some Lent oratorios at the Town Hall on Saturday evening. The *Creation* led the way, and, on the whole, was exceedingly well given. I hear that *Elijah* is the next on the list. With the choruses sung by the Madrigal and Motet Society, and some good principals, there is every reason to hope that this sublime work will be performed in a manner worthy of the music, and of the town in which it is to be produced.—G. T."

BIRMINGHAM.—The *Midland Counties Herald* contains the following notice of a recent concert:—

"The last of those pleasant musical meetings got up by Mr. Anderton under the title of the 'Birmingham Sub-scription Orchestral Concerts,' was given at the new Masonic Hall, on the afternoon of Saturday last, and, notwithstanding the non-appearance of Miss Edith Wynne, went off very satisfactorily. Mr. Anderton, on the receipt of the telegram communicating the impossibility of Miss Wynne's appearance, immediately took steps to remedy the mishap, and succeeded in securing the services of Mr. Horace Insull, a young musician of rising talent, who has recently returned from foreign study. The performances commenced with Weber's overture to *Euryanthe*. To place of S-hubert's song, 'The mighty trees bend,' Mr. Insull sang Mozart's 'In diesen heiligen Hallen" from *Zauberflote*, and gave it in a manner that indicated much promise. This gentleman afterwards gave 'The Mill Wheel,' and also a German air, new to us, concluding with Gounod's 'Nazareth.' Mr. Insull appears likely to become a welcome addition to our local vocalists. Mr. C. J. Duchemin played a concerto by Beethoven so finely as to make us regret that he does not appear more often. Haydn's symphony, loosely termed 'The departure,' from the way in which the members of the orchestra leave their places by degrees as the last movement is being closed, caused more merriment than perhaps was intended by the composer. Nicolai's overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, opened the second part. The piece on the whole was well played. Mr. F. Ward, jun., a young native violinist of much promise, then gave a *Notturno*, with orchestral accompaniments, by Wallace, with more genuine execution than obtrusiveness of manner. We are glad to observe—thanks to Herr Joachim and Madame Neruda—that the ultra-demonstrative style of playing is on the wane; and that difficulties are no longer considered as of necessity to be wriggled out and produced under contortion. Mr. Ward was, as he deserved to be, well received. The performance was concluded by a selection from *Mosè in Egitto*, arranged by Mr. Humphreys, with that tact for giving solos for the best points of his best players which appears to be his peculiar forte; and advantage was well taken of the circumstance by Messrs. Gilmer, Bell, Roxbee, and others. Mr. Anderton conducted with his usual skill."

EARL DUDLEY'S OFFER.

To the Editor of "Berrow's Worcester Journal."

DEAR SIR,—Although I agree with you and the press generally as to the importance and decisive character of the public meeting held at the Guildhall, on Saturday, the 5th inst., and rejoice that the county and city representatives there assembled expressed themselves so emphatically in favour of continuing the Festivals as heretofore, yet I cannot help thinking that it did not go far enough; inasmuch as it offered the Dean and Chapter no assistance touching the money difficulty, nor any suggestion as to how these glorious meetings could be positively secured to us for the future.

It is said that the noble Earl who has offered the £10,000 will, if Worcester reject it, make the same offer to Gloucester and Hereford. Now, as it appears to me that it would be equally fatal to our Festivals should the Dean and Chapter of either of the Cathedrals accept the gift, I would respectfully suggest that a conference of the several Deans and Chapters take place, and that they give a guarantee to each other to refuse the amount offered; and should Gloucester or Hereford fail to give this guarantee, I should certainly accept the £10,000 on behalf of Worcester. Some may object to this as savouring somewhat of coercion. This, however, I cannot admit, looking to the fact that the interests of the three counties are identical in this matter, and that the money is offered by a nobleman of our own county. Let us consider for a moment how pitiable will be our position supposing we refuse the noble gift of £10,000 to save our Festival meetings, and then Hereford or Gloucester accept the money, and be the means of breaking up that which we were anxious to consolidate, and enrich themselves with the amount which we might have had, without bringing about a more fatal result.

Had the Town Council listened to Mr. Alderman Webb's remarks at their last meeting, I should then have offered this suggestion. I could not, however, venture to do so after their peremptory decision upon the subject. Will you, therefore, kindly allow me to satisfy myself in this way by using your columns, as I should be exceedingly sorry to lose both the music and the money.

Sincerely hoping that these grand old Festivals will be continued to us in all their power and beauty, I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

CITIZEN.

Worcester, March 17th.

["Citizen" should have signed himself "Pettifogger."—ED. *M. W.*]

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

We read in an American paper, *The Press*, of February 28th, the following account of this popular vocalist:—

"The Parepa-Rosa Opera Company will appear in this city, at the Academy of Music, March 8 and 9. *Martha* and Von Weber's *Oberon*, will be given. *Oberon* is an opera we believe totally unknown, except through the pianoforte score, to the American public. It will be produced in Philadelphia for the first time in America. It is one of Weber's three great operas, the others being *Euryanthe* and the universally popular *Der Freischutz*. Mr. Rosa, now one of the best of orchestra directors, is to wield the *bâton*. We shall look forward with most agreeable anticipation to the production of *Oberon*, which promises to make an epoch in our artistic history. While prudently consulting all tastes, the Rosas have, from the very commencement of their managerial career, exhibited a most laudable desire to do honour to the highest order of musical art. Thus, besides such ephemeral productions as *Martha*, the *Bohemian Girl*, &c., they have already given two monumental works—one in the classic, and the other in the romantic school, namely, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Weber's *Der Freischütz*, each a masterpiece in its way, the former being, moreover, a quasi novelty to the American public. The splendid success which has attended the performances of these undying efforts of genius all over the States has doubtless encouraged the Rosas to proceed still further in the right direction."

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
MORNING PERFORMANCE,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), MARCH 26TH, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 76, No. 3 (Variations on "God preserve the Emperor"), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Haydn.*
SONG, "Die abgebluhte Linde"—Madame ROLT .. .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*
PRELUDE, LOURE, MINUETS, and GAVOTTE, in E major, for Violin alone—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Bach.*
SONG, "On wings my fancy ranges"—Madame ROLT .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI .. .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT OF THE TWELFTH SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 28TH, 1870,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 47, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Schumann.*
SONG—Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR .. .. *Schubert.*
VARIATIONS, in C minor, Op. 36, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SERENADE TRIO, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (by desire) —MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG—Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
DOUBLE QUARTET, in E minor, for four Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, POLLITZER, WIENER, STRAUS, ZERBINI, PAQUE, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Spohr.*
Conductor .. .. MR. BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & CO., 48, Cheapside; HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS
WILL BE GIVEN ON
Saturday Mornings, April 2nd, 9th; Monday Evenings, April 4th, 11th.
On Monday, April 4th, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will take her Annual Benefit at these Concerts.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

IN consequence of its brilliant reception when performed by Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, at the Monday Popular Concert, of January 14th, Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, in A, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be repeated on Monday, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's Benefit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Canon" asks what hymn book is used at Her Majesty's private chapel, and Whippingham Church. Perhaps some of our readers can answer the question.

DEATH.

On 20th inst., after much suffering, THEODORE MAINE GICHLEI, Esq.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three* o'clock P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

MOSCHELES.*

ANOTHER of the great musical celebrities whom Leipsic proudly called her own has passed from among us, and the loss will be deeply felt, not only here but everywhere else. On the morning of the 10th March, the sad news ran through the town with the speed of lightning, that, at a quarter past 2 A.M., Professor Ignatius Moscheles had gently and quietly expired.

Though he was very old—having nearly completed his 76th year—and had been ailing the entire winter, the noble-minded master seemed to have happily got over the last serious attack. A few days previous to his decease, he was seen in the concert-room and in the theatre, where the production of new works always greatly interested him, for the warmest sympathy with all artists and all matters connected with art, was one of the many amiable and rare qualities which distinguished him, even at his advanced age. But a sudden relapse again flung him on a bed of sickness, and, a few days later, a pulmonary attack put an end to his existence.—Let us cast a hasty retrospective glance on the career, so fertile in beneficial results, a career which the honoured master pursued with undiminished intellectual power to the very last—a career of fame, prosperity, and peace.

Ignatius Moscheles was born on the 30th March, 1794, at Prague, where his father was an Israelitish tradesman. His musical talent manifested itself at so early an age, that his father, a careful man, soon made him take lessons, first from Zahbradka, a Bohemian, and then from Hozelsky. When the boy was ten, he was fit for the Prague Conservatory, of which the celebrated director, Dionys Weber, instructed him from 1804 to 1808, with such good results that the young phenomenon was able to appear in public by 1806, exciting universal astonishment, both by his virtuoso-like, fiery pianoforte-playing, and his successful essays in composition. It was determined that he should be sent to Vienna (1808), in order that he might there complete his musical education.

As a boy of fourteen, Moscheles enjoyed the advantage of instruction, at Vienna, first from Albrechtsberger and afterwards from Salieri. The result was most astounding. The very next year (1809) he played at a concert in Vienna with great success. Salieri took a warm interest in him, and afterwards appointed him his deputy for three years at the Kärnthnerthor-Theater, thus exempting him at the same time from the military conscription. The young virtuoso's talent developed itself so quickly and brilliantly that he soon became one of the favourites of the Vienna public, and the centre of all matters connected with concerts, though Hummel (who left Vienna in 1816) was then shining as a star of the first magnitude, and young Meyerbeer exciting great sensation as a pianist. But it was this very rivalry which impelled Moscheles to keep raising himself higher and higher. At the age of two-and-twenty he was the most popular pianoforte teacher and virtuoso, besides displaying indefatigable industry as a composer; his extemporaneous performances on the piano were celebrated even then. "The public," Hanslick tells us, in Moscheles's own words, "rushed forward, with open arms, to receive and welcome the virtuoso; for *bravura* pieces at that period were something new." During the Congress of Vienna (1815), Moscheles played, for the first time, his most brilliant effort as a virtuoso, namely, his "Variations, with Orchestra, on Alexander's March," a piece that afterwards became so celebrated. In 1817 he gave concerts with the very popular guitarist, Giuliani, and, in 1818, with Mayseder, both these artists having previously played with Hummel. Moscheles earned no less applause and honour than his celebrated predecessor.

As far back as 1816 Moscheles made his first professional tour through Germany, everywhere exciting admiration by his eminent virtuosity, as well as by the elegance and dash of his style. During another tour, undertaken in 1820, he visited Holland, France, and

* From the Leipsic *Signale*.

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England, meeting with so brilliant a reception that, in 1821, he settled in London. It is from the time of his sojourn in England that his European celebrity commenced. It was in England, too, that he entered upon the full maturity of his productive powers, powers which soon obtained for him a name as celebrated in the character of a composer for the piano as in that of a performer on it. He did not return to Germany before 1823. He visited his birthplace, as well as Munich, Dresden, Leipsic, Berlin, Hamburgh, etc., and in Vienna achieved even greater triumphs than ever. He came forth the decided conqueror from a contest with Kalkbrenner. The public acknowledged, unhesitatingly, that there was a profounder purport in Moscheles's compositions, and something more imposing in his style; with all his smoothness and *bravura*, Kalkbrenner was superficial. Moscheles's extemporaneous performances, too, performances in which he displayed such unusual brilliancy, far surpassed those of Kalkbrenner. Moscheles and Hummel were, at that period, acknowledged unconditionally as the most effective composers for the piano, and the most sterling virtuosos since the time of Mozart and Beethoven; with them there began a new period of pianoforte playing.

After his return to London (1824), Moscheles received all the honours which the English love to bestow upon their favourites. He was appointed Professor at the Royal Academy of Music (1825), and a Director of the Philharmonic Concerts; he was the most fashionable master among the aristocracy, and the most popular pianist, while his co-operation was as eagerly sought for the concerts of others, as his own were invariably numerously attended. For the cultivation and propagation of classical music, as well as for the elevation of musical taste generally, Moscheles did a great deal in England, for he did not confine his efforts to London alone, but visited the provincial towns, as well as Scotland and Ireland.

It was at this period that young Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, during his tour through England, studied under Moscheles, who soon became his most intimate friend. Mendelssohn's letters mention this in a most charming manner. The fact of Mendelssohn's removing to Leipsic was the primary cause of Moscheles coming here on a visit, and, among other things, giving a concert with Mendelssohn, when the two masters played Moscheles's "Hommage à Handel," together, an event of which Schumann wrote so enthusiastic an account.

This bond of friendship between the two artists assumed great and lasting significance when Mendelssohn, after the establishment of the Leipsic Conservatory, prevailed on Moscheles to migrate to Leipsic, and accept the post of first professor of the piano. This was in 1846, and must have been of all the greater importance for the prosperity and reputation of the newly founded institution, from the fact that Mendelssohn was unfortunately taken from us the very next year. Moscheles's celebrated name attracted a large number of pupils from far and near, especially from England and America. The noble-minded master was indefatigable in precept and example; in the encouragement of young students of talent; and in the never varying kindliness with which he gave his opinion on their productions; he was a model of punctuality and unflagging zeal in the discharge of his professional duties, while his mental freshness and bodily vigour were so rare that he continued to figure successfully as a virtuoso and composer up to a very advanced period of his life. While, on the one hand, he knew how to maintain, with undiminished strength, the classical traditions of the grand period to which his youth belonged, he advanced, on the other, in a most extraordinary manner, with his own times, taking an interest in everything new and important, and being always kind and just in his opinion of others.

It was not alone as a pianist and a teacher, but as a composer likewise, that Moscheles rendered lasting service to art. As virtuosity with him, was not the final object, but simply the artistic means, his compositions bear the sterling stamp of classical form and artistic earnestness, and, even in the higher solo style, always exhibit delicate and interesting touches. His *Etudes* are justly considered classical models of indisputable value. Of his eight "Concertos for the Piano and Orchestra," that in G minor is the most celebrated. From the long list of his other works (the Opus No. of those published goes up to 142), we would especially select the "Sonate mélancolique;" the Trio, Op. 84; the Sextet, Op. 35; the Septet, Op. 88; the "Hommage à 'Handel," for two Pianos; the "Sonata for four Hands," Op. 47; and the "Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello," Op. 121. Moscheles wrote for the orchestra several symphonies and two overtures, (those to *The Jungfrau von Orleans*, and to the ballet, *Die Portraits*). As an author, too, he proved his cleverness; he wrote, among other things, an English biography of Beethoven, in which he alinded to his own connection with that master, who entertained a high personal regard for him as the interpreter of his works. Moscheles added, moreover, a collection of original letters.

It is said that Moscheles has written an autobiography, which will most certainly be published. The deceased master was in the laudable habit of keeping a very exact diary, and this will doubtless furnish a rich store of materials for the special history of music.—His name will live honourably in the history of art; his portrait will never be effaced from the memory of any one who knew him. P. H.

—o—

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has made arrangements for a tour in Germany, to begin next August and to last till May, 1871—so that, after the present season, she may not be heard in England for a very long time. The season following she contemplates a similar tour in France. Happily, we shall have no lack of pianists while Herr Hallé, Herr Pauer, Frau Schumann, Herr Coenen, Herr Kuhe, Fraulein Zimmermann, and other distinguished German artists, are within call. We are encouraged by what we hear to believe that Madame Goddard, who, as Miss Arabella Goddard, years since, was so cordially welcomed, all over Germany, will meet with a reception no less hearty than before. All the great societies of the Continent are eager to avail themselves of her services. England will lose a pianist; Germany and France will gain one.

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In another part of this impression will be found some specimens of the cloud of stories which always herald Madame Patti's return from St. Petersburgh to Western Europe. In one she is made to receive presents of fabulous value; in another to find a wonderful echo of herself in the shape of a little girl, who, of course, is sent to the Conservatoire (the inventor should be careful); this tale was told long ago of Madame Alboni); and, in another, to narrowly escape death in the railway train. We suppose that flying kites of this sort serve the flier's purpose; but the kites themselves deceive nobody blessed with perceptive powers. As regards the St. Petersburgh presents, our wonder is that Madame Patti ever tears herself away from the northern Golconda, in order to sojourn in our own sterile regions, where there are no diamonds and pearls given away, where the orchestra cannot afford to subscribe golden crowns, and where three "*rappels*" are all that the most demonstrative audience can find the heart, or the hands, or the lungs, to bestow.

WE have received from America a mad paper called *The Train Extra*, evidently edited in a lunatic asylum, and certainly full of George Francis Train. G. F. T. (who failed to make tramways in London, but succeeded in penetrating an Irish jail), is now raving all over the States against England, crying "Havoc" and "Let slip the dogs of war" (terms, a clear half the net proceeds—*vide* advertisement). Let him rave, but let him not trouble us with his diatribes. We have enough to do with Herr Wagner; and cannot afford to meddle with George Francis Train.

VANCE the Great, gave a concert in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening, assisted by the *élite* of his peculiar profession, and by several grooms who sold programmes. The place was crammed to suffocation by all sorts of people, from dignified folk, who

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never smiled, to folk undignified who joined in the choruses. What went they out to see and hear? Buffoonery of the lowest order; singing (Heaven save the mark!) than which as good might be heard in the street any day; comic men without an atom of humour; and women who made an exhibition of themselves which we forbear to characterize. The whole affair was inexpressibly saddening; to those who believe in an improved public taste, inexpressibly disappointing.

YOUNG Germany had an innings on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of Herr Coenen. Seldom does Young Germany get such a chance in uncongenial old England. True, it flourishes a little under the glass roof at Sydenham, but the process there is a forcing one, like that which goes on under glass roofs generally. On Tuesday, Young Germany had a fair field and no favour. With what results? Weariness in the first place; further than which we need not go. Herr Raff's trio in G wearied; Herr Max Bruch's quartet wearied; and Herr Grädcer's quintet wearied. There may have been degrees of badness, but all were bad—a very Sahara of musical sterility, "a dry and thirsty land, wherein was no water." And this is Young Germany! From it may Heaven protect us.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Alberto Randegger we are enabled to quote as follows from a letter written by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, *àpropos* of the approaching Beethoven *fête* at Bonn:—

"Maintenant je vous dirai encore que la notice sur Wagner, quant au Beethoven Festival, est complétement fausse. J'ai été dû unanimement pour le diriger, et j'ai accepté, quoique cela me force de revenir de suite après Birmingham. La fête aura lieu (avec les répétitions), depuis le 9 jusqu'au 14 Septembre."

This settles, authoratively, certain doubtful questions.

WE respectfully salute the Dean and Chapter of Hereford. Earl Dudley has made known to the world that, should the Dean and Chapter of Worcester decline his £10,000 (with the conditions attached), he will make a like offer to the dignitaries of Gloucester and Hereford. The pious Earl need not trouble Hereford, if we may judge by the fact that, not content with permitting the Festival of 1870 to be held in their Cathedral, the Dean and Chapter have permitted the use of the building for a sacred evening concert on the opening day. Once more we respectfully salute the Dean and Chapter.

HERR R. WAGNER will not, after all, direct the Beethoven Festival, at Bonn; so, once more, have Virgil's celebrated lines, beginning, "Fama, malum quo, non aliud velocius ullum," been triumphantly verified. The report, so industriously circulated, that the Committee had selected the chief Prophet of the Future to preside over the festival about to be got up in honour of the great composer of *Fidelio*, turns out to be nothing more than a delusion, a mockery, and a snare. The Committee have unanimously selected Herr Ferdinand Hiller to the important post. Dr. Hiller will be assisted by the Town-Musical-Director, Herr von Wasilewski.

MOSCHELES'S funeral took place at Leipsic on the 13th inst., and was attended by an extraordinary number of his friends, admirers, and pupils. It was preceded by a service in the house of mourning. The Revs. Herreo Ahlfeld and Valentiner delivered impressive discourses in memory of the Deceased, while the students of the Conservatory, under the direction of Herr Reiocke, sang two choruses by Mendelssohn, and a *Requiem* by Herr Levi, conductor at Carlsruhe. On the previous evening, the University Vocal Association of the Pauliner had sang choruses by Heidelsohn and Gellus, round the coffin, which was magnificently decorated with laurels and palms. At the funeral, the Town Council, the Committee of the Gewandhaus, several local Associations, etc., were represented by delegates. All the Professors and Students of the Conservatory, headed by their director, Herr Schleinitz, attended the ceremony. The procession was opened by the pupils of the Deceased carrying two silver laurel-wreaths, presented by the Conservatory and Muller's School of Music, palm-branches, and garlands of flowers. At the grave, the Thomaner Choir sang something appropriate, and the Rev. Herr Ahlfeld pronounced the benediction over the coffin. A separate musical funereal ceremony was shortly to be performed at the Conservatory.

MENDELSSOHN AND STERNDALE BENNETT.

(From the "Sunday Times," March 20.)

Mendelssohn's Posthumous Studies were given for the second time at the Monday Popular Concert of the 14th inst., and for the second time their great difficulty was partially hidden by the ease with which Madame Goddard played them. Which she played best would be hard to say, all being given so well. As to which pleased most there can be no doubt. The *moto continuo* of No. 2 (in F) makes it a work of genuine attraction, and it was executed with a brilliancy and precision entirely remarkable. No such playing has been heard in St. James's Hall of late, and the audience, one not disposed to wax enthusiastic about English artists on slight provocation, recalled Madame Goddard that she might play again. Dr. Bennett's trio was heard for the third time at these concerts, but never before, it may safely be said, was the beauty of the work made so clear. The performance by Madame Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, was unique, each artist seeming to feel that association with the other two demanded a special effort. Hence the result We should like to discuss the music as it deserves, but neither time nor space allows. This must be said, however, that the serenade wherein *pizzicato* strings accompany a beautiful theme for piano, belongs to the highest order of creative art, and alone would demand for the trio the admiration of every connoisseur.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE last Monthly Popular Concert of the season took place at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton, on Thursday, the 12th inst. The quintet in A major, of Mozart, for clarionet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Messrs. Lazarus, Henry Blagrove, F. Ralph, Richard Blagrove, and W. H. Aylward, was well done, and the clarionet *obbligato* by Mr. Lazarus encored. The sonata of Woelfl, *Ne Plus Ultra*, in F major, for pianoforte, and two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* were thoroughly well performed by Mr. R. Prentice. The quintet in E flat, of Schumann, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Messrs. Ridley Prentice, Henry Blagrove, F. Ralph, Richard Blagrove, and W. H. Aylward, brought the concert to a satisfactory conclusion. The vocalists were Miss Poole and Miss Alice Ryall. The crowded audience frequently expressed approval of the excellence of the programme, which reflected credit on the director, Mr. R. Prentice.—On the evening previous the Brixton Amateurs gave their fifth concert, the feature of the programme being Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. —W. H. P.

MR. GREENHILL'S concert at the Beethoven Rooms attracted a fair audience. Mr. Greenhill, with a nice voice and good method, sang two solos, and took part in various concerted pieces (one of them, "Oh! whisper but the gentle word," composed by himself). Mr. Greenhill was well supported (especially in Mozart's "Sento O Dio") by Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Fanny Chatfield, Mr. Bushelle, and Mr. Miles Bennett. Miss Robertine Henderson sang Randegger's "Only be one," and was called upon to repeat it. Miss Maria Severn and Mdme. Emmeline Cole—the former in "Cangio d'aspetto," and the latter in "Non so piu cosa," were also applauded. The concert gave altogether general satisfaction. Signori Randegger and Fiori were the conductors.

THE Barnsbury Choral Association gave a concert at Barnsbury Hall (Islington), on the 18th inst. The members of the association must have felt highly flattered by the attendance of so large a number of their friends, who filled the room, and rewarded the performers with great applause, and "encores" innumerable. The programme is too long to mention in detail, but the names of those who took part in it were—Miss Lizzie Horsey, Miss M'Quire, Miss M'Danell, Miss Rosabella Shackell, Miss Lundie, Messrs. Denvall, Raven, M'Danell, Storey, Adams, and Master Brown, vocalists; Miss Giles, Miss Gerard, and Miss Saunders, pianists; and Mr. Edward Jeffs, flute. There are a few songs that deserve to be particularly named as being given with more than "amateur" ability; these were Blumenthal's "The Message" (Mr. Denvall), Molloy's "Clochette" (Miss M'Quire), Signor Mattei's "Non è ver" (Miss Shackell), and Balfe's "Twas rank and fame" (Mr.

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M'Dunell)—all redemanded and repeated. Among the pianoforte solos were Herr Gaul's "Qui Vive Galop," brilliantly played by Miss Giles, and Mr. Bache's "L'Irresistible" by Miss Saunders (encored). A flute solo, played by Mr. Edward Jeffs, was one of the "successes" of the evening. It was an effective arrangement by Mr. Forde of Mr. Rodwell's popular song, "Charming May," and was brilliantly executed by Mr. Jeffs, who possesses a charming tone combined with taste and expression. Mr. Jeffs was called upon to repeat the pieces by the unanimous desire of the audience. The part-singing of the choir was exceedingly good, especially in "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower." Mr. Raven was the conductor, and Mr. Sharpe the accompanist.

THE second of Madame Berger-Lascelles' amateur performances took place on Saturday evening at her residence, and attracted a large concourse of friends and pupils. The first part of the programme was selected from the two *Messes Solennelles* of Gounod and Rossini, and *The Prodigal Son*, which were given with admirable effect, Madame Berger's voice telling with much effect in the "Agnus Dei" of Rossini. The second part was a secular selection from the works of Mendelssohn, Wallace, Rossini, Balfe, F. Berger, and Nuendevyer, all of which were given with much effect. Mr. Francesco Berger was the accompanist.

MR. AGUILAR'S *Soirée d'invitation* took place, on Thursday last, at 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park. The following was the programme:—Solo piano, Caprice in D flat, Aguilar; Song, "Jewel song" (*Faust*), Gounod—Miss Annie Sinclair; Song, "Dieu, que ma voix" (*La Juive*), Halévy—Mr. Trelawny Cobham; Solo piano, Fantasia on two Russian Airs, Thalberg—Miss Miss Bourchier (pupil of Mr. Aguilar); Romanza, "Come placida ruginda," Aguilar—Signor Chiatti; Duetto, "Da quel dì" (*Linda*), Donizetti—Miss Annie Sinclair and Mr. Trelawny Cobham; Solo violin, Romanza in F, Beethoven—Herr Deichman; Song, "O vago fior," Marra—Miss Goodall; Song, "Apprenticed," Aguilar—Mr. Trelawny Cobham; Solo piano, Esmeralda (*morceau caractéristique*), Aguilar—Mr. Aguilar; Songs, "The Flood," "The Post," Schubert—Miss Annie Sinclair; Duo, violin and piano (*Les Huguenots*), De Beriot and Thalberg—Herr Deichman and Mr. Aguilar; Song, "The Lady of the Lea," Henry Smart—Miss Chiatti; Solo piano, Coulenr de Rose (*galop brillant*), Aguilar—Mr. Aguilar. Miss Grace Aguilar presided at the pianoforte.

MR. F. W. BATES (R.A.M.), formerly a pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes and the late Professor Bisehoff, gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, Woodford, on Thursday, February 17th. We append the programme, and congratulate Mr. Bates on the success he obtained for his several performances:—Quartet, Beethoven—Messrs. F. W. Bates, Blagrove, R. Blagrove, and Aylward; Cavatina, "Qui la voce" (*I Puritani*)—Mdlle. Florence Lancia; Andante and Allegro Vivace, violin, Mendelssohn—Mr. Blagrove; Scena, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Hatton—Mr. Harley Visning; Song, "Birds were telling one another," H. Smart—Miss Julia Sydney; Duet, "Think a Sailor is faithful" (*Gazzaloni*), Balfe—Mdlle. F. Lancia and Mr. Harley Visning; Variations on "God save the Emperor," Haydn—Messrs. Blagrove, Gibson, R. Blagrove, and Aylward; Song, "The Vagabond," Molloy—Mr. Harley Visning; Song, "Good-night, sweet Mother," Diodonate—Mdlle. Florence Lancia; Concerto, C major, pianoforte (quintet accompaniments), Beethoven—Mr. F. W. Bates; Duet, "The Cousins," S. Glover—Mdlle. F. Lancia and Miss Julia Sydney; Ballad, "Cherry ripe," Horn—Mdlle. Florence Lancia; Minuet and trio, Sextet, Mozart.

AN Irish concert on St. Patrick's day may be accounted a success before the event for reasons it is not necessary to state. It will, therefore, be taken for granted that St. James's Hall was crowded on Thursday evening, when Miss Berry-Greening offered the public a long succession of familiar and favourite Irish ballads. Equally, as a matter of course, the audience was demonstrative, and applause the order of the evening. The principal artists, in addition to the concert-giver (a special favourite), were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Angèle, the Sisters Doria, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Wilms, Herr Carl Stepan, and Mr. Brinley Richards. No purpose would be served by entering at length into what was done. Enough if we mention that, judging by the applause, everything conferred pleasure. Mr. Richards played a new fantasia on Irish airs composed by himself, and won an encore—which was no resisting. A Miss Amy Wheelhouse also played a pianoforte solo on Irish airs with great brilliancy and a deservedly similar result. Mr. Howard Reynolds gave a cornet solo, and the Concert Glee Union contributed several things from its repertory. Mr. J. L. Hatton was conductor.

A MUSICAL SOIREE was given on Wednesday evening at the Norfolk Road Musical Academy, Bayswater, under the direction of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell. The programme consisted of both popular and classical works, vocal and instrumental. Some admirable pieces selected from the compositions of Ascher, Beethoven, Benedict, Weber, &c., were played by the Mesdames J. Searle, Janinska, S. Evans, A. Price, L. Vignette, Mardoni, and C. M. Weber. Miss L. Dwright and Mdlle. Elise in "Giorno d'Orrore" displayed their fresh voices to great advantage; the latter, in "Why breathe that sigh," sang with much feeling; as did Miss E. Lingley and Miss M. Christine in "The Maiden" and "Away from dear Erin"; both were loudly applauded. Mr. C. J. Bishenden gave "Dear to my soul thou art," and was encored. He sang it remarkably well. A Mr. J. H. Sutcliffe, who has lately being singing with Lister's operatic *troupe* at the Antipodes, gave a song from *Faust*, with excellent effect. The whole performance gave much satisfaction. Mr. L. Cottell and Mr. C. M. Weber were accompanists.

THE last meeting for the season of the Round, Catch and Canon Club was held on Saturday evening, at Willis's Rooms under the able presidency of Mr. Serjeant Sargood. One hundred gentlemen sat down to an excellent banquet, and on the removal of the cloth 110 ladies occupied sofas at the end of the ball-room, to listen to the exquisite selections of glees, &c., provided for their entertainment. On the 5th inst. two prizes, of the value of 10*l.* and 5*l.* were competed for by the professional members, and were awarded to Mr. Winn and Mr. Coates. These compositions were sung again on Saturday, and gave much pleasure to the company. Most of our choicest part-music has been brought into existence through the encouragement of prizes given by the several musical societies, and in this instance five glees, all of great merit, have been produced. The professional members of the club are Mr. Francis, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Burnby, Mr. Coates, Mr. Lond, Mr. Walker, Mr. Gear, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Lawler. Between the first and second parts the ladies sat down to an elegant collation. The toast of "The Officers of the Club: Mr. Bradbury (treasurer), Mr. Baxter (librarian), and Mr. Francis (hon. sec.)," which was acknowledged by the last-named gentleman, concluded a most delightful treat.

—o—

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard is engaged as solo pianist for the Birmingham Festival of this year.

Herr Stockhausen goes immediately to St. Petersburgh where he is engaged to sing at three historical concerts.

The Paris theatres and concert-rooms paid the poor-rate last month on 1,866,822 francs.

Signora Nau has just been successfully brought out at Trieste—first time in Italy. Signora Faccio was the heroine.

The Bordeaux theatre has been taken by M. Baugé, who has accepted the reduced subvention (100,000 francs), offered by the municipality.

Madame Patti baited at Liége, on her way from St. Petersburgh to Paris, and gave two representations.

The Baden opera opens on the 15th May, with performances by the *troupe* of M. Bagier. In July, the Palais-Royal Company will appear.

M. Rémusat, once first flute in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, has been concert-giving at Shanghai.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has been performing at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

Fron Fron has been produced at the Brighton Theatre. Mr. H. Wigan and Mdlle. Beatrice have appeared in it.

The munificent donation of 1,000*l.* has been given by "T. R. R" to the Royal Dramatic College.

The death is announced of Signor Vialetti, once a favourite bass at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Herr Rubinstein was presented with a laurel crown of silver on the occasion of the production of his *Tour de Babel*, at Königsberg.

Herr Wilhelmj, the admirable violinist, is now playing at various Philharmonic Societies in France.

Princess Beatrice visited the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, attended by Colonel Liddell. Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*, was played, on Thursday, with Miss Blanche Cole as Amina.

The Marseilles Grand Theatre has found a director willing to accept the reduced subvention of 100,000 francs, on condition that he be allowed to fix his own prices of admission.

A writer in *Le Moniteur des Pianistes* describes Schumann as "the idol of the long-haired; the ideal of sensitive young girls, and the god of unintelligible dreamers."

The Beethoven fêtes, which are to take place at Bonn in August, will be under the direction of Herr F. Hiller and M. Wasilewsky; not of Herr Wagner, as some have stated.

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M. Félix Clément has been promoted by the Pope, from the rank of Chevalier to that of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

La Ménestrel says that Mr. Strange, of the Alhambra, has taken the Paris Folies-Bergères, with a view to reproducing the characteristics of his London establishment in the French capital.

At a late fashionable wedding, the bridal party being a little dilatory, the organist played "Eager to meet thee, love;" and again, the party not coming, he sounded forth "Robin's not here."

We learn that both Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* and the work composed by Herr Hiller for the Birmingham Festival are to be published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

M. Strakosch's recently established musical journal, *Le Télégraphe*, has ceased to appear, pending arrangements for its issue as a daily paper. The experiment is a bold one, to say the least.

Mdlle. Sarolta, whom not a few of our readers will remember, has abandoned the Italian stage, and, now, plays Mephisto in Hervé's *Petit Faust*, at Cairo. Thus Italian opera loses, and *opera bouffe* gains, Mdlle. Sarolta.

Mr. Max Maretzek, having closed his not very successful season of Italian Opera in New York, is coming to Europe as the agent of Mr. James Fisk, jun.

The latest attempt at establishing French opera in New York has failed, and we are told by the *Orpheoniet* that its "last expiring kicks and squirms" have afforded great amusement.

It appears that Herr Wagner will *not* lecture at Berlin on "Music and the Drama." The Prophet wrote to the Royal Academy about the matter, and was frigidly told that he would not be opposed. So the Prophet will not have to shake the dust of Berlin from off his feet.

M. Thomas has made some changes in his *Mignon* for the Italian stage of Drury Lane. For example, the *gavotte* hitherto used as an *entr'acte* will be sung by Madame Trebelli in the second act. *Le Ménestrel* promises us a "galante surprise." We shall see.

The Stockholm Royal Academy of Music has just elected Mdlle. Sarah Helmze an honorary member. This distinction is shared by only two other ladies—Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt and Mdme. Norman-Neruda. Has, then, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson refused it?

Robert le Diable has been produced at the Grand Opéra, and Donizetti's *Regina di Golconda* at the Italiens. Mdlle. Sessi's costume in the latter, designed by Gustave Doré and made by Worth, is said to have cost 5,000 francs.

Le Ménestrel pronounces the story of some recently discovered Proverbs by Haydn to be a pure invention. The pieces are by Audré, *maître de chapelle* to the Grand Duke of Hesse. *Le Ménestrel*, be it observed, was the first to publish the "invention."

The mania for new theatres in Paris and in London seems to be about the same. A new theatre, it is said, is about to be erected in Paris on the Boulevard Montmartre, on the site formerly occupied by the Café de Malhouse.

Mr. Shakespeare, R.A.M. (pupil of Mr. F. B. Jewson), is appointed organist to St. Marylebone Church. There were twenty-nine candidates, from whom the Vestry selected six. Two retired, leaving four (Messrs. Saunders, Forbes, Wingham, R.A.M., and Shakespeare) to compete. The Vestry selected the last-named gentleman.

According to *La France Musicale*, Herr Wachtel has much offended his Berlin admirers. Having obtained leave to fulfil an engagement with Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, he is reported to have left before his time, in order to sing at Magdeburg. Even if this story be true, which we doubt, the Berlinese ought to know that a tenor, not less than a *prima donna*, has the liberty of freak.

Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger* was received at Vienna with a tempest of mingled hisses and applause; such a tempest as has not been, we are assured, within living memory. The composer's friends attribute the Jews; just as they set down the *affiets* which greeted *Tannhäuser* in Paris, to the Jockey Club. It appears there are always some people who object to Future-music.

Cox and Box will be withdrawn at the Gallery of Illustration to-day after having been performed nearly 300 times. The novelty which will take its place on Monday is an adaptation from Offenbach, by F. C. Burnand, with the quaint title of *Bogger my Neighbour; a Blindman's Bouffe*, and in which Mr. German Reed and Mr. Arthur Cecil will appear.

Mr. John S. Clarke, the American comedian, sailed for New York on Saturday. He leaves behind him an excellent name. The parts in which he has appeared are few in number, but they enabled him to display a grotesque humour peculiarly his own; and, perhaps, no other actor for the last twelve months has caused so continuous a flow of mirth. Mr. John S. Clarke in *The Toodles*, like Mr. Sothern in the *American Cousin*, was one of the sights to be seen.

In answer to a correspondent who threw some doubts upon the authenticity of Mozart's forthcoming opera, *L'Oca del Cairo*, the subjoined letter was addressed to (and published in) the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, by Mr. Jarrett, acting manager to Mr. George Wood, at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane :—

"Sir,—If 'C. W. C.' refers to Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel's *Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss sammtlicher Tonwerke W. A. Mozart's* (pages 340, 341), and to the late Otto Jahn's famous biography of Mozart (vol. iv.), he will find all he requires to know about *L'Oca del Cairo*. True, the opera was abandoned by the composer, and left unfinished. What was wanting, however—viz., an overture and several pieces—was found to hand in another unfinished opera, *Lo Sposo Deluso*, and from this source the French adapter derived the materials to complete the work. Not a single piece is included in *L'Oca del Cairo*, about to be produced at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, which is not the genuine composition of Mozart. Both *L'Oca* and *Lo Sposo* were composed in 1783, at Salsburg.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. JARRETT.

"*March* 22.

"P.S.—As 'C. W. C.' feels so interested about the *Seraglio*, he might have heard it in German about fifteen years ago (with Herr Formes as Osmin) at Drury Lane Theatre, or in Italian, very recently, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mdlle. Tietjens, Herr Ludansky, &c., in the chief characters."

The Surrey Theatre will witness the production on Easter-Monday, of a drama of a rather startling character. It is written by Mr. Charles H. Ross, editor of *Judy*, and is to astonish the South Londoners by the novelty of its construction, its effective dialogue, and dramatic *mise-en-scène*. The whole will be produced under the immediate supervision of the author.

The usual fabulous stories are told with respect to Madame Patti's benefit at St. Petersburgh. One declares her reception of an enormous pearl surrounded by thirty-one diamonds, the whole worth 70,000 francs. And another demands our belief in a laurel crown of massive gold, presented by the members of the orchestra. What lucky folk must be the members of an orchestra which can afford to give away crowns of massive gold!

Mdlle. Schneider commenced an engagement of twelve nights' duration on Monday night at Dublin, playing the part of the Grand Duchess to a crowded house. Her highness met with an enthusiastic reception and success, Cardinal Cullen's pastoral notwithstanding. A large congregation of students waiting at the stage door were very accommodative in their approval as Mdlle. Schneider left the theatre.

An entertainment was given by Mr. Thomas at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, on Friday week. The programme included *Perfection; or, The Lady of Munster*, in which Miss Blanche Owen, Mr. R. Pringle, and Mr. St. John Ingram, were commendable; *Done on Both Sides*, the original characters being sustained by Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Clare, Mr. Thomas, and Messrs. Pringle and Ingram. A miscellaneous concert was also given, Miss Owen, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Benwall, Mr. Bristo, Mr. Catchpole, and Mr. Cross, rendering a number of popular songs with taste. Mr. Thomas's "Watkin's Evening Party" was encored. Miss Lucy Thomas presided at the pianoforte.

At one of the latest representations of *Faust*, it is stated by a French journal that at the moment when Madame Patti finished one of her most brilliant *morceaux*, the famous singer heard an echo of wondrous potency issuing from the side scenes. Struck with the perfection of the imitation, Madame Patti was anxious to discover who was the singer, when, to her great astonishment, she found herself in the presence of a young girl nine years old, who now fixed longing eyes upon her model. The Marquise de Caux proposed to the parents to have the child instructed, but they refused to part with her, and then Madame Patti obtained her admission to the *Conservatoire de Musique*, at the cost of the State. *Le Nord* says that the little Marie Adler—for such is the name of Madame Patti's echo—will shortly give the people of St. Petersburgh an opportunity of hearing her voice at a concert.

Upon her return journey from St. Petersburgh, Madame Adelina Patti was in great danger of a tragical end. At the Prussian frontier the Marquis de Caux engaged a special saloon carriage, fitted with sleeping compartments, for the use of his party. The Marchioness had retired to rest, when in the middle of the night she was awoke by a sense of suffocation, and upon looking into the saloon of the carriage she found it filled with dense smoke. The stove which warmed the carriage had become overheated and set fire to the flooring. The whole of the party were at once awoke and applied their efforts to extinguish the fire, which had already extended to a sofa in the saloon. Their situation was most alarming, their means of checking the fire being but scanty; the train was an express, and there was no means of communicating with the guard or the engine driver. Happily, within a few minutes of the discovery, the train slackened speed on entering the station of Bromberg, when the danger was made known, and assistance was made to extinguish the fire.

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On Tuesday evening week Mr. C. Dickens brought his readings at St. James's Hall to a close. "The trial from Pickwick" and "The Christmas Carol" were admirably read before a crowded assembly, who cheered long and repeatedly. At the finish Mr. Dickens, with emotion, said:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It would be worse than idle—for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling—if I were to disguise that I close this episode in my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall and in many kindred places, I have had the honour of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and, in closely observing your reception of them, have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which, perhaps, is given to few men to know. In this task, and in every other I have ever undertaken, as a faithful servant of the public, always imbued with a sense of duty to them, and always striving to do his best, I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well, at the full, flood tide of your favour, to retire upon those older associations between us, which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together. Ladies and gentlemen, in but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own houses, on a new 'Series of Readings,' at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell."

Amidst repeated acclamations, whilst hats and handkerchiefs were waving in every part of the hall, the great novelist retired.

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VOL. 48—No. 14. SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Schumann's E flat Symphony, Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (Madame Auguste Ansorge), Kuhlau's Overtures, "Prometheus" and "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Admission 2s. 6d., or by Guinea Season Tickets. The April issue, now ready at all agents and entrances, admits this day and generally until March 31, 1871.

EXETER HALL.—THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Mr. Barnby's Sacred Oratorio, "THE PASSION" (St. Matthew), on WEDNESDAY next at Eight. Misses Banks, Robertson, and Julia Elton; Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Increased Band and Chorus. Conductors—Mr. Barnby, Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area and West Gallery (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Admission, 3s., 2s., 1s., at Novello, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; the principal Musicsellers; and Austin's, St. James's Hall, whose, also, Novello's octavo edition of "The Passion" may be had, price 2s.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor—Sir Michael Costa. Fifteenth next, April 6th, Handel's "SOLOMON." Subscription Concert. Principal vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Vinda, Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas. Band and Chorus, on the usual complete scale of the Society's performances, will consist of 500 performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, now ready, at 6, Exeter Hall.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. Conductor—Professor Wylde, Mus. Doc. The Public Rehearsal of the Second Concert will take place on Monday Afternoon, April 4th, at Half past Two o'clock, when will be performed Beethoven's Symphony in A, No. 7, Schubert's Overture, in the Italian style, and other grand orchestral works. Mdme. Norman-Neruda will play a Violin Solo, and Vieuxtemps's Violin Concerto, in A minor. Herr Reinecke, Conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic, will play Mozart's Concerto in D minor. Tickets at popular prices, Stalls, 5s., other tickets, 3s., 2s., 1s.; to be had at the Hall, and of Austin.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S EVENING CONCERT, THURSDAY, April 7th, Hanover Square Rooms. Artists—Mdme. Schumann, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Henry Holmes, and Signor Piatti. Conductor—Mr. Walter Macfarren. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. each, at Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street, W.; Hanover Square Rooms; and of Miss Zimmermann, 13, Berkeley Place, Blandford Square, N.W.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, THURSDAY NEXT, April 7th, St. James's Hall.—SACRED CONCERT.—Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme. Poole, and Mr. George Perren. Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" and "Hymn of Praise;" Mozart's "Ave Verum;" Schubert's 23rd Psalm; Wesley's "Is reign;" &c. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, 28, Piccadilly; and all Music Publishers.

MENDELSSOHN'S "JUDGE ME, O GOD." In consequence of the unbounded reception of this beautiful work at Mr. Leslie's Concert, on March 24th, and of numerous requests, it will be REPEATED at the SACRED CONCERT of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, on Thursday Evening, April 7th.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT and MADAME GILBERT'S Third Classical Chamber Concert, May 11th, at 9, Conduit Street, W. Tickets, Five Guineas; Family Tickets, Five for One Guinea; of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 7th Woodstock, Maiden Vale.

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The ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place on SATURDAY, April 9th, at the FREEMASONS' HALL.

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"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN."—New Oratorio.—FIRST PERFORMANCE.—St. James's Hall, May 10th. Under the Special Patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing W. Sterndale Bennett's song, "THE BETTER LAND," at the Monday Popular Concert, on Monday Evening next, April 4th. Tickets at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street.

MR. S. BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be again performed (by particular desire) at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT, on Monday, April 4th, by Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti. Tickets at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street.

MADEMOISELLE FLORA CRIVELLI (pupil of Madame Lascelles Baxter) will sing the principal Soprano Music in Mendelssohn's "LAUDA SION," at the Concert of the St. Cecilia Choral Society, on Monday Next, April 4th, Grafton Hall, Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, W.C.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) Aschen's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform Aschen's brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will (by desire) sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on April 6th, at Haberdashers' Hall, and April 20th at St. James's Hall.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of Chopin and Heseltine, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME GURY'S WALTZ," composed by Chopin, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform Aschen's popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

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The Countess Harley Telfer.	Mrs. Henry Smith.
The Baroness Mayer de Rothschild.	Miss Tuckerman.
Mrs. Edgar Bowring.	Mrs. Tuke.

A Course of Twelve Lectures (Illustrated by Part Singing) on the Theory and Practice of Vocal Music, will be delivered, by permission, in the Lecture Th atre of the South Kensington Museum by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, to commence on Tuesday, the 26th April, at 11 a.m., and be continued at the same hour on every succeeding Friday and Tuesday. Fee for the Course, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single Lecture tickets, 2s. 6d., without Practice.

Persons wishing to attend are requested to send their names to Her Il on. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum. Tickets can be obtained at the Catalogue Sale Stall.

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MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Matilda Baxter's Concert, May 6th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, May 14th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MADAME DELISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 11th.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 6, Westbank Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure at Sutton, April 5; and Upper Norwood, 11th.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(From "the Saturday Review.")

The thirteenth series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, now far advanced, has hitherto yielded in variety of interest to none of its predecessors. This we shall endeavour to show in a brief retrospect. Meanwhile, we may observe that the good these concerts have been the means of effecting, and the reputation they have conferred upon the Crystal Palace, as a place in which, during six or seven months in the year, one of the arts, at least, finds serious recognition, and honour in proportion, are generally acknowledged. It, therefore, behoves those in authority to extend every facility to the musical conductor, and to allow no obstacle to interfere with absolute efficiency. Many amateurs are doubtless grieved to see the time and labour of such a thorough disciplinarian as Mr. Manns, and such an admirably trained orchestra as his, employed, during a certain period of the year, in making music to the antics of harlequins and clowns, and, month after month, accompanying mediocre representations of what is politely called "English opera." Why not engage special performers for such entertainments? This would enable Mr. Manns to devote his energies exclusively to the good work which he was the first to originate, and which he has carried on for years with ability and well directed enthusiasm. The worst misfortune that could happen to the Crystal Palace would be the breaking up of an institution which has earned the name of "the Sydenham Philharmonic," and helped more than anything else to win the good opinion of those whose opinion is worth having. But this must sooner or later inevitably happen if the performances deteriorate; and how can they fail to deteriorate when obstacles like those to which we have referred are thrown in their way?

The concerts that preceded Christmas, in so far as related to the instrumental part, were almost uniformly good. As before, and as we trust and have little doubt will continue to be the custom, an orchestral symphony formed the solid attraction of almost every programme. Among the symphonies already familiar to the Crystal Palace, and about which there is little new to be said, were Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 7 of Beethoven (in C, D, C minor, and A); the so-called "Oxford Symphony" of Haydn (in G); Mendelssohn's *Reformation*; and Schumann's in D minor (No. 4—or more correctly speaking, No. 2). The earlier essays of Beethoven in this direction are by no means too frequently brought forward; but the C minor, if laid by for a while would come out again all the more vigorous and fresh. Not only at the concerts of the Crystal Palace but at several of the London orchestral concerts it has been heard of late; and if such a term may possibly apply to anything so noble, it runs the chance of becoming as "hackneyed" as the Kreutzer Sonata and the pianoforte trios of Mendelssohn, which, while few can play them as they should be played, every aspirant attempts. On the other hand the symphony in G—that dear old "Letter Q," as Thackeray would have said—composed for the concert at Oxford, in July, 1791, when the degree of Doctor in Music was conferred upon Haydn, might bear hearing much oftener. In former days this symphony was familiar—at least to those who had the privilege of attending the Philharmonic Concerts, instituted some twenty years later than the event at Oxford and three years after Haydn's death (at Vienna); but now, while our opportunities are comparatively manifold, the case is different. Yet the Oxford symphony is a masterpiece; and Haydn himself in his happiest moments of inspiration has not surpassed its final *presto*. Of Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony*—received with unabated enthusiasm, the charming *allegro vivace*, in B flat and G, being, as usual, encored—so much was written last year that in suggesting that it may brave an annual hearing for a long time to come, we have said all that is requisite. The D minor symphony of Schumann, in form the most original and independent, is in matter of detail the poorest of the four that came from his laboured and ambitious pen. A peculiarity in this symphony is that the various movements—introduction, *allegro*, romance, *scherzo*, and *finale*—run into each other, without finishing; so that the whole forms one continuous piece; while certain themes in the introduction and *allegro* reappear in other movements. A plan like this could only have been made acceptable by genius far above that of Schumann; and we must confess that in listening to his symphony we occasionally long for an interval of repose. Moreover, the leading theme of the *allegro* is so square-cut and uninviting, that its re-employment in the *finale*, in the major key and in connexion with another theme from the *allegro*, becomes in the end more or less of a bore.

Of the eight symphonies played before Christmas only one was new to the Crystal Palace audience. This, composed by Mozart in 1786, for the Winter Concerts at Prague,* is the symphony known to amateurs as the "Symphony in D without a minuet." The first *allegro* is as grandly designed and as elaborate in the working out of its details as any similar orchestral movement by the composer; and the *andante* for sweet and tender melody is unsurpassed. Strange that such a work by one of the masters of masters should now for the first time be introduced to an audience thoroughly familiarized with all the symphonies and overtures of Schumann (not to name other things of more questionable merit). But better late than never. The symphony was admirably played, and must have caused not a few to regret that Mozart receives less consideration at the Crystal Palace than is his fair due. For instance, among nineteen overtures included in the first set of twelve concerts, there was only one by Mozart—that to *Figaro*. There were three overtures by Beethoven—the *Namensfeier*,† *Egmont*, and *Leonora* (the great *Leonora*—No. 3 of the *Fidelio* series); two by Schubert—the *Fresnade von Salamanka* and *Rosamunde*; four by Mendelssohn—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Die Hebriden*, the "Trumpet Overture," and *Ruy Blas*; Weber's *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*; Schumann's *Genovera*; Cherubini's *Medea*; Rossini's *Siège de Corinthe*; Adolph Adam's *Giralda*; Herr Reinecke's *König Manfred*; Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *In Memoriam*; and Mr. H. Gadsby's *Golden Legend*. A brief remark about two or three of these is all that is called for—so many of them being old friends. Schumann's *Genovera*, the orchestral prelude to his only opera, is also one of his best—but, as customary with Schumann, monotonous, gloomy, and overcharged with anti-climax. *Die beiden Freunde von Salamanka* is the overture to an opera by Schubert composed to a libretto by his friend, Mayrhofer (which is lost). The rest of the music is still in manuscript, hidden away in some dark cellar in Vienna, where it is likely to remain until that amiable enthusiast, the Honorary Secretary to the Palestine Fund shall do for it what he did for *Rosamunde* and the symphonies. The overture, fresh and pretty, is one of the master's lightest, and might rank with his two preludes "in the Italian style." Nevertheless, like all that came from his prolific brain (at least all we know of), it contains things too good to be consigned to oblivion. The "Trumpet Overture" of Mendelssohn—a marvel, considering the age at which it was composed (16)‡—needs hearing again and again; so does the lengthified and tombling *In Memoriam* of our countryman, Mr. Sullivan, the encouragement given to whose music at the Crystal Palace is both advantageous to the concerts, and creditable to Mr. Manns, their director. Schubert's so-called *Rosamunde* (virtually the overture to the three-act operatic melodrama, *Die Zauberharfe*,§ produced at the An der Wien, Vienna, in 1820, the libretto by Hoffmann), is so genial and bright that it can never be unwelcome. At the same time it will hardly be denied that its composer has been allowed somewhat more than his just share of the Crystal Palace programmes. Mr. H. Gadsby's *Golden Legend* possesses unquestionable merit, which is more than can be alleged of Adolph Adam's *Giralda*. Besides these overtures, the splendid *entr'acte* and piquant *air de ballet* from *Rosamunde* (Schubert), some very laboured and meagre dance pieces from that heaviest of heavy operas, M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba*; an *entr'acte*, with ballet-music, from Herr Reinecke's *König Manfred*;

* Where his *Nozze di Figaro*, which had been almost snubbed in Vienna, was afterwards so well received as to induce the great musician to write *Don Giovanni* expressly for the Bohemians.

† Composed for the Nameday Festivities of Francis II.—a sort of companion to the *Weihe des Hauses*, in the same key (C), but an earlier and inferior work.

‡ It was partially re-written seven years later, when produced, under Mendelssohn's own direction, at the Düsseldorf Festival of 1833.

§ This overture was also played to a one-act operetta called variously *Die Verschworenen*, and *Der häusliche Krieg*—in 1823 or 1824.

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and the *adagio* and *scherzo* from Herr Rubinstein's symphony, *Ocean*, were among the orchestral pieces during the first series of twelve concerts. Of the incidental music in *Rosamunde* we have spoken more than once. It is of its composer's very best. Herr Meinecke is dry and pretentious; and the only remarkable feature about his *entr'acte* is that the stringed instruments are *muted*. Take away his mutes and the music would say nothing. Mr. Manns, in the analytical programme, devotes a couple of pages to Herr Rubinstein, whom he designates as—"from top to toe a son of art of our time, who, driven by an irresistible impulse, works away nobly for a good eighteen hours per day, with his blood at fever heat, and even during the remaining six hours for rest cannot silence *that demon of our age*, the *morbid desire* to accomplish, in matters of art, what no one ever did before. As a *reproductive* artist his powers are truly prodigious, &c."

If this be the case, Herr Rubinstein must be a very extraordinary man—seeing that he can exist without sleep; and the only thing that surprises us, after so glowing a description, is the very small amount of originality to be found in the *adagio* and *scherzo* which that drove Mr. Manns into rhapsody. "That demon of our age" must have been unpropitious; for certainly the "morbid desire" to do what was never done before is by no means fulfilled in the *Ocean* symphony—which, by the way, we remember hearing some years ago, entire (without being greatly edified), at the Hanover Square Rooms. It may be, as Mr. Manns insists—though with astonishing indiscretion, naming Herr Rubinstein at one and the same time with Beethoven and Mendelssohn—that in his (Herr Rubinstein's) tone-pictures there is "*mehr Empfindung als Malerei*;" but when the "feeling" expresses nothing we might just as well have a little "painting" (as in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* and Mendelssohn's *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*).

Three of the four concerts at which the programme comprised no symphony were devoted to choral works. Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, with Mozart's additional accompaniment, Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* (first time), and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* (first time), each took up a day. *Acis* and the *Prodigal Son* were well enough given, although the Crystal Palace chorus is by no means on a par with its orchestra; but the performance of the *Messe Solennelle* was, on the whole, the least satisfactory since its first introduction in England. Mr. Sullivan's cantata was received—as it has been received everywhere else, since the Worcester Festival of last autumn (for which it was expressly composed)—with unqualified favour; and we are happy to be able to add that its merits entitle it to general recognition. The appearance of a work, from the pen of an English composer, with such solid claims to consideration, is so rare that it should be hailed with satisfaction by every one who looks hopefully at English art.

Among the interesting features of the performances are concertos, &c., for pianoforte, violin, and other instruments, with orchestral accompaniments. With these the first half of the series under notice was in no way behindhand. Beethoven's fifth, last, and greatest pianoforte concerto, the one in E flat, was played by Mr. Charles Hallé; Weber's pianoforte concerto in the same key by Herr Ernst Pauer; and Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante*, again in the same key, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann—the most remarkable achievement of the three being decidedly the last. But, like the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, chosen by M. Sainton, these pieces were already known to the Crystal Palace audience. Not so, however, a concerto in B flat, for violoncello, with orchestral accompaniments, the execution of the solo part in which, by Signor Piatti, was nothing short of perfection, while the work itself was scarcely less creditable to him as a composer than the performance of it was creditable to him as a *virtuoso*. This concerto is not only cleverly and effectively written, but in several passages, and more especially in the second movement—a *largo* in the key of E flat minor—exhibits a strong sense of musical fitness and beauty. Still more interesting was the *Caprice* in E major, for pianoforte and orchestra, one of the most graceful, refined, and original works of the most gifted of English musicians. It says little for our own native pianists, and not a great deal for the foreigners who flourish and thrive among us, that the only one who takes pains to master and bring forward constantly in public the music of Sterndale Bennett is Madame Arabella Goddard; but on the other hand the Cambridge Professor may console himself with the fact that probably no other would play it with such enthusiasm or could play it with such polished refinement as that accomplished lady. Such compositions as Professor Bennett's are not to be taken *ad capiandum*. They are extremely difficult, and must be assiduously and conscientiously studied. Madame Goddard invariably does; and hence her success whenever she comes forward with a concerto, or any other piece, from her gifted compatriot's pen.

(*To be continued.*)

A LENTEN CONCERT.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* thus opens to us a Parisian *salon* in Lent:—

"Music again! *Que voulez-vous?* One must live in spite of the well-known judge's cynical objection, and it is an accepted article of faith that during Lent one cannot live in Paris without music. So in all the ministerial mansions the same vast saloons are opened to the same superbly dressed visitors, but instead of dancing to the music, you simply listen to it. On Thursday it was the 'Ministère de la Marine et des Colonies' that opened its hospitable doors to what the French papers will persist in calling 'le high-life.' There are few hotels that have more facilities for grand entertainments than the immense building in the Place de la Concorde, facing the Chamber of Deputies. The mere entrance was as beautiful as it was imposing, for the several flights of the angular stair-case afforded a constant change in the fairy-like *coup d'œil*. So lavish was the profusion of tropical plants surrounding the hall, climbing up the walls, spreading over the balconies, and hanging pendent from the galleries overhead, that the ladies, with their brilliant complexions, flashing jewels, and flowing lace, looked in the midst of all this exuberant foliage like superb animated flowers, or like dazzling birds of paradise that had flown from some Southern clime. The outside gallery overlooking the place was enclosed, and so artfully covered with plants and flowers, so cleverly decorated, and so filled with statues, that it seemed to form an integral portion of the substantial edifice itself. Thus the wide reception rooms, thrown into one long suite, were flanked on each side by *bosquets* that harmonised perfectly with the interminable conservatoir. This was exclusively appropriated to ladies, who were all seated, while their gentlemen, even more gorgeous in apparel, though far less grateful to the sight, "circulated" in the adjoining galleries. Even the orchestra, large enough to accommodate the full orchestra of the Conservatoire, looked like a bower—thanks to the mass of foliage by which it was surrounded; and from this end of the room the old comparison of a congregation of ladies to a parterre of flowers was literally realised. The music was excellent, and there was not too much of it. The orchestra played the *scherzo* and *finale* from Beethoven's symphony in D so delicately that I could not help regretting the omission of the heavenly slow movement, and should have enjoyed it still more if the opening *allegro* had also been included in the scheme. The *scherzo* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music was also tripped off with exquisite lightness. I have never heard Mdlle. Nilsson sing better the *scena* concluding the first act of *La Traviata*. Voice, expression, facility, and, may I add, manner, were alike charming. Mdlle. Krauss, a clever artist, with an ungrateful voice, gave Schubert's 'Marie,' orchestrated by M. Alary. It seemed to please much, and there was nothing to find fault with in the instrumentation, but for my own part I would rather have heard it with pianoforte accompaniment. This may be prejudice, however; the mere result of habit. But there certainly could be no two opinions about the charm that M. Faure's singing gave to a romance from Nicolo's *Joconde*, a *fade* affair, which one must be a Frenchman, I suppose, to appreciate. One of the most enjoyable things of the evening was the trio from the dear old *Matrimonio segreto*, which, *nè en doplaise à M. Wagner*, will soothe and cheer the unexacting mind until all melody is utterly banished from music. A great charm of the *soirée* consisted in the fact that, although, as you may imagine, the preparations must have been immense, there was a quiet drawing-room air about the way in which the artists rose from among the audience in their appointed order, that gave to the whole affair an idea of spontaneousness. Many people wandered about the endless suites of rooms long after the concert was over, admiring the marvellous of celebrated naval men, examining the elaborate Gobelin work of eighty years ago, and talking over the politics of the day; and it must have been long past one in the morning when the last visitor emerged from the hot, close rooms—thus doubly suggestive of a tropic clime—into the bright, cold, starlit night."

LEIPSIC.—The members of Riedel's Verein lately gave a fine performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Op. 123. The solos were taken by Madame Otto (soprano), from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden; Madame Krebs-Muhafel (contralto), Dresden; Herr Rebling (tenor), of the Leipsic Stadttheater; and Herr Von Milde (base), from Weimar. Herr David played the violin solo in the "Benedictus," and Herr Papier presided at the organ.

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THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Midland Counties Herald.")

In musical matters, as in other affairs, we rarely notice the rapid flight of time till a beat of his wings announces the return of some event of interest; and then we are seized with astonishment at the scythe-bearer's rapid pace, and begin to make preparations. Our Musical Festival will be held in the autumn of the present year, and will be of such importance, both for a philanthropic purpose, and for the musical *prestige* of our town, that the fact will plead our excuse for calling on all to be up and doing. Every one may give help. We have to make a struggle to hold our own in days when railways bring celebrities from the ends of Europe with magical dispatch. Let us look up home resources, and assure ourselves, as well as the world, that our Festivals stand at the head of all such meetings, at which the musical genius of the day may have a chance. We stand on a par with other places in securing solo vocal art; but it is in her choral strength that Birmingham has been unapproachable. Let us, then, look at our autumn campaign. We have a corps of veterans in the Festival Choral Society; and, thanks to Mr. Stockley, its ranks are never more efficient, notwithstanding the conduct of the committee, in frequently giving them nothing to do on a field day. Then we have volunteers, members of the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association, whose services have been equally good. From a report, furnished by Mr. Harrian, we find that during last year the following works have been rehearsed :—Schubert's "Song of Miriam," Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" and "Lord, bow down," Bennett's *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, Spohr's "God, Thou art great," Mozart's Mass No. 1 and "Ave Verum," Haydn's Mass No. 1, Gade's *Erl-King's Daughter*, and H. Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, besides minor works; and the number of rehearsals has been forty-three, at which the average attendance has been seventy four. These meetings have culminated in three public rehearsals, directed by Mr. Sutton. The instrumental orchestra for the great occasion, we have the satisfaction of knowing, has, together with the general arrangements been put into the hands of Sir Michael Costa, the best musical organizer and conductor at present living; and to him the selection may safely be left. So far, matters look promising; but much remains to be done; and we trust that the Festival Committee, the town authorities, and the public will not let matters rest till too late for good.

ROBERT LE DIABLE IN PARIS.

The following graphic and spirited description of the revival of Meyerbeer's first French opera in Paris is from the Parisian correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* :—

"The *salle* of the Grand Opera was worth seeing. Everybody in Paris celebrated for beauty, rank, and talent was there. The display of loveliness was remarkable, Madame de Mercy-Argenteau and Madame Cuvelier outshining their sister stars in brilliancy of complexion and toilets. The Prince and Princess Metternich were among the early comers, and M. Auber sat through the performance, passing the *entr'actes* in the *foyer*, walking up and down with the activity of eighteen summers, and letting fall in quick succession the good-natured *mots* which he can utter so well. All the artists not engaged on some stage were in the *salle*. Mdlle. Sessi, whom you are going to hear at Covent Garden in a few weeks, was conspicuous by her abundance of golden hair—her own—and you might have seen Madame Cabel. Mdlle. Bloch, who has at least one requisite for a dramatic singer, a handsome face; Mr. Beal Hehler, who is singing everywhere at concerts; Mdlle. Hisson, another fine-looking person, with fine voice, &c., &c. The Emperor and Empress arrived in the middle of the second act, and went away at the end of the third. The Empress almost hid her features behind the curtains, but the Emperor sat forward close to the stage. You may imagine that it was some new opera which drew all Paris to the theatre. The novelty is not forty years old; but the attraction was Mdlle. Nilsson's first appearance in a new part. You recollect the number of accidents that went far to make *Robert le Diable* a *fiasco* in 1831; or if you have any of your readers so juvenile as not to remember, they will have heard how Dorus Gras was almost smashed by the falling of machinery; how Taglioni, the chief Nun, had to jump prematurely out of her tomb to avoid being crushed by a cloud—clouds are always made of water, science notwithstanding; how poor Nourrit, Robert, fell down the trap prepared for Bertram; and how everybody said, at the end, that the opera was worth hearing on account only of the ballet. They might almost say as much now. True, that there was but one accident, but it lasted the whole evening, and affected every singer but one—the accident of singing out of time. I have never heard so many false notes in my life. To begin with Bertram, the most important character—M. Belcul has a loud, hollow voice, which never, except by chance, answers to the singer's intention—striking the ear as with a blow. Then M. Celin's light tenor is ridiculous in the declamation of Robert. If he sings a low-pitched phrase from the chest he opens his mouth, and lo, the passage is finished by a squeak; and then there is nothing of the hero about him. Madame Carvalho has not forgotten her careful training, and warbles *bravura* passages as neatly as a bird; but her thread-like voice is thinned into a filament, shaking as though it was possessed by *delirium tremens*, and generally out of tune. In the *air de grâce* she broke down; and her habit of walking as though her legs were tied together at the knee, does not improve her appearance. The bright spot was Mdlle. Nilsson, who not only sang with absolute correctness, but impersonated Alice, with an ingenious vivacity perfectly delightful. Nothing could be more natural or graceful than her singing of 'Quand je quittais la Normandie;' the *insouciance* of her manner heightening the dramatic effect of her defiance at the cross, braving the demon-tempter. There were fine touches about her performance which will, I dare say, come out more strongly when she plays in London, with a better *entourage*. It is thought treason here to say anything against the orchestra; but it seemed to me a great deal too loud. The scenery was splendid, especially in the third act. In the Convent of Ste. Rosalie we see one side of the cloisters in perspective, with steps leading into the dimly-lighted church, the other sides, with ruined arches and intermediate space, overgrown with brushwood, bathed in the bright cold moonlight. A singular impression of silence and desertion enhances the effect when the nuns, in grave-clothes, rise slowly from the opening tombs. They troop in long lines of 'sheeted dead,' in conventual costume, crosses on breasts and palm-branches in hands. They huddle together and hold silent converse. At the given signal they fling away their vestments and give themselves up to the wildest of spectatic orgies. Another point is that when Helena tries to seduce Robert by his love of play she draws him to a tomb whereon, as in Hogarth's picture of the idle apprentices, except that there is no beadle behind them, two nuns are throwing dice—an improvement on the original, which generally throat forward from the wings. Another improvement is in the last scene, which, although disclosed only for five minutes, represents a superb Byzantine basilica, with altar, nave, and transepts complete—example of lavish magnificence. The opera, staged completely, lasts from half past seven till half-past twelve. It is the first time I have ever heard *Robert le Diable* throughout, and will be the last! It is unfair to Meyerbeer to give the work entire. No singers can stand the strain, and no audience. The theatre was half empty before the tuts in the last act came on. How much pleasanter if all had been left out except Mdlle. Nilsson's solos and the ballet."

BISHENDEN AT HOME.

Mr. Bishenden favours us with the following :—

"A grand concert took place on Thursday evening se'nnight in the Town Hall, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, under the patronage of the High Bailiff, etc. Some excellent songs and solos were sung by well-known talent engaged from London, the great attraction of the concert being the engagement of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass. Mr. Bishenden being a great favourite, and native of the town, numbers from the surrounding towns came to hear him, who had heard of his success in London, and show their appreciation of his singing by giving him a very flattering reception. A scene of great confusion and uproar occurred during the concert, owing to the crowded state of the hall (which is a very large one), several ladies fainted, volunteers in uniform secured an opening for the fainting ones to be carried out; in the mean time, outside the hall the noise was deafening, kept up by those disappointed people who could not gain admittance. The whole of the vocal music gave great satisfaction; and a very able and efficient band played selections from Donizetti's opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which was well received."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Having read a letter, signed M. H., which appeared in the *Musical Times* of February, I fully concur in all that their correspondent says in reference to the study of the violin, and other instruments "at present not in vogue," becoming more general, as well as being pursued by both sexes. Our friend, M. H., omitting to mention a medium by which the diffusion of the study of such instruments might be effected, induces me to take the liberty of laying before you a means which I think would not only tend to the accomplishment of the object in question, but cultivate the musical tastes of all classes of society.

What I propose is, that every town of importance throughout the United Kingdom should have its Public Music School, or Academy, with a staff of competent teachers, where, in addition to the theory of music, in its several departments, vocalism should be taught, and every musical instrument worthy of study, on terms sufficiently moderate to be within the reach of all classes. If this project could be set on foot, its result would be that of abolishing the innumerable class of persons styling themselves teachers, but who in reality make a mockery of the science, giving their pupils distaste for its study, by the erroneous and abortive method of their tuition. Hoping you will think this worthy of a place in your columns,—I am, Sir, yours truly,

M. E. H.

Chester, February 14th, 1870.

HAMBURGH.—Herr Aug. Krans, founder of the well-known musical publishing firm here, died on the 14th. ult., at an advanced age.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Sims Reeves.

Apropos of Mr. **Reeves'** farewell concert we read in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last :—

"Mr. Sims Reeves, being on the point of starting for Italy, took farewell of his friends in St. James's Hall, yesterday week. He had good cause for gratification at the result, because it proved that his friends are as numerous as ever, and as much as ever disposed to believe him the first of tenors. Such an eager and enthusiastic audience has not of late crowded St. James's Hall. The audience had every reason to be satisfied. Mr. Reeves was in fine voice, and sang four of his best songs in his own unequalled style. The four were well chosen. 'Deeper and deeper still' and 'Adelaide' make very different demands upon a singer's powers, while in 'My pretty Jane' and 'Tom Bowling' two distinct classes of ballads are represented. Mr. Reeves, therefore, was called upon for a rare display of versatility; but, as will promptly be assumed, he was equal to the occasion. We can hardly say which song he gave with the truest expression, and in the most artistic style. Enough that each was as perfect as fastidious taste could wish."

Young Germany.

The *Sunday Times* speaks thus of Herr Coenen's recent concert at the Hanover Square Rooms :—

"The concert (one of a series) given in Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday, by Herr W. Coenen, had for its object to familiarise the public with chamber music by modern German composers. We think the object both laudable and useful, not because Herr Coenen is likely to introduce much that is good, but because he is likely to show us much that is bad, and so to put public taste on its guard. We hear a good deal about the 'intellectual' musicians, who are now the objects of faith and adoration to our Teutonic cousins. Herr Coenen has no fear these music; a painful process it may be, but assuredly a salutary one. It is well to know what to avoid. The programme comprised a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, by Herr Raff; a quartet for strings by Herr Max Bruch; and a similar work by a composer whose name we had never met with before. We could not expect us to discuss these unknown works at length, because it is not probable that they will be heard a second time, and their intrinsic merit would fail to repay such labour. Enough if we observe that nearly every movement is an attempt to say something profound, which turns out to be uninteresting. Why the music goes on when it goes on, and stops when it stops, the hearer neither knows nor cares."

On the same subject the *Athenæum* remarks :—

"Herr Coenen gave a concert of chamber music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday, selecting his programme from the compositions of modern writers, such as Raff and Max Bruch. The result made it hardly worth while for us to enter into details. Nobody is likely to have a second chance of hearing the works; and those who were present would hardly thank us if we reminded them lengthily of what they endured. So we let the affair pass."

Berlioz v. Haydn.

In the course of its article upon the Crystal Palace concert of Saturday week, the *Athenæum* says :—

"There were two novelties in the Crystal Palace programme of Saturday—Berlioz's overture, *Les Francs Juges*, and Haydn's symphony in C, known best, perhaps, as 'letter B.' The overture is one of its composer's prodigious efforts to illustrate events by sounds; or in the words of Mr. Manns, 'to enforce the idea that music must be written upon a definite programme.' Hence, in the intention of Berlioz, the music of *Les Francs Juges* depicts the doings of the mysterious "Vehmgerichte." So far we are sure; further, all is conjecture; and even Mr. Manns grants that 'no two hearers can agree as to the meaning of a single bar unless by pure chance.' This is unfortunate, because when programme-music tells its tale in a manner open to a score of interpretations it can be of little worth. As a matter of fact, however, M. Berlioz, extravagant in everything, has merely illustrated in an extravagant fashion the weakness of programme-music generally. Mr. Manns helped his audience to a meaning very timidly. He pointed out what might be considered 'heart-rending cries of despair,' and an 'appeal for mercy and the justice of Heaven'; but could get no further with any satisfaction to himself. What the audience thought of the terrific noises which assailed their ears is easy to imagine. It possibly occurred to some that had Milton foreseen M. Berlioz's overture, he would have furnished Pandemonium with an orchestra. Haydn's symphony, never played before at the Crystal Palace, satisfied all to whom pure melody and masterly treatment of details appeal. Of course the work is symmetrical, and carried out after a strictly orthodox design; but Haydn never fails to show how, with all this regard for form, it is possible to be free. We know not which movement to select for precedence, and therefore adopt the public verdict given unmistakably in favour of the *andante*. No more tuneful themes were ever written even by the tuneful Haydn than those most applauded by Saturday's audience. For professing the work Mr. Manns deserves credit enough to leave a balance in his favour after deductions on account of *Les Francs Juges*."

Herr Hiller's Symphony.

The *Daily News* expresses its opinion of Herr Hiller's Symphony in E—"*Es muss doch Frühling werden*"—in the following terms :—

"The symphony is the work of one of the most distinguished and prolific of living German composers. A contemporary and friend of Mendelssohn, a man of high musical and general cultivation, and a distinguished pianist, Herr Hiller has produced compositions in the most ambitious forms of the art—all bearing the impress of earnest thought and consummate skill, if not always rising to the height of the intention. The work now referred to was first performed in England in May, 1865, at the second concert of the defunct Musical Society. It was composed in illustration of the motto, "*Es muss doch Frühling werden*," and is supposed to be suggestive of the contest between the lingering winter and the advancing spring. The first movement is perhaps the least successful of the whole, although containing much of beauty and power, the first quality being especially evidenced in the melodious episode, or second subject. The *adagio* is the happiest portion of the symphony, being full of that freshness and ideal fragrance suggested by the return of spring. Highly characteristic and playful is the *scherzo*, relieved by the gentle contrast of the trio, with its *sostenuto* effects for wind instruments; while the *finale* is replete with joy and life, such as attend the full development of spring delights. The orchestral treatment is throughout that of a consummate master of his art; and the entire symphony was listened to with great interest."

Beethoven and Mendelssohn, "Posthumous."

We read in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last :—

"At the last Monday Popular Concert, Beethoven's posthumous quartet in B flat (Op. 131) was, for the fourth time, the wonder and admiration of Mr. Chappell's audience. We refrain from discussing the first movement. It is Beethoven's, and must be played; but, unfortunately, the allegro is not attended with the special power necessary for its comprehension. The rest is intelligible, and can never fail to make a profound impression. Herr Joachim's leading of the *adagio* rose to the level of the music. It was a performance not easily forgotten. Another posthumous work had a great success; the composer, this time, being Mendelssohn. Most amateurs know the *andante* and *scherzo* which are with reason presumed to be portions of an unfinished quartet. They know, also, that the master appears, in these fragments, to great advantage; the ingenious and melodious variations of the *andante*, and the piquant *scherzo* belonging to Mendelssohn's happiest efforts. The latter is 'fairy music' of the sort its composer created, that is to say, 'fairy music' which more nearly approaches the ideal than anything beside. It was covered in a manner imperative enough to bring back Herr Joachim and his companions for the purpose of repetition."

Weimar.—The General Musical Association of Germany (Patron, the Grand-Duke of Weimar) will hold its annual meetings here from the 26th to the 29th May, and, at the same time, give a grand festival in commemoration of Beethoven's hundredth birthday. The Abbate Franz Liszt who will return from Bonn about the beginning of April, will probably contribute a piece composed for the occasion, and entitled *Beethoven*.

Munich.—At whatever hour a train starts, or a theatrical performance begins, there are always a certain number of persons sure to be late. In the case of the train, if they catch it, they do so only at the expense of a cab, or else at considerable damage to their "wind," especially if they are corpulent and not in the full vigour of youth. A person who is late at a theatre, however, suffers, as a rule, no personal inconvenience himself, but he inflicts a great deal upon others. Such, at any rate, is the view taken of the matter by the management of the Theatre Royal here. The consequence is that they have issued a regulation to the effect that no one coming into the Theatre after the commencement of the overture is allowed to enter the pit or the *parquet* until the overture is concluded. Any one, moreover, entering during an act is obliged to stand at his side of the pit or *parquet* till the act is over. The new regulation has been very well received by the public.

Dresden.—Herr Jäger, a tenor from the Schwerin Theatre, has been engaged for the Royal Operahouse. He possesses a very pleasing voice, and an excellent method.—The new Theatre Royal is to be something very magnificent. Professor Semper has completed all the plans. They are drawn out in conformity with those he prepared for the "Festival Theatre" at Munich, that was to be erected according to the principles advocated by Herr R. Wagner. The ground-plan nearly resembles that of the Greek theatre, and Herr R. Wagner's idea of keeping the orchestra out of sight will be a leading feature in it. The new edifice will stand rather further back than the old one, and C. M. von Weber's statue will be removed from where it now stands and be set up in the square before it. It is believed that the Professor's plans will cost more to carry out than the 400,000 thalers voted for the purpose. That, however, is nothing extraordinary. What architect ever sent in an estimate which he did not afterwards greatly exceed?

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RICHARD WAGNER'S *MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG.**

A Historical Explanation.

Wagner's *Meistersinger* will shortly be produced at the Royal Operahouse here, and we take the opportunity, in the following lines, of coming to the assistance of those who are not sufficiently acquainted with the history of this mediæval guild to appreciate fully the realistic manner in which the author has carried out his task. Should the reader desire to obtain further details, or wish to consult the original authorities, he will find full information in J. C. Wagenseil's book, *Von der Meistersinger origine, praerogativis, nihilitate et institutis (Of the Origin, Prerogatives, Utilitate et Institutis of the Meistersingers)*, an appendix to his *Description of the City of Nuremberg*, Altdorf, 1697, a work from which Franz Muller, the latest writer on the subject, obtained all the materials for his *Versuch zur Einführung in die gleichnamige Dichtung R. Wagner's (An Essay at an Exposition of R. Wagner's Poem of the same name)*, Munich, 1869, Kaiser.—After attaining in the 16th century a certain culminating point, and then gradually falling off, the art of the Mastersingers held its ground at Nuremberg till the commencement of the 18th century; at length, however, the schools were so badly attended, that the contributions in the money-box no longer covered the expenses of the meetings (in the Catharinen Kirche). Finally, the meetings were held only once in ten or twelve years, and the last public school was held about 1770.

The Mastersingers exercised their trade, or, if the reader prefers it, their art, according to the *Schulordnung* and the *Tabulatur*. In conformity with the *Schulordnung*, *Singschulen*, or singing classes, were held after afternoon service on Sundays and festivals, and no member was allowed to absent himself without a valid excuse. In Nuremberg, the *Singschulen* were held generally in St. Catherine's Church. A low platform, with a table and a large black desk, was erected near the choir. Benches were ranged round the table, and the platform was closed in with curtains. This platform was assigned to the *Merker*, or marker, the leading member of the governing body, and it was his duty to note, observe, or "mark" the faults of any singer. A small professorial chair was the seat given to any one singing a "master's song." The singing was divided into "*Freisingen*" and "*Hauptsingen*." Any one could take part in the former. The subjects of it consisted of stories from Holy Writ, and "true and honourable profane mundane events, together with good moral maxims." There was no "marking" in free-song. The *Uebersinger* ("Oversinger"), that is, the singer who was acknowledged to be the best, obtained the ornament entitled the "Gehenq" ("Pendant"). This was, in Nuremberg, originally a long silver chain, and later a cord, with large silver tassels, and called "King David," because there was a representation of King David with a harp upon the middle shilling. The second prize was a garland of flowers embroidered in silk. Any person wishing to learn the art of mastersong, took lessons of a master, who must have carried off the "*Kränzel*" ("Jewel") at least once. If an apprentice desired to be received into the society, the marker subjected him to an examination. The "*Tabulatur*" contained all the rules relating to the practice of the Master-Singers' art. An entire Master-song was called a "*Bar*." This might contain several "*Gesätze*" ("sets"). A "*Gesatz*" consisted of two "*Rollen*" which had to be of the same "*Ton*" (similar in the versification and melody) and equal measure (number of the syllables and arrangement of the rhymes, called "*Gebäude*," *i.e.*, "build"). The two "*Rollen*" were followed by the "*Abgesang*" which was different in "*Ton*" and measure to the "*Rollen*." After the "*Abgesang*" there was sometimes a *finale*. The rhymes were divided into "*stumme*" ("dumb"), rhymes of one syllable, and "*klingende*" ("sounding") rhymes of two syllables. "*Waisen*" ("orphans") were unrhymed lines in the middle, or at the end of a "*Gebäude*." "*Pausen*" ("Pauses") were words of one syllable, forming a verse of three syllables but rhyming with the next verse. "*Schlepreime*" were similar words of two syllables. No line was allowed to contain more than thirteen syllables, because more could not well be sung at one breath, especially if there was to be a "*zierliche Blume*" (" graceful flower," *i.e.*, cadence) in the verse. The Nuremberg *Tabulatur* permitted thirty-three faults; whoever made more was pronounced to have failed. The songs had to be sung from memory. The "*Ton*," that is, the particular kind of verse and its melody, was more highly esteemed by the Mastersingers than the idea and poetic dash. Wagenseil gives a catalogue of 222 such "*Singweisen*" ("Melodies") from Nuremberg alone, and prints, also, a few "*Gesätze*" with their melodies. The "*Ton*" or the "*Weise*" was entirely independent of the language, so much so that, very frequently, the "*Weise*," was invented first and then the poem. It was not till the "*Ton*" was pronounced faultless, that the author was allowed to compose the words to it, the subject for them being generally given him. The four "*Hauptveisen*" or "*Hauptione*" were called the "*meisterliche Hort*," and it was necessary that everyone desirous of becoming a master should be able to sing them. If a singer sang his "*Ton*" well and smoothly, he had to give it an honourable and not contemptible name, and beg two persons to stand godfathers to it.

II.

It requires a bold fancy to believe that the period of the German *Minnesang* was truly poetical and genuinely artistic, but this is doubly the case as regards the *Meistersang*—or Song of the Master-Singers. German poetry sprang neither from the people nor the minstrel, but from the German folk's-song, which ran on, quietly and without being remarked, by their side. From the very fact that art had sunk so low, and consisted only in the rude imitation of the old forms, the practice of it became gradually so easy that the number of singers went on increasing and extending among all classes. In opposition to the professional poets, who wandered more especially from the court of one prince to another, and thus represented the Epigoni of the Minnesingers, the Master-Singers took up their position as a new element, separating the more decidedly from the others the more the strolling singers sank in public estimation, and the greater the importance which they, the Master-Singers, attached to moral earnestness in their lives and in their poetry. The Master-Singers established permanent societies in the cities, but we know none of the details of their origin. According to an old legend held in high reverence by the Guild, twelve masters,† including the most celebrated of the 13th century, who, strange to say, were some of those who took part in the Singers' Tournament on the Wartburg, invented Master-Song in the year 962, during the reign of the Emperor Otto I., all doing so at the same time and independently of each other. Having, in their songs, however, scourged the Pope and the clergy for their dissolute lives, they were accused before Pope Leo XVIII. of heresy; at the Pope's request, the Emperor summoned them to Pavia, and afterwards to Paris, where, in the presence of the Emperor, of the Pope's Legate, and of many nobles and scholars, they gave specimens of their art and and freed themselves from the reproach of heresy. Hereupon, they had an act of incorporation granted them by the Emperor, who also conferred on them certain privileges. This tradition is supported by no documentary proofs, and does all claims on our belief from the fact that singers of the 13th century are named as the inventors of the "*holdselige Kunst*," or "Gentle art." It is, on the other hand, certain, that the lovers of singing assembled for this purpose of, practising together at a very early period, and it is not improbable that it was Heinrich Frauenlob, who established the first vocal union of this description in Mayence, though this union could not have possessed the regular form which we find in the subsequent *Singerschulen*, or Schools for Singers. The oldest document relating to the Mastersingers dates from the year 1387; it is a charter of the Emperor, Charles IV., conferring on the *Meisterschulen*, or Master-Schools, the right to assume a coat of arms. After this period, *Meistersangerschulen*, or Schools for Master-Singers, sprang up in most of the large cities of Germany; next to Mayence, which was, as it were, the high school and the rendezvous of the Mastersingers, and where the archives of the fraternity were kept, because the school there was really, or was reputed to be, older than any other, Strassburgh, Kolnar, Nuremberg, Augsburgh, Regensburgh, and Frankfort, were known and celebrated for their flourishing schools.

From the fact that the Mastersingers themselves regarded some of the leading court-poets as the founders of their fraternity, it is evident that *Meistergesang* is really nothing more than a continuation of the *Minnegesang*, and that it was the aim of the schools *to preserve the purity of the art handed down to them*. The sole, but, at the same time, important difference between the older *Minnegesang* and the subsequent *Meistergesang* consisted in the fact that the former was practised by poets with a courtly education, and generally of noble descent, and the latter by *borghers*, and at a later period, almost by *mechanics*, who cultivated it in addition to their regular calling, while the courtly poets made it the object of their life, and their sole profession; and, also, in the fact that the *Meistersinger* formed an exclusive guild, with fixed

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

† Wagenseil, Joh. Cristoph., born at Nuremberg in 1633, died 1708, was doctor and professor *utriusque juris*, as well as librarian at Altdorf.

* In an old Master-Song and in other old documents the twelve were: 1. Heinrich Frauenlob, Doctor of Holy Writ, at Mayence; 2. Heinrich Mögelling, Doctor of Holy Writ, at Prague; 3. Nikolaus Klingsohr, Magister of the Free Arts; 4. Poppe the Strong (probably the same as Poppfer), a glassblower; 5. Walter von der Vogelweid, a noble from Bohemia; 6. Wolfgang Rohn, or Rahm, a knight; 7. Hans Ludwig Marner, a nobleman; 8. Bartel Regenbogen, a smith; 9. Sigmar the Wise, otherwise called the Roman of Zwickau; 10. Conrad Geiger, or Jäger, of Würzburg, a musician; 11. Cantzler, a fisherman and, 12. Stephan Stoll, or Old Stoll, a repemaker. According to other authorities, there were only four: Frauenlob, Regenbogen, Marner, and Heinrich von Muglin.

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laws, strictly laying down the way in which their art was to be treated, while the *Minneringer* treated it freely, and were influenced only by the laws contained in art itself.

(*To be continued.*)

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BROUGH SOUVENIRS.

(*From the "Liverpool Daily Post."*)

The late William Brough's first wife was Miss Annie Romer, a young lady who for a short period created immense enthusiasm in Liverpool, while singing at the old Liver Theatre, as the *prima donna* of an English opera company under the direction of Mr. Howard Glover. Miss Annie Romer was a native of Liverpool, and niece of Mr. Frank Romer, the composer of many songs once highly popular; and of Miss Emma Romer (Mrs. Almond), who for many years rivalled Miss Rainforth as the heroine of Balfe's earlier operas.

When engaged at the Liver Theatre, Miss Annie Romer was about nineteen years of age, attractive in appearance, and gifted with a bright, sympathetic, soprano voice, which had been carefully trained; while as an actress she was full of intensity and genuine dramatic force—though in those days operatic artists were not expected to display any special talent for acting, singing being considered, both on the Italian and English lyric stages, the *sine qua non* of the *prima donna* or *prima tenore*. At the Liver Theatre Miss Romer's greatest successes were achieved in *Sonnambula*, *The Night Dancers* (an admirable opera of Loder's), and *Lucia*. At this time Jenny Lind was in the very zenith of her fame, and critics and amateurs who had seen and admired the famous Swedish *prima donna* were fain to confess that the youthful English vocalist—in *Sonnambula* more especially—was, relatively speaking, but little inferior, except in the quality of voice and the method of using it, which experience and careful tuition had enabled Jenny Lind to bring to perfection. As an actress, however, Miss Annie Romer was far superior to the chilly *Swedoise*; and we have rarely seen on the Italian or English operatic stage anything more stirring, pathetic, and impressive than her passionately dramatic and natural acting in the bed-room scene of *Sonnambula* and the mad scene of *Lucia*. For months and months Miss Romer's extraordinary talents and personal charms attracted crowded audiences to the "little Liver," which in those days held a position very similar to that now occupied by the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Night after night the young artist's brilliant vocalism and dramatic *abandon* evoked an amount of hearty enthusiasm which in these days is chiefly reserved for self-styled "French dancers," who glory in rivalling the shameless indecencies which were once the chief delight of Parisian students and cosmopolitan roues. To give the present generation some idea of Annie Romer, we may say that she was then an undeveloped Nilsson—we mean the Nilsson of the present day, who is a very different person from the coldly correct artist who *debuted* at Her Majesty's Theatre some three years ago. Miss Romer had the intelligent and mobile face, the bright smile, the dramatic intensity, and the graceful easy style and manner which gives such a peculiar and nameless charm to every performance of Nilsson, and which makes her an artist quite unique. Unhappily "whom the gods love die young;" and shortly after her marriage to William Brough the young and sympathetic *prima donna*, of whom the Liverpool public were so proud, in whom so many hopes were centered, and whose professional future was so promising, was cut off, just as a long career of fame and happiness dawned before her.

In connection with the marriage of William Brough and Miss Romer, a few words relative to it will doubtless interest many of our readers, while it recalls to the writer—then a youth to whom literary and artistic celebrities were almost demi-gods—one of the happiest and most delightful days of his life. The marriage took place at the house of Mr. Jabez Hogg, the well-known surgeon and *littérateur*, who then resided in Gower Street, London, and who, like several members of the Brough family, was at that time connected with the *Illustrated News*. Amongst the guests were Dickens, Bulwer, Douglas Jerrold, H. Sutherland Edwards, J. V. Bridgeman, H. Webster, Madame Celeste, B. Brough (father of the famous "Brothers," and himself a popular dramatist in his youth), Robert B. Brough, Geo. Hodder, and various other literary and professional persons less known to fame. As might be anticipated, the wedding breakfast was an event to be remembered. There was no stiffness or chilly formality: even the great aristocratic Bulwer—radiant in a shirt front of wonderful and elaborate design, which Jullien would have envied—laughed and joked like an ordinary author of "commoner" clay. Douglas Jerrold fully sustained his reputation as one of the most brilliant wits of the day, and, suitable to the occasion, his *bon mots* were all honey and no vinegar. It was on this occasion that Madame Celeste made her *début* as an orator, and so well did she acquit herself that she not only evoked the hearty applause of her critical audience, but acquired a reputation which has several times since obliged her to "get on her legs." Webster did not shine as an orator at all in comparison with "Madame," whose piquant, epigrammatic style of speaking made her then partner appear to such disadvantage as to provoke from a budding wag present a remark about "Benjamin's mess"—a venerable joke—which nearly extinguished the popular manager, then in the hey-day of his managerial and professional career. The delights of this unique wedding-day culminated in a ball, the recollection of which makes the writer remember that he is now growing rather too old for such active pleasures, and that he is also doubtless getting a trifle prosy.

J. H. N.

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PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—Recent notices in the local papers speak favourably of Mr. Wood's new *prima donnas*. The *Daily Courier* says:—

"Mdlle. Reboux assumed the part of the Countess with considerable ability. There was much to admire, her acting being intelligent and her by-play in some of the humorous scenes highly effective; while her singing was generally good, and her efforts were warmly applauded. Madame Monbelli surprised us by her excellent and spirited assumption of the part of Cherubino. 'Voi che sapete' was encored."

We read as thus in the *Daily Post*:—

"Mr. Santley had for his Countess the new soprano, Mdlle. Reboux. She is an impressive stage singer, and may be trusted to take a very emphatic view of everything she undertakes. Her notion of the Countess is by far more strenuous and tragic than is usual—we will not say than the occasion demands, for a lady is entitled to attach what importance she pleases to connubial felicity, an artist with a tragic turn may be forgiven for looking on the Countess in the *Nozze* as a sort of suffering Lady Macbeth. Mdlle. Reboux has undoubtedly great powers. In parts to which action and declamation are germane, Mdlle. Reboux will no doubt achieve legitimate success."

In its notice of *Don Giovanni* as performed by the troupe of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, the paper just quoted remarks about Herr Formes's Leporello:—

"Thus Formes, indubitably the best Leporello on the stage, again realised the part of the roguish servant with all the humour which has distinguished him on previous occasions. There was at times in the upper notes a slight uncertainty, especially in the early part of the work; but this wore off as the evening advanced, and he not only sang very well in the latter part of the first act and the whole of the second, but was very fine in the concerted pieces, especially in the first *finale* and the sextet. In the scenes with Elvira, and the concluding one in the opera, as well as in the invitation to supper, he was particularly good—his fun and terror being equally humorous."

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Scotsman*, of March 26th:—

"Yesterday afternoon, Professor Oakeley performed on the organ in the Music Class-room the following selection of music, prefaced with explanatory remarks:—

"Organ Preludes on Chorales—'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme,' A.D. 1599; 'Wir Glauben 'all an einen Gott,' A.D. 1525—Bach. 'Agnus Dei,' First Mass; 'Benedictus,' Requiem—Mozart. Funeral March, from Op. 26; Beethoven. Organ Fantasia, in C minor; Hesse. 'Festklingend,' Op. 38, No. 13; 'Abendlied,' Op. 85, No. 12; Schumann. Overture, 'Samson;' Handel.

"Mr. Oakeley remarked that, in addition to some volumes of preludes and fugues for the organ, Sebastian Bach left behind him a large collection of preludes on the melodies of chorales, choral hymns, or, as we should say, psalm tunes; and that these compositions are of the highest interest, and are constructed with masterly skill and consummate art. Both performance and cultivation of this subtle and recondite style of organ composition are almost entirely neglected in Britain. This may be owing in some measure to the fact that it is not the custom, as it is with our Teutonic neighbours, to introduce choral melodies with an organ prelude upon them. In Germany organists frequently show their skill and knowledge of counterpoint by masterly preludes, often extemporaneous, of this kind; indeed some such skill and knowledge would be expected from any candidate for the post of organist. Germany is rich in chorales, and the best psalm tunes in Britain and other countries are those which are modelled on, or in, the same elevated style as these old Lutheran and pre-Lutheran hymns. The great German masters have recognized the excellence of the national chorales by having very frequently made use of them in their cantatas, oratorios, organ compositions, &c. Mendelssohn has introduced them with great effect in his *Lobgesang*, *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, and organ sonatas. In his *St. Paul* he gives us the old melody composed in 1540, known to us as 'To God on high;' also one about a century later, which we recognize as 'To Thee, O Lord, I yield my

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spirit' (which was played from time to time, and with great effect, by the brass bands outside St. Paul's Cathedral at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington); and also the chorale on which the first prelude in this programme is made, namely, 'Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme,' composed in 1590, and introduced by Mendelssohn with such masterly skill in his overture to *St. Paul*, and subsequently in that oratorio as 'Sleepers, wake.' In his treatment of the same subject for organ, Bach commences with an exquisite melody assigned to the right hand merely in single notes, with pedal accompaniment occurring on the principal measures or beats of each bar; a melody entirely distinct and unlike from the chorale which is given to the tenor voice and the left hand, and of this each line or phrase is in turn introduced throughout the prelude, at certain points of the windings of the upper part melody, with which the 'Canto fermo,' or chorale, is twined and interwoven by the great master with all his art—each melody, both in right and left hand, continuing its widely different story, wholly independent of, or rather, in vivid contrast to, its *confrère*. The second prelude, on a still older chorale, 'We all believe in one God,' is in an entirely different style. Bach has here chosen the fugal form, and unless the subject of the chorale is well known, it is difficult to trace it. This composition, though fugal, is not, strictly speaking, a fugue, as the bass or pedal part does not take the fugal subject, but one of its own; and here the hand, or rather the tread, of the giant may be noticed. And, in allusion to this gigantic entry of the pedals, this prelude has been erroneously termed and published in England as the 'Giant Fugue.' The Professor, in conclusion, tendered his thanks to the ladies who had kindly presented the curtain in front of the organ."

SHREWSBURY.—The local chronicle says:—

"The presentation of a testimonial to Dr. Sloman took place in the Town Hall, on Monday week. The Mayor, Thomas Bowen, Esq., was voted to the chair; and at once asked the vicar, the Rev. J. E. Hill, on behalf of the subscribers present Dr. Sloman with the testimonial. The Rev. J. E. Hill said that he had much pleasure in acceding to the request of the Mayor to present the testimonial, which he saw before him, to Dr. Sloman, on behalf of his friends and late pupils. The testimonial consists of a handsome silver tea and coffee service, and other silver articles. The coffee-pot bears the following inscription:—'Presented to Robert Sloman, Mus. Doc., by some of his friends and pupils on his leaving Welshpool, Christmas, 1869.' The subscribers' list is headed by the Earl of Powis, Countess Powis, Lady Edward Herbert, Earl and Countess Vane, Lady Edwards, Sir W. W. Wynn, Major Corbett, Archdeacon Clive, Archdeacon Ffoulks, Rev. J. E. Hill, vicar, and Major Pugh."

SUNDERLAND.—We read what follows in the *Durham Advertiser*:—

"On Monday evening last, a grand miscellaneous concert was given in the Athenæum, Sunderland, under distinguished patronage. The programme included two very clever readings by Messrs. Skelton and Middleton, and two pieces for pianoforte and flute, effectively rendered by Messrs. Chambers and Perry. Amongst the vocal pieces were 'Bid me discourse' and 'Thaddy O'Flinn,' by Miss Tunnett, who received a well-merited encore. The duet, 'Larboard Watch,' by Mr. Wooley, of Darlington, and Mr. Lambert, of Durham Cathedral Choir, was also encored. Mr. Wooley, who possesses a fine tenor voice, and sings well, was encored in 'The Death of Nelson' and 'Maid of Athens,' both of which he repeated. The same compliment was enthusiastically accorded to Mr. Lambert for his songs, 'When time hath bereft thee' and 'The Holy Friar.' The latter is a song peculiarly adapted for a voice of his calibre, the tremendous roll down to double G at the finish, for which he stands unrivalled, created quite a *furore*. He responded with 'Simon the Cellarer' and 'A Cobbler.' Mr. Chambers, of Whitby, accompanied all the pieces on the pianoforte. There was a crowded audience."

DUBLIN.—Respecting the third concert of the Philharmonic Society we read in the *Irish Times* of Tuesday:—

"The first part consisted of Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*. The characters were represented by Miss Fennell (Ursula), Miss Bessie Herbert (Lisbeth), Mr. Peele (Hermann), Mr. Richard Smith (Kranz), and Mr. Grattan Kelly (the Mayor). The orchestral portion was decidedly the best, and we may instance the rendering of the exquisite 'Night Interlude' as the most commendable feature of the performance. Mr. Vernon Rigby made his first appearance at these concerts, and essayed Beethoven's 'Adelaide.' His rendering of this and subsequent soli was very effective, and created a most favourable impression. His singing of Blumenthal's 'Message' was so good that its repetition was re-demanded. Another new comer, Chevalier Antoine De Kontsky, pianist, made his first appearance. This gentleman is considerably beyond the period of life when artists seek for popularity outside their immediate locality; but he is yet a performer of great ability. His execution of Beethoven's concerto in E flat was a performance of the first order, as was also his delivery of his own fantasia on airs from *Faust*. Miss Fennell sang Salamon's 'Oh! if thou wert mine own, love' with her usual effectiveness. The most successful item was the finished rendering of Stevenson's 'When Damon is present' by the members of the Glee and Madrigal Union, which was unanimously encored. The overture to *Euryanthe* commenced the second part, and was well played by the band. Some other glees and solos were given. Mr. Bussell conducted with ability, and accompanied Mr. Rigby on the piano."

NEW MUSIC.

Memory. Song. Words by G. E. NEWTON. Music by WILLIAM NEWTON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS song is graceful and well written above the average. Apart from the melody, which has merits of its own, the accompaniment is important, and adds much to the general effect. The composer evidently has a desire to go out of the beaten path in this matter. The desire is young at present, but, if he nourish it, time will cure the defect.

Come back again, Darling. Song. Words and Music by WILLIAM NEWTON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

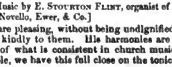
TONIC, subdominant, dominant; tonic, subdominant, dominant—those who like this order strictly adhered to, will like this song. At the same time, we must say that monotony is avoided, or hidden, by the charm of a really pretty melody.

Oh! say not woman's heart is bought. Transcribed for the pianoforte by ADAM WRIGHT. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

WE don't see the need for transcribing Whittaker's song, and, at the same time, are conscious that it would be unfair to apply the objection especially to Mr. Wright's work. Where, in point of fact, is the need for any such things? The transcription is tolerably well done, is not elaborate, and may be useful.

Four Hymns. Set to Music by E. STOUNTON FLINT, organist of St. John's Dulwich. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

MR. FLINT'S melodies are pleasing, without being undignified, and congregations would take kindly to them. His harmonies are somewhat too free for our notion of what is consistent in church music. In the second tune, for example, we have this full close on the tonic:—



Mr. Flint should set his face like a flint against such a harrowing progression.

Tell him I love him yet. Song. Poetry by W. M. FRAED. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

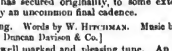
THE words of this song are aptly illustrated by its music. Mr. Gatty has written a good melody, with simple and appropriate accompaniments, and, moreover, has secured originality, to some extent, by the plan of his song, and by an uncommon final cadence.

Gem of my Heart. Song. Words by W. HITCHMAN. Music by WILLIAM NEWTON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

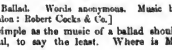
A SIMPLE song, with a well marked and pleasing tune. An episode in the subdominant key (G) is an agreeable feature.

The Northern Star. Ballad. Words anonymous. Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY. [London: Robert Cocks & Co.]

THE music here is as simple as the music of a ballad should be; but some of it is doubtful, to say the least. Where is Mr. Gatty's authority for this:—



and this:—



Till we know and are satisfied, we must say, "Fie! Mr. Gatty."

GENOA.—The new opera, *Un Capriccio di Donna*, music by the Cavaliere Antonio Cagnoni, and libretto by Sig. Ghislanzoni, has proved a success.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE BUT ONE OF THE SEASON,
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), APRIL 2ND, 1870,
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

BEETHOVEN.

In celebration of the Centenary of Beethoven's Birth, which occurs this year, the programme will, on this occasion, be selected entirely from the works of this Master.

Programme.

SONATA, in E major, Op. 109, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Prudence"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Beethoven.*
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
ROMANCE, in G, Op. 40, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Know'st thou the land"—Miss BLANCHE COLE .. .. *Beethoven.*
QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

THE LAST CONCERT BUT ONE OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 4TH, 1870,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Medje" (CHANSON Arabe)—Mr. CUMMINGS .. .. *Gounod.*
FANTASIA SONATA, in G major, Op. 78, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Schu'ert.*

PART II.

CHAMBER TRIO, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (by desire)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*
SONG, "The better land"—Mr. CUMMINGS .. .. .. *W. S. Bennett.*
SONATA, in A, Op. 47 (Dedicated to Kreutzer), for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM *Beethoven.*

Stalls, 8s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTEN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & CO., 48, Cheapside; HATS, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

EXTRA CONCERTS
Will be given on Saturday Morning, April 9th; Monday Evening, April, 11th.
Monday Evening, April 11th, will be the DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
IN consequence of its brilliant reception when performed by Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, at the Monday Popular Concert, of January 14th, Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CHAMBER TRIO, in A, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, will be repeated on Monday, April 4th, on the occasion of Madame Goddard's Benefit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MERCUS.—What the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of April 1868, called a "provocative advertisement" had appeared in the *Times* (advertising columns) on the day previous. It ran thus:—"*Miss Elsworthy requests her theatre-going friends not to attend Mrs. William Ernst Browning (née Miss Elsworthy), at present of the St. James's Theatre) with Miss Elsworthy, recently of the Royal Princess's and Lyceum Theatres.*"

TIDEBURY HOWE.—No; bad as is M. Ernest Feydeau's *Fanny*, he has written still more infamous romances, and among the rest *Les Mœurs du Jour*, most infamous of all. Every honest Frenchman ought to ——, and every honest Frenchwoman ought to —— him.

NOTICE.
It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expedience may suggest.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1870.

THE THREATENED FESTIVALS.

THE Right Honourable Earl Dudley and Ward is at it again—this time in a legitimate way. For a long time he has represented Jupiter Mammon, on whose nod ten thousand golden sovereigns wait, ready to be most potent agents, no matter for what work. We cannot argue with Jupiter Mammon; we can only despise, while we appreciate, the full force of the machinery by which he works. In the *rôle* of the Golden God, therefore, Lord Dudley and Ward could

"—— sit in the counting-house
Counting out his money"

—10,000 sovereigns wherewith to bribe a Dean and Chapter—perfectly confident that his proceedings were open to no argument, however much they might deserve censure.

At length Lord Dudley has come to the aid of his money. This golden Count Moltke, who, from his cabinet in Park Lane, could control the movements of an army of sovereigns, has found reason to doubt the result; and, now, seizing his pen he rushes to help his glittering troops. Welcome to the field, O belted Earl!—a field whereon the humblest skirmisher and the greatest captain may meet on something like equality. We will be courteous to one so unused to paper war, and allow him to strike first. Here is a letter addressed last week to a Worcester journal:—

SIR,—I shall be much obliged to you if you will allow me to trespass on your space with a letter both this week and next, on the subject of the Restoration of the Cathedral and the future holding of the Triennial Festivals there. To day I will confine myself entirely to the arguments which have been used for their continuance, so that it may not be supposed that they are unanswerable, or even of such weight that an answer to them is difficult.

There are but two which have been put prominently forward: one being the assertion that there is no desecration of the sacred building in holding such meetings (sanctioned as they are by many who would never countenance them if they felt there was such desecration), and the other being the question of the injury which might accrue to the Charity now benefited by the proceeds of the Festivals were they discontinued.

First, then—as to the desecration of the Cathedral itself: let any one who is prepared to judge impartially ask the Chapter, the Cathedral architect, nay the vergers themselves, as to what is and must be the state of things for weeks previous to the holding of a Festival. The daily service in the nave interrupted—this and the Sunday services performed in the Lady Chapel—because all the rest of the building, nave and choir, is wanted for the music meeting.

Those who have followed the history of the Cathedral know that when the service, in which the choirs of the three cathedrals joined, first changed its character, and became a performance of sacred music by hired performers, it was held in the choir, and the service was entirely suspended. Public opinion revolted against this, and the Festivals were then held in the nave. Why? Because the nave was never used, and was thought a fitting place for such purposes. And even now, despite the fact that the nave has been for months used for Divine service, one voice is not ashamed to say that the nave is specially a fitting place for the music meetings, because Protestant worship does not require so large a space. Nay, more than this: the choir is again permitted to be used, on the avowed ground that the Festivals would not pay their expenses if all the available space were not utilized. This is a step backwards to that state of things which

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the better feelings of years ago condemned. To this I will only add one word more, as to the desecration of the building. The Festivals of sacred music are not services in any sense. The meeting of the choirs was so, but the present arrangements are not, and as such, I venture to say, cannot be rightfully held there. In saying this I must guard myself against being supposed to convey any reproach to those who think differently. They are undoubtedly the great majority, and their opinion carries corresponding weight with it; but the present state of things has grown up slowly, has been permitted for years, acquiesced in, and acted upon as a precedent, and cannot therefore be ignored, or supposed capable of any sudden conversion to one diametrically opposite. Though, if only from the "small still voices" which have spoken out this time, I do not in any way despair that the truer feeling as to the Cathedral will obtain in the end.

From the present permission granted by the Chapters of the three dioceses arises the question of whether they have not, by giving it, exceeded their powers as the legal guardians of their cathedrals. On this point I will say no more than beg you to print Dr. Phillimore's opinion, which I send you with this letter.

For myself I cannot understand that, on any pretext, an inhabitant of Worcester should have to pay on any occasion for entering the Cathedral doors when open.

I now come to the question of the Charity. The bread of the widow and orphan is a powerful appeal as it should be, for a greater or more worthy one cannot well be imagined; but will no one subscribe for so holy a cause, unless they have been gratified by hearing an oratorio beautifully performed? Is it only then that they are alive to the claim which the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen of the diocese have upon them? Do those who lay most stress upon this argument know that the Charity has a large sum laid by, the interest of which is available as long as the claim exists, or there are found recipients of it?

If the old service as performed by the united choirs is restored, cannot all give who feel for the position of those for whom their gifts are asked, or am I to believe that on these terms they will not give, though the Charity is made the one plea for continuing to raise money in the Cathedral?

I shall have tired your patience and that of anyone who may read this letter, but I must resume for one moment what I have said in so many words:—First, the Cathedral ought not to be used for the Festival; and secondly, it cannot legally be used for such purposes; thirdly, the Widows' and Orphans' Charity will suffer but slightly, if at all, from the opinion becoming general that the great city church is no longer the fitting place for the performance of oratorios, however glorious they may be in composition, however sacred the words, however perfect the execution.

And now, Sir, with trust that this all important subject will excuse my thus trespassing on your space, I am, your obliged and obedient servant, DUDLEY.

Dudley House, Park Lane, Thursday, March 24, 1870.

Briefly, Lord Dudley argues thus:—1st, The Cathedral is now desecrated; 2nd, Stop the desecration, and the Charity will not suffer. What Lord Dudley means by "desecration" is not very clearly set forth. From one paragraph we gather that "desecration" means removing the daily service into the Lady Chapel, "because all the rest of the building, nave and choir, is wanted for the music meeting." Here, truly, is a curious notion as to how a sacred building may be unsanctified. By what mysterious ordinance does a service in the Lady Chapel deconsecrate the body of the Cathedral? Let the noble writer explain. Further on we learn that "desecration" means doing anything within the Cathedral which is not a service. This definition, however, is somewhat weakened by an admission that it may be rejected without reproach. But granting its correctness—which we do only for the sake of argument—may we ask Lord Dudley why he confines his energies to the Festivals? He knows very well that English cathedrals are not only churches but show places, wherein the chink of admission money directly precedes and follows the pealing of the organ. Let him be up and doing against this form of "desecration," and we shall have more faith in his consistency.

On the question of possible results to the Charity, Lord Dudley can only prophesy as common men prophesy—that is, without the infallibility of a Divine commission. He looks into the future, and beholds the Charity prospering in the absence of Festivals;—we look into the future and behold it sending round the hat in vain. Our vision is, at least, as substantial as Lord Dudley's. A coronet has not the gift, accredited to ear-rings,—of improving one's eye-sight.

Another matter is spoken of in Lord Dudley's letter—the legality of the Festivals; and the letter itself is accompanied—as a sort of threat, we presume—by an "opinion" emanating from Dr. Phillimore. Here is the document:—

CASE SUBMITTED TO COUNSEL IN 1865.

The See of Worcester is one which, after the dissolution of monasteries by Henry the VIIIth, was refounded by that monarch for a bishop, dean, archdeacon, prebendaries, minor canons, and other members. The Cathedral has become much dilapidated, and recently very liberal contributions towards its restoration have been made by the nobility and gentry resident in the county and the public generally. Many parties entertain a very strong objection to the holding of musical festivals in cathedrals, considering that the charitable objects to which the funds collected at such meetings are devoted do not compensate for what is considered to be a desecration by such performances, and remonstrances have been made to induce the Dean and Chapter of Worcester to refuse to allow the Triennial Festival to be held in their Cathedral. The hours for Divine service in the Cathedral on week-days are at 8 and 10 a.m., and 3 p.m., at which the admission into the Cathedral is free to any person wishing to attend. The musical festivals are held in the nave. The opinion of the Queen's Advocate-General is requested:—

1st.—Whether the Dean and Chapter can legally exclude the public from the Cathedral, unless upon the production of a ticket or paying money for admission, during those hours on week-days ordinarily set apart for the celebration of the Services of the Church.

2nd.—Whether the Dean and Chapter are legally entitled to require, or to depute to third parties, such as the Committee of Musical Festivals, the right to require persons seeking admission to the Cathedral during the hours ordinarily devoted to the celebration of the Services of the Church, or at any other times, to produce a ticket or to pay money as a condition for such admission.

3rd.—Assuming your opinion in answer to either of the above questions to be adverse to the Dean and Chapter, what proceeding, and against whom, and at whose suit, can the right of the public as opposed to the claims of the Committees of Musical Festivals or of the Dean and Chapter, either in person making such claims or authorising them to be made by the committees, be legally contested?

OPINION.

After much consideration I am unable to understand how it can be legally competent to any Dean and Chapter of the Church of England to allow a musical festival wholly unconnected with the Service of the Church to be celebrated in their Cathedral. I have always thought that the services contained in the Prayer-book, together with the sermon and anthems and hymns which the Prayer-book contemplates as being incorporated with the morning and daily prayer, are the only services which can, according to law, be performed in any consecrated church. Such appears to me to be the clear result of the statutes, the rubrics, the general ecclesiastical law, and, I presume, of the statutes of the Cathedral applicable to this subject.

The consequences which would flow from the adoption of any principl which would vest in the Dean and Chapter the power of allowing other services than those prescribed by law to be celebrated in the Cathedral, appear to be very grave.

One Dean and Chapter may consider that a service exclusively composed of religious music, in which the performers are vocalists distinguished for their talents at the operas or the theatres in London conduces to the spiritual edification of the hearers, and is a lawful means of obtaining money for any religious purpose. Another Dean and Chapter may think that the representation of a religious drama, such as the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, or the *David* of Mrs. Hannah More, may tend still more to the promotion of religion, and be an equally lawful means of obtaining money for religious objects. The representation of such dramas would of course be rendered as perfect as possible by obtaining the aid of distinguished professional actors. It is difficult to see upon what principle this latter use of the Cathedral can be prohibited, if the former can be permitted by law. Indeed the argument might be pushed still further than this; but I forbear to do so.

It would seem to me to be the duty of the visitor of the Cathedral, who, I presume, is the Bishop of the diocese, upon a proper representation being made to him, to admonish the Dean and Chapter that to allow a musical festival wholly unconnected with, and forming no part of the proper services of the day, to be celebrated at all in the Cathedral, was contrary to law; and if the admonition, which one can scarcely suppose, was disregarded, to visit with proper censures those who had set his authority and that of the law at nought.

Of course if the musical festival were substituted for, or prevented in any

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way, the appointed services of the day, the offence would be of a still graver character.

It may be competent to the Dean and Chapter for good reasons to alter the hours of Divine service; but it is not competent to them to exclude anybody in the diocese from attending Divine service in the Cathedral, which is the mother church of the diocese, or to make the payment of a sum of money the condition, without the fulfilment of which he is not permitted to enter for this purpose the doors of the Cathedral.

October 11, 1865. ROBERT PHILLIMORE.

Our remarks on this need only be brief. Dr. Phillimore's "opinion," as an answer to Lord Dudley's questions, is worth simply nothing. Here is the whole "case," stripped of Lord's and Lawyer's superfluous verbiage:—

Q. Can the Dean and Chapter exclude the public, or make them pay for admission during *ordinary* service hours?

A. They can neither prevent nor charge for attendance on divine service (which they don't attempt) but they can alter the hours of service (which they do).

Q. Can the Dean and Chapter grant to others the power above named?

No answer.

Q. Who may prosecute the Dean and Chapter for permitting the Festivals.

A. The Bishop may admonish, and then censure—if he thinks fit.

Lord Dudley may consider his fee well spent; but to us the lawyer's document seems hardly worth the paper it is written upon; especially inasmuch as it discusses matters outside the questions submitted—with all the one-sidedness of a retained counsel.

Lord Dudley threatens another letter. We are glad of it. The more he writes the better for the Festivals.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE following paragraph appeared in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday:—

"Mdme. Arabella Goddard has been engaged as solo pianist at the Birmingham Festival. She leaves England in the autumn for a lengthened professional tour in Germany and France. Germany has sent us plenty of eminent pianists; we are now able to return the favour in a manner quite satisfactory to our own *amour-propre*."

We feel sure that the opinion of our distinguished contemporary is shared by all to whom native talent, as such, is not a bugbear.

A CORRESPONDENT ("M. R. W.") inquires our opinion as to whether an English composer ever wrote a good organ fugue. The question is wide; but we have no hesitation in saying that one of the best written organ fugues to which we have seen an English name attached is that signed "Henry W. Goodban," in the last number of the *Choir*, March 20, 1870 (a fugue in D minor, in which, at bar 49, a masterly augmentation of the theme will be observed). Henceforth, if Mr. "H. W. G." proceeds in this manner, he may fairly lay claim to the title of the English "J. S. H."

"SOME years ago" (says *Volket's Aria*) "a strolling tumbler used to go about the streets of Stockholm, performing feats of strength for children and servants. His whole scenery consisted in a mat he spread on the pavement, on which, in a pair of thread-bare tights, he astonished the spectators, who, like other persons of distinction, paid *entrée à discrétion*. But he was not alone. On the same stage a sweet little girl appeared, who was to be educated as artist in the same line, and performed a graceful *pas-seul* during the *entr'acte* of her father's fatiguing antics. Many had great sympathy for the lovely child when, on raw, autumnal evenings, or in the cold days of winter, clad in thin, miserable finery, she capered in the open air. But, although there was compassion enough among the spectators, it was a long time before anyone with the power to follow his own inclination saw her. But at last her hour of redemption came. Princess Eugénie, sister of Charles XV., heard of all this by some means or other, and took care of her, and, as it proved that she had a fine voice and talent for music, she received instruction of the professor who formerly taught Jenny Lind. All this happened several years since. Her name is Amalia Riego, and, on Monday last she gave a concert in Stockholm."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

That the "Coalition" has come to an end, and that, for this season at any rate, we are to have two Italian Operas, one at Covent Garden, and the other at Drury Lane (as in 1868), is pretty generally known to those among our readers who interest themselves in such matters. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson continue joint directors of the Royal Italian Opera, while the new enterprise, advertised as "Italian Opera, Drury Lane," is the undertaking of Mr. George Wood, a gentleman well known to the musical world. Whatever the risks of the speculating parties on either side, that the opera-going public will profit by the change can hardly admit of a doubt.

Messrs. Gye and Mapleson are first in the field. They opened their theatre on Tuesday night, with a programme sufficiently tempting to draw a crowded and brilliant audience, although the opera selected was what, under any other than exceptional circumstances, might fairly be styled the "hackneyed" *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But only let some new *prima donna* of capacity be put forward as the heroine, and Donizetti's *Lucia* invariably proves attractive. This was satisfactorily shown on the present occasion, when a young Austrian (or for the matter of that Austro-Italian) singer, her birthplace being Trieste, appeared as Lucia. Mdlle. Sessi has sung in Germany, in Italy, and quite recently in France, where, at the Paris Opéra Italien, she had to fill the place (no grateful task) of Madame Adelina Patti, during the engagement of that wonderfully popular artist at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburgh. That she should have succeeded in doing this with a certain amount of credit says no little in the favour of one as yet so inexperienced. Like Adelina Patti, however, Mdlle. Sessi—a pupil, we understand, of Herr Maurice Strakosch—has enjoyed uncommon advantages. At any rate, judging from Tuesday night's performance, her first essay before the most difficult, because, perhaps, the most *blasé*, audience in Europe, was one of such promise that we can safely predict for her an honourable career. Let us say at once that Mdlle. Sessi shines far more as a singer than as an actress; but, calling to mind the many notable instances of operatic aspirants who began by singing more or less well, and took long years to master that scarcely less essential accomplishment which leads to undisputed eminence on the lyric stage, we have no reason to doubt that time will bring what is at present wanting to the dramatic side of her art. She has even now both earnestness and intelligence; but more than this is indispensable to make a genuine actress, and it remains with herself to acquire the rest. Mdlle. Sessi is *petite* in stature; nor does her facial physiognomy appear to lend itself readily to mobility of expression. Admitting this, however, together with other physical conditions, apparently drawbacks, there remains an indefinable something which justifies a belief in future progress. A good deal has been said in Parisian circles about Mdlle. Sessi's "*blonde chevelure*," as a peculiar and, indeed, extraordinary characteristic of her individuality, but, while no one could be blind to its profuse abundance, we should be sorry to have to record that, not merely upon this alone, but upon this in particular, the strong impression created on Tuesday night by the new-comer, in the scene of Lucia's madness—perhaps her most forcible—depended. That it lent a certain picturesque illusion to the dramatic situation is unquestionable; but that it went for anything more we are not disposed to admit.

Mdlle. Sessi's voice is a pure soprano, especially telling in the higher register, and therefore favourable to the effective enunciation of such music as that which Donizetti has put into the mouth of his romantic heroine. This was evident in her very first scene, where the familiar "Regnava nel silenzio," with its no less familiar "*cabaletta*," would, but for a certain nervousness of delivery, under the circumstances intelligible enough, have left little to desire; and scarcely less so in the duet ("Sulla tomba") with Edgardo. In the first we remarked some

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"*staccato*" passages, with certain embellishments in the second verse of the "*cabaletta*," very much resembling those to which, in her earlier time, Madame Adelina Patti used to accustom us; in the last we were struck by a physical force, which not even the stentorian tones of her partner, Herr Wachtel, the Edgardo of the evening, could overpower. The "Contract Scene"—allowing for a seemingly prevalent want of dramatic perception—had also excellent points, and more especially in the septet with chorus, "Chi mi frena," following immediately upon the unexpected apparition of Edgardo, in which the concluding high notes were given out by Mdlle. Sessi with a force entirely equal to the requirements of that justly famous concerted piece. The mad scene, as we have already hinted, was her most striking display; and we have only to add that some of her passages in the final movement—"Spargi di qualche pianto"—were both new and effective. That Mdlle. Sessi thoroughly satisfied the audience may be gathered from the fact that she was called for enthusiastically at the end of each of her principal scenes. Her future progress will be watched with interest.

Herr Wachtel's Edgardo is precisely what it was when he first played the character with Madame (then Mdlle.) Patti in 1864; the voice as resonant and powerful as ever; the singing as vigorous and original. Of Signor Graziani's Enrico we have spoken so often that it will suffice to say that he has never given the music with more earnestness, or made more strenuous endeavours to impart his idea of dramatic significance to the character. Signor Capponi was very good as Raimondo (Bilde-the-Bent); and Signor Marino, who possesses a voice worth cultivating, excellent as Arturo. The chorus (allowing for a single "slip" unnecessary to specify) was efficient; and the admirable manner in which the orchestral accompaniments were played showed that in Signor Vianesi, from St. Petersburgh (who may be remembered in England some ten years ago), the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have secured the services of a really competent conductor.

The opera, which was preceded by the National Anthem (chorus and orchestra), was warmly received throughout.

Lucia was repeated on Thursday; and to-night Mdlle. Tietjens will appear as Valentine in the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer.

The arrangements for the season having been fully made known in our advertising columns, it is only requisite to call attention to a special feature of the prospectus. Of the varied and extensive repertory, to which the directors refer with pardonable pride, we need say nothing. The operatic public is well acquainted with it, and is doubtless grateful for past recollections. The operas positively to be given in the course of the season include two *bond fide* novelties, and one work at least new to Covent Garden. The *bona fide* novelties are Signor Verdi's *Macbeth*, an *opera seria*, though often talked about, never yet heard in England; and Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, which, if report may be credited, has lately been performed with great success at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburgh. In the former the chief characters —Macbeth and Lady Macbeth—are assigned to Signor Graziani and Mdlle. Tietjens; in the latter (founded upon M. Victor Hugo's famous historical romance), the part of the heroine is to be sustained by Madame Adelina Patti—who if any singer could make old amateurs of the ballet forget Carlotta Grisi in the same creation, is precisely the one.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The concert this afternoon, for a reason unnecessary to explain to amateurs, is to be devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven. That on Monday evening is for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard—her last appearance for the season. The programme on Monday is rich in attractions—for particulars of which our advertising columns may be consulted. Not the least attraction is the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, to be played by our great English pianist, in association with the greatest of living violinists.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Bach's sacred oratorio, *The Passion*, will be performed, for the fourth time in London, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening next, April 6th, under the direction of Mr. Barnby. The band and chorus is to be largely increased; and the performance promises to be in every way worthy of this sublime work.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The following was the programme of Saturday's concert:—

Overture, *Leonora*, No. 1	...	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Scena, *Medea*—Madame Rudersdorff	...	...	...	...	Randegger.
Symphony, "Approach of Spring"	...	...	...	...	Hiller.
Arietta, "In Questa Tomba"—Madame Patey	...	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Adagio and Rondo for violin and orchestra—Herr Franz Ries	...	...			F. Ries.
Aria, "Dir Danken Wir"—Madame Rudersdorff	...	...			Mozart.
Song, "When sorrow steepeth"—Madame Patey	...	...			Land.
Overture, *Jubilee*	...	...	...	...	Weber.

With reference to the first *Fidelio* overture, "G." remarks:—"It is much to be regretted that so fine a composition, so abounding in beauties, should remain comparatively unknown." "G." is right, undoubtedly; but the fact he laments is not surprising. The great *Leonora* kills its three companions, just as the great Pyramid kills the lesser ones, or as Mont Blanc throws into shade the peaks upon which it looks down. Most of all does this apply to No. 1, because the first of four attempts to accomplish an object is naturally regarded as least successful. Nevertheless, the overture is a charming composition, worthy to prelude the glorious lyric drama after the name of which it is called. We are told that it was "*probably* brought over by Mendelssohn with the great symphony in C of Schubert." The italics are ours, and must be taken to signify that an event so interesting ought to be placed beyond doubt one way or the other. Ferdinand Hiller's symphony, the one dedicated by him to the late Musical Society of London, was a welcome appearance. It deserves an occasional place in orchestral programmes, and can hardly fail to gratify the audience by whom it is heard. Gratification was specially marked on Saturday, for reasons obvious to all. In the first place the music was admirably played. Next, its subject is all the more agreeable when Spring is very near and snow covers the ground. Lastly, its merits came upon the audience as a surprise. It is evident that the subject he sought to illustrate was adapted to Herr Hiller's idiosyncrasy. We all know what sentiment—sentiment never mawkish, because controlled by poetic taste—distinguishes this excellent master's works. For this characteristic "The return of Spring" gave full scope, of which every advantage has been taken. In the opening movement the struggle between Winter and Spring is expressed with happy facility, and with a plainness nobody can mistake. After the agitated, we had almost said spasmodic, first theme, the lovely *cantabile* of the second came like bright sunshine after storm and gloom. The next movement expresses transition; and its pervading calm, broken only here and there, is made even more welcome by subjects the pastoral character of which is in the best keeping. Mr. Mauna has styled the third movement "a picture of a moonlight night in early Spring, full of grace and beauty,"—an interpretation with which we are far from disposed to quarrel. By many this movement is accounted the best in the work; but, whether the best or not, nobody can dispute that it deserves a very high rank. There is a charm about the music only at the command of a master. In the *finale* we have Spring, uncontested and unclouded; and the idea is put forward in a manner not to be mistaken. To sum up, let us say that Herr Hiller's symphony is a fine and masterly work, honourable to the worker in the highest degree. Herr Franz Ries did not appear to much advantage as a composer; but his playing has merits, of which, however, we must make a final estimate upon closer acquaintance. The young German was recalled. About Weber's *Jubilee* we need not speak. Herr Randegger's fine *scena* had another great success—thanks partly to its indisputable excellence, and partly to the magnificent singing of Madame Rudersdorff. The composer himself conducted, and, with the executant, was recalled amid hearty applause. Mozart's air is, of course, charming, and was admirably delivered. Madame Patey obtained an encore for Land's song, a result due, we should say, to her excellent singing. T. E.

Moscow.—M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giuletta* was produced for the benefit of Mad. Artôt-Padilla. The house was crowded, and the fair *bénéficiaire*, overwhelmed with applause and valuable presents, including silver tea-pots, turquoise ear-rings, ruby brooches, and such like. Mad. Artôt-Padilla and her husband are now at Warsaw, where they are engaged for a month.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The second concert of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, 24th March. Schumann's *Fantasies-tucke* for pianoforte and violin opened the concert, played by Herr Schrattenholz and Herr Jung. The other instrumental pieces were "Des Abends" and "Novelletten" (Miss Lucy M'Manus), and solo violoncello, "Abendlied," played with much feeling by Herr Schuberth. Mdlle. Bavant sang "Du Ringan meinem Finga," and Mdlle. Zernial, "Die Grenadiere" and "My Highlands." The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Mozart's charming trio in G (Op. 30), played by Herr Schrattenholz, Herr Jung, and Herr Schuberth. A great feature, earning much applause, was Gounod's Meditation on the first prelude of Bach, played by Herr Schuberth, accompanied on the piano and harmonium. Herr Jung's solo on the violin—Variations on Russian airs—was very well executed. Miss M'Manus and Herr Schrattenholz each played a solo on the pianoforte. The vocal part included an old song by Henry Purcell, "A jewel is my lady fair," sung by Mr. Dawson; "Will he come" (Sullivan), Mdlle. Zernial; and "Orage fire" (Marras), Mdlle. Bavant. Mr. Benedict, Herr Schrattenholz, and Herr Schuberth were the conductors. The third concert, devoted to Spohr, will take place on Thursday, April 28.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Madame Gilbert have commenced their fourth season of the "Classics of the Pianoforte," at the Conduit Street Rooms. The second of the present series took place on Wednesday evening, when Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Dussek, Steibelt, Dohnanyi, &c., were represented, both instrumentally and vocally, in the programme—Bach by an air, "My heart ever faithful," etc.; Mozart by "Voi che sapete" and "The Violet" (encored); Beethoven by his grand trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in D (Op 70, No. 1); his sonata for piano alone, in E flat (Op. 29, No. 3); his Romance in G (Op. 40), for violin, and his cantata, *Adelaida*; Dussek by "Name the glad day; and Bennett by his Chamber Trio in A (Op. 26), for piano, violin, and violoncello, and his *Sonata duo* in A (Op. 32), for piano and violoncello. The instrumental executants were Mr. Alfred Gilbert (piano), Mr. Henry Holmes (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). The vocalists were Madame Gilbert, Miss Susannah Cole, and Mr. George Perren. Two compositions by modern composers were introduced on the occasion—a vocal *terzetto* by Signor Costa, "Vanne a colei," and an *offertorium* by Mr. Mooral, the latter charmingly sung by Madame Gilbert. Mr. Frank Muri was announced to accompany the vocal music.

St. George's Hall was well attended last Thursday week by an audience interested in listening to the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove. The concertina, in the hands of Mr. Richard Blagrove, seems capable of interpreting music of pretension, and the selection made for these concerts embraces sonatas, trios, quartets, and other chamber compositions, as well as lighter effusions. In the lighter styles of composition the peculiarities of the instrument are charmingly displayed by Mr. Blagrove. The pianoforte playing of Mrs. Richard Blagrove is remarkable. The performances were varied by Mr. Henry Blagrove as violinist, and Mr. Aylward as violoncellist. The vocal music was sung by Madame Talbot-Cherer, Miss Robertine Henderson, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Winn. The fourth concert is announced to take place this month, under the patronage of the Princess Teck.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The second of these admirable entertainments was given in St. James's Hall on Thursday week, and proved to be of more than average attraction. Mozart's overture to *Zauberflöte* headed the programme, as though to tempt an audience, for once, into the exercise of that rare virtue among audiences—punctuality. How the music was played by an excellent orchestra we need not stop to describe. Next came Bach's fine motet for double choir, "I wrestle and pray;" the great ingenuity and power of which could hardly have had a better exemplification. Mr. Leslie's Choir was evidently on its mettle in attacking the great master's work, and fairly conquered every difficulty. Need we say that those among the audience who had learned to appreciate Bach were delighted. Mendelssohn's concerto for violin closed the first part, and—the player being Herr Joachim—closed it brilliantly. Herr Joachim's performance of this fine work, and the work itself, are so well known that we are not called upon for an elaborate notice. Every amateur will understand how grandly the first and third movements were executed, and what a depth of expression was manifested in the lovely *andante*. The second part opened with Beethoven's fifth symphony (C minor), which was given with great vigour and effect. But music so familiar could scarcely be otherwise rendered. Of course it was heard with pleasure from beginning to end. When will the people ever tire of it? The next piece, Mendelssohn's psalm, "Judge me, O God," was doubly welcome. In the first place it belongs to the finest order of sacred music; and, next, it is invariably sung to perfection by Mr. Leslie's Choir. Those who have so heard it can never forget that grand unison which seems one, not to voices, but a voice; such is the precision attained. The psalm was encored as usual, and with the usual good reason. Spohr's favourite *adagio*, from the ninth concerto for violin, was played by Herr Joachim as no one else plays it, many as are the artists who make the movement a stock piece. This, too, was encored, amid hearty and demonstrative applause. The concert ended with "The Hunt's Up," from Macfarren's *May Day*, a piece the excellence of which we have had recent occasion to point out.

T. E.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

At the Students' Concert, on Thursday evening, the following instrumental and vocal pieces were given:—

Fantasie-stück, Pianoforte (Max Bruch); Mr. Donee. Glee, "Thyrsis when he left me" (Callcutt); Miss Goode, Miss Etherington, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Parry. Recit. ed Aria, "Bella mia fiamma addio," "Resta o Cara" (Mozart); Miss Pocklington. Largo e Mesto, Minuetto and Rondo, Allegro, from Sonata in D, No. 3, Op. 10, Pianoforts (Beethoven); Mr. Beazley. Cradle Song, "Peacefully Slumber" (A. Randegger); Miss Rebecca Jewell. Pas Triste, pas Gai, Pianoforte (W. S. Bennett); Master Walker. Motett, for female voices, "The Lord is my Shepherd" (Hullah); Sell, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Goode, and Miss C. Gardner. Aria, "O Salutaris." *Messe Solennelle* (Rossini); Miss Waite and Master Parker. Trio, "Sun-rise" (H. Smart); Miss Ferrari, Miss Rebecca Jewell, and Miss Marian Severn. Andante and Variations in B flat, two Pianofortes (Schumann); Miss Westmarland, and Miss C. Gardner. Songs, "The Farewell," "The Post horn" (Schubert); Miss Goode. Etude, in B flat minor, Two Sketches in B flat and G minor, Pianoforte (Mendelssohn); Miss Linda Scates. Madrigal, "Cynthia, thy Song" (Giovanni Croce, 1560).

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Channell, Miss Townsend, and Mr. Shakespeare.

The "features" of the concert were Signor Randegger's "Peacefully Slumber," sung with expression by Miss Rebecca Jewell; Professor Bennett's "Pas triste, pas gai," cleverly played by a very young pianist—Master Walker; the "O Salutaris" from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, well suited to Miss Severn's fine voice; Henry Smart's beautiful trio, "Sun-rise," effectively sung by Misses Ferrari, Rebecca Jewell, and Severn; and Mendelssohn's *Etude* and Sketches, capitally played by Miss Linda Scates. The movements from Mozart's Sonata, by Miss Waite and Master Parker, would have pleased more had the young violinist brought his instrument into better tune; and Schumann's duet, well played by the two young students, would also have pleased more had it been less monotonous.

The next Public Rehearsal will take place on Tuesday morning, April 12.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The performance of Beethoven's Mass in D is always an event in musical annals, and the Sacred Harmonic Society may be congratulated on the success of its exertions on Friday evening week, when the work was given with singular effect under the admirable direction of Sir Michael Costa. The great merit of the performance was the marvellous execution of the instrumental portion. That the vocalization was less perfect may be easily understood and accounted for. The soprani failed the most, and unless a choir of high voices alone be selected to sing such music the painful exertions necessary to bring out the notes above the staff will always militate against the enjoyment of this great work.

The solo singers were Mdlle. Enequist, Madame Patey, whose beautiful voice, and musician-like style proclaim her one of the best contraltos of the day; Mr. Vernon Rigby, tenor; and Mr. Patey, bass. To Sir Michael Costa the highest praise is due for such a performance.

Barcelona.—A new Italian opera, *L'Orfanella*, has been produced very successfully at the Liceo. The music is by Sig. Baraldi, the baritone, who sustains a buffo part in his own work.

Bremen.—Weinlich's "Lady-Orchestra" (*"Damen-Orchestra"*) has been giving concerts with great success. The envious and malignant, that is to say: Instrumental performers of the male sex who never drew themselves, hint that the nine young ladies constituting the "Orchestra," owe no small part of their triumph to their good looks. Well, what if they do? Why should not beauty be allied with an instrumental performance, just as much as fine scenery, on Herr Wagner's plan, with operatic singing?

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WAIFS.

Herr Manrice Strakosch has been in London since Monday, but important professional business compels him to return to Paris almost immediately.

M. Sivori is playing at M. Pasdeloup's concerts in Paris.—*Choir.*

A sound judge—a musical critic.

St. Petersburgh has four thousand piano teachers.

A musical burglar—one who breaks into a tune.

Mr. Robertson's new piece is to be called *M.P.*

M. Jules Cohen has been appointed as Inspector of Music in the Imperial Chapel at the Tuileries in place of M. Laharre.—*Choir.*

The death of M. Deisbeck, director of the Mozarteum at Salzburg, is announced.—*Choir.*

Mr. Rogers is new organist at St. Allan's, Holborn, in place of Mr. Morley.—*Choir.*

"Mus. Doc." being rather an awkward degree, "Fiddle D.D." is recommended as the proper thing for musicians.

Pigolette is the name of a pig's tail whistle made by a genius at Chillicothe, Ohio.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One stops the nose and the other knows the stops.

A certain singer has so much *timbre* in his voice that even his audiences are often bored.

A Miss Ryo has recently arrived in Canada with a corps of British females, famous for their performance on brass, tin, and iron instruments!

Levy, the cornet player's, concord of sweet sounds must move the hearts of a great many young ladies, for he asserts that he is deluged with love-letters.

A new hymnal will, it is said, be introduced at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, to supersede "Hymns Ancient and Modern," at present in use. —*Choir.*

During a performance of *La Belle Hélène* recently at Amsterdam the actor who played Menelaus died on the stage from rupture of an aneurism. The audience laughed, thinking it was part of the play.

We are requested by Mr. C. J. Bisheden to state that "Sir Aubery Paul, Bart., has just published six excellent portraits (cabinet and *carte-de-visite*) of Mr. C. J. Bisheden, the bass.

A rural Vermont clergyman has abolished the bass viol from his choir because it made him think of dancing. A minister dancing to airy notes of a bass viol would be a rare sight.

As Miss Poole, the vocalist, was driving out in a pony chaise, at Slough, the animal took fright, and the vehicle was upset, Miss Poole receiving some severe contusions.

Miss Kellogg, Miss Adelaide Phillips, and Signora Lefranc are the principal members of an opera *troupe* which intends to begin operations in Boston under the direction of Signor Biscaccianti.

Herr Stockhausen, having finished his tour with Mr. Mapleson, has started for St. Petersburgh, where he is to sing at a series of historical concerts.

There is a rumour in Berlin that Pauline Lucca, the talented Berlin *prima donna*, is going to the United States during this year, to remain six months, and give one hundred concerts at two thousand dollars in gold each.

At Cheyenne, lately, a missionary preached on a dry-goods box, and his choir sat in a buggy. The horse got frightened and ran away with the choir. The *Protestant Churchman* wisely asks: "Could not that horse be brought East? It would command a large price."

The Alexandria Theatre, Glasgow, was burnt down on Friday morning week, at one o'clock. It was a brick and wooden structure, and was destroyed in an hour. The actors' wardrobes were lost. The damage is estimated at over £2,000.

Music supplies employment to a large number of persons in the Bavarian capital. No less than 937 persons are engaged at the Court Theatre; and the Chapel Royal gives employment to 103 more.—*Choir.*

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tunes." "In other words, madam," said another lady, "you believe that all men are lyres!"

A communication from Brussels states that the first representation of Richard Wagner's opera of *Lohengrin* took place in that city on Tuesday evening, and obtained a brilliant success. The Queen was present.

The executor of Gottschalk is Mr. Charles Vezin, a brother of the distinguished actor of that name in England. Vezin is a well-known and highly-cultivated merchant of Philadelphia, and was Gottschalk's most intimate friend.

The Feast of the Annunciation was to be celebrated at Notre Dame by a performance of the Second Mass of M. Léon Gastinel, by the Society of Artist Musicians, M. Alard playing an *andante* of Mozart's for the Offertoire, and the band and chorus numbering four hundred. —*Choir.*

Apropos of the revival of *Robert* at the Grand Opéra, it is said that bouquets and crowns of flowers were so piled at the foot of the cross in the third act, as to interfere with the stage business. Some one having alluded to Mdlle. Nilsson's presence to "*ses maladroits amis*," the lady remarked, "*Dites plutôt des ennemis adroits.*"

Some time ago we called attention to the progress of classical vocal music in Manchester. We have now to add that at a recent concert of the Vocal Society, Wesley's *In Exitu Israel*, and Bach's Motet, *Be not afraid*, were conspicuous features. There is reason to believe that Londoners underrate musical progress in our great provincial towns.

A correspondent of the *Church Review* supplies a melancholy statement with reference to churches in the most rural portions of the diocese of Chichester. In one district none of the churches have organs, many have no music or instrument whatever; and at J—— the bells are sold to repair the tower. If this is true, the new Bishop, who, we believe, likes good music, will have an open field before him.—*Choir.*

Mr. Babington, late of St. Mary's Redcliffe, Bristol, finds Church music at Barbadoes in a very unsatisfactory state. The St. Leonard's choir has, owing to the harshness of the curate, nearly broken up. The choir of the Cathedral is worse; and never was clergyman of ability and sound Church principles more wanted in the island. We, therefore, look for great things from Mr. Babington. Dr. Parry, Bishop of the diocese, has just died in England.—*Choir.*

A leading article in the *Standard* of March 25th begins as follows:—

"That terrible French romancer, M. Théophile Gautier, whose freedom of treatment in dealing with the most exciting incidents of human life renders his writing as a rule so eminently ill-adapted for the family circle, once wrote a novel called *Les Memoires du Diable*."

The living "terrible French romancer" has also enough to answer for without crediting him with those of the dead "terrible French romancer," Frederic Soulié.

Three "Chamber Concerts of Modern Music" are in progress under the direction of Mr. W. Coenen. The composers who filled the first evening were Raff, Max Bruch, and Carl Grädener. The trio by the first-named—notwithstanding his reputed sympathy with Wagner,—the quartet by the second—a pupil of the thoroughly conservative Hiller,—nor the quintet of the last-named—of whom we know nothing,—showed any remarkable traits of eccentricity, extravagance, or indeed of originality. If these concerts are intended to be propagandist, the selections might be better considered.—*The Musician.*

Thus pleasantly writes the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* about certain entertainments annually due at *Mi carême*:—

"To-night there will be *bals masqués* in every place *où l'on danse*, as well as in those private houses where dancing is not the every-day occupation of the inmates. Even now, as I write, while it is still broad daylight, and in spite of the rain which has just set in, the *masques* are beginning to promenade the boulevards. They do not look too cheerful now; but, as the small hours approach nearer and nearer, they will get up a noisy, sham enthusiasm, which will pass muster for the real thing. What mad fun there will be to-night! What headaches there will be to-morrow; and what *fluxions de poitrine* on the following day!"

At an early hour on Saturday morning Mrs. Albert Smith, the widow of the popular author and entertainer, whom she had outlived nearly ten years, somewhat suddenly expired. Mrs. Albert Smith was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and as Miss Mary Keeley her name will be remembered in association with many notable theatrical successes achieved at the Lyceum and the Adelphi. Her first appearance was made at the Lyceum Theatre, December 20, 1845, in a dramatic adaptation of Mr. Charles Dickens's story, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Her marriage with Mr. Albert Smith took place on the 1st of August, 1859, on the completion of the first season of the lively lecturer's entertainment, "China," and in the May following the young wife became unhappily a widow.

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In the official analysis of Mr. Edward Mollenhauer's new symphony, *The Passions*, it is said—" The composer has treated fear as a haunting presence; as a shadow which ever pursues and chills the heart, holding it, as it were, in a vacuum, while its dull throbs are as the dropping of lead." A New York paper calls this "a chemical description."

As an example of American laudation we take the following from a Louisville paper:—"When Miss Dawson first appeared, her bright eyes, and lovely face attracted everybody. But when her beautiful pearly teeth were disclosed, there came such a cataract of diamond-drops of melody that the house seemed, as it were, deluged in a spray of harmony equal to that which one might imagine would come from a Niagara composed of Æolian harps."

The fertility of English novelists has often been animadverted upon in the German press; but what is to be said of an authoress (Mrs. or Miss Kathinka Lütz) who, under the name of K. Th. Lianikka, is about to publish twenty-eight volumes all at once? Kollmann of Leipsic advertises as "nearly ready" the following new productions of her pen:—*The Romance of a Poet's* (Goethe's) *Life*, in three divisions and eleven volumes; *Henry Heine, the Lyric Poet*, in three divisions and also in eleven volumes; and *Rahel; or, Thirty three Years of a Noble Woman's Life*, in three divisions and six volumes. These twenty-eight volumes are advertised at 13½ thalers; but taken *en bloc*, the publisher offers them at 6 thalers, or only 18s. 1

Statesman and politicians are apt to take, and we think justly, a lofty view of their labours, and if the following letter, said to have been addressed by Lamartine to Count d'Orsay, and now published for the first time, be authentic, it may be regarded as supporting this view, and as little complimentary to the great dandy. The letter is as follows:—

"Thanks, *cher ami*, for the beautiful hound you have sent me. I do not hide the fact. I have always been extravagantly fond of well-bred dogs. Do you ask why? For four reasons:—1st. Because they are beautiful. 2nd. Because they are faithful. 3rd. Because they do not meddle with politics. And 4th. In short, because they are dogs. If men could but unite all these conditions I would rave about them also, but—happily, I may make an exception in your favour, *cher ami*."

Among the false legends of history rank one long current respecting Maria Theresa and Madame de Pompadour. The Empress-Queen never wrote the letters beginning "Ma cousine" or "Ma très chère sœur." She denies it in a letter to the Electoral Princess Maria-Antonia of Saxony, published by Dr. Carl von Weber in 1857:—

"*Vous nous trompez si vous croyez que nous avons jamais eut des liaison avec la Pompadour, jamais une lettre, ni que notre ministre aye passé pas son canal; ils ont été lui faire la reverence tout les fois entrées, mais jamais aucune intimité. Ce canal ne m'aurait pas convenu. Je lui ais fais un present plutot galant que magnifique, l'année 1756, et avec la permission du roy, je ne la crois pas capable d'en accepter autrement.*"

Why does Carlyle take no notice of this disclaimer? The story was one of Frederick II.'s calumnies. Carlyle owns that the notes had never been printed, "or given at least to the Museums."

MUSICAL EVENTS IN BOSTON.—The Russian Troupe have given several concerts. M. W. Whitney had a complimentary benefit at Chickering's Hall, March 1st; J. C. D. Parker, Listemann, Mrs. Barry and the Chickering Club assisted. There is to be a grand musical festival next summer, which is expected to surpass the great Jubilee. March 3rd, the ninth symphony concert at Music Hall—Beethoven's "Heroic" symphony. The Harvard Musical Society give two symphony concerts in March, the first on the 24th, to consist mostly of the writings of Beethoven, for the benefit of the Boston Art Museum; the other on the 31st, compliamtary to their estimable director, Carl Zerrahn. The Mercantile Library Association will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary at Music Hall, March 11th, by addresses from the Governor, the Mayor and Mr Wintrop, &c., and a grand concert by eminent solo talent, a large orchestra and chorus from the Handel and Haydn Society.

We are sorry to have to record the death of Mr. Charles Green, the veteran aëronaut. To him we owe the introduction of ordinary coal gas for the inflation of balloons. Before his time balloons were inflated either with artificially heated air, or else with hydrogen gas obtained by a very costly chemical process. Mr. Green, indeed, did more than anyone else to perfect the science of aëronautics, which is comparatively of very recent date. The first balloon ascent was made by de Rosiers, in 1783, and the idea of employing balloons for purposes of scientific investigation was not hit upon until 1803, when Messrs. Robertson and Lhoest ascended at Hamburg. Mr. Green was employed for scientific purposes by the British Association in 1847-1849. But he is most famous for his grand ascent in 1836, when he started from Vauxhall Gardens, and landed at Weilburg, in Nassau, accomplishing in 18 hours a journey of 500 miles. Mr. Green is also well known to all readers of Mr. Dickens; "Vauxhall Gardens" by Day," is one of the most amusing "Sketches by Boz." What aëronauts may yet accomplish cannot safely be predicted. Balloons were used as a means of strategical observation in the seven weeks' campaign of 1859, and Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell have shown us that they can be put to good service in the interests of science. But, to whatever pitch of perfection aëronautics may be carried, the names of Charles Green and of his balloon the Nassau will be handed down to memory amongst aëronauts, as are the names of George Stephenson and his engine, the Rocket, amongst engineers.—*Daily Telegraph.*

We take a lively example of musical reviewing from the *St. Louis Freemason*:—

"'Beautiful Bells.'—Somebody who never saw the ocean, and never got sea sick, once made a goose of himself and wrote a song called 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' &c., which does very well for love-sick swains to sing to their sweethearts when taking a ride on a duck-pond; and just so, somebody who never lived within a mile of church got off a parody on common sense inditing some lines to the 'Beautiful Bells.' This bell business is the grandest humbug in the world. We live across the street from a convent, and they have a bell which commences ringing at 4½ a.m. and rings every quarter of an hour until 8 p.m. To help the bell business a little, a church one square off has bought a large bell and had it blessed and consecrated, and they are so proud of it that it sends forth an unearthly sound every time a saint is supposed to turn round or confer a benediction; and between the two, one has about as much chance for a sleep in the morning as a short-tail cow in flytime. Our opinion of the whole performance is, that it is an unmitigated nuisance, and should be abolished by law, 'without benefit of clergy.' It did very well to have church bells in an age when nobody had a clock or carried watches, just as private seals were of some use when even the nobility were so ignorant that they could not write their names, but had to make their mark. We believe in bells to tell where the fires are, and also in steam-whistles on engines; but apart from them, we protest against the whole scheme of keeping an entire city awake just to let us know that somebody is praying—a devotion that should be performed in silence, without making such a racket and publication of the fact. If we had the matter of 'Beautiful Bells' in our custody, we could put him or her where he or she would in forty-eight hours repent in sackcloth and ashes for ever having perpetrated such nonsense."

With reference to Mr. Maretzek's attempt at Italian Opera in New York, the *Atlas* says:—

"The fate of the Tower of Babel has befallen the polyglot opera. It is suspended, and the wonderful crowd of all nations and nationalities that made such a confusion of tongues in the musical mezzanine, have been dispersed to the uttermost ends of the earth, whence it is to be hoped they may never again be brought together to afflict an unoffending public. The unsuccessful manager threatens to resume operations after Lent, but there is reason to hope that the danger may be averted. The patronage of art in this city have no confidence in Maretzek's ability to produce Italian Opera in a satisfactory manner. His penurious, nonenterprising, snakeshift system did very well fifteen or twenty years ago, but it is not up to the required standard now. Musical culture has advanced wonderfully since that time, and the increased attention paid by the principal theatres to scenery, costumes, and all the minutiæ of the mimetic art, has made the public more exigeant in those respects. Intelligent people will not go to the opera when the entertainment given will not be to delight neither the eye nor the ear. They find no pleasure in listening to one or two tolerably good vocalists when the rest are far below mediocrity, when the chorus sings in several languages, and is only less out of time and tune than the orchestra, and when the stage appointments are meagre and shabby in the extreme. There is not a particle of mystery about the failure of opera in this city. The Shakspearian drama would be as great a failure if it were brought out at Booth's as opera has been at the Academy of Music. There is abundant musical taste to support opera in this city, provided only opera is given in a style worthy of the support. First-class artists, capable and thoroughly disciplined chorus and orchestra, new and attractive scenery, handsome and appropriate costumes, and an energetic, wide-awake management which understands how to cater for a city like this, are all required. With these, Italian opera would be both an artistic and a pecuniary success in New York. Without them, it must continue to be a failure."

The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* sometimes discourses musically. Here is an example:—

"In this highly virtuous city we do not dance in Lent, you know. Public balls take place as usual, of course, and at one place in the Champs Elysées *bals ste nuit* are advertised to be given twice a week. But no masks are allowed in public by law, and no formal dancing in private is permitted by etiquette till Easter ushers in real summer. Nevertheless, one continues to receive little notes with the words, "On dansera au piano," written timidly in the corner; although on the imposing cards which gradually diminish the utility of your looking-glass, 'On fera de la musique' is the order of the day,

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and the *musique* is generally remarkably well *faite*. An entertainment at which I was present last night comes up to my highest ideal of what a private concert should be. It began at eleven o'clock and was over before midnight. But a concert must be good besides being short. Most true gentils reader, and perhaps you will say, if Mdlle. Nilsson is attractive enough to please you. Here she is the reigning favourite, and she counts her admirers by thousands. Last night she sang a clever *cantique*, by M. Faure, 'Sancta Maria,' the composer himself accompanying her on the harmonium; and also an extremely pretty melody, of which it would be more permissible to speak warmly if it were not the production of the Marquis d'Aonat, the host of the evening. Then Mr. Tom Hohler sang our old friend, 'When other lips,' to French words, which were thought very nice by the Parisians, who knew 'La Bohémienne,' but which sounded strange to us old fogies who like to hear our 'Bohemian Girl' speak in her vernacular tongue. M. Verger, an excellent baritone, who can sing Rossini's music—*des kann nicht sicher*—and Mr. Hohler gave 'I Mariani' capitally; and I must not forget a charming violoncelle solo, 'Le Mysosite,' played by M. Lasserre, written by M. d'Aonat. The Marquise only took part in a quartet, as far as music was concerned, but you may be sure that the hostess had a hand in everything extra-musical that could add to the pleasure of her distinguished guests. Many of these were doubly fortunate, in that before the concert of Madame d'Aonat they could enjoy another host's music 'chez la belle Madame Monton,' whom I may be allowed to allude to in the phrase consecrated to her special use in all the French papers, 'Il faut souffrir pour être belle'; and if a lady, not satisfied with all her natural advantages, will use a voice of charming *timbre* with an exquisite skill and delicate sentiment at the command of few indeed of the world's nightingales, she must not be surprised when she awakes in the morning to find herself famous."

MONACO.—A new opera, *Vincigerra*, by Sig. Bottesini, has been produced and well received at the Casino.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been brought out with great magnificence, and proved an equally great hit.

TURIN.—*Il Favorita*, a new opera by Sig. Pedrotti, has been successfully produced. The principal parts were sustained by Mad. Stolz and Sig. Cologni.

SALZBURG.—At the last Museums Concert, Richard Schumann's complete music to Lord Byron's *Manfred* was performed for the first time in this town.

MILAN.—*Il Guarony* the new opera by Señor Carlos Gomez, has proved a hit at the Scala. The principal characters were sustained by Madame Sass, Signori Villani, Storti, Coloni, and Maurell.

BRUSSELS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The great event of the day is the first representation, in French, of Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin*. All the French press was present at this musical solemnity, and the battle is decidedly gained. *Lohengrin* has obtained a success beyond all expectation. The performance was generally satisfactory, but Miss Sternberg, whom we have already heard in London, created, at this moment a real sensation in Brussels. Indeed, the greatest amount of praise in *Lohengrin* is due to this young and talented artist. Intelligent, conscientious, and always keeping her part in view, even when in repose she seized and rendered the effect of Elsa in music in the most magnificent style. She infused a feeling of deep poetry, and impressed the stamp of high musical expression by maintaining an irreproachable truth of intonation, and in giving to her voice that mi-dolious and penetrating tone which recently obtained for her such great success in the *Huguenots* and the *Juive*. Certainly Wagner would not have written his anti Judaique pamphlet if he had heard a few days ago the notes of our Diva. Her Majesty the Queen sent for Miss Sternberg and very warmly congratulated her.

BADEN.—The arrangements for next season are already settled. On the 1st of May, the Brothers Frémeaux and Mdlle. Motlo will appear at the opening concert. The Italian operatic season will commence on the 15th of the same month. Among the artists engaged are Signore Krauss, Stolz, Laura Harris Materna, Cori; Signori Nicolini, Padilla, and Guadagnini. Sig. Verdi's *Forza del Destino* is to be produced with a very strong cast. The following artists will take part in the concerts on the 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th June:—Mesdames Wilhorst, Léon Duval, Secchia; Messrs. Siegmann, Hermann-Léon, Dulcieux, Ketterer, Agnesi, Alard, Bottesini, and Woworsky. On the 8th August, Mdlle. Batiu, Jourdan, Laub, and Rubinstein will appear; and on the 9th September, Mesdames Schröder, Minna Schmidt; MM. Faure, Nicolini, Vieuxtemps, Saint Saëne, and Vivier. In addition to the concerts on the above dates, there will be a grand *Matinée Musicale* every Friday from July the 1st to August the 12th. The artists engaged for these *Matinées* are—Pianists: Mesdames H. Lacroix, Anna Dobjansky, MM. Tercili, de la Nux, Ehrlich, and Litolff: Violinists: MM. Freiberg, Heckmann, Levêque, Besekirsky, H. Wehrlé, Sivori, and Mdlle. Liebe; Violoncellists: MM. Norblin and Cossmann.

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BUCKLEY.—"Twilight Hours, Nocturne for the Pianoforte, by Madame Oury.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—LAST but ONE of the SERIES.—Madame Sinico and Signor Urio; solo pianoforte, Herr C. Reinecke; symphony, C minor, Cowen (first time); pianoforte concerto in C major (Beethoven); overtures, "King Manfred," Reinecke (first time), and "Masaniello," Auber. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Reserved Stalls, 2s. 6d.

ITALIAN OPERA,
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE SEASON WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1870,

WITH

Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO.

IL DUCA	.. ..	Signor MONGINI.
RIGOLETTO	.. ..	Mr. SANTLEY.
SPARAFUCILE	.. ..	Signor FOLI.
MONTERONE	.. ..	Signor RAGUER.
MARULLO	.. ..	Signor ZOBOLI.
BORSA	.. ..	Signor ARCHINTI.
CEPRANO	.. ..	Mr. LYALL.
LA CONTESSA	.. ..	Mdlle. BRIANI.
GIOVANNA	.. ..	Mdme. TORRI.
MADDALENA	.. ..	Mdme. TREBELLI-BETTINI.

AND

GILDA .. .. Mdlle. ILMA DE MURSKA.

ON MONDAY, 18TH APRIL,

Donisetti's Opera, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

ON TUESDAY, 19TH APRIL,

Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

ON THURSDAY, 21ST APRIL,

Gounod's Opera, FAUST.

ON SATURDAY, 23RD APRIL,

Mozart's Opera, IL FLAUTO MAGICO.

ON MONDAY, 25TH APRIL,

Gounod's Opera, FAUST.

ON TUESDAY, 26TH APRIL,

Verdi's Opera, RIGOLETTO.

ON THURSDAY, 28TH APRIL,

Mozart's Opera, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

ON SATURDAY, 30TH APRIL,

Weber's Operetta, in One Act, ABOU HASSAN

(First time on the Italian Stage. The Italian Version by SIGNOR MARCHESI).

ALSO

Mozart's Opera Bouffe, in Two Acts, L'OCA DEL CAIRO

(First Time of Performance in England. The Italian Version by SIGNOR ZAFFIRA).

Composer, Conductor, and Director of the Music .. SIGNOR ARDITI.
Acting Manager .. .. MR. JARRETT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. WEDNESDAY next, April 13th, Thirty-eighth Annual Passion Week performances of the "MESSIAH." Subscription Concert. Principal vocalists—Madame Sinico, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. Trumpet Obbligato, Mr. T. Harper. Band and Chorus, on the usual complete scale of the Society's performances, will consist of 700 performers. Commence at Half past Seven o'clock. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and Stall 8, 10s. 6d. each, at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

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MADAME BODDA PYNE'S Last Appearance in the "MESSIAH," on Tuesday, 12th April. The Band and Chorus of the National Choral Society. Conductor—Mr. O. W. MARTIN. Commence at Eight o'clock. Places may be secured and Tickets obtained at the offices of the National Choral Society, 14 & 18, Exeter Hall, and of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—FRANCESCO W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution on TUESDAY Morning next, the 12th inst., commencing at Two o'clock, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HILLS.

The Easter Term will commence on Monday the 25th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 23rd of July.

Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 21st inst., at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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INSTRUCTION IN SCIENCE AND ART FOR WOMEN.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Lectures "ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC" (in continuation of the Course now being delivered), will be given in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 11 a.m., commencing on the 26th April. Tickets for the Course of Twelve Lectures, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single admissions, without Practice, 2s. 6d.

Persons who may wish to attend this Course of Lectures are requested to send their names to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his celebrated Entertainment on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, April 25th, 27th, and 29th; May 2nd, 4th, and 6th, at Eight o'clock. A special Morning Entertainment on Saturday, April 30th, at Three o'clock. Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; at all the Musicsellers, and at the Rooms.

MISS JULIA DERBY (Contralto). For Concerts, Oratorios, Pupils, &c., Address, Limerston House, 71, Limerston Street, King's Road, Chelsea.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Miss KATE WARD'S new song, "THE WEAVER," at St. James's Hall, April 20th.

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MISS EDITH KINGSLEY'S FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under Distinguished Patronage, will take place in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, W., Wednesday, April 27th. After which a dramatic performance, under the direction of Miss Marie Somerville.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Trinity Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

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REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 4, Chalcot Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE has the honour to announce that her THIRD ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place under the Special Patronage of By Roderick Murchison, &c., at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday, 3rd of May, 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced. No. 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

MISS LILY SIMESTER will sing BENEDICT'S new song, "LITTLE WILLIE," at Lee, April 13th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Baxter's Evening Concert, May 6th.

MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will (by desire) sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on April 6th, at Haberdashers' Hall, and April 20th at St. James's Hall.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HERZOG, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Guildford, April 21st; Bishop Stortford, May 5th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications, Norfolk Road, Haywater.

MISS HELENA WALKER.—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be forwarded to Miss Helena Walker, 8, Westland Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 128, Regent Street.

MR. ROBERT BERRINGER will play his Grande Valse de Bravoure at Upper Norwood, April 11th.—N.B. Published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S QUARTETT PARTY.—Violins—Herr Josef Ludwig, Herr Jung. Viola—Herr Eberwein; Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. May be engaged for Concerts, Soirées, &c., in Town or Country. For terms apply to FRANK ROSEN, Jun., Hon. Sec. Schubert Society, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, W.

"LITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Lyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

PUPILS WANTED.

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J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA
(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),
FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY
WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA
(IN C MAJOR),
FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY
WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

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N.B. "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been long out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

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"GEM OF MY HEART" (words by W. HITCHMAN, Esq., M.D.) .. .. 3s.
"COME BACK AGAIN, DARLING" (words by WILLIAM NEWTON) .. 3s.

Composed by WILLIAM NEWTON.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS. *

(Concluded from page 226.)

Eleven concerts of the second series have already been given. At the first concert the symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor (the "Scotch"), of which the performance, under the vigilant direction of Mr. Manns, was wonderful for spirit, precision, light and shade, and uniform correctness. If Mr. Manns depended exclusively upon his symphonies he would almost stand alone among conductors. The opening overture was Beethoven's magnificent *Coriolan*, which, though composed for a tragedy by Herr von Collin, whose patriotic songs are decidedly superior to his tragedies, is still more worthy alliance with the magnificent drama of Shakspere; the second was Weber's fiery and romantic *Euryanthe*. On the same occasion we hore made Arthur and precocious youths, Masters Arthur and Charles Le Jeune, each played, with singular dexterity, a solo on the organ (one of the most defective in existence)—the former giving Mendelssohn's fourth Sonata (in B flat) the latter J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat, known as "St. Ann's," with well merited applause. The second concert began with Mendelssohn's gentle, fresh, and charming overture to the operetta, *Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, composed in 1829 (in his 21st year) for the "silver wedding" of his parents, and ended with that of Mr. Arthur Sullivan to an unpublished opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*, with which, the oftener we hear its overture, the more we are desirous of becoming acquainted. The symphony was Schubert's in C minor—the *Tragische Sinfonie*, composed in 1816, at the age of nineteen—one of the happy findings of Messrs. G. Grove and Arthur Sullivan in the "dark cellar" at Vienna. Of this enough was said on the occasion of its introduction at the Crystal Palace. As a whole, it improves on closer familiarity; and, if the first movement leaves a little to be desired, the third and fourth as manifestly gain. Nevertheless, we are more and more puzzled to understand Schubert's motive for attaching to his symphony so distinguishing a title—there being literally no element of tragedy in it from one end to another—unless, bearing in mind the very interesting suggestions of "G.," who talks about Schubert and Schumann much as Romeo might have talked about Juliet and Rosaline —Schumann being "G.'s" Rosaline, Schubert his Juliet. Some parts of the symphony are even comic. At the same concert the solo player was Herr Wilhelmj, the violinist, who, in the late Ernst's elaborate fantasia on airs from Rossini's *Otello*, proved himself an executant of the highest class, and in an arrangement, or rather derangement, for his instrument, of a slow movement from Bach's orchestral *Suite* in D, showed that the most skilful of executants may also be the unwisest of judges.

At the third concert there was nothing new to speak of, the symphony being Beethoven's No. 8 (in F), the overtures Cherubini's *Anacreon* and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*—the *Scherzo* and *Trio* from Schumann's "Op. 52" (*Overture, Scherzo*, and *Finale*), making up the complement of instrumental music. Why critics, and more especially "G.," will persist in putting the prelude to *Anacreon* at the head of Cherubini's overtures, while *Faniska, Les deux Journées* and others are so well known, is a riddle not over easy to solve. Schumann's *Scherzo*, by the way, should never be performed apart from the rest of the work, which is a symphony without a slow movement, just as Mozart's in D is already named, is a symphony without a minuet. Besides this, there is a reference in the trio, on its second appearance, to a theme belonging to the first movement—which, without the context, loses its significance entirely. Though it rarely comes to us, in writing of the Crystal Palace, to speak of the solo vocal music, which, for the most part, is destitute of research and inflted for association with the rest, we cannot but mention an *Offertorium* by Schubert, an early work, produced in the same year as his *Erl-König*, which, sung by Miss Edith Wynne, was one of the most engaging features of the programme.

The fourth concert was exclusively dedicated to Mendelssohn, the most important pieces being the overture to *Athalie*, the hymn, "Hear my prayer," and the never-tiring *Walpurgis Nacht*. To say anything new about these would demand a fertility of invention to which we can lay no claim. The conspicuous piece at the fifth concert was the *Historical Symphony* of Spohr (in C, No. 6?) an abortive effort to represent, in four successive movements, the styles of Handel and Bach (1720), of Haydn and Mozart (1780), of Beethoven (1810), and of what is somewhat loosely and vaguely denominated "the Modern School" (1840) —in our opinion the most unsuccessful, if at the same time one of the most ambitious attempts of the laborious composer to treat music otherwise than in the abstract. Spohr was a realist—no idealist; and all his endeavours to travel out of his natural domain, the *Weise der Tone*, in parts, excepted, were fruitless—none more so than the *Historical Symphony*, which, with certain easily appreciated musical beauties to recommend it, is, in a poetical sense, a notorious failure. Of Mozart's fine and too rarely played overture to *Idomeneo*, and Schubert's pretty if somewhat attenuated prelude to *Alfonso und Estrella*, which, at one time served as the overture to *Rosamunde*—*Rosamunde* having no overture of its own—we need say nothing. On this occasion our excellent English violinist, Mr. Carrodus, played the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in D, so admirably as to make every one regret that he omitted any part of the work. At the following concert Herr Joachim played, as usual, superbly; although the concerto he selected—that of Herr Max Bruch, originally introduced at the Philharmonic Concerts in London by Herr Ludwig Straus—is by many degrees more pretentious than interesting. Later in the programme, the greatest of violinists made ample amends by his masterly execution of J. S. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor, from the six unaccompanied solo sonatas. Besides purifying himself on Mount Œta, and becoming a god, could hardly have found a better illustration. Without having undergone the ordeal of fire, Herr Joachim was himself again. Mozart's operative overture to *Die Zauberflöte* began, and Mendelssohn's fanciful and delicate *Meeresstille* ended, the concert, another prominent feature of which was Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor. The non completion of this last, its wondrous beauty considered, is the greater enigma, inasmuch as its character proclaims it the symphony in which, beyond all others, Schubert, with his peculiar temperament, must have felt most ardent delight. There is, indeed, nothing more thoroughly Schubertian than these fragments—just as there is nothing more Mendelssohnian than the overture to *Meluzine*. On the same occasion Miss Edith Wynne sang the great air from *Il Sacrifizio d' Abramo* of Cimarosa—one of those genuine Italian masters from whose multifarious compositions Mr. Manns would do well to draw more frequently. At the concert preceding a by no means satisfactory performance of Beethoven's only oratorio, *Christus am Oelberge* (the *Mount of Olives*), was preceded by an affectedly, so-called, "*adagietto*," followed by a *scherzo*, from an orchestral *Suite* by Herr Joseph Joachim Raff—as rampant a specimen as of Young Germany "as Cherubini's *Anacreon* himself. Mr. Manns, in the programme, attempts to make out a case for Herr J. J. Raff, as he had previously attempted to make out a case for Herr Rubinstein. He tells us that Herr Raff's *Suite* "is in no way an imitation of the ancient *Suite*"—which we can readily believe; but that his "*adagietto* and *scherzo* breathe entirely the spirit of our time"—to which we can only reply, so much the worse for our time. Further, Mr. Manns hopes to be able to "introduce the whole work in a future series of Saturday Concerts should the result of to-day's performance be satisfactory;" but, as the result was not at all "satisfactory," we are moved to say, emphatically, to the zealous conductor—don't. Some spirited and highly effective organ-playing by Mr. Archer, who chose Mendelssohn's first Sonata (in F minor), and Bach's grand Prelude and Fugue in E minor, the famous, so-called, "Scissars," was a marked feature of the programme. How insignificant by the side of these sounded the music of Herr Raff!

At the eighth concert, which began with Weber's lively overture to *Precioso*, and terminated with that of Auber to the opera, *La Circassienne* (not one of his happiest), Madame Schumann, in her most vigorous and enthusiastic manner, played her late husband's ingenious but strained pianoforte concerto in A minor, and Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo capriccioso*—so beloved of youthful aspirants. The piece of most importance, however, was Professor Sterndale Bennett's symphony in G minor, composed for the Philharmonic Society six years ago, and performed there for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Of this genuine and beautiful work we have spoken more than once. It was welcomed at the Crystal Palace, after a performance creditable alike to Mr. Manns and his orchestra, as it had been welcomed on every previous occasion; and the minuet, which possesses all the "*allure*" of a timid maiden unconscious of her beauty, and therefore of her fascination, was played twice, by unanimous desire. While we have an Englishman who can write such music we need hardly despair of native art.

At the ninth concert a new overture by Herr Niels Gade, from whom the generous and always hopeful Mendelssohn anticipated so much, and from whom so little of intrinsic value has really come, was introduced; but it is unlikely that *Michael Angelo* will add to Herr Gade's fame. The other overture was Mendelssohn's most Mendelssohnian *Meluzine*, which has the disadvantage of being so trying, in certain passages, for the wind instruments especially, that it never can be executed to a nicety. The symphony was Beethoven's No. 4, that ethereal "B flat," to which some dullards would fain allot an inferior place among the glorious "nine," simply because it came between the *Eroica* and the C minor—whereas it is as true "Beethoven" as anything Beethoven ever composed, and contains, among other things, an *adagio* which may be described, without hyperbole, as transcendent.

At the tenth concert Mr. Manns had the courage to bring forth that singular monstrosity, the overture, by Hector Berlioz, entitled *Les Francs Juges*. In a word, this is not music at all, and cannot be criticised as music—despite an elaborate apology put forth in the programme, ending with the subjoined remarkable sentence:—

* From the *Saturday Review*, April 2, 1870.

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"The so-called Sonata-Form in which most overtures are cast has here been largely extended, no doubt through the dramatic tendency of the work, a performance of which cannot fail to afford pleasure to all, and instruction to young composers, on account of the great originality with which the author has designed and carried out his interesting tone-picture. [A.M.]"

We had always regarded the "sonata form" as the purest and most symmetrical that music could assume—the form first suggested in the quartets and symphonies of Haydn, further perfected in those of Mozart, and brought to its highest state of development in the sonatas, quartets, and symphonies of Beethoven. If the *Franz Jupes* is an example of this form, we must have been all along mistaken. Haydn's early symphonies (before he came to England) and those to compose his twelve grand symphonies for Salomon (1791)*, and in all probability for the exclusive entertainment of Prince Esterhazy—brought back music again, and emboldened people to think that, after all, music was an art like other arts, with rules and so forth. The symphony was played to perfection. The rest of the concert was not so satisfactory. Beethoven's choral setting of Goethe's *Meeresstille*, so like in design to Mendelssohn's orchestral concert-overture, was very imperfectly rendered; nor could we entirely approve of any part of the execution of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, except the orchestral introduction, which was played admirably, and the solo voice parts, which we have seldom heard more carefully given than by Miss Julia Elten (contralto), Mr. W. H. Cummings (tenor), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (bass).

The concert on last Saturday was interesting for several reasons. The first piece in the programme was Beethoven's overture to *Leonora* —"No. 1," which might have served all purposes well enough as it stands. Nevertheless, the dis-attraction of the great master can hardly be a source of dissatisfaction to his admirers, seeing that it was the cause of his writing "No. 2" and the magnificent "No. 3"—aye, and "No. 4," in another key, which has really more to do with *Fidelio* than the majority of critics have hitherto chosen to admit. We place little reliance on the belief in some quarters that this overture, instead of being "No. 1," is really "No. 3." As well might the oak be the origin of the acorn, instead of the acorn being the origin of the oak. That the great *Leonora* grew out of the two other overtures in C, it only requires the three to be heard in succession, as Mendelssohn contrived on one occasion at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, to convince us. At all events let us thank the Crystal Palace musical authorities for occasionally bringing forward "No. 1" and "No 2," as well as the more familiar "No. 3"—and "No. 4," the popular representative overture to Beethoven's opera. The symphony of this concert was one by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, in E minor and major, to which the author has affixed the motto, "*Es muss doch Frühling werden*," from the poet Geibel.† This symphony—a work of remarkable ability—if no very striking originality—is known not only to Germany but to London, being dedicated by its composer to the defunct Musical Society of London, at one of whose concerts, in 1865, it was performed under the direction of the late regretted Alfred Mellon—a born English conductor, if there ever was one. Upon the motto, which simply means that Spring *must* come in some Mr. Manns, in the programme, builds up what he calls "a poetical illustration of the combat between Winter and Spring"—wholly without the authority of the composer, who in the strongest terms repudiates conventional "programme-music." Dr. Hiller asserts that his symphony is a piece of music which people may interpret as they please; and that if it suggests anything in particular to them he is only too happy. What matters? It is, as we have hinted, a masterly composition; and though the first movement gives us some notion of the overture to Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, lengthily and indefinitely spun out, the three remaining movements are as genuine and fresh as they are musically charming. The performance was singularly good—so good, indeed, that, on its account alone, we could have forgiven Mr. Manns even a longer "poetical analysis" than he has written. Moreover, the audience, if we may judge by their applause, seemed to like the new symphony; and its reception was of such a nature that it may reasonably be awarded a place in some future programme. Another feature at this concert was Signor Randegger's very impressive dramatic scena, "Medea," originally produced at the Norwich Festival of 1869, and there admirably sung by Mdlle. Tietjens—but now still more admirably sung by Madame Rudersdorff. On this occasion, as at Norwich, the performance of "Medea" was directed by the composer himself, and its reception was deservedly enthusiastic. An *Adagio* and *Rondo* for violin and orchestra, composed, and the solo part executed, by Herr Franz Ries, nephew of the late Ferdinand Ries, Beethoven's favourite pupil, call for no especial remark. The overture at the end of the programme was that

* The year of Mozart's death.

† Who wrote the libretto for Mendelssohn's unfinished *Loreley*, which Herr Max Bruch had the temerity to set to music.

‡ Weber's *Jubel-Cantate*, written for the festivities at Dresden in 1818, to celebrate the fiftieth year of the reign of Frederick August of Saxony. The final theme of this overture is, as all amateurs know, the tune of the Saxon national hymn, which is identical with that of our own "God save the Queen."

Of the vocal music at the Crystal Palace concerts (to which we have here and there referred), it is enough to say that, while good singers are occasionally engaged and good music occasionally produced, it is by no means to be spoken of in the same terms as the instrumental. Criticism apart, however, the Monday Popular Concerts excepted, there are no public entertainments of the kind which promote the cause of legitimate art in anything like so effective a manner as the Saturday performances under the direction of Mr. Manns. In a very short time they will be suspended; and then comes the reign of Italian Opera-singers—as if we had not enough of these, at precisely the same period, in the heart of London.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

MDLLE. SESSI.

The opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with regard to this young artist is expressed as follows:—

"It was in the Lucia of the evening, however, that the interest of the public was above all centred. We have heard so much of Mdlle. Sessi's golden hair, and have been kept so well informed by foreign journals of the excellent qualities of Mdlle. Sessi as an artist, that the effort produced last night, personally and artistically, had nothing in it which could, strictly speaking, be called surprising. We were prepared for a success, and a success was indeed achieved. Mdlle. Sessi's hair is long, plentiful, and beautifully fine; while her voice is extensive, sympathetic, and something more than fair. It is, indeed, a soprano voice of the purest and finest quality; deficient perhaps in power, but certainly not wanting in sweetness. Without following Mdlle. Sessi too closely through the various pieces in which Lucia takes part, we will simply say that she sang the cavatina of the first act gracefully, and that she was becomingly sentimental in the well-known duet which closes that act; that she again distinguished herself in the dramatic duet with Ashton, and above all in a well-developed and highly dramatic concerted piece which forms an effective a termination to Act 2; but that in Act 3 we must see Mdlle. Sessi displayed all her hair, and with it all her power. Not that the force of Mdlle. Sessi resides (Samson-like) in her hair alone; but personal appearance is always something in a *prima donna*, and if the back hair is to be let down at all, it is well, no doubt, it should be bright and beautiful. For this mad scene Mdlle. Sessi had also reserved her voice, which, alike resonant and flexible, seemed to lend itself easily to the feats of 'agility' required by a due performance of the music. In fine the *débutante* made a success. The audience appreciated her, applauded her, and (what is sometimes even more important) appeared to like her."

On the same subject the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"Nobody acquainted with what goes on in the artistic world of Paris needs information about the antecedents of Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi. How she recently succeeded in making for herself a good position in the French capital, and among those who boast that they are hard to please, is pretty well known. Mdlle. Sessi came to us, therefore, with a certain character to sustain, and with the task before her of having to satisfy decided expectations. Let us say at once that she has done both. Her choice of a work was well advised. *Lucia di Lammermoor* is familiar and popular; its music proved thoroughly adapted to the new-comer's voice and style; and the work secured an incidental advantage which, though trifling, must not be overlooked. The fame of Mdlle. Sessi's hair is nearly as great as that of her voice. In Paris the 'glory' of the young Austrian has not been her least attraction; and who can tell how many in the crowded audience of last night waited impatiently for the mad scene which was to display its full extent? These were not disappointed, if there be anything in luxuriant growth and uncommon length. Mdlle. Sessi's hair is a decided feature in her representation of Donizetti's distraught heroine. As a singer, the *débutante* was not long in finding favour. Her opening phrase was somewhat marred by the nervousness incidental to her position;

her features lack mobility; but it can no more be denied that they are always agreeable to look at than that, in other respects, physical disadvantage is amply counterbalanced. It must be said, however, that throughout the scene of the malediction, Mdlle. Sessi showed, at most, but a promise of future dramatic excellence. Happily, her career is all before her, and that promise may be fulfilled. The young artist, as we have hinted above, was quite successful in winning the favour of her audience. Called on after each act, she was frequently applauded with an enthusiasm about which there could be no mistake."

LORD DUDLEY AND THE FESTIVALS.

With reference to the letter of Lord Dudley, quoted by us last week, the *Sunday Times* observes:—

"There is nothing whatever of novelty in the above arguments; and to answer them is simply to travel over well-trodden ground. Lord Dudley lays much stress on the fact that the nave of the Cathedral is now used for purposes of worship; and that, during the Festival, worship has to be conducted in the Lady Chapel. Setting aside the obvious reply that a prayer in the Lady Chapel is probably just as efficacious as one in the nave, we are ready to grant that, under certain conditions, Lord Dudley's argument would have cogency. Undoubtedly, the first use of a cathedral is for worship; and to that use everything else is bound to give way. If, therefore, such crowds attended the daily services of Worcester Cathedral that only the spacious nave could hold them, the Festivals could not take place with propriety. But what are the facts? Does not every one acquainted with cathedral towns know that the average attendance at a week-day service is ridiculously small, and that nine cathedral congregations out of ten might easily find accommodation in a side chapel? Thus being the case, we entirely fail to see the least cogency in the first portion of Lord Dudley's letter. The noble earl talks much about 'desecration;' but by admitting his assertions we should like to have the word 'desecration' authoritatively defined. The Pharisees used to employ the word largely, and we all know that their notion of its meaning and that of the Founder of Christianity differed widely. In justice to Lord Dudley let us observe that he seems conscious of the weakness of this part of his case, and grants that it is possible for good men to believe, without thereby incurring reproach, that the Festivals do not desecrate the church. Here, then, we have a mere question of opinion which can be set aside.

"We now come to Lord Dudley's remarks upon the future prospects of the Charity in the event of no more festivals being held. On this point Lord Dudley is so sanguine that we must credit him with firm faith in the disinterested goodness of humanity. He believes that benevolent Samaritans would flock to Worcester from all parts of the country to attend an ordinary cathedral service (with an augmented choir), and to have the pleasure of dropping sovereigns into a plate. It grieves us to say it, but we know, and our readers know, that not even benevolent Samaritans would do anything of the kind. The service-festival would dwindle down to the level of an ordinary charity sermon, and the outermost ripple of the commotion made by it would not extend beyond the municipal bounds of Worcester. But Lord Dudley goes on to say that the Charity is well off for funds. We are glad to hear it, because it shows the efficacy of the present system. But will Lord Dudley pretend that the Charity is doing all that needs to be done? Are there no widows and orphans in the three dioceses whose pittance is too small, or who have not yet had their claims considered? If there are, let Lord Dudley agitate for a more liberal expenditure; and very soon, we opine, the plethora of wealth to which he refers would be relieved."

THE HUNGARIAN CONCERTO.

Apropos of Herr Joachim's work as played at the Philharmonic Concert, we read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"Formed upon the largest scale, this work is one of large pretence; but pretence goes not very far beyond actual achievement. Herr Joachim's design is obvious. Besides the production of a work cast in the highest artistic form, he sought to give a national colouring to his music, and at the same time to afford opportunity for a display of executive ability. At least two of these three objects are fully secured. The virtuosity necessary to an adequate performance of the concerto is such that Herr Joachim has, and is likely to have, a monopoly of the work. Every conceivable device calculated to test a violinist's powers to the severest degree is crowded into Herr Joachim's score. The composer might call his work *Ne Plus Ultra* without fear of a *Plus Ultra* to follow. As regards the national colour of the concerto we are quite prepared to believe in its truthfulness. That Herr Joachim could invent such peculiar scales, and such strange rhythmic forms, we think he must be if he could, is improbable, to say the least. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the work, apart from these things, there can be no doubt that these things help to make amends. The first movement, for example, is developed at too great length; but interest in it is kept up by astounding difficulty and peculiar themes, as well as by merits of a higher order. That more exalted qualities are not at all few let Mr. Macfarren witness: 'Rare indeed are the works, even of the magnitude of this, whence so many distinct themes might be quoted, each of which is characteristic, each attractive, and each has a special beauty of its own. The setting forth of these manifold ideas is masterly, and imagination is equally evinced with scholarship in their diversified elaboration.' This is high praise, but critics who do not go so far as the analyst must admit praise to be deserved. They cannot deny, for example, the melodic beauty of the romance, the sustained animation of the *finale*, and the masterly use of the orchestra best exemplified in the extended introduction to the first solo. These things are sufficient to secure for Herr Joachim's work more than ordinary respect. Their chief reflex action, however, is towards Herr Joachim himself. The concerto must remain, for the most part, a curiosity; but the composer may be expected to produce music which shall have a current value. At all events, his gifts are beyond dispute. Herr Joachim's performance was wonderful even to those least acquainted with the difficulties overcome, and it will stand out from among the achievements of the season as a thing altogether unique."

SIGNOR VIANESI.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks as follows of the new *chef d'orchestre* at the Royal Italian Opera:—

"Of the new conductor, Signor Vianesi, we have nothing to say, except that he comes from St. Petersburgh. the orchestra of which capital (as at several other capitals in Europe) is declared (by the inhabitants) to be the finest in the world. In any case, Signor Vianesi is not out of place at the Royal Italian Opera, where he has, under his guidance, an orchestra worthy of any conductor. Of course, a St. Petersburgh *chef d'orchestre* knows how to conduct the music of *Lucia*, and equally of course a Covent Garden band knows how to execute it."

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The second New Philharmonic concert took place in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Overture (*Im Italienischen Style*)	...	...	...	...	Schubert.
Concerto, in A minor, for violin and orchestra—violin, Madame Norman-Neruda	...	...	...	...	Viotti.
Recit. ed Aria, "Quando miro"—Mdme. Patey	...	...	...	...	Mozart.
Symphony in A, No. 7	...	...	...	...	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto, in D minor, for pianoforte and orchestra—pianoforte, Herr Reinecke	...	...	...	...	Mozart.
Aria, "Ah s'estinto"—Madame Patey	...	...	...	...	Mercadante.
Solo, Fugue, Gigue, and Courante—violin, Mdme. Norman-Neruda	...	...	...	...	Rust.
Overture (*Abou Hassan*)	...	...	...	...	Weber.

The overture by Schubert, *Im Italienischen Style*, pleased Dr. Wylde's audience, no less than it had already pleased the audience of the Crystal Palace Concerts, when performed under the direction of Mr. Manns. The symphony in A major was, of course, the feature of the evening. The violin concerto served to introduce Madame Norman-Neruda to the New Philharmonic audience. Her execution of this, as well of a prelude by Rust (a rusty old German composer), was extraordinary.

Herr Reinecke (conductor of the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic) gave the pianoforte concerto in a style which must have charmed every lover of Mozart's music. The cadenzas introduced were models of what such impromptu displays should be—in keeping with the author, yet withal brilliant and effective. The vocal music introduced by Madama Patey was much applauded. Dr. Wylde conducted the orchestra; and Herr Ganz, accompanied Madame Neruda's solo on the pianoforte.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday will this year present unusual attractions at the Crystal Palace. In addition to the concert, the entire series of fountains will be played, Howes & Cushing's zoological collection, including their cleverly-trained wolves, horses, monkeys, &c., will be located on the grand centre walk. The grand concert, which takes place on the Handel Orchestra at half-past three, conducted by Mr. Manns, comprises an unusual array of talent. The following are the principal artists:—Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Carola, Madame Florence Lancia, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Urio, Signor Foli, Mr. Aynesley Cook, Mr. Thos. Harper, &c. Besides the band of the Company, the band of the Royal's Artillerist (conducted by Mr. J. Smyth) will take part, and will also play selections of sacred music from two o'clock. Special arrangements have been made to run trains as often as required throughout the day. The Palace will be open for admission from nine in the morning till nine at night. It has been mentioned that the directors contemplated the addition of fresh and salt water aquariums on a complete scale. It has been decided to establish the series adjacent to the Tropical Department, leading to the Conservatories and Orangery, thus forming an unrivalled promenade upwards of eight hundred feet in extent. These aquariums will be open to the public by the end of March next year.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday week the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte violin, viola, and violoncello—Madame Schumann, MM Joachim, Straus, and Piatti	Schumann.
Song—Miss Annie Sinclair	Schubert.
Variations, in C minor, Op. 36, for pianoforte alone—Madame Schumann	Beethoven.

PART II.

Serenade Trio, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti	Beethoven.
Song—Miss Annie Sinclair	Mendelssohn.
Double Quartet, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Politzer, Wiener, Straus, Zerbini, Paque and Piatti	Spohr.

We are not disposed to discuss once more the much contested merits and demerits of Schumann's quartet. Most amateurs have, by this time, made up their minds about it, and while some reverence the work as an inspiration, others regard it as simply pretentious. Both parties, however, must agree that the quartet should have an occasional hearing, and that it should be heard with the attention due to an important work by a remarkable composer. On Monday Schumann had an advantage in his executants, who left nothing to desire by way of completing a perfect interpretation. How many converts were made from doubt to belief is a matter for conjecture. Madame Schumann's performance of Beethoven's variations was just what those who know her powers may easily imagine. The lady has her own way of doing things, and, supported by the hearty applause of an admiring public, she need not trouble to change it. On this occasion there could be no doubt that her energetic playing delighted the audience. Beethoven's serenade trio is so familiar to the Monday Popular habitués that we need not stop to say a word about it. The light and graceful music was heard with as much pleasure as ever, and had a rendering absolutely without flaw. Spohr's double quartet constituted the most important feature in the programme. It is a work which justifies the lavish praises even of the composer's warmest friends. We note in its regular con-truction, pleasing themes, developed with masterly ease and effect, and an imaginativeness of the very highest order. Spohr has handled his two quartets very happily; they dovetail into each other, while each fulfils an individual purpose, after a fashion that must always command admiration. We shall be glad to hear this beautiful work again, and often as the director can make it convenient. Miss Annie Sinclair delivered her songs with a fair degree of taste and skill.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon, Madame Schumann played Beethoven's sonata in E (Op. 109), before joining Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti in the same composer's D major trio (Op. 70). Herr Joachim gave the much too frequently heard *Romance* in G; and, being encored, substituted the much too frequently heard *Romance* in F. The last instrumental piece was the string quintet in C (MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti). Miss Blanche Cole was the singer; and the concert being intended to celebrate the centenary of Beethoven's birth, the songs, like all the rest, were selected from his works.

ROTTERDAM.—A Symphony by Herr Bargiel was very favourably received at the sixth concert of the *Kruditio Musica* Society.

DARMSTADT.—A comic opera—by Herr Steinhart—entitled *Hero und Leander*, is announced for production. It has already been successfully performed in Magdeburgh.

STETTIN.—Among the most noticeable events of the season just concluded may be mentioned the visit of Herr Joachim, who, as usual, delighted and astonished his audience; the performances of the Florentine Quartet; the pianoforte playing of Mdlle. Laura Kahrer, a fair young prodigy of fourteen; and the execution of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and Handel's *Judas* by the Musical Society.

LEIPSIC.—The programme of the last Gewandhaus Concert this season contained the following works:—"Requiem æternam," from Cherubini's *Requiem* (in memory of Ignatius Moscheles); overture to *Medea*, Cherubini; air from *Euryanthe*, C. M. von Weber (sung by Herr Max Stägemann, from the Theatre Royal, Hanover); "Mirjam's Siegesgesang," for soprano solo and chorus, Franz Schubert (scored by Franz Lachner; the solo sung, for the first time, by Mdme. Peschka-Leutner); and Symphony, "An die Freude," in D minor, Op. 9 (L. van Beethoven), the solos sung by Mad. Peschka-Leutner, Mdlle. Minna Borée, Herren Rebling and Stägemann.—A rich merchant, Pierre Louis Sellier, has bequeathed 1,000 thalers to the Musicians' Pension Fund, and 500 to the Conservatory of Music.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The following programme was gone through at this society's second concert in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday week:—

PART I.

Symphony in D	Mozart.
Recit. "Sposa, Euridice" (*Orfeo*)—Madame Osborne Williams	Gluck.
Aria, "Che farò" (*Orfeo*)—Madame Osborne Williams	Gluck.
Concerto in D minor for violin—Herr Joachim ...	Joachim.
Recit. "And God said, Let the waters" (*Creation*)—Miss Katharine Poynts	Haydn.
Air, "On mighty pens uplifted soars" (*Creation*)—Miss Katharine Poynts	Haydn.
Overture, "Ruy Blas"	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony in F (No. 8)	Beethoven.
Two-part song, "Autumn Song," Op. 63 (No. 4)—Miss Katharine Poynts and Madame Osborne Williams	Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Chevy Chase"	G. A. Macfarren.

Mozart's symphony in D is one of the works written at the request —which, to the composer's fitful nature, was the command—of an exacting father. At Vienna, in 1782, Mozart had but recently established himself in what seemed a hopeful position; and he was in love. No wonder, than, that the symphony is so bright and joyous that it seems to bubble over with pleasurable excitement, or that it communicates the same feeling to all who hear it. Criticism of a work so well known would be out of place; and we have only to say that it was admirably played and heartily enjoyed. Herr Joachim's violin concerto, "in the Hungarian manner," had only twice before been given in London, and then, for reasons obvious enough to those who know it, by the composer himself. Herr Joachim was again the soloist, and we can hardly find laudation strong enough to be worthy his marvellous performance. The music seems written as if in an attempt to exhaust the inexhaustible powers of the violin, and hence the opportunity for a display of skill astonishing even to those best acquainted with Herr Joachim's capacity. Whether it was pathetic melody, *bravura* passages which seemed to fly all over the instrument, double stopping of the most intricate nature, or octaves at first sight impossible, the great violinist was never at a loss, never even laboured at his task. As an exhibition of virtuosity nothing could be more perfect. With regard to the concerto itself, we are hardly in a position to adjudge its merits. Herr Joachim's plan compelled him to work according to the characteristics of Hungarian music, and, till we know exactly what those characteristics are, we cannot tell how far they influenced him. If, therefore, there be anything in the concerto peculiar or seemingly without purpose, it is only fair to the composer to ascertain whether he or the "Hungarian manner" is answerable. But, putting all this on one side, we have, happily, plenty left to admire which needs no special knowledge for its admiration. For example, the grand "*Tutti*" at the opening of the work; the lovely strain that now and then breaks the impetuosity of the first movement; the charming romance, "so full of character and beauty that it might well become a national song;" and much of a *finale* wherein we are conscious that nationality is fully and vigorously expressed. We regret, in view of these things, that nobody but Herr Joachim is likely to play the concerto, and hope that a composer so able will devote himself to music more practicable. It can hardly be requisite to state that Herr Joachim was applauded as he deserved. Mendelssohn's overture, always welcome, had an encore not only warranted by the music, but by one of the best performances we can remember. The vigour and precision with which it was given may claim the highest praise. Beethoven's symphony was also well played. In point of fact, Mr. Cusins's orchestra now bids fair speedily to be worthy the distinguished society with which it is connected—a result due not only to the individual capacity of the members, but also to the talent of their conductor. *Chevy Chase* is a work which does honour to English art. By-the-bye, may we suggest to the directors that, when next they select an English composition of importance, it will be quite pardonable in them to indulge a little national pride, and place the work elsewhere than at the fag-end of the programme? Miss Katharine Poynts and Madame Osborne Williams were both received with favour.

LIEGE.—The Russian violin virtuoso, Beseklirsky, played recently at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society, and created a favourable impression both as a player and as a composer.

VIENNA.—Herr O. Freyer, *Capellmeister* at the Cathedral, has just received the Commander's Cross of the Papal Order of St. Sylvester, in recognition for his efforts to improve Church music.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The directors followed up the production of Mdlle. Sessi on the opening night by playing *Les Huguenots* on Saturday, in order that Herr Wachtel might appear as Raoul, for the first time in England. This is vigorous work; and shows pretty clearly that Covent Garden means to make an impression while yet it has everything its own way. The public are not likely to grumble in consequence, for they will reap advantage, whatever may be the resultant good or ill fortune of the house. There was a crowded audience to hear the second, and, as not a few think, the greatest of the triad of great works which, written in Meyerbeer's prime, will carry Meyerbeer's name down to posterity.

Mdlle. Tietjens made her first appearance for the season in the part of Valentine, and was received with a warmth which showed that her past services are by no means forgotten. We need not enlarge, for the hundredth time, upon the merits of a representation, in some respects unapproached. Suffice it to say, that Mdlle. Tietjens was equal to the demand upon her vocal and dramatic powers, particularly in the great duet with Raoul. Whether stimulated or not by the vigour of her playmate, she has rarely sung the music with more energy, or given a more notable impersonation of a heroine whose love was even unto death. That the situation demands ability of no common order our readers well know; in point of fact, it is a situation so exacting as never to be wholly satisfied; but the Valentine of Mdlle. Tietjens was that of a great artist, who can put more nearly than any other, fulfil the requirements of the trying rôle. Urbino's music was sung by Mdlle. Scalchi so as to win the favour of the audience. The first few bars of "Nobles seigneurs, salut," showed that this rising contralto is quite prepared to follow up her last successes. Much was expected from Herr Wachtel's Raoul—that is to say, much of a vocal character; for, with an audience accustomed to the Raoul of Signor Mario, dramatic success in the part could hardly be anticipated. On the whole, however, there was reason for regarding Herr Wachtel's performance hopefully. The music demands plenty of energy and plenty of voice, requirements which, everybody knows, can easily be met by the German tenor. So far Herr Wachtel was a Raoul beyond reproach. In the duel scene he fairly shouted down his six opponents, and finished by delivering the high C with immense power. Throughout the great duet he in all respects perfected the muscular character of the performance, and conveyed the impression that, if anybody could deliver a more resonant B flat than Mdlle. Tietjens, or escape from the detaining arms, it was Herr Wachtel. Apart from this energy of voice and action, Herr Wachtel failed to satisfy our ideal of the gallant Protestant gentleman. He wanted a high and chivalrous bearing, and that graciousness which knows no stronger way for a German of strength—qualities by no means strangers to the boards on which he appeared. Herr Wachtel was frequently applauded, and, at the close of the duet, was, in company with Mdlle. Tietjens, called before the curtain. Signor Bagagiolo as Marcel was much the same as he usually is—that is to say, it lacked the bluff heartiness of the faithful soldier; while, on the other hand, the music was well sung. M. Petit's fine voice appeared to advantage in the part of St. Bris, and Signor Cotogni made a good impression as Nevers; especially in the scene where he learns the designs of the Catholic nobles. Against either band or chorus nothing important can be said; and much of the excellence of both, as of the performance generally, was due to Signor Vianesi's careful conducting. The *mise-en-scène* was not less effective than heretofore.

AMSTERDAM.—Herr Bruch's Symphony in E flat major was lately performed at a concert, but did not create a particularly favourable impression.

DRESDEN.—The following is a translation of an article which appeared recently in a Dresden paper:—

"Herr Charles Oberthür, principal professor of the harp at the London Academy of Music, gave, on the 4th March, a musical *soirée* in the Hôtel de Saxe, and the partiality felt for his poetic instrument attracted a numerous audience, though the season was just drawing to a close. Herr Oberthür began by playing, in conjunction with Herren Medefind and Biekmann, a grand trio for harp, violin, and violoncello. He then gave two solos for the harp; after that he took part in a duet for harp and piano, all these pieces being of his own composition; and, lastly, executed a fantasia by Parish Alvars. He displayed in every instance a great amount of virtuosity and great taste of style, a very gentle *piano* being a noticeable feature in the latter, on account of its pleasing effect. In addition to the gentlemen mentioned above, the concert-giver was assisted by Mdlle. Marie Wieck and Mdlle. Theodora Schmidt. The former gave evidence of her powers of execution by the perfection with which she performed several small pianoforte pieces; while Mdlle. Schmidt, in an air by Spohr, and songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Lassen, proved that she possessed, especially in the higher register, a very pleasing voice, pure intonation, and clear pronunciation; greater warmth and more vivacity are qualities she will probably acquire in due time."

EARL DUDLEY *v.* THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

(*From the "Birmingham Post".*)

It is, generally speaking, an impolitic as well as an ungracious act to look a gift horse in the mouth, but when a hostile rider is in the saddle, no one can reasonably be blamed for declining to receive the animal into stable. No apology, therefore, is needed for the very emphatic refusal, by the city and county of Worcester, of the Earl of Dudley's offer of assistance in the Cathedral restoration work, seeing that the offer was saddled with conditions at once distasteful to the feelings and compromising to the independence of the recipients. Lord Dudley, it will be remembered, proposed to present the sum of £10,000 to the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, for the purpose of completing the restoration of the Cathedral, subject to the condition that the restored edifice should no longer be used for those Triennial Festival performances which have now been associated with its history for a period of nearly a hundred and fifty years. The money, of course, would have been acceptable enough in the present exhausted state of the Cathedral fund; but the inhabitants were not willing to barter away, even for £10,000, the pleasure and privilege of celebrating in the only local building adapted to the purpose, a Festival which has rendered, and is still capable of rendering, so much good service, both to musical art and charity. At a large and influential meeting of the city and county, convened for the purpose of considering the offer, it was almost unanimously condemned and a memorial to the Dean and Chapter was adopted, praying that the Musical Festival might be continued, as in time past, and urging on the Cathedral dignitaries not to allow themselves to be influenced by Lord Dudley's proposal. The expression of public opinion on this question has been so nearly unanimous in the diocese that the answer of the Dean and Chapter may be regarded as a foregone conclusion; and by withdrawing his offer, therefore, the noble Earl has but forestalling a formal rejection. We wish we could describe his new overtures as more satisfactory. He proposes now to divide his £10,000 between the Cathedral and the Charity for which the Festival is held, conditional upon a like sum being raised by the city and county for the edifice only, but in the event of this arrangement not being successfully carried out within the prescribed time, the inhabitants are to bind themselves to offer no more opposition to his original proposal. This plausible scheme seems to us to unite with the objectionable features of the first, others even more offensive; for while it still contemplates the abolition of the Festival as a penalty in reserve, it answers the protest of the inhabitants against that step with a challenge to measure purses with their wealthy patron. It professes to meet the objection aroused by the first offer, but touches only the pecuniary side of the question. Even if it fulfilled all that Lord Dudley apparently contemplates, it would be no substitute for the Festival it is intended to replace, in respect to social influence, pleasure-giving power, or advantage to musical art; for it involves no provision for the continuance of those triennial celebrations which contribute so largely to the prestige and hospitable opportunities of the faithful city. We do not care to discuss Lord Dudley's views as to the propriety or impropriety of sacred musical performances in a cathedral; they are quite beside the matter at issue, which is simply whether the opinions of an individual, or those of the community at large, are to regulate the uses of the building. If the Earl is really anxious to contribute to the restoration of the Cathedral, he should do so freely and unconditionally, and not make his donation the price of a sacrifice on the part of the great majority of the local residents. He should remember that *noblesse oblige*, and that such huckstering is unworthy both of his rank and of the cause he proposes to serve.

To Dr. Abraham Saboke Silent.

DEAR SILENT,—Old fogies often talk of the decline of the drama, and say that nobody cares nowadays to spend an evening at the theatre. But somebody must entertain a different opinion, or we should not find put forward such intelligence as this:—

"NEW THEATRES.—In addition to the theatre now building in the Strand we hear the Coliseum will be opened as an opera, and be connected with the Metropolitan Railway. A theatre and winter garden will shortly be constructed on the site of Saville House, and we believe that a new theatre is in progress of erection in Sloane Square, to meet the wants dramatic of the playgoers in Belgravia."

There is over thirty theatres open now in London, and over forty music-halls where performers, of more or less merit, display on the stage. Yet Belgravia "wants" a theatre, at least so we are informed, and Leicester Square another, at least so we may infer that the designer doubtless thinks. Well, the more the merrier—at any rate we will hope so. But for this place or the other "wanting" a new playhouse, convenient to itself, we fear such multiplication may prove to be vexation, not merely to the managers but the playgoers as well. Centralize your actors, and you get your plays well acted, and your theatres will pay; but if you scatter them about in Brixton and Belgravia, in Kensington and Kennington, in Hampstead and in Houndsditch, your stars will be dispersed, and haply cease to shine, and your taste for things theatrical will daily grow debased. Yours in the spirit(s).

Punch.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE

OF THE SEASON,

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), APRIL 9TH, 1870,

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI ..... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "Old German Spring Song"—Miss SINCLAIR ..... "

VARIATIONS on an original Air in F, Op. 34, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE ..... *Beethoven.*

SONATA, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ..... *Tartini.*

SONG, "Pack clouds away"—Miss SINCLAIR ..... *Macfarren.*

OTTET, in F, Op. 166, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarionet, French Horn, and Bassoon—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, LASARUS, PAGUS, HUTCHINGS, REYNOLDS, and BLATTI ..... *Schubert.*

Conductor ..... Mr. ZERBINI.

THE LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 11TH, 1870,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT.

Programme.

PART I.

CHORALE and VARIATIONS, for Organ—Master CHARLES LE JEUNE ..... *H. Smart.*

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ..... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss EDITH WYNNE ..... *Cherubini.*

HARPSICHORD LESSONS, for Pianoforte—Mr. CHARLES HALLE ..... *Scarlatti.*

ROMANCE SANS PAROLES, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor PIATTI ..... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "The Maiden's Dream"—Miss EDITH WYNNE ..... *Benedict.*

SCHERZO, in B flat minor, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ..... *Chopin.*

PART II.

RECITATIVE and ADAGIO (from 6th Concerto) for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (by desire)—Herr JOACHIM ..... *Spohr.*

VARIATIONS on "See the conquering hero comes," for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. PAGUS and PIATTI ..... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Orpheus with his lute"—Miss EDITH WYNNE ..... *Sullivan.*

CONCERTO, in C major, for three Pianofortes, with Quartet Accompaniment—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. CHARLES HALLE and PAGUS ..... *Bach.*

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of AUSTIN, 28, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; HAYE, Royal Exchange Buildings: R. W. OLLIVIER, 19, Old Bond Street; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

BIRTH.

On the 3rd inst., at 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, the wife of WILHELM GANZ, Esq., of a daughter.

NOTICE.

Owing to a press of matter we are obliged to hold over our notice of one of the chief musical events of the season—the performance of Bach's "Passions-Musik," in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening. Full particulars of this interesting revival will be given next week.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

LORD DUDLEY'S STRATEGY.

THE noble enemy of our oldest musical Festival could hardly have reckoned upon the actual result of his attempt to bribe the Dean and Chapter of Worcester. He ought to know something about the power of money; and it is very natural that he should form an exaggerated estimate of what gold can do. But Lord Dudley has now discovered that a long purse cannot always force its way through the world, as might a burly ruffian through a crowd of women and children. What effect the famous 10,000 sovereigns have had upon the Dean and Chapter we do not yet know; but on all sides else they have stirred up most formidable opposition. How the city and county, led on by Sir John Fakington, have put themselves in array against the Earl and his gold, our readers well know. But we have this week to report an expression of opinion which crowns the opposition, and makes it irresistible. Birmingham, the largest town in the diocese of Worcester, has spoken, through its musical representatives, and, with almost unanimous voice, has condemned Lord Dudley's proposal. Here is a report of certain proceedings at the last meeting of the Birmingham Festival Committee:—

"Mr. Richard Peyton, said he had received a communication from Worcester in reference to the Festivals being held in Worcester Cathedral. He had been requested to lay the following memorial before the Birmingham Festival Committee and other influential persons:—

"'*To the Very Reverend the Dean and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral.*

"'Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned residents in the city and county of Worcester, request your careful consideration of this memorial, adopted at a public meeting, convened and presided over by the Mayor, in compliance with a requisition numerously and influentially signed.

"'We have heard with regret that a large sum of money has been offered towards completing the restoration of your Cathedral, on condition that if you accept it you shall hereafter refuse the use of the Cathedral for musical Festivals by which, for nearly a century and a half, charity and devotional feeling have been alike promoted.

"'We pray you to act in this matter as you and your predecessors have for that long period acted.

"'We know of no sufficient reasons for putting an end to these ancient Festivals. We are aware that, from time to time, other opinions on this subject have been avowed, and we regard them with that respect to which all conscientious feelings are entitled.

"'But we cannot admit that consecrated buildings are not the most fitting and appropriate for the celebration of the solemn and devotional compositions by which these meetings of the Three Choirs have always been distinguished.

"'We sincerely desire that they should be conducted with due reverence and propriety, and we believe that when so conducted, they not only aid the cause of charity and tend to the cultivation of the highest and most Divine form of musical art, but that the moral effect is elevating and beneficial.

"'We are, therefore, of opinion, while we share your anxiety to complete the restoration of the beautiful temple committed to your care, that an institution so ancient, so popular, and so good ought not to be abandoned; and, above all, we deprecate an unfavourable decision on your part on any other ground than deference to a manifest preponderance of public opinion.

"'We hope you will seriously consider that the views we have thus expressed are widely entertained by your neighbours in town and country, and we respectfully and earnestly beg you to decline the proposal you have received.'

"Mr. Peyton said they asked an expression of opinion in their favour from the gentlemen who managed the Birmingham Festivals. He had, therefore, the following resolution to propose:—'That this Committee, being of opinion that music of a sacred and devotional character may be suitably performed in sacred buildings, and being at the same time desirous of expressing their appreciation of, and sympathy with, the long continued exertions made by the promoters of the Worcester Festivals in the furtherance of art and in the cause of charity, desires to unite with the memorialists of Worcester and the neighbourhood in respectfully urging upon the Dean and Chapter the arguments em-

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bodied in the memorial now presented for consideration.' No doubt all the members of the Committee were aware of the offer of Lord Dudley. He thought they should sympathize with those who wished to carry on those Festivals in Worcester as in Hereford, Birmingham, and Gloucester. The offer of Lord Dudley did not apply to the object for which the efforts were made—namely, for the widows and the orphans of the clergy.

"Alderman Brinsley did not think such a resolution should emanate from that meeting. He thought Birmingham ought to have nothing to do with Worcester. Each Cathedral, he spoke against the resolution.

"The Chairman seconded the resolution. He could not agree with the views of Alderman Brinsley. They must not shut their eyes to the fact that if the result should be that the Festival could no longer be held at Worcester it would so disorganize the whole arrangements of the Three Choirs that it would be no longer held in Gloucester. It would not end at Worcester, but would go on to Hereford, and would be a serious matter to the organization of the Festival here, because they mutually helped each other, and so of course they had their fullest sympathy. He should be as sorry to see those Festivals given up as he would to see theirs given up, because he could not help feeling that before Sir Michael Costa was at the head of the Sacred Harmonic Society, or the Birmingham Choral Society existed, the Festival of the Three Choirs were well known, and were almost the only Festivals of that character in the kingdom. They have been in the face of the public for the last 100 years. If they could not look to a body like the Birmingham Festival Choral Committee to strengthen their hands he did not know where they were to look for sympathy and help. He felt very strongly in the matter, and recommended the resolution for adoption.

"Dr. Sebastian Evans reminded the meeting that Worcester Cathedral was their cathedral. Birmingham was the largest town in the diocese, so they, at all events, could very justly claim some right in deciding to what use the Cathedral should be put. He supported the resolution.

"Sir Michael Costa supported the motion. It would be a great pity to do away with the Festivals at Worcester. Earl Dudley wanted to restore the Church, but he had forgot the Charity. If he had been kind enough to give them another Town Hall like Birmingham, then they might have done without the Cathedral, but he did not propose to do this. He had great sympathy with those Festivals. They did good to art, religion, and the profession, and he hoped they would support them.

"The resolution was carried unanimously, with the exception of Mr. Brinsley, and signed by the Chairman on behalf of the meeting."

After reading the above, and taking it in connection with other expressions of public opinion, we are not surprised to find Lord Dudley's confidence rudely shaken. Victory by a *coup de main* being impossible, the noble Earl is now trying what strategy can do. Defeat awaits him even at that game, we fully believe, and Lord Dudley may add another to the list of titled authors, by writing another "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." At present, however, we have to do with his change of tactics.

In a second letter to the *Worcester Journal*, Lord Dudley, has made a complete change of front; and, we readily admit, has performed the operation with much cleverness. His original proposal had primarily to do with the Festival; and the work of Cathedral restoration was only used as a means to an end. In other words, Lord Dudley attacked the Festival, through the needs of the Cathedral. From this position he has withdrawn; and now, we see him anxious, first of all, on account of the Cathedral, while willing to allow the Festival question to stand over. After bemoaning the position of the Dean and Chapter [a position for which they have to thank Lord Dudley alone] the noble writer goes on to say:—"As I hold that the restoration of the Cathedral is the first consideration" [a very recent holding, this] "I venture to make the following proposition, which I hope may be accepted as a solution of the difficulty. * * * Let the county and city make themselves responsible, through a committee, for the sum of £5,000 each, during the next three years, to which I would add a third £5,000 without any other condition than this: *That if this arrangement is not carried out, the opposition to the acceptance of the present offer to the Dean and Chapter shall not be pressed.*" [The italics are ours.] "I am induced to make this proposal for several reasons: first, because I desire to carry out this great work (one to which we have all put our hands, and from which we cannot in conscience recede from any secondary consideration), with the full assent and co-operation of the county and city, and not in opposition to it" [*sic*]; "and secondly, because I hope that the general feeling of the whole diocese will be that no such use shall ever be made of the beautifully restored Cathedral, as in times bygone, when once they" [who?] "see the work complete, so that it" [what?] "may be one of harmony and not of discord." Let us see to what all this amounts.

In the first place it is an attempt to make the supporters of the Festivals pay £10,000 for their continuance. Put down £10,000, says Lord Dudley, and the music meetings may go on till public opinion abolishes them; fail to put down the money, and the Dean and Chapter may accept my bribe on the original conditions. As we said just now, this is a clever move. It tests the sincerity of those who have loudly declared their devotion to the Festival, while the effect of its success would be to restore the Cathedral. The question now is—What will Sir John Pakington and his supporters do? On the one hand, they may accept the challenge, with its conditions—and hazard the existence of the Festivals; on the other, they may repudiate Lord Dudley altogether, and ask by what right he attempts to fine them £10,000. For ourselves we should prefer the latter course. We would answer Lord Dudley:—The Festivals shall go on as heretofore, because we have no right to stake their existence on the chance of our raising £10,000. As regards the Cathedral, we believe the Dean and Chapter would prefer that it should remain unfinished rather than owe anything to extorted means. At all events, we reject the dilemma you propose, and will retain both the Festivals and our own liberty of action.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

KING LOUIS of Bavaria has been the cause of much laughter, if not of wit, among the critics of that music to which he is devotedly attached. He is described as one of those juvenile heroes of chivalry found in sentimental German stories, and depicted in drawings which children delight to colour. There may be a somewhat lackadaisical element in the Monarch who rejoices in the traditions of office while abhorring its restraints, and who regards Court ceremonial from an operatic point of view. Yet, with all this, King Louis has lately shown an inclination to play a serious part in affairs of State. His romantic temperament might have made him an enthusiast of altar and sacristy, as well as of lyric drama; but happily, his friend, Herr Richard Wagner, is politician as well as composer, and the King has no liking for priests.

THE Emperor of Russia has conferred on the Marquise de Caux, better known as Adelina Patti, the Order of Merit, and appointed her first singer at Court. The decoration is set with diamonds and surmounted with the Imperial Crown. This is doubtless a very great honour—but, after all, the greatest honour an artist receives comes from the popular voice. There is a theory which maintains that the standard of excellence in art depends on the judgment of the "fit and few." There is another which maintains that all great art is popular; the greatest art being popular from age to age. Whichever of these theories be accepted (we accept neither) Madame de Caux might please an Emperor, and yet not be great. She has obtained the plaudits of thousands; and the Emperor Alexander II. merely confirms the verdict of the popular voice.

THE following paragraph on change ringing, is from a sporting contemporary:—

"A short touch of Bob, Stedman, and grandsire doubles (three hundreds' of each), containing 1080 changes, was rung upon the bells of Hallaton Church, Leicestershire, on the 12th inst. The hundreds by the Bob system were—(1) with singles, 2d, the observation; (2)

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with singles, 3d, the observation; (3) with bobs, 5th, observation. Those on Stedman's principle consisted of—(1) crambo; (2) commencing from rounds with a slow six; (3) commencing with a quick six; the singles being made in the two latter hundreds in four tives, so as not to interfere with the bells doing the 'slow work.' The hundreds in the grandsire method were—(1) singles on 2d-3d; singles on 3d-4th; (3) singles on 2d-4th; in each case the 5th being the observation. The above was conducted with thirty-three 'calls,' by No. 3, the ringers being J. Eaton, treble, C. Hinrich 2, B. Eaton 3, R. Grocock 4, J. Freer, tenor."

The uninitiated public, we imagine, will be puzzled to understand much of this.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs "A. M. M." is mistaken altogether about no record having been given in one of the principal morning journals, of the first performance of Verdi's *Don Carlos* at the Royal Italian Opera. We happen to have in our possession a copy of the paper he names, and transcribe, for "A. M. M.'s" instruction, the article which appeared on Wednesday, June 8, 18—:—

"Last night Mr. Gye fulfilled one of the most important promises of his prospectus by producing an Italian adaptation of Verdi's last grand opera, *Don Carlos*, with the splendour and completeness to which the frequenters of his theatre have been accustomed since Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was brought out in 1848. The French *Don Carlos* is in five acts, the third of which includes a grand ballet. In the Italian version we have only four acts, the first being omitted altogether; and this, together with the excision of the ballet and some curtailments of less significance, reduces the opera to the more reasonable proportions to which English audiences are habituated. Beyond stating that the principal characters in *Don Carlos* were represented by Mdlles. Lucca, Fricci, and Ackermann, M. Petit, Signors Naudin, Graziani, and Bagagiolo (a new bass with a magnificent voice), and that the performance was received from beginning to end with every mark of favour, by a house crowded in every part, we reserve comment. *Don Carlos* is to be played a second and third time on Thursday and Saturday."

The opera was produced on Tuesday, June 4.

WE have received the subjoined protest (rather late) from one who signs himself "An amateur visitor to the last Handel Festival and intended visitor to the next":—

"We may not be musical, but that is no excuse for walking about during the *Messiah* at the Crystal Palace. It is hard, perhaps, in the artistic interest of the many, to curtail the conversational propensities of the few; but the few have a couple of rows among the audience at their mercy. During the *entr'acte* ladies must have ices brought to them. Now as a waiter cannot be every where at once, if he attends the tables in the *entr'acte* he must wait upon his seated customers while the performance goes on. Now, a waiter with an *obbligato* of one spoon, a glass, a shilling, and a small earthenware plate can materially interfere with the enjoyment at a certain distance of one of Mr. Sims Reeve's recitatives, or even go far to neutralize the effect of the 'Hallelujah' on those in his immediate neighbourhood. Talking is the rule at the Opera, silence the exception, but nuisance as it is *there*, it is doubled at an oratorio, or a Monday Popular Concert. If ever the time 'to be silent' was clearly marked off from the 'time to speak,' surely it would be during the performance of such works as the *Messiah* and *Israel*."

Here is something for Mr. Bowley, General Manger of the Crystal Palace, to reflect on between this and the summer of 1871.

THE dinners given in connection with the charitable funds too often cost more than the entire amount of the subscriptions and donations received during the year. That at least was the statement, sometime since, of a subscriber to one of them, although its principal manager professed to be not dissatisfied with the outlay, on the ground that the dinner was a splendid advertisement. No doubt a pleasant annual holiday is thus secured, but it is questionable whether subscribers intend their money to be spent in encouraging a number of gentlemen to make fanny speeches at a feast. People will be chary of subscribing to a fund which can only be said to advance "professional interests" so far as it enables a few excellent people (with twenty pensioners somewhere in the back-ground), to meet once a year and celebrate each other's praise. The "advertisement" may be gratifying to personal vanity, but does not assist much in carrying out the true design of a charity.

WHEN shall we learn to dissociate "effect" and noise? The one is supposed to include the other of necessity, and hence the liberties taken by conductors and singers with music which does not recognize the connection. Some of those liberties are serious, a case in point being furnished by the performance of Bach's *Passions-Musik* in Exeter Hall. Everybody who knows the work at all knows and loves the beautiful and elaborate chorale, "Oh, man, thy heavy sin lament," which so quietly and affectingly ends the first part. This was omitted in the performance. Why? We can only suppose because it is so quiet. It was necessary to close the first part with a sensation, and the double chorus, "Have lightning and thunders" did the work. But this Mr. Barnaby, to whom be every honour for his spirited labours in the cause of art, only acted up (or down) to the accepted rules of concert-giving. But we have hopes of him that he will grow out of this bondage, and show the noise-loving public that noise is not of necessity effect.

ACCORDING to a paragraph in the *Post* (which journal, as our readers know, lives, and moves, and has its being in the *haut ton*), the "fountain of honour," has resolved upon splashing Mr. Brinley Richards and a Mr. Clarke with the dignity of Knighthood!—the one because he wrote "God bless the Prince of Wales," the other, because he conferred some analogous blessing on the community. We hope nobody will receive this information with irreverence. Are not baronetcies given to mayors because they happen to be mayors when a bridge is opened; and are not knighthoods conferred on city grocers, whose duty it may be to wait on Royalty in a gilded coach, instead of waiting on Royalty's subjects behind a counter? Why, then, should not similar honours be tendered to Messrs. Richards and Clarke, whose claims are just as good as the claims of mayors and grocers! Instead of wondering at the offer, let us wonder how the offer will be received. Of course both gentlemen, being artists, will decline to be put on a level with the people who are usually made knights. Imagine Sir Brinley Richards, as junior, compelled to give the *pas* to Sir Gobbit Hard, Alderman and Ex-Sheriff, who years ago congratulated Majesty on the birth of Royal Highness.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

The following extract from a report recently presented by the Orchestral Committee of this Festival, will be read with interest:—

"In reporting to the General Committee in 1867 that Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, had been accepted for performance at the Festival, the Orchestral Committee expressed the confident hope that the production of the work would enhance the reputation of the young composer, and reflect credit on the committee for affording him an opportunity of being heard at the Festival. How fully these anticipations have been realized will be appreciated by those who have watched the progress of musical events since the production of the work in 1867, and the Orchestral Committee, finding it in their power to apportion to another short secular cantata by the same composer a portion of one of the evenings, have undertaken the production of his new cantata, entitled *Paradise and the Peri*, the subject being taken from Moore's celebrated poem, and on this music of which Mr. Barnett has now been for many months engaged, and which will be very shortly in readiness for rehearsal.

"In consideration of the fact that the reputation of the Birmingham Musical Festival extends far beyond the shores of this country, and with a desire still further to extend that reputation and to excite elsewhere an increased interest in our proceedings, the Orchestral Committee have, as already intimated in their former report, considered it to be for the interests of the undertaking that if possible some work should be obtained for production at the Festival from the renowned German composer, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne. The subject was accordingly brought under Dr. Hiller's notice by the chairman, at a personal interview in the course of last summer, and was at once cordially entertained by him; and after some short further negotiations, Dr. Hiller undertook the composition of a secular cantata for performance at the Festival miscellaneous evening concerts, at the same time pledging himself to visit this country in order to be present at the Festival, and to conduct the first performance of his music in person. Dr. Hiller (in obedience, as the committee understood, to a summons from the Grand Duke Michael of Russia) has spent the winter in St. Petersburgh, but letters have recently been received from him announcing his return to Cologne and communicating certain particulars as to the progress of his work, which, though apparently somewhat retarded by his sojourn in the Russian capital, will, it is confidently expected by the committee, be placed in their hands in due time to ensure its efficient production and performance. The subject which has been selected for musical illustration by Dr. Hiller is from an Indian poem, and is entitled *Nala and Damayanti*."

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At the last of the interesting series of concerts of chamber music, given by Messrs. Henry Holmes and Pezze, at St. James's Hall, Mr. Cipriani Potter's masterly trio, in B flat, was played by these artists and Mr. W. H. Holmes, our eminent English pianist, with genuine success. At the same concert Mr. W. H. Holmes played an *Andante* and *Allegro* for piano alone, which were unanimously re-demanded. Madame Raby-Barrett was the lady singer, and gave great satisfaction.

A *soirée* was held at the Architectural Rooms, Conduit Street, on Tuesday evening, in aid of the funds of "The Women's Club and Institute," Newman Street. The rooms were well filled, and the institute must have benefited in a pecuniary sense, as well as otherwise, by the number of persons made acquainted with its claims to support for the first time. Among the artists engaged were Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Palmer, and Mr. Temple, vocalists; Miss Stevenson, pianist; and Mr. Cheshire, harpist. The audience were marked in their applause to Miss Palmer for "Always alone," a ballad bearing the name of "Henriette," a composer who, no doubt, will be often heard. Miss Stevenson, who accompanied the vocal music, contributed also solo performances on the pianoforte, among which may be singled for praise an *Etude* ("Nursery Tale"), by her teacher, the late Moscheles—played *con amore*. Some readings were introduced, including, among other things, "Molly," by Mr. Sydney Anderson, who also contributed a song in the style of Mr. John Parry, entitled, "Romeo and Juliet," which was very successful.

The third of Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove's concerts took place in St. George's Hall, on Thursday se'nnight, and attracted, for reasons which will presently be seen, a large and appreciative audience. The programme was long and varied; moreover, it contained things seldom heard, as well as novelties not generally available. First came Beethoven's quartet in E flat, for strings and piano; a work familiar to and beloved by all amateurs of the great master's chamber music. It was admirably rendered by Mrs. R. Blagrove, Messrs. H. Blagrove, R. Blagrove, and Aylward. The second instrumental piece was Mr. R. Blagrove's fantasia for concertina on airs from *Orphée aux Enfers*, in which the composer once again showed conclusively what he can do with the resources of his popular instrument. Vieuxtemps' *Fantasia Caprice* for violin afforded Mr. Henry Blagrove an opportunity of displaying his well-known skill as a violinist; and Mrs. R. Blagrove was heard to no less advantage in Thalberg's transcription from *Moïse*, the difficulties of which she surmounted with admirable ease. Herr Silas's *Andante Religioso* (MS.) was played by Mr. R. Blagrove on the baritone concertina with remarkable skill and effect. This, by-the-bye, constituted one of the distinguishing features of the concert; and it is to be hoped that a second performance will take place before the series closes. Spohr's *Andante* and *Rondo* from the characteristic duet, and the concert-giver's own duet on airs from *Faust* were also attractive, if only for the excellent style in which they were performed by Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove. The vocalists were Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Watts, Madame Talbot-Cherer, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Winn, each of whom sang one or more favourite songs with acceptance. Dr. Austin Pearce acted as accompanist with all needful skill. The next concert takes place on the 23th inst.

A concert, in aid of the relief fund of the Lodge 566 of the United Ancient Order of Druids, was given at the Vestry-hall, Chelsea. The vocalists were—Miss Harris, Mrs. A. B. Rolfe, Miss Nellis Woodward, Miss Lynda Palmer, Miss A. A. Steadman, Messrs. E. G. Alfred, George Sherborne, E. Christie, J. M. Johnson, and Hawkins. Instrumentalists—solo violin, Miss H. Camille Dunbar; pianoforte, E. A. Todd, Mdlle. Amy Weddle, the Misses Bloor, and Miss Jones. Miss Dunbar performed the opening solo, "Air Varié de Bellini" on the violin with a dash and brilliancy quite astonishing in so young a lady. "The Lover and the Bird" was warbled excellently by Miss Berrie, and the same remark applies to her "Bird." Mr. G. Alford won great applause, and all his songs were enthusiastically encored. A vocal duet, "Flow on, thou shining River," by Mrs. J. B. Rolfe and Miss Woodward, was warmly appreciated. Special notice is due to a young artist, Miss Amy Weddle, a pianist of high merit. We should whether any of the *cognoscenti* of Chelsea who heard her on Monday, for the first time, were fully prepared for the rich treat which awaited them. Miss Amy Weddle's first piece was "Irish Diamonds," by Willis Pope, and on her recall, she played the "Monogram Caprice," by the same distinguished composer. Mr. G. Christie might make a good *comique* if possessed of more confidence; Mr. George Sherborne fairly brought down the house in the "Death of Nelson." Mrs. J. B. Rolfe, has a splendid voice, with a thorough knowledge of how to use it. Her song, "Duckling's Row," was loudly applauded, and rapturously re-demanded. The duet, "Look from thy Lattice," was prettily sung by Miss Linda Palmer and Miss Amelia Steadman. Taking it as a whole, the concert was a decided success.

PROVINCIAL.

Brighton.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The members of the Musical Union of this town gave their second subscription concert in the Dome Concert-room on Friday week, Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, and Weber's Mass in G, forming the programme. Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Briggs were the solo vocalists in the *Te Deum*, and Miss Arabella Smyth soprano soloist in the Mass. Messrs. Steru, Gates, and Wells were respectively leader, pianist, and harmoniumist."

Northfleet (Kent).—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"A concert, in which the performers were chiefly amateurs, was given at the new schoolroom, in aid of the building fund. The room was filled by the *élite* of the neighbourhood. A novel feature was the singing, by four clergymen (the Revs. T. Griffith, Sorsbie, Shepherd, and F. Southgate, vicar), of certain glees. The honours were shared by the Misses Ferrari, and Captain and Mrs. Thomas. The young ladies sang charmingly; more especially a duet by Mrs. Glover, for which they received a unanimous encore. The pecuniary results are, we hope and believe, satisfactory."

Cork.—We extract the following notice of a concert given by the Christ Church Choral Union from the *Cork Examiner*:—

"The second concert of the season was given by this association in the Protestant Hall. The first part was devoted exclusively to selections from the works of Handel, Mendelssohn, and Sullivan. The second consisted of miscellaneous vocal and instrumental music, opening with the pretty little ballad, 'Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee,' by Mr. Henry Baker, who executed it with great taste. The chorus gave two part-songs, Macfarren's 'Spring,' and 'Has sorrow thy young days shaded,' arranged by Balfe, in which they succeeded very well. 'Dream of Home,' an English adaptation of 'Il Bacio,' by Miss Creag, elicited loud applause, and a flattering encore, which she replied to with 'Maggie's secret.' A charming duet, 'Let us wander,' was excellently rendered by Miss Evanson and Mr. Bakar. Mr. C. H. Sykes gave the fine old song, 'Over the Rolling Sea.' The two principal features of the evening's entertainment were the performances of Miss Bella M'Carty and Mr. George Sippi, the former on the piano and the latter on the violin. Miss M'Carty appears daily to improve, and her execution last evening of a most difficult piece, Weber's 'Polonaise,' was really marvellous. In compliance with an encore she played 'Tarantalla,' a work of Thalberg's, with the same skill. An excellent treat was afforded by Mr. Sippi's solo on the violin. He selected an 'Air Varié,' by De Beriot. His performance was highly appreciated by the audience."

Worcester.—The following appeared in last Saturday's *Worcester Journal*:—

"The fourth concert in connection with the choir of St. Clement's Church was given on Monday evening. The programme comprising selections from the *Hymn of Praise*, *Elijah*, and *St. Paul*. Miss Nawth, Miss Davis, Mr. Fower, Mr. Millichap, and Mr. Stone kindly gave their assistance, and Miss Doward occupied the post of accompanist. Mrs. Fowler sang 'Angels, ever bright and fair,' and 'O rest in the Lord,' with much taste and feeling. The following were encored:—Mr. Stoyle in 'Wave from wave' (Handel); 'As pants the hart' (Spohr); Miss Binns and choir, the double quartet, 'For He shall give His angels;' and the air, recitatives, and chorus, 'Open the heavens' (Mendelssohn), Miss Haliam. Among their portions most pleasantly worth notice were Mr. Millichap's excellent singing of 'He counteth all your sorrows,' 'Holy, holy' (Spohr); Mr. Gummery and choir, the chorale, 'To Thee, O God,' the recitative, 'And they stoned Him,' being very expressively delivered by Mr. Gummery; and the concluding chorus, 'How lovely are the messengers.' As a whole, the concert was a decided advance on all former ones, and reflected much credit on all who took part in it."

Derby.—The following is condensed from the *Derby Advertiser and Journal* of April 1st:—

"The inauguration of the prize organ, Paris Exhibition, erected by Messrs. Bevington & Sons, of London, in the Volunteer Drill Hall, Derby, took place on Tuesday evening, when the interest attached to a recital by such an eminent organist as Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, drew a very large audience. The programme was purely classical. Mr. Best was assisted by the Derby Choral Union, under Mr. W. W. Woodward. Of Mr. Best's masterly performance criticism is superfluous. His manipulation of Bach's *Rondo* (E major) and Fugue (G minor), a work so difficult as to place it beyond the reach of any but the Best (?) players, was a marvel. But the gem was his rendering of the pedal subject in the Fugue, in which he brought out the trombone stop: anything finer than this we have never heard on the instrument. The last piece of the first part was one of Guilmant's

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solos, interpreted by Mr. Best with true artistic sympathy. The second part was opened by Mr. Best playing a *Pastorale* and fugue, composed by himself, which, being unanimously encored, gained the audience an additional treat in an *entr'acte* from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, which we understand the Derby Philharmonic Society have been practising for some time past for their next concert; so that Mr. Best unconsciously stole an honour from our society by giving it for the first time in Derby. Tha air, with variations, in G minor, Beethoven, again showed Mr. Best's wonderful mastery of the organ. The last solo, *Marche Religieuse*, was given with all the ability required. The Choral Union sang 'Then round about the starry throne,' 'Fixed in His everlasting seat,' and 'O Hills, O Vales.' 'God save the Queen,' which Mr. Best accompanied with full organ, was the concluding piece. We congratulate all whose efforts have gained for us so valuable an instrument, upon the success of their inaugural concert, under Mr. Best's ordeal. The committee and Mr. Woodward deserve the thanks of their townsmen for their spirited enterprise. With such an instrument and the two musical societies, there is promise that Derby will very soon regain that position in the musical world she occupied in former years, but which, through apathy, she lost. A musical correspondent, on whose judgment we can implicitly rely, writes as follows:—"It is a great pity there is not more space between the organ and the roof; as a natural consequence at times the tone of the instrument suffers most materially, and gives the impression of being noisy and harsh. The *Great* Organ would certainly have been greatly benefited by an additional 8 feet open diapason: it seems to want this foundation stop to counterbalance the great number of "mixtures" on this row of keys. The *Swell* Organ is particularly fine, and some of the solo stops on this organ, and also in the *Choir* Organ, are of a delicious quality. From some cause connected with the acoustic properties of the hall, parts of the Pedal Organ have had to receive an additional weight of wind, conveyed from a separate sound-board. The Swell Organ and the Pedal Organ we consider the most effective parts of the instrument."

LIVERPOOL.—We condense (unwillingly) an interesting article from the *Liverpool Daily Courier* (April 6), upon a recent performance of *Israel in Egypt*, by the Philharmonic Society:—

"At the Philharmonic Society's fifth subscription concert last night, Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed for the first time in its entirety in Liverpool since the opening of the Philharmonic Hall. The performance, on the whole highly satisfactory, was remarkable for the introduction of Macfarren's extra orchestration, and Mendelssohn's organ *obbligato*. We were disappointed to find the interpolation of certain airs which break the connection between those eight inimitable choruses which describe the plagues of Egypt and the deliverance of the Israelites. That Handel himself had to submit to such interpolations is true, but in the present day it is considered desirable to give the works of great masters in the form in which they conceived them. The choruses were sung with almost invariable efficiency, the 'Hailstone Chorus' received a hearty and well-deserved encore. The liberality of the audience in the matter of applause at various important stages of the work, being remarkable for its cordiality, was a pleasing deviation from the general frigidity of the Philharmonic audience. The solo music was entrusted to Mdlle. Carola, soprano; Madame Patey, alto; Mr. Thomas, tenor; and Messrs. Winn and Patey, bass. The band was in excellent order, and Mr. Hirst's organ accompaniments in the best taste. Mr. Benedict, to whom we are indebted for a performance of Handel's *chef d'œuvre*, discharged his onerous duties with rare ability."

Recognition of Genius.

England has had some great composers, though this country never produced a Mozart or a Beethoven, and did not produce but only nourished Handel; but that is something: for there is an element in his grandest music which it could have derived only from genius fed on the best of beef. It is *extractum carnis* liquified; but still *extractum carnis*; sublimated, etherealized *extractum carnis bovinæ*. England has had some great composers? Yes, marry, and hath. For, look you, there are, saith the *Post*, to be created:—

"NEW MUSICAL KNIGHTS.—There is a rumour that two popular composers of music are to have the honour of knighthood—viz., Mr. Brinley Richards, the composer of the well-known and popular song, 'God Bless the Prince of Wales,' and Mr. J. P. Clarke, a military composer, for his new national chant, 'Hail to the Duke.'"

"Hail to the Duke" may not perhaps be quite comparable to the "Hallelujah Chorus," nor "God Bless the Prince of Wales" to the "Hallelujah." That loyal anthem and that loyal chant are, however, evergreen tunes which have their merit, and happy man be the dole of Mr. Richards and Mr. Clarke that it is merit such as to have won the honour of knighthood. Of course Sterndale Bennett will be offered a Baronetage.

Punch.

WAIFS

Madame Arabella Goddard has gone to Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Herr Strakosch left London for Paris on Thursday.

The Richings opera *troupe* have done well in New Orleans.

Mr. Massy has left the Lyrique and gone to the Rue Pellattier.

A vacancy at midsummer in the choir of Exeter Cathedral is announced. The emoluments average £80 per annum.

Sig. Biscaccianti is about to try a season of Italian opera management in Boston. Adelaide Phillipp is one of the company. The rest are Joel and Levi's wrecks.

P. S. Gilmore has not purchased a residence on the Hudson, He is busily engaged, at his residence in Boston, writing a book on the National Peace Jubilee.

The Countess Delawarr has bequeathed the sum of £666 in the Three per Cents. for the choir and organist of Withyham, Sussex, a living in the gift of the Earl.

Mr. Vernon Rigby has been engaged for the Birmingham Festival, to sing the principal tenor part in Ferdinand Hiller's Eastern Cantata, and Mr. John F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*.

General Sheridan tells us that the Santee Indians chant psalms around their camp-fires, and often substitute, at their scalp and other dances, one of Watts' hymns for the ordinary Indian songs.

A Minstrel *troupe* organized in Indianapolis last Monday, played Tuesday night, "busted" Wednesday morning, and Thursday afternoon the leader went to sawing wood at four shillings a cord.

Frou-Frou, translated and adapted by Fred. Williams, has been produced at the Boston Museum. Another version of *Frou-Frou* is in rehearsal at the St. James's Theatre; principal part by Mdlle. Beatrice.

Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons, of the Great Metropolitan Auction Mart in Covent Garden, announce by circular that Mr. Pottick, auctioneer, late of No. 47, Leicester Square, has joined their firm as partner.

Il Trovatore and the *Gazetta del Teatri* speak in most glowing terms of Miss Kilas Trafford, an English vocalist at Saluzzo. They state that in the opera of *Fulvi Monciarj* the young *prima donna* was loudly applauded and recalled three times. She sang also the *cavatina* from *Rigoletto* with most excellent effect.

Miss Agusta Thomson has returned to Mr. J. Russell and his Covent Garden Company. This time she will not sing second, but first. She is now *prima donna assoluta* of Offenbach opera in England, and will at Manchester in Easter week appear as Boulotte in the *Barbe-Bleue*, and a few weeks after lead the company back to London, to fulfil an engagement at a West-end theatre.

An admirable performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* took place on last Sunday evening at the Clarendon Square Chapel, Camden Town, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnett. Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, and Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas were the principals, and there was an efficient choir. Mr. John Francis Barnett presided at the organ. The Rev. Mr. Pennington was the officiating clergyman.

The Welsh chinrches have begun to sing the choral service in the Welsh language. The effect is something like this:—

Li grwmpp ff mrw gil dst
Wmut plial trmws dwmp
Stspl ngiw mpggl wtmn
Fwial mgiwp brgy hptl.

The people of St. Lewis, not to be behind those active fellows in Chicago, are determined to have a new and magnificent operahouse, which, singular to state, is to be erected by the Missouri Life Insurance Company. What music has to do with life insurance, we really don't know; but we suppose that the lyric drama in some occult way promotes longevity, in spite of Shakspere's line:—

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall."

A guinea a stall is gradually becoming the regular price for any performance in London a little out of the common, and while people are willing to have the price of their amusements raised about 200 per cent. theatrical speculators and managers will of course take advantage of their easy disposition. We do not say that Mdme. Schneider is over-dear at a guinea, but the practice of fixing this price for stalls ought not to be extended much further. Otherwise, the patrons of that part of the house will be obliged for self-defence to offer a partial revival of the celebrated O.P. performances for the approval of managers.

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If any proof were wanted of the cosmopolitan character of New York, we could point to the fact that we can command the resources of five different operas at one and the same time. No other city in the world offers such facilities. Paris, London and Vienna can only occasionally claim the riches of two operas, while we have had five—English, Italian, German, French, and Russian. If we add to this the Ethiopian, which is still flourishing in all its splendour, we can justly say that in opera, as in everything else, we beat all other nations. This is of course very gratifying, and must add considerably to the equanimity of our musical temper.—*New York Weekly Review.*

Herr Oberthur has returned to London after an extended tour in Germany. Among the various towns he has visited were Meiningen (where he played, at the Herzoglisches Hoftheater, his concertina for harp and orchestra, and other compositions), Nordhauser, Altenburg, Magdeburg, Dresden (where he enjoyed the co-operation of Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who played with him his harp and piano duet on airs from *Oberon*), Passau, Nürnberg, and Ratisbon. At the concert at Ratisbon the Princess of Tour and Taxis was present. Herr Oberthur's concertina for harp and orchestra, and a fantasia by Parish Alvars, afforded such satisfaction to that distinguished personage that she requested to hear something else, when Herr Oberthur gave his "Cascade." At Saarbrücken he again played the concertina (with pianoforte accompaniment, there being no orchestra), the *Souvenir de Londres*, "Meditations," "Cascade," and a brilliant fantasia on *I Capuletti e I Montecchi*, by Parish Alvars.

The *Philadelphia Enquirer* writing about the Parepa-Rosa's performance of Weber's *Oberon*, says :—

"The production of the opera was in the highest degree creditable. We have rarely seen any first representation accompanied by so few drawbacks, and when the scenic affects are considered, it was wonderful how smoothly everything proceeded. Madame Parepa appeared more graceful and becoming in her oriental costume than we have seen her in any other character. Her singing of the sublime air in the third act was more than a triumph—it was one of her grandest efforts. The orchestral accompaniments were powerful and impressive. Mrs. Seguin as Fatima made a most pleasing impression in 'A lonely Arab Maid,' and a still greater in 'Araby, dear Araby.' Mr. Castle, as Sir Huon, deserved great credit. Miss Warden, as Puck, made a good impression; she has a contralto voice of considerable power. Mr. De Solla looked too terrestrial for a fairy. The air in act third he sang, however, with much effect. The choruses were generally good. Mr. Lawrence received the first encore in the opening air to Act 4. We could not help thinking how finely this gentleman's voice would sound in *Don Giovanni*. The orchestra contributed largely to the success. The overture richly deserved the encore it received. Both *Oberon* and *Marriage of Figaro* owe much of their success here to the excellence of the orchestra, and the watchfulness of the conductor. The skill and energy with which Mr. Carl Rosa assumes the duties of a director have been generally commented upon. In the various operas he has led in this city we have yet to see a blunder in the instrumental department—a record as rare as it is honourable to him. We cannot better express our sense of his services than by repeating a compliment we have already heard paid him—' Nothing could reconcile us to the loss of Mr. Rosa as a soloist, except the appropriateness of his position in the director's chair.'"

The Paris correspondent of the *Graphic* wrote as follows last week :—

"As regards musical fêtes, we have had a commemorative festival of the late Berlioz. Before speaking of it, let me recommend you to read the amusing memoirs of this imperfect musician, who might have been, if the Fates had so permitted him, a first-class writer. This French Wagner, who little liked the Berlioz of Germany, had united in him the exalted sentiments of young Werther and the biting irony of Candide. You will be above all interested in the history of his passion for Henrietta Smithson, your celebrated tragic actress, who in an unlucky moment consented to marry him, and thus exposed herself, an involuntary victim, to all the storms of a conjugal life which the passionate jealousy of her husband rendered more than once terribly bitter. But to return to the festival, which has not been a complete success. Little but the compositions of Berlioz himself was executed, and this evening music is not universally liked among us. Faure and Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho sang without sufficient confidence, and without producing the slightest effect, the duet from, *L'enfance du Christ*. The famous septett from the *Troyens*, formerly so applauded at the Théâtre Lyrique, fell flat, and the *finale et Romeo and Juliet*, although very fine, did not awake the audience from the torpor into which they seemed to have fallen. The only pieces of Berlioz which succeeded were the March from *Pèlerinage d'Harold en Italie*, the overture to the *Carnaval Romain*, the grand scene from the *Damnation de Faust*, and among others the solo of Mephistopheles, which Faure executed in a most masterly manner. Mdme. Guaymard gained much applause in the air from Gluck's *Alceste*, 'Divinités du Styx,' and the *finale* to the second act of the *Vestale* (Spontini) with much approbation, although Mdlle. Nilsson (doubtless fatigued, as on the eve she had obtained a great success in *Robert le Diable*) did not give to her part the necessary set off. In fine, could the shade of Berlioz have been present at this fête in his honour, it would have been astonished and somewhat indignant at a homage which left so much to be desired."

Miss Louisa Pyne has announced her intention to retire from public life, and arrangements have been made for four farewell oratorio performances, under the direction of the National Choral Society. The first performance of the series will be the *Messiah*, on Tuesday, the12th (Passion Week), at St. James's Hall.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Chappell & Co.—"Ireland," Grand Fantasia by Brinley Richards.

Novello, Ewer, & Co.—"The Organist's Quarterly Journal," for April.

Wheeler & Co.—"The Silver Moth," song by Kate L. Ward; "Go, lovely Rose," song by Mrs. John Holman Andrews.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—LAST SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Nelson Varley. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Programme includes the Pastoral Symphony, Prelude to "Lohengrin" (overture), "Manfred" (Schumann), and "Zampa" (cantata, "Mayday" (Mackarren), &c. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Tickets; Stalls, 21s. 6d.

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MISS EDITH KINGSLEY AND Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S popular duet, "ONE WORD," at St. George's Hall, April 27th.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HUMMEL, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

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MR. WILFORD MORGAN will (by desire) sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on April 20th at St. James's Hall.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Miss KATE WARD'S new song, "THE WEAVER," at St. James's Hall, April 20th; at Sydenham Lecture Hall on the 22nd, and St. James's Hall on the 23rd.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

In two further representations of *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi maintained, and, indeed, may be said to have improved, her position. Nevertheless, if report may be credited, it is rather in comic than in serious opera that the talent of the fair-haired Austrian songstress lies; and of this we are promised a speedy opportunity of judging in Donizetti's *Figlia del Reggimento*, which is being got up expressly for Mdlle. Sessi. At the third performance of *Lucia* the resources of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's company were favourably put to the test. Herr Wachtel and Signor Graziani having to rehearse for *Guillaume Tell*, which was to be produced on the very next opera night, were unable, or at least unwilling, to sing in *Lucia*. Another Edgardo, however, was immediately at hand, in Signor Della Rocca, and another Enrico in Signor Cotogni—both of whom appeared to give satisfaction.

Lucia was followed by the *Huguenots*, in which Herr Wachtel essayed the part of Raoul de Nangis, for the first time before an English public. Although this gentleman evinces but small dramatic ability, and is by no means an artistically finished singer, his voice serves him at times to excellent purpose in the trying music which Meyerbeer has put in the mouth of his hero. Wherever pure pathos and expressive delivery were required Herr Wachtel was deficient; but in the quartet of the duel scene he gave out the famous concluding passage with remarkable power. True, he transposed it (as Mario always did) to a lower key; but enough remained to show off to advantage his admirable tenor qualities. In the duet with the Queen he was anything rather than satisfactory. Indulgence, however, may reasonably be claimed for him on the plea that the lady who assumed that character seemed but imperfectly acquainted with the music. In the first scene duet with Valentine, Herr Wachtel had not the same excuse, seeing that here his associate was Mdlle. Tietjens. How that accomplished lady acts and sings the part of Meyerbeer's most interesting heroine our operagoing readers need not be informed. It was the first character in which she appeared among us—when, in 1858, Mr. Lumley still directed the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre; and it remains to this day one of her most forcible and finished assumptions. She was, perhaps, not on this occasion so completely mistress of her unwonted physical means as might have been wished; but there was the old enthusiasm; and that sufficed to impress all her hearers, and to win a loud summons before the curtain at the termination of the duet—ill-balanced as were the powers, vocal and dramatic, of the two performers. In the other great duet—that with Marcel in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs*—Mdlle. Tietjens was much more efficiently supported; for if Signor Bagagiolo, judged from the histrionic point of view, can hardly be compared with other impersonators of the rugged old Puritan whose names will instantly recur to many of our readers, he has not only a voice both strong and rich, but possesses considerable facility as a singer. This he had already shown in the well-known air, "Piff paff," and now confirmed in the duet to which we refer—one of the masterpieces of the opera. The other parts were in every instance more or less well filled. M. Petit, despite his apparently unconquerable "*tremolo*," was a good St. Bris, and Signor Cotogni an excellent Nevers; while Madame Scalchi gave forth the air of Urbano, "Non paventar," especially the "No, no, no," composed expressly for Alboni, in artistic style and with adequate fluency. The choruses were, for the most part, very effectively rendered; although the halo that used once to surround the grand scene of the "Blessing of the swords" seems to have vanished. The orchestra might almost play the accompaniments to the *Huguenots* without book; and Signor Vianesi, the new conductor, again proved himself thoroughly fitted for the post. After this, another word about an opera so familiar and so many times discussed will hardly be expected.

To the *Huguenots* succeeded Rossini's magnificent *Guillaume Tell*, given with the traditional curtailments, and the *finale* to Act 4 omitted in a nobler Rossini's nor Sir Michael Costa's (as has so often been asserted), but the work of an obscure Florentine *chef d'orchestre*. The overture was encored; yet we cannot agree with Signor Vianesi's reading of the last movement, which he begins slower than customary, gradually increasing the speed until the climax. For this, having no authority from the composer, he may fairly be called to task. Moreover, as the passages near the end cannot be distinctly heard, so quick has the pace become, the new reading is just as ineffective as it is unwarranted. The introduction, too, one of the loveliest, freshest, and most tuneful pieces of music in existence, was taken so much too fast as to be robbed of half its grace; and the performance generally of Rossini's masterpiece was one of the least admirable we remember at Covent Garden. Herr Wachtel's Arnold is a series of anti-climaxes. Big, powerful, and "metallic" as is his voice, he does not possess the art to manage it. In the first duet (familiarly known as "Dove vai?") he gave out all his power, unmindful that the beautiful phrase, "Ah, Matilde, io t'amo," is a reflexion aside, not intended to be overheard by Tell, who wishes to make Arnold become a patriot, instead of a lover, and to abandon Mathilde for Switzerland. In the duet with Mathilde (Act 2) Herr Wachtel was far better; and in the last movement, "Il core che t'ama," where the impassioned love-phrase is sung by the two in unison, he exhibited genuine feeling. True, the voice of Mdlle. Vanzini (Mathilde) was at times almost inaudible by the side of his; but here, at all events, Herr Wachtel was both dramatically in earnest and dramatically correct. The great trio in Act 2, where Arnold is informed of his father's death, was marred by Herr Wachtel's exaggerated delivery of the passionate outburst, "Troncar suol di," &c., for which the high "C sharp" in the final movement (snatched at, at the best) made sorry amends. In the last scene, when, after much unnecessary exertion in the slow movement, "O muto asil," he came to "Coriam voliam" ("Suivez-moi") in which the "*ut de poitrine*" of Dupres, some 40 years ago, may be said to have sounded the death knell of Rossini's impressive and beautiful fourth act, Herr Wachtel was no longer master of his resources. Almost for the first time within our memory this famous air, with which, late as it came in the opera, Signor Tamberlik used to rouse the house to enthusiasm, passed off with scarcely a hand of recognition. It is a pity that the owner of such a voice as that of Herr Wachtel should be so little of a musician, and boast of so slender a modicum of judgment. A word or two may suffice for the other performers in *Guillaume Tell*. The character of the Swiss patriot is not perhaps suited to Signor Graziani, who, nevertheless, did his very best, and in the pathetic apostrophe to Jemmy, just before Tell, at the command of Gessler, is about to shoot the apple from off his son's head ("Resta immobile"—Act 3), exhibited rare feeling. The expression, however, would have been twofold had Signor Graziani refrained from accompanying his admonition by a variety of inappropriate gesticulation, confided it rather to the ear of Jemmy, as something intended for him exclusively—after the admirable example of Ronconi, whose Tell, although the music lay too low for his voice, was in a dramatic sense, the finest ever witnessed on the lyric stage. The imposing music of Walter is well suited to the sonorous tones of Signor Bagagiolo's bass, and Mdlle. Locatelli is a sprightly Jemmy; but Signor Fallar, as Melchthal, made us regret the absence of Polonini, and Mdlle. Vanzini was somewhat overweighted in Mathilde—as was especially demonstrated in the recitative and air, "Selva opaca" (Act 2). Mdlle. Scalchi, Signors Casaboni and Marino, were respectively competent in the subordinate characters of Eudige (Tell's wife), Leutoldo, and Rodolfo; Signor Della Rocca sang the beautiful air of the "Pescatore" tolerably well; and that long-tried favourite, Signor Tagliafico, was, as ever, the most picturesque and imposing of Gesslers. The general performance as we have hinted, was scarcely up to the Royal Italian Opera mark; nevertheless, the choruses in the gorgeous scene of the meeting of the Cantons were for the most part highly effective. The scenery remains as of old; and, familiar as it is, the picture of the Lake of the Four Cantons, seen from the valley in the mountains of Rutli, must always command admiration. The ballet music of *Fidelio*, as ever came from the ready and practised brush of Mr. W. Beverley. The grouping and action of the accessories, together with the general stage arrangements, under the superintendence of Mr. A. Harris, are as effective as of yore.

The opera on Saturday night was *Fidelio*, the conductor on the occasion was Signor Bevignani. That the system of employing two conductors is a mistaken one we stated as our opinion last year. We have nothing whatever to say in disfavour of Signor Bevignani; but the manner of directing the orchestra differs materially from that of Signor Vianesi. One may be right, the other wrong; both may be right, or both wrong; these are questions apart; but the orchestra must naturally lend its preference to one or to the other. To which side that preference is likely to be extended we should have slight hesitation in suggesting. The question lies deeper; it is not a question as to the comparative merits of two conductors, but a question as to the advisability or non-advisability of a system; and on this topic more than can be stated in a passing comment.

We have heard better performances of *Fidelio* than that of Saturday evening; but on the whole it may be commended as one of average excellence. The overture—the great *Leonora*, No. 3) was encored and repeated; and the impressive "Prisoners' chorus" was unusually well done. About the Leonora of Mdlle. Tietjens—the only Leonora at present on the boards—there is not a word to be said which has not been said over and over again. The musical public owes this gifted lady a debt of gratitude for having been the means of keeping the one opera of Beethoven on the stage. Without her its eloquent music would for years have been unheard. The Florestan of the evening was Dr. Gunz (some time ago engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre), who has all the German, and therefore the true traditions of the past, and who, in spite of a somewhat rebellious voice, sings with earnestness and intelligence. M. Petit, as Don Pizarro, is quite in his element, although the great air of the prison scene, with its overpowering orchestral accompaniment, somewhat over-taxes his means,

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It was agreeable to find the three characters of Marcellina, Jacquino, and Rocco represented so generally well by artists to whom the great work of Beethoven must have been hitherto unfamiliar—perhaps, indeed, unknown. Signor Capponi, who played Rocco, and sang the music admirably well, and Signor Marino, the Spanish tenor, who was equally acceptable in that of Jacquino, have been for some time members of the Royal Italian Opera Company; but Mdlle. Madigan (in plain language Miss Madigan—an Englishwoman), who undertook the part of Marcellina, is new to our stage. This young lady, who, we understand, has lately studied at Milan under Professor Sangiovanni, has everything in her favour—a fresh and agreeable *mezzo soprano* voice, a prepossessing appearance, a natural ease upon the boards, and a vocal talent which may, without hesitation, be pronounced promising. She gave the one air of Marcellina (Act 1) unaffectedly and charmingly. The part of the State Minister, Don Fernando, who only appears in the last *finale*, was not sustained, as the programme gave out, by Signor Tagliafico, but by Signor Caravoglio. On the whole, the performance of *Fidelio* was enjoyable, and due honours were paid to the high merits of the Leonora.

On Tuesday *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed, with a new contralto, Mdlle. Cari, as Maffeo Orsini. The other three principal characters were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens (Lucrezia), Signor Naudin (Gennaro—his first appearance for the season), Signor Graziani (Alfonso), and Signor Tagliafico (Gubetta). The new contralto was received with great favour, and encored in the "Brindisi." The rest was as usual. Mdlle. Tietjens was in fine voice. Signor Bevignani conducted.

On Thursday night Mdlle. Cari made her essay a new character—that of Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. Further particulars in our next.

To-night, the *Flauto Magico*, with Mdlle. Sessi in the "Queen of Night"—a bold essay, to say the least.

PRÆTORIUS AND HIS *SYNTAGMA MUSICUM.**

Michael Prætorius may be designated as one of the greatest and most celebrated writers on music and also the ablest composer of the 16th and 17th centuries. Through him Germany attained the reputation of a first-rate musical country. Born at Kreutzberg, in Thuringia, on the 15th of Feb., 1571, he died on the 15th of Feb., 1621 (his birthday), at Wolfenbuettel, 50 years of age. He was Chapelmaster to the Duke of Brunswick, and Court-composer, also appointed secretary of his privy council, and was Prior to the Cloister of the Order of Benedicts, at Ringelheim, near Goslar. The greatest work ever written on music, and which will remain for all ages as a remarkable monument in the history of music, and through which he already earned during his lifetime a far-famed name, is his *Syntagma Musicum*, which was published, in 1614 and 1618, in three volumes, 4to, at Wittenberg and Wolfenbuettel. The first vol. in Latin, and the second and third vols. in the German language. No writer on the art of music and its history can dispense with it, and as this extraordinary work and its contents are not generally known, a description of them may be acceptable to the student and amateur of music. The first vol. consists of two parts, of which the first is again divided into four chapters; and the second part into two principal chapters:—

First Part.—The first chapter contains at large all that is necessary with regard to Psalmody. The second chapter treats on Liturgy. The third chapter treats on the Christian Church, and of all known Church songs up to the author's time. The fourth chapter informs us of the Rites of the Levitical Divine Service by the Jews. The fifth chapter instructs us on the Ancient Secular Music, their celebrated Masters, and Writers on Music; their Harmony and Melody, the effect produced generally by Music, and the various modes in which use is made of this Art. The sixth chapter describes the Flutes, Cithara (Zither), Lyra, and other instruments of the Ancient Greeks, and all other known instruments up to the time of the author.

The second volume gives a complete analysis on Organography, and also contains a great number of drawings of various instruments. The third volume contains explanations on Italian, French, and English songs; of Musical Notation, Modes, Transposition; the Mathematical Measurement with regard to Musical Instruments; on Thoroughbass, the Art of Singing, and how to Arrange a Vocal and Instrumental Concert. This volume contains, also, a complete catalogue of his compositions, which are numerous. Twenty-five large collections have been published. With the exception of one they are all vocal—viz., Masses, Motets, Church-songs, Te Deums, for one up to twenty-four parts, therefore for six choruses. Some of his Chorales are still to be found in choral books. Rühnau, in his Choral book, gives some in their original purity—viz., *Ich danke dir, o Gott; O aller hoechster Menschenhueter*, and *Ich denk' dir schon durch deinen Sohn*.

There is a posthumous work by Prætorius, called, *On the Revision of Organs*. Gerber, in his *New Encyclopædia of Musical Artists and Authors*, gives also a complete catalogue of his works. In the Church of Wolfenbuettel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, his portrait is hung up, with the following inscription:—

"*Michael Prætorius consobli Ringelheimensis Prior, in aula Ducum Brunsv. et Lunob. cum Wolferbyti et Chori Musici Magister, quos et olim Capellarum Electoralium, Ducalium Director ac Sphores. Sacras Musicas Adornet, Decus Columen.*"

The *Syntagma Musicum* is becoming rather scarce, notwithstanding there are several editions of it; but those who know this extraordinary work and possess it will not readily part with it, considering it as a musical treasure. I should have wished to recommend to those who feel interested in the work, the Reading Room of the British Museum, but feel sorry to inform them, notwithstanding the million of books the Institution possesses, that this celebrated work, the *Syntagma Musicum*, is not to be found in the catalogue; a sign that the literature on music is undiversally represented, considering the general study of the musical art has become a "household word" in England.

March, 1870. DR. FERDINAND RAHLAS.

* Sketches of Composers and Musical Writers of the Earlier Centuries.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(*From an Occasional Correspondent.*)

As I see nothing of your regular correspondent in this week's *World*, and promising that he might be absent or otherwise prevented from writing, I send you a few musical scraps which will perhaps interest some of your readers. First, let me tell you of the inauguration of a new organ, specially built for the private residence of an English nobleman, at the cost, I am told, of "eighty thousand francs." Alexandre Guilmant, who was the organist on this occasion, gained the hearty applause of the audience which crowded the fine hall of "Cavaille-Coll," the builder of this superb workmanship. I enclose you the programme of the séance as it was styled, but I must particularly mention "Fantaisie en la mineur" (Lemmens), "Prelude, thème et Finale" (Guilmant), and a *duo* for pianoforte and organ, "Marche funèbre and chant seraphique," by the same composer. The pianoforte part was finely played by Mr. Widor, the newly appointed organist of St. Sulpice. Now, to something else. Have you ever attended one of Vieuxtemps' Friday Evenings? if not, do so on the next occasion you visit Paris; I am certain you will be heartily received by Mdlle. Vieuxtemps, who does the *honneurs* of these receptions with much grace and amiability. Besides meeting there a host of *gens de lettres*, artists of the best class, and last but not least, as you somewhere said, beautifully attired ladies of high position, you may listen to a string quartet by some of the standing great masters, in that way played I need not say, the host being the leader; or a sonata for violin and piano, in which Schulhof or some other pianist, always at hand, takes part; a song of Schubert or Mendelssohn, on the last occasion introduced by Herr Reichardt, &c., &c.

A great hit has been made by a young *débutante*, Mdlle. Priola, at the Opéra-Comique, as Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*. Her voice is a clear, high soprano, extremely flexible, and of a very agreeable quality. I predict that she will become a great favourite with the Salle Favart. As for concerts I will not trouble you with them, as they are legion; still, I must mention one or two. At the Salle Lhera, Mdlle. Nilsson gave her *concert* for a charity concert, which was crowded. About her singing your admirable pen has often bestowed such lines of well-merited praise, that I must abstain from referring upon it, but I must tell you what she did on this occasion, besides her superb rendering of four pieces set down on the programme. After the first part, *l'enfant gaîte* went round the audience to ask money for the poor, and with such grace did she her business, that the sum she gathered was a very considerable one I am told—something like 10,000 francs.

Notre ami Virier will have his concert on the 10th of next month, at the Salle Erard, for which, I heard, all tickets are gone—*tant mieux!* Then there are other concerts for which tickets are also gone a week before they take place, but in a different way; for instance, a gentleman addressed himself to Mr. G. "Monsieur," says the stranger, "I wish to give a concert." "Well," says G., "I am your man." Stranger: "Yes, but how much will it cost me?"—Answer: "250 francs." "In all?" says Stranger.—"In all," replies G.—"But I have no artists to assist me." "*Je m'en charge*," says G.—"And I don't know anyone here, and I wish very much to have a concert room?"—"*Je m'en charge, encore*," says G.—"What! artists, public, and only 250 francs?" says the astonished man; "here is the money, the titles of my pieces. At what time must I be in the concert room?"—"At 9 of G."—And off goes the newly-arrived artist, who is no more to be seen until 9 o'clock on the evening of his concert, when he finds a crowded room and receives salves of applause for his playing on a new instrument, the name of which escapes my memory just now.—Adieu, *A bientôt*.

Paris, March 20, 1870.

WARSAW.—Mad. Artôt-Padilla made her first appearance, this season, in M. Gounod's *Faust*. The house was crammed. The fair artist was to remain until the 15th inst.

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THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

Bach's *Passion* (according to St. Matthew) was given in Exeter Hall on Wednesday week, by the directors of the Oratorio Concerts, in whose prospectus it held a position even more important than that of Beethoven's Second Mass. Much surprise has naturally been expressed at the neglect of this work by English concert-givers. There are, however, cogent reasons for such neglect apart from the question of merits or demerits. In the first place, the music was written at least a hundred and forty years ago (it was performed in 1729), and public taste has so far changed since then that scarcely a piece of contemporary work survives out of the libraries of the curious. Next, Handel has occupied much the same ground as Bach, under conditions more favourable to success. The *Messiah* was written for the concert-room, with a view to musical effect. This object was studied in the construction of the libretto, and in the treatment of the subjects as they arose. Hence, Handel being what he was, the amazing popularity of the "sacred oratorio." Whether, under like conditions, Bach could have produced a like result, is a question we are not to discuss here. The important fact is that Bach wrote for circumstances altogether different. We need not point out the distinction between a "Passion" and an oratorio. The musical reader knows well enough that the former was for the church, and not, like the latter, for the concert-hall. It was the original recital of the sufferings of Christ, aided, as an after-thought, by the effect of music. The conditions of a recital were, however, still enforced to a large extent. Hence the preponderance of recitative, and the absence of largely developed movements such as are found in the *Messiah*. Putting these two things together—the antiquated style of the music, and the rivalry of Handel's masterpiece—we are at no loss to account for the neglect into which Bach's *Passion* has fallen. Moreover, we have no hesitation in saying that this neglect is likely to continue. The prospect may be regrettable; but the reasons are intelligible. Having said this in explanation, let us do justice to the great old Leipsic Cantor. The design of the Matthew *Passion* shows Bach in the character of an original worker. Its conception may be credited to Solomon Deyling; but the musician elaborated, in his own way, the crude idea of the divine. None save Bach at that time (not even Handel, whose genius ripened later) would have thought of the gigantic machinery we here see employed—of the two orchestras and organs, with their respective choirs, and of the great chorus of the people ever and anon breaking the continuity of the story with the hymns of their church. The plan is Titanic, and only to be equalled by that of *Israel in Egypt*, or, to go far away for a parallel, one of Mayerbeer's operas. To write at just length about the happy manner in which Bach did his work would take up all our space. It must, however, be remarked that an adequate conception of the *Passion* can only exist where there is some knowledge of the composer's character. In the absence of such knowledge the mistake might be made of believing that Bach failed to do all that was possible with the grand situations of his story. No mistake of the kind can be made in view of actual facts. Bach's was an eminently religious nature, and he approached the Passion with as much reverence as he would have drawn near to the person of Jesus. He saw but a single duty before him, and that was not to exhibit his own genius, nor to use a sacred narrative as a means of musical display, but to employ art as an incentive to religious emotion and an enforcer of religious lessons. Hence the stern repression of self which we cannot but feel the composer to have exerted when dealing with the sacred story, and which enabled him to give such natural and unaffected expression to its various parts. The incidental choruses forcibly illustrate this. They might have been made, as music, much more effective than they are, but their length—

"is limited" (we quote Mr. G. A. Macfarren) "by dramatic propriety, and never exceeds what may well be supposed to be the duration of the embodied action; and where the words are reiterated in such extension, it is for the sake of increasing the vitality of the scene rather than for that of completing the musical idea."

Here we have the reason why only three choruses can lay claim to elaboration, and why those are extra-biblical, standing apart, from the current of the narrative. We dare not enter upon a criticism of the *Passion* music in detail. It would carry us beyond all reasonable limit; and even then leave much to be said. Let it suffice if we direct attention to the expressive melodies with which the work abounds—melodies as natural as they are expressive, and therefore standing almost alone in regard to contemporary productions. Nothing shows the genius of Bach more clearly than the character of his themes. A hundred illustrations might be taken from the *Passion* alone, which go to prove that the old master was as far ahead of his time in melodic invention as in contrapuntal device.

"It is not a quality," says Forkel, "but rather a consequence of its qualities, that Bach's melody never grows old. It remains 'ever fair and young,' like Nature, from which it is derived. Everything that Bach mixed in his earlier works, conformably to the prevailing taste of his time, is now antiquated; but where, as in his later works, he has developed his melodies from the internal source of the art itself, without any regard to the dictates of fashion, all is as fresh and new as if it had been produced but yesterday."

This is said with a biographer's partiality for his hero, allowing for which, nothing remains but truth.

The performance of the *Passion* was, generally, very good; all the more, therefore, was its mutilation regrettable. Mr. Barnby "cut" largely, and with an impartial hand. He took away from the *chorales*, from the reflective airs, and from the Scriptural narrative; not seldom excising that which could ill be spared. He was moved to do so, no doubt by a conviction of necessity; none the less, however, was it uncomplimentary to assume that the audience attracted by such a work could not sit it out from beginning to end. Apart from this drawback, every thing was satisfactory. The choir had been well trained, and sang, with equal confidence and precision, music requiring both qualities in no ordinary degree. An encore followed the mighty chorus, "Have lightnings and thunders;" a like compliment being fairly earned by the delivery of the beautiful and touching *finale*, "In tears of grief." The *chorales* were particularly well given, and not less well received. Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas did justice to their respective parts—a special word of praise being deserved by the gentlemen for a careful and efficient delivery of the sounding recitatives; and Mr. Barnby helped largely to success by his watchful conducting, as he had previously done in a still greater degree by zealous superintendence of long and earnest preparation. The *Passion* is announced for performance during each successive season. It may be, therefore, Mr. Barnby will eventually increase the obligation under which he has laid his public by giving the music entire.

FROM MADRID.

A conversation which I held the other day with a party of English travellers on the Spanish frontier confirmed me in an opinion which I had long entertained—that our countrymen when they cross the Channel for the purpose of amusement run after every object indicated by the perennial *Murray* but entirely overlook the people. Though they know no more of architecture than your humble servant, and never have taken the trouble to enter Westminster Abbey, they consider themselves morally bound to see certain cathedrals at the hour most convenient to themselves, however their æsthetic proclivities may interfere with the feelings of the devout when they will jauntily between the worshipper and the object of veneration; and they will go miles out of their way to behold an alterpiece for the contemplation of which they would grudge a threepenny omnibus fare if it were exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Their pleasure, indeed, seems rather of an arithmetical kind, based on a stern resolution to view the largest possible number of objects in the shortest possible time. I may be right or I may be wrong, but it is my conviction that to exhaust a great city thoroughly, to observe those habits of men that are totally different, from our own, is a process far more instructive than a feverish search after an infinity of things inanimate. I come to Spain to learn something about Spaniards, and I bear in mind the assertion of Schiller—that man is never in earnest except when he plays. Having no personal knowledge of any Spaniard, I will look at the people through their amusements.

On Friday, the 1st inst., I arrived at Madrid, and the first objects which met my view were a programme of a bull-fight that was to be held on the following Sunday, and an announcement that on that very evening, at the Teatro de los Variedades (Théâtre des Variétés), something would be performed entitled *Los Siete Dolores de Maria*—in English, *The Seven Dolours of the Virgin Mary*. Here, at any rate, was something out of the common. Was the performance to consist of a play or a moving picture? At half-past eight—the time when plays generally begin at Madrid—I betook myself to

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the Teatro de los Variedades, and on paying the price of admission found myself encumbered with a formidable collection of mysterious documents. On inquiry I learned that these entitled me to remain in the theatre for the entire evening, inasmuch as I was a magnificent person, who had paid my 8 reals (2 francs) for the best place, whereas the more economical patrons of the theological drama contented themselves with a portion of the performance. The "half-peice" familiar in London when I was a juvenile has long vanished: but in Madrid they have a "quarter price," with a tariff corresponding to the division; and at the end of every act a bookkeeper took away one of my documents as a voucher for value received. Was the performance to consist of a play or a moving picture? A play certainly decided. Without any preface, and in very violent efforts at sensation, the life of the Redeemer, from His presentation in the Temple to His descent from the Cross, was dramatically represented before a body of persons who evidently regarded the whole affair as a matter of course. We hear of a representation of the Passion that occurs once in three years in Southern Germany, and we read of the Coventry and Chester Mysteries; but in these we have cases of grand exceptional exhibitions. The remarkable peculiarity in the Madrid mystery is that there is nothing solemn about it. On a Friday in Lent a dramatized version of the New Testament is as much in place as a pantomime on Boxing-day in our capital; only, let me add, that whereas the pantomime creates an excitement, the sacred history is contemplated with the sort of respectful indifference that would signalize the revival of a standard comedy. The theatre is neither empty nor very full, and looks very much as the theatre in Tottenham Street looked before it was polished by Miss Marie Wilton into the Prince of Wales's, and animated with the genius of Mr. T. W. Robertson. Babies are brought by their mothers; the spectators generally are of a humble class, and if a gentleman wishes to make a remark to his neighbour he is not in the least deterred by the representation of the awful event on Calvary. How was this monstrous piece performed? The question cannot be answered till all English notions are violently thrust aside. In London such a performance would be a simple abomination; in Paris it would only be tolerated from a morbid love of wickedness; but in Madrid one feels that it accords with the sympathies of the multitude, and I may venture to affirm that the lawful subject is treated with great modesty and refinement. The resources of the theatre are evidently limited; there is no luxury in the way of decoration, but the manager has learned the use of the line-light, and I can scarcely conceive a more effective *tableau* than that which was presented to the spectators when the curtain rose for the fourth act and discovered the Redeemer crucified between the two thieves.

I do not suppose that the actors at this little Teatro de los Variedades are to be taken as specimens of histrionic art; but so far as I am able to judge, they play with good emphasis and discretion, articulating with exceeding distinctness. The Virgin, the Redeemer, the Magdalen, and Pontius Pilate are marked characters; and still more conspicuous is the penitent Thief, who in the early part of the story appears as the protector of the Holy Family during their sojourn in Egypt. I have left my *Thilo* and my *Trechendorff* at home; but, unless my memory greatly misguides me, this early appearance of the Thief in the sacred history is derived from one of the apocryphal Gospels; and I think I may say the same of the miraculous preservation of Mary and Joseph by the descent of a branch of a tree, which conceals them from their pursuers. The *Protevangelium*, the *Book of Infancy*, the *Book of Mary*, and other apocryphal works of this kind, had an enormous influence on the popular Christianity of the Middle Ages, and in Madrid the nineteenth century is still mediæval. The conventional manner of representing the three "Kings" or wise men, the ox and the ass at the Nativity, the assumption that Joseph is an old man (which, by the way, I do not find on the Spanish stage), are all derived from the apocryphal Gospels. N. D.

Madrid, April 2.

KOENIGSBERG.—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison" is rather a hackneyed saying, not to say vulgar, proverb, but it is very true for all that, and its truth has been strikingly exemplified, within the last week or two, by the worthy burghers of this celebrated old town. While the Viennese and Berliners receive *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* in anything but a flattering manner (the latter people have condemned it after a masterpiece that three performances in one week were necessary to satisfy their "Wagnerian cravings." To repeat the sentiment—only in a different form—with which the paragraph commenced—*De gustibus non est, etc.*

AN EPISODE OF "DIE MEISTERSINGER."—At the conclusion of the first act, on the night of the production of the above opera at Berlin, a well-known admirer of the Lucerne anchorite rushed wildly along one of the corridors towards the door of the theatre. "Where are you off to, in such a hurry?"—asked a friend whom he ran against, and nearly knocked down. "Oh! I'm off to the Telegraph Office, to inform the *Moniteur* what a colossal triumph he has achieved. What a misfortune that it will take me so long to write out the message that I shall lose a good bit of the splendid second act."—"How's that?" replied his friend. "Don't you always have your description of the first night's performance of one of Wagner's operas ready cut and dried beforehand?"

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

The final concert of the season took place on Monday night, and was given, as usual, for the benefit of the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, on whose account, as much, we hope, as on account of the programme, a very large audience assembled. Quite apart, however, from the director and the special attractions of his closing performance, there would, we opine, have been a good attendance. The Monday Popular Concerts have created—and for twelve years have educated a special public—a public not sufficiently educated, perhaps, because too often "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," yet having taste enough to value the good things set before them, and to part from them with regret. This personal following of classical chamber music could, in any case, be depended upon for crowding the hall on the last night of the season.

Mr. Chappell's programme—one of unusual length—was evidently drawn up to please those who like variety. Hence it contained but two important works; the rest were short pieces of no particular consequence, though sufficiently interesting in their way. Giving precedence to the former, we must speak first of Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, for strings, which, played only a week after a similar work by the same composer, enabled the audience to judge between his Op. 18 and Op. 87. We question if preference was given to the riper composition. That it is in all respects a more masterly thing, few will dispute; but Mendelssohn in his seventeenth year could, as the A major quintet shows, pour out a stream of fresh and delicious melody which more than atoned for want of ripeness in other respects. Every movement of the work played on Monday night was received with marked favour, but *adagio* especially; but the audience did not have upon each phrase as when the youthful Mendelssohn spoke. We need not say how the quintet was played by artists such as MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti. The second of the important features to which we have referred—Bach's triple concerto in C major for three pianos, with quintet accompaniment of strings—will be remembered as having been played at Mr. Chappell's benefit two years ago. The work is attractive more as a curiosity than as anything else. Its great ingenuity and skill must be apparent to all, but it conveys no ideas whatever beyond. It begins, we know not why, and ends, we know not wherefore, the beginning and the end being connected by a series of utterances which, though they fall pleasantly on the ear, express nothing. Nevertheless the concerto has a right to be heard. It is a great thing in its way, and a worthy representative of a style of composition which has gone out of vogue for ever. The three pianists were Madame Schumann, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Herr Pauer, and the quintet was led by Herr Straus. First among the comparative trifles came a *chorale* with variations for organ, by Henry Smart. Of its merits we could not judge, through no fault of the organist, Master Charles Le Jeune. An obstinate pedal pipe persisted in booming from beginning to end, and the performance was distressing. Mr. Pauer, however, gave the youthful performer another chance, and the pedal pipe was discreetly silent through a capital rendering of "O! ruddier than the cherry." Mr. Charles Hallé played three movements from Scarlatti's *Harpsichord Lessons* in his usual style; and was followed by Signor Piatti, who gave Mendelssohn's romance in D (posthumous). Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor (Op. 31) was played by Madame Schumann in a manner more than vigorous for music of such small calibre. Herr Joachim began the second part with the recitative and *adagio* from Spohr's concerto in G minor. How the great violinist acquitted himself may be imagined; as may the rendering of Beethoven's variations on "See the conquering hero comes," by Signor Piatti and Herr Pauer. Miss Vezalli was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang, in her own charming way, Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus), Benedict's "Maiden's dream," and Sullivan's "Orpheus with his lute."

PRAGUE.—An interesting concert was given lately by the pupils of the Conservatory, who performed, among other works, the *Suite* in C minor by Herr Franz Lachner, General Musical Director, who himself conducted.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Eduard Marxte, Professor in the Rhenish School of Music, Cologne, has completed a two-act lyrical opera, *Lisa, oder die Sprache des Herzens*, which will shortly be produced at the Grand-Ducal Theatre here.

LEIGNITZ.—A grand Musical Festival will be held here on the 2nd and 3rd June, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; J. S. Bach's second *Suite*; Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day;" and the "Adventlied," by Schumann, will be among the works performed.

COLOGNE.—The members of the Männergesangverein lately gave a performance of Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada*, at the Thalia Theatre. It was a great success, the choruses, of course, being given with a degree of correctness and power not always met with when the singers are "professionals."

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The 132nd anniversary festival of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain took place last Saturday at the Freemasons' Tavern. The chair was taken by his Royal Highness Prince Christian, K.G., who was supported by the Earl of Dudley, president of the Royal Academy of Music; Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart.; Theodore Martin, Esq.; T. T. Bernard, Esq., director of the Royal Academy of Music; Mr. Sergeant Sargood; J. C. Stevenson, Esq., M.P.; Prof. W. S. Bennett; Sir Henry Thompson; Dr. Sellé; A. S. Sullivan, Esq.; G. F. Anderson, Esq., hon. treasurer; W. G. Cusins, Esq., master of the music to her Majesty; C. S. Grunesen, Esq.; A. T. Willy, Esq.; Henry Lazarus, Esq.; Charles Coote, Esq.; H. C. Lunn, Esq.; Henry Kirkman, Esq.; G. W. Martin, Esq.; J. Coward, Esq.; Sig. Ferrari; J. H. Jewson, Esq.; Lamborn Cock, Esq., and 150 other Esquires. On the removal of the cloth the usual loyal toasts were duly honoured, and, in response to "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," Sir John Pakington referred, amid loud cheers, to the part he had taken in connection with the threatened Festival of the Three Choirs. The right honourable laronet said that it gave him much pleasure to announce that opposition to that Festival had ceased, an announcement, which we need hardly observe, elicited renewed applause. In proposing the toast of the evening,—"Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain"—Prince Christian made an earnest appeal on behalf of this charity, which ought to have had, and doubtless did have, an effect on the subscription list read at a later period. From the balance-sheet we gather that the receipts for the year amounted to £3,490 15s. 7d., and the expenditure to £2,847 2s. 1d., the difference having been invested in stock. The society is, therefore, in a flourishing condition. The musical arrangements (always an important feature at this festival) were ably superintended by Mr. James Coward, who was assisted by the Mesdames Blanche Reeves, Jewel, Ferrari, Severn, Messrs. Byron, Patey, De Kontski, Svendsen, Lazarus, &c. A number of ladies were in the gallery—the floor being as yet forbidden to them. Why musicians should deny to the fair sex privileges accorded by actors, we know not.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Solomon* was performed in Exeter Hall, on Friday, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, who gave it with Sir Michael Costa's recently added accompaniments. We shall not accept this latest challenge to a discussion of the propriety of "additional accompaniments," nothing itself has been submitted to, more or less quietly, from Mozart's time down to the present, and the fact is that Handel unadapted is now Handel unpresentable. We have only, then, in dealing with the impropriety of the old master, to set upon it a mere of respect they show him. With regard to *Solomon*, Sir Michael Costa is thus far blameless. Throughout he is unobtrusive, and in many of the airs, notably in "See the rich palm," his vivid touches published by beauty as well as good taste. The oratorio was largely denuded of wearisome recitatives and airs; yet much was retained that could well have been spared—the business of the "judgment," for example, wherein music of the least value is allied to utterly worthless verses. It cannot be necessary to say either that the grand choruses were all splendidly given, or that they made ample atonement for shortcomings elsewhere. "May no rash intruder" was encored, and each of the series preceding and following that masterpiece of art gave the utmost satisfaction. The solos were delivered with more or less efficiency by Mesdames Wynne, Vinta, and Patey; Messrs. Rigby and Lewis Thomas. Sir Michael Costa conducted, as he only can conduct large masses of performers, vocal and instrumental.

MUNICH.—Herr Nachbaur has had the Gold Medal for Art and Science conferred on him by the Grand Duke of Hesse.

MANNHEIM.—Herr Hirlich's opera, *König Georg*, is announced for production very shortly.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The programme for the next Italian operatic season has just been issued. The following artists are announced:—A. Patti, Volpini, Maria Sass, Barcelloni, Cataldi and Barbara Marchisio, Perelli, and Dal-Aresse; Calzolari, Mongini, A. and J. Corsi, and Rossi; Graziani, Steller, and Everardi; Bagagiolo, Capponi, Zucchini, Fortuna, and Boccolini; conductor, Sig. Vianesi.

MOSCOW.—Great activity reigns at present in musical circles here, and hardly a day passes without a good concert being given. The programme of the last concert of the Russian Musical Society comprised: Fragments from the symphony, *Romeo et Juliette*, Berlioz; choruses from *Israel in Egypt*, Handel; the Thirty-Second Psalm, Marcello; Pianoforte-Concerto in G minor, Moscheles; Russian songs, Dargomyschky; and the "Jubel-Ouverture," C. M. von Weber. The last concert of the Society this season was announced for the 2nd inst., when among the pieces to be performed were R. Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*, and Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyrenritt*.

PROVINCIAL.

STROUD.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The *Messiah* was given by the New Choral Society (March 24th), before a large audience. The vocalists were Mesdames Lancia and Laura Baxter; Messrs. Alfred Bayley and Brandon. There was a competent band and chorus. Mr. Edward Bond conducted."

TEWKESBURY.—In *Berrows' Worcester Journal* we read that:—

"The last of the Choral Society's concerts was given at the Music Hall on Monday evening, April 4th, and was numerously attended. The performances consisted of a selection of sacred music from the works of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. The band, under the leadership of Herr Hauptmann, consisted of Messrs. Diaper, Watson, Mather, Yarnall, Matty, Sekell, Fowler, Hyett, Allcock, and Rushing; and the principal vocalists were Mrs. Corson (Gloucester) and Mrs. F. G. Houne, the Misses Rice, Chandler, Watson, Marsh, and White, and Messrs. Home, Newman, Creese, and Mayall; numbering with the chorus about 70 performers. The proceeds of the concert were for the benefit of the conductor, Mr. Hounsilow, who deserved the compliment for the care and attention he has bestowed on the society since its formation."

SALISBURY.—We read as follows in the *Salisbury Journal* of April 9th:—

"On Tuesday evening the Sarum Choral Society gave its first subscription concert for the present year, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed. The choruses showed that there had been a good deal of careful preparation. Among the solo vocalists was Mdlle. Vinta, who possesses those three great requisites for a singer—a beautiful voice, well-studied delivery, and an agreeable presence. Miss Severn, who sang the contralto music, was heard at her best in 'He was despised,' Mr. Hunt, of the Chapel Royal, Windsor, sang the tenor songs. Mr. Hilton, who sang the bass solos, has lately joined the Cathedral Choir. Altogether, Mr. Read, the new conductor, may be congratulated upon this his second concert. The general arrangements were carried out by Mr. T. E. Darkin, hon. secretary of the society."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Thursday week Mr. Henry Leslie gave a concert of sacred music in St. James's Hall, with Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Poole, and Mr. George Perren as chief vocalists. The programme consisted mostly of old favourites, such as Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," and "Hear my prayer," Mozart's "Ave Verum," Schubert's 23rd Psalm, and Wesley's "In Exitu." We have so often had to use terms of highest praise with regard to the manner in which these works are presented by Mr. Leslie that another expression of opinion is needless. Enough that everything was as well done as usual; said, as much as usual, enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

On Thursday week Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave an evening concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, to a "full house." The programme was drawn up with Monday Popular model, and began with Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat for piano and violoncello. This favourite work was admirably played by Miss Zimmermann and Signor Piatti, who, it need hardly be said, obtained much applause. With these two artists were associated Mr. Henry Holmes in Beethoven's trio for piano and strings (Op. 97). The concert-giver played, as her solo, Schubert's popular sonata in A minor, and took part with Madame Schumann in Schumann's *Andante* and variations for two pianos. After both efforts she was recalled. Mr. Henry Holmes played Bach's *Fuga Allegra* in G minor with capital effect. The vocalist was Mr. Cummings, who sang Mozart's "Costanza," and two of Miss Zimmermann's songs, in his own excellent way. An attempt was made to encore "Love, I may not tarry here."

On Friday week Herr Coenen gave the second of his chamber concerts of modern music in the Hanover Square Rooms, assisted by Herr Reinecke, M. Wiener, Herr F. Ries, Signor Zerbini, and M. Daubert, with Miss Julia Elton, as vocalist. The following was the programme:—Sonata, No. 2 (Op. 121), Schumann—Messrs. Coenen and Wiener. Songs: "Comunia" (*Magnus*), A. Thomas; "O cruidiella," F. Ricci—Miss Julia Elton. Quartet, in B flat, (Op. 22), Franz Ries—Messrs. Franz Ries, Wiener, Zerbini, and Daubert. Songs: "The Weaver," K. L. Wardy; "O fair dove, O fond dove," Smith—Miss Julia Elton. Quintet, in A (Op. 83), Carl Reinecke—Messrs. Coenen, Wiener, Franz Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert.

THE death is announced, at Berlin, of Herr Œsten, a pianist and composer for the piano of some note.

MAYENCE.—*L'Africaine* has been most successfully produced at the Stadttheater.

THE success of *Lohengrin* at Brussels naturally elated Herr Wagner, and he has addressed what *Le Ménestrel* calls a "proclamation," to Herr Hans Richter, beginning in a fashion which reminds us of a Napoleonic "order of the day after victory"—(See "Occasional Notes.")

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Dialogue de Mr. Dimitri d'Olbac, fils du Roy Florestans de Mesopotamie et de la Belle Gueuse, fille de Bandolin, Empereur de Cocagne. Usopin, by Jean Jacques, dit le Petit Organiste. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be had for FIVE GUINEAS.
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DEATH.

On April 7th, after a very short illness, ELIZABETH ASBURY FREDERICA SCHMIDT, the youngest and dearly beloved daughter of W. H. HOLMES, Esq., of Beaumont Square.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

THE LAST OF LORD DUDLEY.

PROBABLY many of our readers would have been glad to see this heading before, and will now give it a hearty welcome. The probability has all along been present with us, but there was no chance of acting upon it. Lord Dudley, with his 10,000 sovereigns, his dislike to oratorios in church, and his reverence for holy stones, may together make up a tiresome subject; but the existence of our oldest musical Festival was at stake, and we were bound to concern ourselves with matters in the abstract neither interesting nor important.

Happily, the whole business has now ended, if we may believe what Sir John Pakington is reported to have said at the dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians. That staunch defender of the Festivals—who ought for the future to quarter his arms with those of St. Cecilia—had gone down to Worcester on the previous day, and presented a memorial to the Dean and Chapter, the result of which was his ability to state that the Festivals were out of danger. Assuming the speech of the right hon. baronet to be correctly reported, we may now sing pæans, and organize a triumph wherein Sir John shall wear the laurel, and drag Lord Dudley at his chariot wheels. Poor Lord Dudley!—we cannot but feel something like pity for him. It is not his fault that he is a rich man; nor is it unnatural that he should trust in riches, seeing how English society grovels in the dust before the Calf of Gold. He got hold of a whim, and, with the instinct of wealth, laid hands upon his cheque-book as the sure and speedy means of indulging it. But there is nothing sure in this unstable world, and Lord Dudley's cheque-book failed for once. We can dimly fancy the wealthy earl's perplexity, and can picture him dashing those miserable failures, the 10,000 sovereigns, into a corner, or sending them to Mr. Lowe on behalf of the National Debt.

When next Lord Dudley reads *Robinson Crusoe* he will be ready to sympathize with the contempt of the lonely castaway for the "shining dust," which could do less for him than a rusty nail. But such tribulation burns the dross out of a man, and Lord Dudley may emerge from it purified and exalted. We can imagine him still glowing with zeal for the Lord's house, and no longer fighting with carnal weapons, but—like another Peter the Hermit—preaching, in every town and village of the Midland Counties, a moral-force crusade on behalf of the Holy places.

One other matter, and we have done. Lord Dudley has hinted at the law, as a deterrent against the Festivals, and has published a very illogical and absurd "opinion" purporting to come from Sir R. Phillimore. We have already dealt with this so-called "opinion;" but, to complete the case, we must now reprint a letter, addressed to the *Worcester Journal*, by Sir John Pakington. The worthy baronet writes as follows:—

"SIR,—Lord Dudley's recent letters oblige me again to request you to allow me some space in your columns; but I wish, in the first place, to endeavour to correct the erroneous impressions which may have been made on some persons by Sir R. Phillimore's opinion as to the legality of holding a musical Festival in the Cathedral.

"It may appear presumptuous in a civilian to dispute the judgment of so able an ecclesiastical lawyer as Sir R. Phillimore, but it seems to me impossible to read that opinion without feeling that it was a somewhat hasty decision, and not very carefully written.

"I venture to submit that not only is it opposed to long established usage, sanctioned by successive Deans and Chapters, and by successive Bishops, for a century and a half—not only is it, in fact, limited to proving what no one, so far as I am aware, has ever called in question—but I think I can show that in attempting more, it is inconsistent both with various recognized customs in the affairs of our national Church, and with existing, clear, recently enacted law.

"The opinion, when stripped of the usual circumlocution, seems to me to amount only to this:—

"1. That no services other than those contained in the Prayer-book, together with sermon, &c., can lawfully be performed in any consecrated church.

"2. That it would not be lawful for the Dean and Chapter to exclude any one in the diocese from attending Divine service in the Cathedral, nor to demand payment of money as a condition of entering the Cathedral for that purpose.

"Now, Sir, I repeat that I never heard of anyone who would dispute either of these two propositions.

"I will not seriously refer to Sir R. Phillimore's suggestion—I presume only offered in the absence of better arguments—that neither *Samson Agonistes* nor Hannah More's *David* ought to be acted in a consecrated church.

"I proceed to the fact that Sir R. Phillimore does not bring a shadow of an authority to prove that a church may not legally be used for other purposes than Divine service.

"It is notorious, on the contrary, that the Chancellor, a lay officer, holds his court in the Cathedral, and in other churches, as well as visitations for swearing-in church-wardens, and at other times that the Practors for Convocation are elected in churches, and that vestry meetings may legally be held in the church of any parish where the population is less than 2000.

"But I wish more especially to refer to the Act 13 and 14 Vic., ch. 57, passed in 1850, and which must, I presume, have escaped Sir R. Phillimore's recollection. It is entitled 'An Act to prevent the holding of vestry or other meetings in churches,' &c., &c. And in the second section it is enacted that no meeting 'for the purpose of holding a vestry, or for any other purpose than that of Divine worship, or some ecclesiastical *or charitable object, or some other purpose approved by the Bishop of the Diocese*, shall be holden in any parish church or chapel, or *other consecrated church or chapel*, nor in the chancel thereof,' &c.

"It may, perhaps, be said that this Act was passed with reference to crowded vestry meetings in populous parishes; but I submit that it cannot reasonably be denied that the reservations, so carefully guarded in the second section, must be held to govern and define the law with respect to what may or may not be done in all consecrated buildings.

"Indeed, one is tempted almost to believe that Parliament, in passing this Act, must have had regard to our Musical Festivals, and must have desired to declare their perfect legality!"

Surely no comment is needed on the above. The baronet has encountered the lawyer as well as the lord, and overthrown each on his own ground. We congratulate him, and, with him, all lovers of the Festival, who now know that on their side is not only the religion that "visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction," but also the law which, to so many, is a sanction higher still.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A REMARKABLE gentleman with a disposition to write upon musical matters (about which he is generally in a muddle) sometimes helps to make up the ha'porth of news called *The Echo*. He contributed an article last Monday, headed "English Music

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and Musicians," which may be accounted his *chef d'œuvre*. We defy him, even in his most inspired moments, to beat the following:—"*M. Thalberg is a pianist who, although for many reasons inferior to Madame S. Dolby in oratorio, in his own line has never been surpassed.*"

School-boys are sometimes puzzled when asked what would be the product of multiplying seven oxen by ten sheep; but the *Echo* writer has suggested a greater difficulty. What must be the mental condition of a man who compares M. Thalberg with Madame Sainton-Dolby!!

' "After an intermission of 1,890 years, Laugmie has lately re-opened the Pompeii Theatre with *The Child of the Regiment*. He solicits the continuance of the patronage bestowed upon his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and promises to equal the efforts of that eminent manager." We are not informed whether M. Laugmi heads his bills, VESUVIO VOLANTE.

THE managers of the Paris theatres are about to form themselves into a defence society. The deed has been drawn up, and several adhesions have been given in. The association will have three objects:—Firstly, to assist managers temporarily in want of funds; secondly, to resist the claims of the Dramatic Authors' Society, "when tempted to abuse its power;" thirdly, to control the pretensions of certain stars, "in the habit of absorbing the greater part of the receipts." (Hear! hear!)

A GERMAN version, of Racine's *Athalie*, with Mendelssohn's music, has been performed at the Royal Operahouse, Munich, with wonderful success. It was produced by the express order of the King, who was present at the performance. Herr R. Wagner had better look to this. If his Bavarian Majesty hears much of Mendelssohn's compositions, his taste for the Music of the Future may become vitiated.

PARIS is suffering just now from a horde of epidemics. There is an epidemic of small-pox, another of bronchitis, and another of fever No. 1, and another of fever No. 2; there is, also, an epidemic of commissions, not less than twenty of which are in full blast. The twentieth is bent upon taking to pieces the present Conservatoire Impérial de Musique, and restoring it with alterations and improvements. Twenty-eight men compose the band in question; and among the twenty-eight men are Auber, Thomas, Perrin, David, Gounod, Gevaert, Gautier, Comettant, Jonvin, Poniatowski, and About. Something great ought to come from the united generative power of such men.

WRITING in *La France Musicale*, M. G. Bénédit gives a wonderful description of Herr Rubinstein at the piano. He says that Herr Rubinstein seats himself at the piano without pretension, without eccentric movements, and like an ordinary mortal. (We suppose, then, he was expected to stand on his head, or make a Catherine wheel of himself.) He begins to play delicately, says M. Bénédit, but soon a black spot shows itself on the horizon of the key-board; it augments, grows, expands, and finally becomes a storm, roaring, whistling, and growling; the piano, meanwhile, being "transformed into an instrument which has no name in musical language,"—that is to say, it is no longer a piano. How if it were remarked of Herr Joachim that, in his hands, the fiddle is no longer a fiddle; or that in the hands of Signor Piatti the violoncello is no longer a violoncello? Imagine the shout of laughter certain to follow the sapient observation. Yet we do not laugh at M. Bénédit. Can it be that he spoke the truth?

IMMEDIATELY after the first performance of *Lohengrin* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, Herr Richard Wagner wrote as follows to his pupil, Herr Richter, who conducted on the occasion:—"My dear Friend—Once more have you held aloft our banner. At Munich, when *Rheingold* was produced, you did so by courageously refusing to conduct an imperfect performance; at present you have done so, by guiding safely into port my *Lohengrin's* skiff, past reefs and difficulties of all sorts. On German soil not a voice was heard agreeing with your courageous behaviour; an incapable chief, and envious colleagues, impatient to obtain your place, lost no time in raising a cry of high treason, and an indolent public let them do as they chose. May the triumph achieved in the French language compensate you for your sad experience of your native land. I thank you with all my heart; and beg you will, moreover, particularly thank M. Louis Brassic, whose zeal and intelligence so admirably seconded you. Yours most cordially, RICHARD WAGNER. Lucerne, 28th March, 1870."—Herenpon the Berlin *Echo* observes:—"Immediately after the first performance of *Lohengrin*, at Brussels, R. Wagner addressed to the conductor, Herr Richter, who officiated on the occasion, one of his usual bombastic letters of thanks; and the recipient appears not to have lost an instant in publishing the defiant and inflated document, in honour (!) of himself and of its writer. It is, perhaps, no longer any use saying, compassionately, to the great Richard and his partisans: '*Si taceuisses*,' when everyone of their effusions surpasses the previous ones—in impudence. We should not, however, be astonished if, on the first opportunity, the people at Munich prove they recollect the gentle and grateful manner in which they especially are mentioned in the letter."

THE production of Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* at Brussels has established one fact that was not generally known, namely, that the capital of Belginm numbers fewer Jews, and is freer from Jewish influence than any other capital, except St. Petersburgh and Moscow, in Europe. We always thought that Brussels could boast of as fair a share of members of the Israelitish persuasion, or, perhaps, rather more, but we were wrong. The local press is almost unanimous in the favourable character of its criticisms on *Lohengrin*, and that would not be the case if the Jewish element predominated,—unless, indeed, Herr R. Wagner is not quite correct about all he says in his *Judaism in Music*. The idea however, of Herr R. Wagner's ever being mistaken is, of course, preposterous.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," April 6.)

The concert on Monday night was for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose long association with, and distinguished services to, Mr. Chappell's enterprise make any such compliments peculiarly fitting. Our great English pianist is noted for the zeal with which she brings forward unfamiliar compositions of merit. Few, however, know how much of this work she has done in connection with the Monday Popular Concerts. A very great majority of the pianoforte pieces marked "first time" in the long series of programmes had Madame Goddard for an executant; and this fact, to say nothing of unsurpassed ability, justifies her claim to the special consideration bestowed on this occasion. The large audience who gave Madame Goddard so hearty a welcome, not only honoured her, but themselves also, in no mean degree. Mendelssohn's quintet in A major (Op. 18), for strings, opened the concert—how gracefully, and with what effect we need not stop to describe. The lovely *andante* was heard with all the pleasure it is calculated to inspire; but the *scherzo*—an example of the fairy-like music which Mendelssohn invented—roused the audience to enthusiasm, and had to be repeated. The performance by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti, was worthy the theme; we know no higher praise. With all the remaining works, songs of course excepted, Madame Goddard had to do. She first gave Schubert's beautiful *Fantasirie-Sonate* in G major (Op. 78), one of the compositions introduced by her at these concerts. Apart from the merits of the sonata—merits we have neither time nor space adequately to discuss—the choice was a wise one. It brought out all the strong points of Madame Goddard's playing. In the first movement every gradation of tone was exhibited, from the faintest whisper to the loudest thunder of which a Broadwood "concert grand" is capable, and that with an absence of effort very remarkable. The theme of the *andante* illustrated the almost vocal qualities of the piano when in the hands of an accomplished artist; and nothing could be more delicate than Madame Goddard's rendering of the trio; while the difficulties of the *finale* were mastered with an easy confidence which most astonished those who knew them best. The audience at once recognised this finished performance as such, and twice recalled the artist with acclamation. Among them there was, or, at all events, ought to have been, a feeling that, with Arabella Goddard at

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command, England need not doubt the result of any international struggle for the post of champion pianist. The second part of the concert began with Dr. Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio in A major for pianoforte and strings; which admirable work—another honour to English art—was given in consequence of its success a few weeks back. Once more the serenade made a great effect, and an attempt to encore it only met with defeat, because the ever-popular "Kreutzer" sonata of Beethoven came after. To hear the latter played for the thirtieth time at a Monday Popular Concert everybody stayed of course. Equally, of course, the executants being Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim, everybody was well rewarded for staying. We need not give any opinion about music which all amateurs know by heart. Its rendering was as near perfection as possible, and the audience responded, as only a deeply interested audience can, to every special effort on the part of each player. As was beforehand certain, the *andante cantabile* (theme, and variations) elicited the warmest tokens of approval; and the struggle for excellence—a drawn battle—between piano and violin, was watched with unflagging interest. With this performance ended a notable concert.

The vocalist was Mr. Cummings, who sang Gounod's "Medjé," and Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Better Land," in admirable style. He was recalled after the English composer's charming song, and right well deserved the honour.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Queen, of the 9th inst., speaking of Madame Arabella Goddard's recent benefit at the Monday Popular Concerts, has the following:—

"The staunch supporters of classical chamber composition always assemble in extraordinary numbers when the annual benefit concert of Madame Arabella Goddard comes off in St. James's Hall. The inducements to attend are strong indeed. First, it is certain there will be a powerful programme, executed by ability of the first class; and secondly, there is the popularity of the pianist herself. The evening of the 4th formed no exception to previous gatherings. The hall was filled to overflow, and what was as curious as it was interesting, the master of eclecticism—literary, scientific, and musical—was as remarkable as the array of fashion, independently of those ardent admirers densely packed behind the pianoforte platform and the upper balcony, who have derived such intellectual instruction from the now European-famed Monday Popular Concerts. The accomplished *bénéficiaire*, although her playing was confined to three pieces only, had Herculean labour. It would cramp the fingers of many public players to have to disentangle the intricacies of Schubert's *Fantasie-Sonate* in G major, Op. 78. The work is called a '*fantaisie*,' perhaps because it is fantastic enough. Its difficulties are prodigious, its complications ear-perplexing, if not developed with such singular skill as that of the lady. Composers who will write their leading themes in solid chords cannot expect that ordinary artists will be quite clear in their articulation; but to Madame Goddard the unravelling of the divers threads of intricate passages with which the sonata is interwoven, forms no difficulty. Fortunately, there is an *andante* (played to perfection), which falls on the ear like music on the waters—doubled more, of course, for there is a little plain sailing with Schubert. Madame Goddard had the courage to introduce this sonata in March, 1867, and its reception caused its repetition on the 4th; but Schumann's criticism—that no one is to meddle with the last movement or try to solve its problems, who has not an imagination of his own—will suffice to show that only an executant *hors ligne* need touch the sonata. In vivid contrast with Schubert's torrents and avalanches came a soothing serenade from Sterndale Bennett—all sunshine. This charming inspiration is embodied in a trio, in A major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; and in the middle movement the violin is played *pizzicato*, to imitate the tinkling of the guitar, whilst the lover's voice in tender strains soars above on the pianoforte, the violoncello undercurrent sustaining the harmony. The 'Kreutzer' sonata (in A, Op. 47) came as a *bonne bouche* to wind up this remarkable concert. It could have no other place, for it would have killed every other composition in the programme. Never was this sublime sonata, the *ne plus ultra* of refined as well as intense expression, interpreted with more eloquence than by Madame Goddard and Joachim. It was vocal finish and delicacy emanating from the keyboards of the piano and violin. Amateurs in Germany and France, who will soon again have the opportunity of hearing Madame Goddard, and of marking the great progress in executive skill which has characterized her career, will recognize in her the now greatest of living pianists. With her marvellous manipulation and mechanism she combines a poetry of style which is unrivalled, and what she achieves in done with the steadiness and self-possession of a true artist. There is no exaggerated action, no swaying of the body, no uplifting of the eyes or spasmodic distortion of the features; but, like the leading masters who have presided at the pianoforte, she seeks to make the composer speak to the intellect and appeal to the heart."

In an article on the same event the *Athenæum* of the same date writes as subjoined:—

"The Popular Concert on Monday was given in the name of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose annual benefit is not the least interesting event of the musical year, because, either in programme or performance, there is always something noteworthy. On the present occasion Madame Goddard played first, Schubert's so-called *Fantasie-Sonate* in G major, one of the most beautiful, if not, as regards beauty, the absolute first of its composer's works for the piano. Imagination, taste, and no mean technical skill, are all conspicuous in it to a degree which alone would refute those, if any there be, who deny the master's genius. Madame Goddard's performance was exquisite in its true appreciation of each part, and in the mechanical completeness with which her idea of the composer's meaning was expressed. A hundred display of executive power, and of the ability to interpret a great work (qualities by no means co-existent of necessity), has rarely been made. The audience saw this, and twice recalled the artist. Madame Goddard also joined MM. Joachim and Piatti in Dr. Bennett's chamber trio, about which we had to speak a short time back, and once more played, with the first-named gentleman, Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata. The latter performance was as perfect as performance could be. Each artist being thoroughly familiar with the music, and equal to anything on the instrument in hand, each, however, being stimulated by the excellence of the other, a unique result was assured. About the work itself there is nothing to be said that has not been said a thousand times. Yet not after the thousandth hearing can its beauties lose their freshness. Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' will literally realize Keats's 'joy for ever.'"

The *Sunday Times* says:—

"Madame Goddard did not, as usual, come with a novelty in her hands. She may well be excused for once, seeing how long and zealously (and at what sacrifice) she has laboured in the cause of an extended musical knowledge. Madame Goddard's reception was very hearty, and so if in response, she played her very best. Rarely has the accomplished lady asserted more convincingly her claim to the highest honours an artist can receive. From first to last, her performance was one of unique excellence. Schubert's sonata, which is among the loveliest of his creations, had a rendering worthy of its loveliness. Madame Goddard's execution was faultless, even in the difficult *finale*; and her reading of the work was equally good. Justly, therefore, did the audience twice recall the artist, in order to express the pleasure received. Dr. Bennett's charming trio, about which we spoke a short time back, once again had entire justice done it. The worthily-associated players must have satisfied even the composer, who was present on this occasion. An attempt was made to encore the serenade; but the majority of the audience were anxious to hear their favourite Kreutzer sonata, and it failed. The sonata just named was given in connection with three concerts for the thirtieth time, and every bar of it being known, it was listened to with not less intelligence than intentness. A finer performance we cannot imagine. It was stimulated by the other, Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim played as they play only when in the most exalted mood. No wonder, therefore, that the entire audience remained to the end. They could not choose but hear such music so rendered."

The opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is thus stated:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard's benefit last Monday signalled the proximate close of the Monday Popular Concerts. The occasion is always interesting, even though it come after a long course of attractive things. To say nothing about the prominent part naturally taken by Madame Goddard, her scheme makes more than an ordinary promise of good things. As a rule, novelty holds a place therein; and novelty was expected last Monday by all who remembered what the artist has done to enlarge the musical knowledge of the public. For once, however, Madame Goddard held her hand, and played only what the audience had learned to know and love. By adopting this course she made the gratification of her hearers none the less; while it may have been that she made the immediate honour to herself all the more. Mendelssohn's quintet in A major (Op. 18) began the concert, and was thoroughly well played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Piatti. It is needless to say that its great beauty charmed everybody, even those who waited most impatiently for the heroine of the evening. The *scherzo* (a 'jest' which begins as a fugue, and is not a burlesque) was encored in harmony with many precedents. Madame Goddard first played Schubert's *Fantasie-Sonate*, in G major (Op. 78). She originally introduced this work at the Monday Concerts, and its repetition, besides delighting the audience, reminded them of what they owed the performer. Popularity has quickly attended Schubert's beautiful inspiration; a result at which nobody wonders so long as music, fresh, tuneful, and imaginative in the highest degree, has power to charm. Madame Goddard played superbly from first to last. The least merit that could be claimed for her rendering of the sonata was perfect mechanism; beyond and above this were grace and truth of expression, and the power, denied to so many, of grasping the whole idea of the work while seeming to concentrate every faculty upon its details. A more remarkable display of artistic and executive ability has rarely been made, and the double recall which followed did the performer no more than justice. The next work was Dr. Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio, repeated by desire of some

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who heard it a few weeks ago. We spoke of it then, and extended remarks now would be unnecessary repetition. The beautiful serenade very nearly obtained another encore; therefore it just missed another deserved compliment. Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata followed, and for the thirtieth time a Monday Popular audience honoured themselves as well as it by profoundest attention. Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim have so often been associated in the performance of this great work that they have come to be associated with the work itself. Assuredly no two artists could do it greater justice. Each is equal to the music, and therefore each is equal to the other—a most essential feature, as those will grant who know anything about the sonata in question. The vocalist was Mr. W. H. Cummings, who sang Gounod's 'Chanson Arabe' and Dr. Bennett's 'Better Land' with perfect taste. The offertory this excellent tenor is heard at the Monday Popular Concerts the better."

In an article upon the recent performance of Dr. Bennett's symphony at the Crystal Palace, the *Musician* (in its April number) has the following:—

"Although credit cannot be given to the directors of the Crystal Palace for displaying much readiness in the production of English music, their good service in that direction last month, when Dr. Bennett's noble symphony in G minor was performed, must not go unacknowledged. This work has been known to the Philharmonic audiences for the past six years, and been duly appreciated in Germany, where our countryman's delicate genius is perhaps better understood, and more highly valued, than among us. Throughout this work the ideas have a fanciful, dainty individuality; the workmanship and development few living writers could approach; and the instrumentation, without being startling, is, at all times, piquant and refreshing. A distinct flavour is imparted to the first movement by the large use of dotted notes; at times prominently pervading the whole mechanism of a subject, at other times cunningly placed as an undercurrent below a broad stream of *cantabile* melody. Much ingenious development and skilfully balanced modulation is to be found in the latter part of this movement. Of characteristic grace is the subject of the minuet, in which the oboe is prominently employed, and in which many charming contrasts between the strings, reeds, and horns appear. The rhythm, although measured, is, through the clever dovetailing of the sentences, delicately marked throughout. A rather go-ahead proceeding for one understood to be pledged, as Dr. Bennett is, to liberal-conservatism in instrumentation, is the trio, set entirely for trumpets, horns, and trombones. * * * Dr. Bennett's use of the last-named instruments is confined to the first movement (chiefly in short pregnant piano phrases after the modern manner) and to the trio. The return to the minuet is neatly managed by a phrase of repeated notes for the four horns emerging upon the original dominant. To the violas is assigned the motive of the third movement, a *romanza, larghetto, cantabile*;—a luscious tune, admirably adapted to the subdued passionate genius of this branch of the string department. A charming tone of *obbligato* is imparted to the first part of this by the intermixture of duplets and triplets between solo and accompanying parts. Of noteworthy ingenuity and lightness is the conduct of the *rondo finale*, in the *scherzo* manner, a charming specimen of workmanship, conceived in just proportions, with happy, but not excessive, contrast in the material employed, and all the parts interwoven with the practised touch of a ripe scholar. While men can be found who can write like Professor Bennett, there is little fear of the principles of proportion and unity in art being lost sight of, to whatever length those adventurous spirits may go who would have us believe that art is the slave of emotion."

BACH'S "MATTHEW-PASSION."

The *Daily Telegraph*, in the course of a long article on this great work, says:—

"In a preface to the book of words, written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, it was stated with desirable clearness that the *Passion* was not intended for concert-room display, but for purposes connected with religious worship. Those who know anything about even the elements of musical history are aware that Bach was neither the first nor the last to put music to set form the story of the sufferings of Christ. From the beginning of the Lutheran church, the resources of art were more or less employed upon the *Passion*, and in preparation for the Good Friday service every Lutheran choirmaster found the best field for taste and energy. Bach, therefore, was only one among many who made the difference between him and them being simply the ability to grasp a more elaborate design, and to fittingly work it out. The great master, however, had to consider the exigencies of a religious ceremonial in the midst of his developments; and this largely influenced what he did. Above all things, he was required to honour the sacred narrative. On its different salient points he might bang reflections; but not so as to hide, or even to take away from the prominence of, the Evangel. Hence the fulness with which St. Matthew's story is told; and, also, the absence of largely developed movements aiming rather at musical effect than religious edification. The words 'religious edification' are, in point of fact, a key to the whole composition. How strictly the master subordinated himself to this one idea few need to be told; and it is easy to imagine how sharp the struggle was between the promptings of Bach's musicianship on the one hand and the requirements of his church on the other. With what pleasure, when exalted by the great theme upon which he laboured, the consummate musician would have given the rein to his genius, and how great may have been the results of such a step, are speculations by no means vague; but we have reason to be content with the *Passion*, even though it can only be heard now in concert-rooms under strange conditions. It is, indeed, a wonderful work—most wonderful to those who are not only acquainted with its details, but with the music of the time when it was written. The largeness of its design, the beauty of its melodies, its alternate tenderness and gigantic power, and the reverential spirit which breathes in every bar, are qualities which lift the *Passion* of St. Matthew to the highest rank of inspired works. We could fill a column with illustrations; but, leaving the reader to supply those himself, we go on to point out a feature of more interest than any other—the dramatic force which the music so frequently exhibits. This is apparent in the opening chorus, where the mournful invitation of the Soonites is answered by the interjections of those to whom it is addressed. The short choruses of the Jews, and those numbers in which the Christians, as though unable to restrain themselves at sight of what is being done, give abrupt expressions to their feelings, belong also to a high order of dramatic composition. It is worthy of note here that much of this dramatic writing is contrapuntal—another illustration of the elasticity of true music, and, moreover, interesting as showing the influence of scholasticism at the time when Bach wrote. Years after, Handel made the Jews taunt their victim through a regularly worked-out fugue; and it may be questioned whether music has gained by departure from this fashion to which we owe 'He trusted in God.' One other feature of remarkable excellence could not well be overlooked in ever so brief a notice. We refer to the recitatives, which embody for the most part, the Gospel narrative. These are models for all time, both as regards adaptedness to the words and declamatory force. Nothing shows more conclusively the thoughtful care with which Bach worked. He might have slighted his recitatives (as sometimes did his great contemporary, Handel) without serious results; but, so far from this, it is evident that he gave to them no ordinary labour."

CARLOTTI PATTI.

The Richmond (Virginia) *Daily State Journal* of the 22nd March has the following:—

"Ta say that we were charmed last night by the singing of Patti is but poorly to translate by language the transports of the soul. Enchantment were the better word, and yet we are ashamed of its poverty. Rarely has an audience been so enraptured and enthused. The very first trill of her sweet voice, sent an electric thrill through the house, and held it in delicious surprise. We never heard singing before, and never wish to hear again anything that shall fall below the standard Patti has set up for us. We shall be prepared to be disgusted with all who come after, and shall break all the idols of song we have worshipped in the past. The cavatina from *Linda di Chamounix* was sung with indescribable sweetness and unequalled grace and elegance in movement and execution. Her voice filled the whole house with harmony and melody, and was as flexible as a mocking bird's. We have no idea of committing a sacrilege and shall, therefore, not attempt anything like a technical criticism or analysis of her genius. Her execution was too entirely faultless and grand for cold or calculating art rules, and we shall not play the surgeon and in *song froid* cut a thing of beauty to pieces. She was encored twice, and returned to bow her acknowledgments. In the second part, her 'Carnival of Venice' (Benedict), was one of the rarest musical gems that we ever heard, coming as it did through the lips of one of the rarest queens of song. She was encored here also, and sang a very pretty song, altogether French, in which there was a good deal of musical laughter that was contagious. The closing duet, from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in which she was assisted by the rich voice of Nims Theodore Ritter, was magnificently sung, and playfully acted. This ended the concert, and the house fairly shook with applause when the curtain dropped."

HERR JOACHIM goes to St. Petersburgh in January for six weeks. Joseph Joachim, Alfredo Pitti, and Arabella Goddard have been the mainstays of Mr. Arthur Chappell's admirable entertainments from the beginning. Whether they will next year appear as *tria juncta in uno* is at least doubtful.

MR. BENEDICT has been in Paris, to assist at the rehearsal of his *St. Cecilia*, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to take part, on the 30th instant. He returned to London for the last Monday Popular Concert.

Times for Music.

To be Belgian Ambassador
Contenteth Van der Weyer;
But Ambassador of all Nations,
Is Monsieur Van der Wire.

Punch.

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RICHARD WAGNER'S *MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG*.*

A Historical Explanation.

(Concluded from page 230.)

II.

It is clear from the observations in Chapter I. that the efforts of the *Meistersinger* were directed to entirely material objects, and that their highest aim was pedantically correct rhyme. The reader will, therefore, not be astonished when he is informed that their productions were, poetically considered, beneath mediocrity, and that they, namely, the Mastersingers, wrote nothing of any importance, either as to form, which they treated far too slavishly, or as to purport, since this was a matter of perfect indifference to them. Art, therefore, suffered from these fraternities, though it still exercised that moral influence which no one who has anything to do with it can escape. Even at the present day, governments might learn from the example of the Mastersingers, what an ethical power they allow to lie fallow by not encouraging art among the people. It is to those associations of simple burghers and mechanics that we principally owe that religious and moral spirit which then distinguished the inhabitants of the cities from the rude and licentious nobility. Every Masteringer was bound by the *Tabulatur* to lead a pious, moral life, and be strictly upright in his conduct, and it is natural that the more the fraternity increased in public estimation, the greater would be the influence which its members would, by their pure life, exert upon their fellow-citizens. These associations, exercised, also, a most beneficial effect upon the intellectual culture of cities; the practice of art, however mechanical that practice, could not fail to elevate mentally the simple workman, to sharpen his understanding, and, above all, to render him susceptible of the higher social sentiments. It was most assuredly not by mere chance that those cities in which Mastersong flourished were those which particularly espoused the cause of the Reformation, especially in Southern Germany, all of which, with the exception of such places, remained strictly Roman Catholic.

In consequence of the great spread of Mastersong, and of its peculiar development, the number of those who busied themselves with the "*holdselige Kunst*" (the "graceful art") was, of course, legion, and an innumerable quantity of songs emanated from the Mastersingers. Only a very few, however, were printed, and the others probably never will be, for in no respect are they much worth notice. For this reason, we are, as a rule, intimately acquainted with only a few Mastersingers, and even those few became celebrated more on account of their other poems than of their Mastersongs. Such are Heinrich von Müglein, Suchensinn, Muscatblüt, the "Teichner," Mich. Behetim, Hans Rosenplüt, and Hans Folz, all of whom, however, practised art as a source of profit, a fact which never happened subsequently. The leading man among them all, and, consequently, the pride of the entire fraternity, always was and always will be *Hans Sachs*.

If we bear in mind what the *Minnegesänge*, or Songs of the Minnesingers were—with the fancy they displayed, and the fantastic element, which was the abortive product of that fancy—we find that a great difference between them and the singsong effusions of the Masteringers was the sober sense of the latter, a quality which found its way even into the courtly art of the period. That art could not escape the influence of the middle classes, who were growing stronger and stronger, thanks to their eminently practical spirit, so that isolated attempts to restore in all its purity the *Minnegesang* of chivalry necessarily failed to exert any permanent effect. In both cases, true poetic life is found only in the genuine folk's-song, which, springing from the inmost recesses of the soul, cannot fail, even though defectively executed, to re-act upon the soul, and that is the aim of all art.

III.

Such is the historical period, such are the circumstances and state of things that Wagner has turned to account in his libretto. One gratifying fact connected with the latter is that the Hotspur-like poet-composer totally ignores the reforms formally proclaimed by himself as necessary, namely, that every work of dramatic art must take its subject from the Myth. He has obtained his personages and the framework of his plot neither from the waters nor from the clouds: no, his ride into the country of old romance takes him directly into Nuremberg, which still exists bodily, and he busies himself with factors which have, more or less, nothing to do with legends, but belong to downright history. Some persons, it is true, have asserted that the story unfolded in the *Meistersinger* is nothing more than an allegory which Wagner holds up, under the figure of the knight, Walther (himself) and of the "*brünstig-umworbene*" Eva (German music) to his natural antagonists the artists of the old style (Beckmesser, and the Masters-

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

singer) and the public, satirising undiscriedly the Present which does not appreciate him; this sarcasm, it is added, constitutes the real comicality and deep humour of the opera. But, in the interest of the work itself, we place no importance on this supposition, which, by regarding the opera as a mere allegory would degrade it to the lowest level of dramatic writing, since the drama should contain what is real and genuine, and not simply make-believe. We take, rather, what is offered, and, just like the great mass of the public, regard it all as honest money (and so it ought to be). Looking at it in this light, we find the snobbish, little-minded notions of a provincial town in the Middle Ages formed into a highly diverting picture, well adapted to the purposes of a genuine comic opera. But the materials are of themselves far too trivial to fill three acts with humorous scenes in quick succession. The progress of the story is continually brought to a standstill, and then set going again by means of rambling didactic effusions and philosophical outbursts. In order to keep up the comic element, we have no less than two characters, David and Beckmesser, the latter being a perfect caricature, utterly out of drawing, both as regards the writing and the music; now a caricature is fitted only for a farce. But the fact is: Wagner is totally deficient in true, genuine humour. Like his Italian counterpart, Verdi, he can only do things in a sledge-hammer way; light grace and delicate ease are denied both, and this is the reason why they are always noisy and ponderous when they wish to be piquant and elegant.

Taken all in all, Wagner with his far-fetched style, based particularly on character, sharpness of dramatic expression, and the overpowering importance of the orchestra, was the last man in the world capable of giving us, even musically, a diverting picture of petty provincial sayings and doings; for such is his object, and the name *Meistersinger* is simply a far-fetched means for carrying it out. This "Art-work of the Future," this model that he would set before us, has a decided defect: it is not comic opera which has as good a right to exist, so to speak, as serious opera. The same means and forms will by no means do for both styles, and we may frankly assert that Wagner's *Meistersinger* will not by Boieldieu, Auber, Donizetti, or Lortzing, from the comic operatic stage; no, not even Lortzing, who was compassionately laughed at by grand gentlemen, and sneeringly called a "small-beer ballad-singer" but who, in his *Waffenschmied*, has given us a picture which, though outwardly resembling Wagner's *Meistersinger*, is more graceful, more hearty, more natural, and, above all things, genuinely comic. A humorous creation of art, like a humorous man, works, not with subtle notions, far-fetched jokes, and strangely distorted faces, but, by unsophisticated humour, natural drollness, and ready wit. Anyone who goes to enjoy Wagner's *Meistersinger* must previously make up his mind not to expect these qualities.

L.

ABOUT OLD MATTERS.

The "Beggars' Opera."

According to Pope, Dean Swift suggested to the poet Gay that a Newgate pastoral would prove an odd, quirky thing. The poet was taken with the idea, but thought he could make it more effective by converting it into a musical comedy. Hence the *Beggars' Opera*. Dr. Pepusch, Doctor of Music, was engaged to provide the music, and, in so doing, he for the most part adopted the popular ballad airs of the period. We thus find a mixture of quadrilles, Scotch songs, English ditties, and airs, to which latter Thomas Moore wrote verse. At the first representation, on the 25th January, 1728, its success was dubious. There was a strong disposition shown to damn it, but after a time its morals was undoubted. Like other successful pieces, it was difficult to get a theatrical manager to produce it. At last Rich, lessee of Covent Garden, took it up, and was repaid in fame and fortune. Its success led to the well-known saying that "the *Beggars' Opera* has made Rich *gay*, and Gay rich." The original Polly—Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton—commenced at fifteen shillings per week, which pittance, on account of her success, was raised to thirty shillings. At first, the *Beggars' Opera* created much discussion with regard to its moral tendencies. Swift approved of it, and said, "It placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light." But the immediate effect was to increase the number of highwaymen—this on the authority of Sir John Fielding, the celebrated police magistrate.

The Enraged Musician.

Composer. Did you stay late at Lady Tittup's?

Friend. Yes. Heard Miss Bang play again. I was delighted with her execution.

Composer. Her execution! *That* would have pleased *me*; she deserved it for having brutally murdered a piece of mine. [*Exeunt.*

Punch.

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SAINT CECILIA.*

St. Cecilia's Day, as it is called, in the month of November, is celebrated, when practicable, in Roman Catholic cities, by select sacred musical performances, because it is thought that this Saint merits more than any other, to be glorified by the professors of the particular art which she herself cultivated and which she caused to be held in honour. Yet it would be a difficult task to show what positive service has procured her this distinction. Tradition has sometimes sprung from a single fact, or else emanated accidentally; but, when there were several distinct facts involved, some one common point was necessary to bind the whole together.

It was not till the fifteenth century St. Cecilia was called the Patroness of Music. The Church had already long possessed a Saint of the same name, but there was nothing in her life relating either to the invention or the cultivation of music. We read in the legend that a Roman maiden, secretly devoted to the Christian religion, was affianced by her parents, who were very strict, to a heathen youth, but, filled with love for the Redeemer, she renounced all sensual love, and, after converting her Intended and his brother to the new doctrine, suffered martyrdom in the persecution of the Christians under the Prætor Almachius. The fundamental idea in this is *the renunciation of sensuality, and the union of Love with Death*. The year 230 is named as the year of the fair Saint's death; a church dedicated to her existed at Rome as early as 550. It is said to have been built by Pope Urban; to have been restored in 818, by Paschalis I., and to have been adorned with the Saint's tomb. Her body, which, according to report, was found in the catacombs, reposes there in a silver coffin under the altar; a marble statue, by Stefano Maderno, representing her who sleeps below, is placed by the side of the tomb. But neither the statue, nor the pictures in the church so much as hint that it is the patroness of music who is worshipped there. In order to find some reason for so doing, we have to depend entirely upon the legend. From this we learn that, during the celebration of her marriage with the youth, Valerianus, Cecilia, while the solemn music was being played ("cantantibus organis"), sang in her heart to her only lord "in corda sua soli Domino decantabat dicens: fiat cor meum, etc."). From this, Herder concluded that Cecilia had been raised to the dignity of being the patron-saint of music, because she had sung in her heart a song of faith. This supposition, which presupposes a wrong interpretation of the words, contains a very weak argument, namely that, during the solemn marriage music, the maiden prayed and sang, secretly in her heart, to the Lord. Wendt attempted to diminish the absurdity of the matter by a symbolical explanation. He supposed that this particular saint was made patroness of sacred music, because while listening to earthly strains, she bore in her heart harmony consecrated by God, and, though inaudible, glorified the Lord in her song. But the legend itself says nothing about music different in its nature to earthly music, and Cecilia's reputation was not based upon it.

But some persons have gone still further and named St. Cecilia as the inventress of the organ. This, again, arose from the misinterpretation, of the words, "organis cantantibus." Many a tradition has, probably, suffered sadly from misinterpretation, just that, because the name of the instrument (organ) heard at the scene of the marriage, any one should have been led to hit upon an organ played by the hand of St. Cecilia, is something incredibly absurd. Not even the boldest combination of facts would suffice to connect the invention of the organ with St. Cecilia. The organ had not been employed in the service of the Church, when the Emperor Michael sent an instrument of the kind, then used only in profane music, to Charlemagne, who, in order to find a place of safe keeping for it, had it put up in the church at Aix-la-Chapelle. Even in Italy, the use of the organ in religious duties only from quite the end of the 8th century. In his description of the organ at Breslau, page 26. Fischer is, therefore, perfectly right when he says; "Cecilia did not invent, play, or love the organ, for she never knew anything about it."

But, if we are compelled to give up, at once, the fair Saint of the Church as the patroness of music, and if we nowhere find any proof that the Church, marked by an act of canonisation the contrast between mundane and sacred music; and, if, moreover, we meet with no reference to any such patronage in early poetical writings, we may, perhaps, be allowed to make the suggestion that St. Cecilia owned her existence, musically speaking, to Painting, and is, consequently, a Saint casually conferred on Music, but who has, by age and custom, obtained a not low rank a right of citizenship in our art.

Having arrived at this result, we have, properly speaking, come to the end of our proof, and might leave a painter to carry out the induction further. We may, however, be allowed to offer a suggestion as to how the thing might be treated.

The Fine Arts, as permeated by one and the same breath; as based upon one and the same principle; and as having one and the same aim, marked by their very name, stand, even though not blended in an Art-Work of the Future, on a friendly footing with each other, and interchange the subjects to be treated, just as they unite to produce an effect in common. But, however nearly the sense of hearing is allied to that of seeing, and however much musical poutrayal of things may combine with their visibly mimetic poutrayal so as to produce a separate form of art, music does not of itself offer any materials suitable for the painter. Musical subjects lie beyond the limits of plastic art, and though the most celebrated and most skilful painters, such as Domenichino, Guido Reni, etc., chose subjects of this sort, the wonderfully excellent treatment did not compensate for the error of the selection. In paintings of concerts the spectator's ear does not hear the sound, and the pictures become purposeless,* say, in the case of unusual artists, painfully sad (as we write this), several modern paintings, some with, and some without, historical figures, and inscribed, "A Concert," float mentally before us). What method then was left Painting to glorify the sister art, except to create a Saint, listening, as an inspired seer, to the sounds of heavenly harmonies, or (by means of music) giving expressive utterance to her agitated mind Such a view of the subject was as different from that taken by Antiquity, as specifically Christian plastic art, generally, is from the plastic art of classic Paganism. In the one case, plastic art conveyed to us, in its representation of Orpheus, the power of music upon rude beings; in Christian times, when the subjective activity of the mind predominated, the only thing that could be represented was our inward life.

That Painting has been fortunate with this creation, so peculiarly her own, is a fact attested by pictures of St. Cecilia by celebrated masters in dozens, though in saying this, we by no means include the picture which has given its name to one of the rooms in the Berlin Singakademie. Is it, then, surprising that musicians willingly accepted the dainty little Saint thus prepared for them, and quietly bowed before the sceptre thus usurped; nay, that they even struck up inspired hymns, dithyrambics, and cantatas in praise of the said Saint, and attempted to keep her festival as splendidly as possible? These lines are, therefore, by no means intended to bring the gentle oratsure into discredit, or in any way diminish her power; they are simply an attempt to trace her descent, which has hitherto been taken upon trust, unchallenged.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

GRUMBLING CURED—GRATIS.

Seeing that this disorder is so very prevalent among young and old in all ranks of society, and presuming that all who suffer from it surely wish to be cured; and believing still further that I can guarantee an immediate cure, even in the most desperate cases, I presume to offer the following remedy, and to set forth some of its advantages which I think give it a prominence over any other already known:—

It is very simple. It does not cost any thing. It is always at hand. Can be applied directly by the patient himself, or herself, as the case may be. If properly applied, it must effect a complete cure. Should the grumbling fit return at some future time, it can be again used with the same certainty of success. The remedy and its application are both expressed in one little word of four letters—Sing! Try it. It is not particular what you sing, provided always that it is right and good and in harmony with your character; nor does the manner signify, so long as it is done heartily, and it may be in the treble, alto, tenor, bass, or any other clef, according to individual preference. If the attack is mild, a few bars in common time, sung *piano* will usually suffice. If the symptoms are more decided and severe, from twenty to thirty bars, three-four time, *forte*, and lively, should be tried promptly, repeated after an interval of five minutes if necessary; and where the complaint, from long habit, has become confirmed and chronic, I should prescribe not less than thirty bars, two-four time, *Allegretto* and *fortissimo*, on the commencement of every attack. As the patients of this latter class sometimes have a great disinclination to *solos*, they may try duets, or even choruses, with many voices, when opportunity offers.

Under this course of treatment, if persevered in, the symptoms will, to a certainty, assume a much milder form; in a very short time a radical cure will be effected, and the once habitual grumbler become noted for his cheerfulness and urbanity.—*American Paper*.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard will return to London from Boulogne-sur-Mer immediately.

Herr Joseph Joachim left London for Berlin yesterday.

The arrival of Signor Verdi in Paris is again announced.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is expected in London on the 1st of May.

The Cairo opera-season has closed, and the artists are back in Europe.

M. de Vroye, the eminent Belgian flautist, intends coming to London for the season.

The will of Mr. J. W. Walker, organ-builder, of London, has been proved under £25,000.

Mr. Jarrett, acting manager at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has returned to London from Paris.

Signor Daffiori, an operatic artist, known some years ago in London, died recently, after a long illness.

* This circumstance has given rise to the experiment recently made of adding a musical accompaniment to pictures at public exhibitions, just as to tableaux vivants,

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Madame Adelaide Ristori, the famous Italian actress, has retired from the profession.

Mdlle. Lewitzky, the young Russian (pupil of M. Wartel), who is about to sing at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has arrived in London.

The last ten representations of *Robert le Diable* at the Grand Opéra are said to have brought in 124,827 francs.

By special decree, Herr Eckert, Chapel-master at the Court of Berlin, has been confirmed in his position for life.

A lady equestrian who turns somersaults backwards and forwards on horseback is to appear in England in May, and—in crinoline!

Mdlle. Nilsson will take her benefit at the Grand Opéra on the 30th inst. She gives the proceeds to the Association des Artistes Musiciens et Dramatiques.

Mdlle. Schnelder and the other members of M. Felix's French Opera bouffe *troupe* have been playing in *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Liverpool Amphitheatre.

Mr. Barry Sullivan has just completed a successful engagement at Bristol. On Easter-Monday he commences another of twelve nights, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

A grand composition, entitled *Beethoven*, by Abbé Liszt, is announced for performance at the approaching Beethoven fêtes in Weimar. (Let us hope this is a hoax.)

Herr Lienau, of Berlin, has just published a comprehensive biography of C. M. von Weber, with a catalogue of, and critical remarks upon his works. The author is Herr F. W. Jahns.

The Lyceum management seems to be sparing no pains to make *Le Petit Faust* as great a success in London as it was in Paris. Mr. Macdagan has been engaged to play the part of Faust.

A project for erecting in Paris a vast concert-hall has been started by M. Guy de Charnace, with the primary intention of devoting the building to the performance of choral works on a large scale.

George Dawe and Edward B. Wallace Bishop have been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for forging the trade-mark of Messrs. Collard & Collard, the well-known pianoforte manufacturers.

A commemorative concert in honour of the late Moscheles was given on the 20th ult. at the Leipsic Conservatory. Herr Reinecke played, besides other things, the deceased composer's *Sonate Mélancolique*.

Herr Joachim Raff has finished a new opera, *Dame Kobold*, which is to be produced at Weimar. Let us hope that Herr Raff is a better hand at operatic music than at music for the orchestra and the chamber.

M. De Beriot, the once famous violinist, better known to the last generation as the husband of Malibran, has recently died, at Louvain, in the 68th year of his age. For years past he had been blind and paralyzed, and lived habitually in Paris, but lately returned to his native town, Louvain, where he was attacked with his fatal illness.

The performances of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, in Paris, by the Société Bourgault-Ducoudray, passed of well; but we cannot congratulate Dryden's translator, if this be a fair example of his skill :—

Ce roi si fier, hélas! succombe,
Sans un ami pour lui fermer les yeux.

The new operahouse at Dresden, of which Herr Semper is architect, will be, in some sort, a monument to Herr Wagner. Among other features which accord with Wagnerian principles is an invisible orchestra. The building, designed on an imposing scale, may be expected to cost more than the 400,000 thalers voted for its construction.

Another portion of the original site of the Strand Hotel Company, in Holywell Street and Wych Street, Strand, is being converted into a theatre, and will be completed in a few months. It adjoins the Globe Theatre; the back of the stage, in fact, abuts on that of the Globe. One entrance will be from the Strand by means of a subway under Holywell Street.

Herr Rubinstein has given the first of his Orchestral Concerts in the Salle Herz. In the programme was a new fantasia for piano and orchestra, characterized by, according to the *Gazette Musicale*, exaggerated dimensions and a variety of styles. Nevertheless, the *Gazette* calls it a "monumental composition" and "un chef-d'œuvre de sentiment et de facture." How this can be and also that, we should like the French critic to explain.

Our English cousins are about to allow Mdme. Arabella Goddard to leave them for a little while on a professional trip to the Continent. Is it not almost time this Queen of Pianists paid us a visit? We long to hear and see her fair and powerful fingers pinck the mysteries from the hearts of our American Grands, and we should, indeed, be well pleased to see her name added to the worthy list of the interpreters of that noble instrument who have already evoked its beauties, and done harmonious battle with its ivory keys.—*New York Musical Bulletin.*

We are able to satisfy the curiosity of our correspondent, Mr. Thomas Noon Gadd, by reproducing in *extenso* the article to which he refers, but of which, he states, he has lost his copy :—

"The performance of 'English Opera' at Astley's Theatre affords an opportunity for seeing the amusements popular across the bridges. The entertainment may in witnessed without adventuring into the labyrnths of Southwark, and it is refreshing to watch the pleasure and excitement which the singing of a ballad affords to about two thousand persons. The audience sit drinking ginger-beer, eating oranges, and calling out for encores till a stranger begins to think that some will suffocate themselves. If a boy pulls his cork out in the middle of a song, there are clamours of 'throw him over.' The majority of ladies in the gallery sit with bare heads and arms, applaud as heartily as the gentlemen, and fight with them for places. The play, or opera, whatever the thing is called, is worth seeing; the actors and actresses walk on and sing a song without reference to any incident gone before or to come after. The good nature of Mr. * * * and Miss * * * is rewarded by vociferous cheering. Altogether, the exhibition is one of the most comic we have seen for some time."

The following sensible remarks, which appeared in the columns of a contemporary some time ago, support a theory to which we have long been wedded :—

"Why is the public unwilling to believe that a singer can be unwell? A singer with a fine voice is likely to have a delicate throat; and singers are susceptible to throat diseases, some of them suffering from every change in the atmosphere. The slightest hoarseness unfits a vocalist for the exercise of his profession. These remarks are suggested by a letter in the * * * * * *, in which a person calling himself 'A Lover of Music' complains of Mr. * * * * * having pleaded illness as an excuse for not singing at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund. That Mr. * * * was not too ill to sing on Saturday is proved, according to this writer, by his having sung on Monday at Buckingham Palace. Mr. * * * did not sing on Monday at the Court Concert. The *Court Circular* publishes his name, but the music set down for him was sung by Signor * * *. As the eyes of Mr. * * *, not his throat, are chiefly affected, 'A Lover of Music' would perhaps not consider this a valid excuse for declining to sing. However, the reason which prevented Mr. * * * from singing for the members of the Newspaper Press Association prevented him from singing for her Majesty."

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The Musical World

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VOL. 48—No. 17. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MR. MANNS has the pleasure to announce his ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT will take place THIS AFTERNOON. Vocalists: Mdlle. Robsart and Signor Mongini (from the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, by kind permission of Mr. Wood—first appearance). Madame Florence Lancia, Mdlle. Augibi (her first appearance), Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Trio, Pianoforte, Madame Schumann. Symphony No. 7, in A, Beethoven; Overture, "Oberon" and "Impressario;" Ballet Airs, "Wedding of Comacho," Mendelssohn (first time); Prelude, Sonata No. 6, for violin, to be played by twenty-four violinists, J. S. Bach. Conductor, Mr. MANNS. Band increased to 100 performers.

Admission, Half-a-Crown. Guinea Season Tickets, free; Stalls, Half-a-Crown each, at the Palace, and 2, Exeter Hall. Early application absolutely necessary.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY), April 23rd, will be performed MOZART'S opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Tamino, Signor Gardoni; Papageno, Mr. Santley; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Monostatos, Mr. Lyall; 1 Due Armati, Signor Rinaldini, Signor Trevero; Sacerdoti, Signor Arcnieri, Signor Castelli; L'Oratore, Signor Ragnoni; Tre Damigelli della Regina, Mdlle. Briani, Madame Corsi, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Tre Geni, Mdlle. Vitzu, Mdlle. Chiesi, Mdlle. Gardoni; Papagena, Madame Mcabelli; Pamina, Madame Sinico; and Astrifiammante, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, April 25th, Gounod's opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Gardoni; Mephistopheles, Signor Gassier; Valentine, Mr. Santley; Wagner, Signor Trevero; Marta, Madame Corsi; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Robsart (her second appearance).

TUESDAY NEXT, April 26th, Verdi's opera, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto, Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Ragnoni; Marullo, Signor Zelioli; Borso, Signor Arnieri; Ceprano, Signor Trevero; La Contessa, Mdlle. Briani; Giovanna, Mdme. Corsi; Maddalena, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

THURSDAY NEXT, April 28th, Mozart's opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Acting Manager .. .. MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN," a New Oratorio, by the Rev. R. F. LAWTON, will be performed, for the FIRST TIME, in AID of the Funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Clewer, on TUESDAY, May 10th, 1870. Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductor—Mr. BARNBY. The Band and Chorus will number 300 performers. Sofa Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony Stalls, £1 1s.; Reserved Balcony, 15s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street; Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

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The Easter Term will commence on Monday the 25th inst., and terminate on Saturday the 23rd of July.

Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursdays, at Eleven o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
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THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."—WEDNESDY NEXT, at Eight. Madame Rudersdorff, Madame F. Cole, Madame Patey, Miss M. Severn, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. J. T. Beale, Herr Carl Stepan. Band and chorus of 300 performers. Conductor, Mr. Barnby. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Admission 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry, the principal Musicsellers, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, FRIDAY Next, April 29th, St. James's Hall. Songs and Part Songs. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdme. Sinico, Miss Stephens, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Miss Helen d'Alton, Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Signor Castelli, Signor Foli, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Commencing at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street, City; all Music Publishers; and Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS. MONDAY Evening, April 25th, St. James's Hall. Symphonies (E flat), Schumann (No. 1 in A); Beethoven; Overture (Meisinee), Mendelssohn (Anacreon), Cherubini; Concerto in G, pianoforte, Mdme. Schumann. Vocalists, Mdme. Mcabelli, and Dr. Gunz, by permission of the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; tickets 5s. and 2s. 6d. Lamborn Cock and Co., No. 63, New Bond Street; principal libraries and musicsellers; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY'S FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT, under the Patronage of the Right Hon. The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, will take place at St. George's Hall, WEDNESDAY, April 27th. Principal vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Harley Vinning and Herr Lermes. Instrumentalists—Mr. John Oldshaw, Chevalier Rosovitz, Pianist to His Majesty the King of Portugal, Mr. Charles Malcolm. Conductors, Mr. Louis Emanuel and Mr. Alfred Reed, at the organ by Mr. Lidcock. After which the comedy of "THE HONEYMOON," under the direction of Miss Marie Somerville. Stalls, 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s. and 1s.; at Mr. Austin's, St. James's Hall, and at St. George's Hall.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his celebrated Entertainment on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings next, at Eight o'clock, and a Special Morning Representation on Friday next, at 3 p.m., at Three o'clock. The final three Entertainments will be given on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, May 2nd, 4th, and 6th. Pianoforte—Miss Kennedy. Tickets, 5s. and 3s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s.; at all the Musicsellers, and at the Rooms.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURT'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

INSTRUCTION IN SCIENCE AND ART FOR WOMEN.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Lectures "ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC" (in continuation of the Course now being delivered), will be given in the Lecture Theatre, South Kensington Museum, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 11 a.m., commencing on the 26th April. Tickets for the Course of Twelve Lectures, £1 1s.; with Practice, £1 11s. 6d. Single admissions, without Practice, 5s. 6d.

Persons who may wish to attend this Course of Lectures are requested to send their names to the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen intending to engage these unique Rooms for Concerts, &c., are respectfully invited to make early application, in order to secure the best days. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms. ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Matilda Slater's Evening Concert, May 6th.

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"TAKE THIS FORGET-ME-NOT,"

The Words by Miss E. CORNER.

The Music by ADOLPH GOLLMICK.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing CAMPANA'S celebrated Duet, "DIMMI CHE M'AMI," at St. George's Hall, Wednesday, April 27th.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, HARLEY STREET. President, Mr. Benedict; Director, Herr Schuberth. Fourth Season, 1870. Third Concert, TUESDAY, 26th April (Spohr night). Tickets 3s. each, at D. Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

MISS AMY STRANGWAYS will sing NESFIELD'S new song, "WHERE I FAIN WOULD BE," at the Third Concert of the Schubert Society.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his popular song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at the Third Concert of the Schubert Society, on THURSDAY next.

MISS AMY STRANGWAYS will sing HENRY SMART'S popular song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE," at Signorina Emily Tate's Concert, on TUESDAY, 26th May.

LA SIGNORINA EMILY TATE will play ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE," MENDELSSOHN'S ANDANTE CAPRICCIOSO, and MENDELSSOHN'S "RIVULET," at her concert, at St. George's Hall, May 3rd.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE has the honour to announce that her THIRD ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place under the Special Patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, &c., at St. George's Hall, on TUESDAY, 3rd of May, 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced. No. 79, Cook's Road, Kennington Park.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES will sing his renowned song, "IN SHELTERED VALE," at St. George's Hall, April 27.

HERR CARL FORMES is now in Town for the season and can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios and Operatic Performances. Address—care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

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No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA

(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA

(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

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*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

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MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Miss KATE WARD'S new song, "THE WEAVER," at St. James's Hall, April 23rd (This Day).

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Bishop Stortford, May 6th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 6th, July 18th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 6, Chalcot Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N. W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 16, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

"Old Drury" has again opened its doors to Italian Opera. On Saturday night the undertaking of Mr. George Wood, with the details of which the musical public has been already for some time made acquainted, was "inaugurated" by a generally excellent performance of the best, if not the most popular work of perhaps the best, and unquestionably the most popular dramatic composer whose star has arisen within the last quarter of a century. But before saying what we have to say about the manner in which *Rigoletto* was given, a word or two about the preparations for the new enterprise may reasonably be expected.

Considering that barely a fortnight was allowed for the work, what has been done in the way of transformation of the interior is almost unexampled. First, as to the accommodation for the public:—there are four tiers of private boxes, besides a so-called "dress circle;" over the highest tier of boxes are "amphitheatre stalls," with galleries behind and above; the pit boxes, noted for their uncomfortableness in 1868, are now enlarged, and placed on a level with the Rotunda entrance, which, as well as the great staircases north and south, has been restored according to the original design—with corridors, moreover, on either side, inner and outer, a convenience hardly to be overestimated; lastly, the pit is entirely converted into stalls, each stall being a commodious arm-chair. The interior of the theatre has been entirely re-decorated; even the beautiful drop-scene of Mr. Telbin the elder has been cleaned to such good purpose that it looks as though it had been only painted yesterday. The decorations are in white and gold; amber-satin curtains—reminding opera-goers ripe in years of the incrustation with which that most famous of green-rooms, more-over

The other operas performed during the week have been the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Madame Monbelli—her first appearance on the London stage—as Rosina (Tuesday), and *Faust*, with Mdlle. Reboux as Marguerite—her first appearance in London since M. Gounod's *Mirella* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre (Thursday). *Il Flauto Magico* is to be given to-night. Next week we are promised, not only the *Nozze di Figaro*, but two works never before heard on the Italian stage—the *Abou Hassan* of Weber, and the *Ora del Cairo* of Mozart. Of the *Barbiere* and *Faust* we shall speak in our next number.

QUEEN EUPHROSYNE.

(From the "New York World," April 3.)

My dear Public.—Euphrosyne has given English opera a great deal o English vitality. It is more properly American opera, now that I think of the organization and success, but the distinction is not a music alone. Now that she is about to visit England for a short period the whole continent will miss her; for there is not a pleasant spot on it that she has not made more pleasant with her voice, and which does not cling to the hope that she will re-appear suddenly, full-throated, to remind men of all the sweet things they cannot comprehend. She has gathered laurels from all sources. Ballad has bowed to her, oratorio has owned her supreme, and opera, German, Italian, and English, has succumbed to her imperious sway. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, she has tied the distances together with melody. Space could not daunt her nor more than form. She sang her way over the American deserts and down the golden slope, and left her broad cadences ringing in every American city. No sooner had she taught a hundred New York songsters, half fledged, how to troll a ditty of Claribel's, in Steinway Hall, than we heard of her beforehanding the Milwaukee Philharmonic. The truth is, she was everything and anywhere, from "Five o'clock in the morning" till twelve o'clock at night, and then was always as fresh and radiant as an English squire's wife just mounting for a run with the dogs. Nobody ever saw artist so aided and abetted by nature. She wears the secret talisman which defies fatigue and reaction, in, not on, her breast. Consider the Boston Coliseum. There she defied the immensity of space as she had all along defied the limitations of time. Half Boston felt into the belief that the voice had been made for the house and the festival, like the organ and the drum. New York and the rest of the world found out that the house and the festival had been made for the voice, and would have been useless without it. They remembered Tripler Hall and Jenny Lind.

English opera only served to prove anew the sovereignty. Mozart, Weber, Verdi, were in the hollow of her hand. One hour's notice, and she'd sing you Beethoven for your Philharmonic, or Handel for your Harmonic, and go regularly on with her Desdemona and Amber for the rest of the world. It doesn't so much matter that she could not do so well in *Susanna* as in *Rivian*, and was not as good in some things as others had been. The point was that nobody else could have done them all without failing flatly in some. The best point of all is that some of them were perfectly successful. She sang in this sketch to paint the sunrises of the whole season; one burst is enough. Take "Ocean, thou mighty monster," which had helped to make *Oberon* and Weber understood before English opera glowed on them. It is not so difficult that other voices have not attempted it. But when did the old monster conceive such a regal summons? It was one element questioning another, and the notes had a prolonged clarion call in them as though flung out ever echoing billows. Well, yesterday was the last of her for the present. It seems as though somebody, so to speak, had put the shutters up over Fourteenth Street. An injudicious programme—which, by the way, is the chief curse of the Academy—had stated that Madame Parepa-Rosa would make her last appearance at the *matinée*. It rained torrents. But Irving Place was packed full of water-proofs. New Euphrosyne touched a moment at Pittsburg and Boston, and, mayhap, running down a day to Galveston to keep music alive there—goes to England. But she comes back. Let the musical men of America prepare for her return. If there be any Beethoven festivals to undertake, any coliseums to fill, any operas to bring out, any sacred music societies to be bolstered, let them appeal directly to headquarters, where music has allied itself to enterprise and shaken off the infirmities of human nature.

NYM CRINKLE.

AMSTERDAM.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang, a short time since, a tone of the Concerts du Parc.

LEIPSIC.—The Municipal Council have decided on the abolition of the poor's-rate levied upon theatrical performances, concerts, etc., after the 1st October next. In order, however, to allow the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, the Board of Guardians, as it may be termed, time to supply the place of the nine thousand francs, of which they have been thus deprived, the Council have voted them a sum of four thousand eight hundred francs out of the funds of the Corporation. This sum is supposed to be about what the *Bureau* would have received during the concluding three months of the present year, supposing the impost had not been abolished before the 1st of January, 1871.

OPERATIC WRITING AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN RUSSIA.*

THE DEMON:

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY BORIS SCHERL, FOUNDED ON THE POEM OF THE SAME NAME, BY LERMONTOFF.

In Russia, and more especially in St. Petersburgh, there has sprung up, with modern liberal reforms, a new life that is conducting, with rapid strides, middle-class society to a higher stage of civilization, corresponding to the spirit of the age, which buries itself with art, the mirror of existence, and is preparing for people for new *studia* of development. It is not by the standard of Western Europe, where the course pursued by history was different, traversing feudalism and its consequences, which was not the case in Russia,—it is not by this standard that Russia and its productions of the moment are to be measured. Russia is not all Europe, and Russia is not all Asia; Russia is a sort of hyphen between two quarters of the globe, between two degrees of civilization. In the society of the civilized nations of Europe, Russia is the youngest member, Germany being the oldest, and most important, the president by seniority. Literature, the mental leader of all political history, was different in Russia to what it was in the rest of Europe; but musical composition is only a *literature of tones* expressed in musical characters; consequently a different standard to that used in the rest of Europe, a relative standard, must be applied to musical productivity in Russia. Russian literature possesses no house of its own, in which its cradle stands. Russian literature, as represented by Derschawin and Lommonosow, began by imitating the Roman classical writers; it then devoted its attention to the French Academy with its historical models; it is true that it visited Germany, but its visits there did not last so long as those it made to that seductive place, which always exerted an irresistible spell over Russia. Puschkin's noble mind, which perfectly appreciated the ideal, was led from Schiller to Byron because realism is more nearly allied to the intellectual life of Russia than idealism, which exists only in the highest stages of civilization. Wherever, in the course of development pursued by the literary spirit in Russia, just as in Puschkin's verse when it possessed artistic value, deep, subjective melancholy was added to the invariably unpretending realism, there was a poet, and there was poetry, such as that to which in Germany we are justified in applying a high standard. Puschkin, as yet the greatest celebrity of Russian literature, is no poet in the sense of a creator. Where are the individualities he created? Where the shapes of Shakspere, Goethe, and even Schiller?—Like Byron, he is a poet; in *his* language, in the state of civilization in his country, and the exceptional position occupied by that country in Europe, Puschkin is Byron's equal. It is only in his language, only in Russian prosody that Puschkin is creative, not in the domain of ideas. By his side we must place Gribitz, hitherto the most celebrated Russian composer. In the first rank after Puschkin stand Lermontoff and Gogel. Lermontoff is a Russian Novalis. *He* is acquainted with the blue and indefinable flower!—Lermontoff is an idealist. He has improved on Puschkin's verse, and is as little of a realist as it is possible for a Russian poet to be. He fell in the first blush of youth in a duel in the Caucasus. His chief work, and the most brilliant proof of his great talent, is his poem, *The Demon*. With Gogel, realism, which is deeply rooted in the Russian mind, again resumed all its former sway. Since then in the most recent poetic efforts, as well as the daily Russian press, which absorbs all intellectual interests, but which is destructive rather than fructifying and creative, realism is the predominating characteristic of the tendency pursued. Realism is presented in Russian musical productivity by Seroff's operas, both crowned with success, *Judith* and *Rogneda*—the realism of Wagner in Germany, the champion of which realism, the profoundly learned cultivator in national Russian, and at the same time independent original music, is M. Alexander Seroff, who may be justly placed side by side with Gogel in what he has done. The mutual relations of the intellect are so intimately connected in the domains of literature and musical composition, that analogies present themselves *naturally*. Before proceeding, however, to consider Seroff's productions as the most important in Russian composition *after* Glinka, if we would judge correctly the idealistic tendency of the latest operatic production, namely, *The Demon*, by Scherl, as opposed to that of realism, we must first cast a retrospective glance on Glinka and others. Before Glinka comes Werstowski. Werstowski was Intendant of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow, an amateur in the simplest sense of the word. It is said that his used to whistle something or other, and that a good chapelmaster, hailing from Germany, used to set or score the melodies thus whistled, and which are by no means deficient in fancy and grace. Werstowski's principal production is *Askold's Grave*, which, before the time of Glinka, brought the Imperial Theatres at

* From the *New Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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Moscow and St. Petersburgh a clear profit of a million roubles. It has, here and there, and to an extent which is not allowable, points of resemblance with *Der Freischütz*; it is, however, not altogether without merit, though it is wearisome, and more or less an imitation of German models only too well known. It is now forgotten, or cast into the deepest shade by Glinka and Serof. *Habent sua fata!* To Glinka belongs the merit which will be allowed him in the universal history of opera, of having, in his work, *Life for the Czsar*, written *the only national opera with a political significance*. There is no opera, or, indeed, musical work, generally, representing and reproducing two distinctly different nationalities like this masterpiece, which is no mere ephemeral production, but something advancing in a parallel with the spirit of Russia and of Poland. *Before* the appearance in Paris of the most significant mazurka-literature of that great musical mind, Chopin, Glinka built up upon two mazurka themes, in St. Petersburgh, the charming picture of luxurious Polish Court life, contained in his incomparable ball scene in the Polish camp; while, in the second motive (A flat major), he pourtrayed the tragic result of the Polish invasion of the seventeenth century in Russia. As we are aware, it was Susanin, a peasant, whom the Poles took as their guide, when they wished to snatch the young Czsar from the monastery where he was concealed; we are all aware, too, that it is the Susanin of Glinka's splendid work who leads the Poles into the snow-covered woods of Smolensk, where he is killed, but where the Poles likewise, are destroyed, and the Czsar thus saved. Glinka's mazurka-motive, which depicts with such charm the Polish element; the noble manner in which the style of the Russian national hymn is turned to account for the purpose of representing the Russian element in the opera; and the admirable contrapuntal treatment of the voices, together with the attractive instrumentation and inventive signification of the orchestra in Glinka's work—something no one else has attained. His second opera, *Russian and Ludmilla*, is so much inferior to the first, that it ought not to be mentioned in the same breath, whatever pains the extreme party may give themselves to place it above the first, just as, incited by mistaken zeal for their national glory, they place Glinka's Epigonus, Dargomischki, on an equality with Glinka. Dargomischki being simply a composer of romances for the piano, who had not raised himself much above this level in his operas, *Esmeralda*, and *Russalka* (*the Witch of the Dnieper*, after Puschkin). Dargomischki was a learned musician, and a wall-trained contrapuntist, but an *operatic composer* he was not. In opera *all* styles shake hands; opera demands great invention combined with the mastery over all technical resources. But this is not by themselves are a dead letter. We must mention, also, as belonging to Glinka's time, the great violin *virtuoso*, General Lwoff, who composed two operas, *Bianca and Gualtiero* and *Undine*, which are not deficient in structure and patchy workmanship, but are devoid of invention properly so-called. For this reason, they could not keep their place in the repertory, and are now forgotten. Strictly speaking, with some exceptions, Werstowski, Dargomischki, and Lwoff belong to one and the same group, to those who have attempted rather than succeeded in, the production of original Russian opera.

(To be continued.)

FROM MADRID.

No. II.

Whatever may be said of Spanish amusements, they cannot be called weak. They may be cruel, abominable, profane—what you like, but weak they are not. With a dramatized version of the New Testament at an exceedingly minor theatre every Friday, and with a bull-fight every Sunday, the good folks of Madrid stalk through Lent vigorously, if not with decorum. The real bull-fighting season does not commence till Easter-day; but while waiting for that great ecclesiastical festival we are recreated with a series of what may be called "Spring Meetings." Not that strong bulls are not brought into play, but the principal figures in the sport are young animals, "*Novillos*." Nor let it be imagined that the young bull is in training. It is a religious duty to kill every bull who enters the arena, and the luckless creatures who acquire fame before Easter Sunday are doomed never to attain their majority. The bull-fight proper I have not yet seen; but the little bull-fights at Madrid are not deficient in strong flavour, perilous to delicate stomachs. You go to the Plaza de Toros, in the immediate vicinity of a triumphal arch erected to the memory of Charles III., whose game is held in the highest veneration, and after complying with certain pecuniary conditions, you find yourself seated in a vast amphitheatre, compared to which the Agricultural Hall, Islington, is a mere handbox.

Let me interrupt myself, to describe a curious custom which prevails generally in the Spanish capital. At the amphitheatre devoted to the national sports, and likewise at the theatres, you meet a "loafer" of the pavement, who offers to sell you a ticket. Similar "loafers" appear in Paris, but you are warned against them, whereas the Spanish vagabond is a fair trader. His function is exactly the same as that of the London librarian from whom our nobility or gentry purchase boxes for the Opera. By a bold stretch of imagination, fancy Mr. Mitchell or Mr. Nunes, bawling about the pavement of the Strand, with a blouse upon his back, and you will have a very correct notion of this Spanish institution.

But to proceed to the bull-fight,—that is to say, the bull-fight small. It commences with a combat between the bulls and an assembly of amateurs, attired in the proper combative costume. Professional buffoons, with grotesque Indian dresses, likewise enter the arena, and protect themselves with towers of wicker-work, from which their heads occasionally protrude. When the infuriated bull knocks over one of these towers, and the mimic leaps escapes with difficulty, the exhibition is considered droll and the spectators shout with laughter. Farce, however, is not considered complete in Spain without a spice of tragedy, and the poor preliminary bull is duly killed and dragged off before serious business commences. Let me not omit to state that in this little *fever du rideau* the horns of the bull are covered, and he approaches to the condition of a muzzled dog. The commencement of serious business is marked by the erection of a temporary barricade, which divides the arena into two semicircles. In each of these there is a separate bull-fight. The manager, if cruel to the bull, is humane to his audience, and is determined that every one of them shall have a good view of the sport. Casuists may compare his conduct with that of the old English Puritans, who, according to Lord Macaulay, suppressed bear-baiting on account of the pleasure it afforded to the people, but by no means on account of the sufferings of the bear, who, indeed, was shot, as a source of too much enjoyment.

Well, there are two fights simultaneously in the Plaza de Toros, and in each semicircle two bulls with horns unguarded have to be killed before the afternoon's sport is concluded. While the "toredos" on foot tease the bull by trailing brightly-coloured cloaks under his nose, and evade his wrath by leaping over a palisade, the joke seems innocent enough. When the swindler leaping over a palisade, the joke seems innocent enough. When the swindler leaping over a palisade, the joke seems innocent enough. When the swindler

BACH'S *PASSION MUSIC.**

THE ST. JOHN PASSION.

e. THE ARIAS.

We now turn to the Arias, which claim no small part of our attention in this work. To the ruling taste of our times they appeal but partially, although we meet in them all the excellencies of Bach's way of composition in rich measure: strictly characteristic melody; earnest declamation, closely following the sound and meaning of the words; harmonic and contrapuntal mastery in the conduct of the accompanying instruments. But the composer's earnestness and the serious destination of these pieces allowed of no concession to the sensuous apprehension of the general public. If in our altered circumstances the judgment of the public is influenced not so much by religious edification, as by the artistic and æsthetic side of such works, then our standpoint is a different one from that which Bach presupposed. A concert audience can follow the flight of the great master in his dramatic treatment of the choruses and recitative; but it is only exceptionally that it will be in a condition to sink into those depths of Christian contemplation, out of which he drew the fountain of his music in the Arias.

How much more must it be so where, as in this case, the purport of the words is purely dogmatical, containing little that is exciting in itself, while at the same time the breadth of the musical treatment tends to lessen the interest of the hearer, who is not able to give himself up to it entirely and follow it with all his faculty of feeling and of apprehension!

Accordingly the alto Aria, "*Von den Stricken meiner Sünden*" (D minor, 3-4, with accompaniment of two oboes and *Basso continuo*), as well as the soprano air, "*Ich folge dir gleichfalls*" &c. (B-flat major, 3-8), in which the flute part, *concertante* with the voice, accompanied only by the bass, depicts the joyful course of a serene soul purely at one with itself,—will on the whole find little recognition. The same may be presumed of the alto air with quartet accompaniment, "*Ach, mein Sinn*" (F-sharp minor, 3-4), as well as of the tenor air, treated with most wonderful figuration in the accompanying instruments (2 violins d'amour and bass): "*Erwege, wie sein blutgefärbter Rücken*" ("See how His blood-stained back"), which in fact with its long-spun *melismatic* turns lies far remote from present ways of feeling and perception.

This will be less the case with the bass Aria, "*Eilt, ihr angefochtnen Seelen*" (G minor, 3-8), whose rapid movement hurrying to an appointed goal, four times interrupted by the anxious, eager question of the chorus, "Whither? whither?" rests in the brief reply, "Toward Golgotha" and "to the mount of Crucifixion," only to renew its exhortation that we follow in the footsteps of the Lord.

The composition rises still more in the alto air, "*Es ist vollbracht*" ("It is finished"), which soars more freely even in the text. Accompanied by the *viola di gamba* in expressive and melodious solo, it rises in a short strain, breathing deepest sorrow, the last words of the Lord before His departure; then, in the flaming-up of the victorious announcement ("The hero of Juda conquers with might"), it represents the triumph of the Divine Word over death and hell, until the jubilation is again sunk down before the repetition of the mournful words, "It is finished," and relapses into the first lament.

This Aria is followed by the words of the Evangelist: "And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost." Upon this immediately comes in the bass (D major, 4-4) with the expressively melodious song accompanied only by the organ and the basses, "*Mein theurer Heiland lass dich fragen*" (Dearest Saviour, we would ask Thee), which is interpreted, with deeply searching effect, by the Chorale which has been repeatedly employed already: before the denial of Peter in the first part, as well as after the Lord's words: "Lo! this is Thy mother." The simplicity of the orchestral treatment and the melodious rhythm of the song contrast in a wonderfully peculiar manner with the earnest harmony of the Chorale, out of which dark, deep background the Aria stands forth in radiant relief. It is the glorification of the Lord that here shines forth upon the world out of the solemn moment of death, and finds its open recognition through the Chorale of the praying congregation, through the Christian Church.

With the introductory chorus began the struggle and the suffering. Here we find the victory, not as in the preceding Aria, still under the suffocating burden of the cross, but in the freedom of its grandeur and its exaltation.

A short *Arioso* for the tenor (in the *St. Matthew Passion* Bach marks these little sentences as recitative) leads to the last Aria. This *Arioso*, in which you feel the agitation of nature after the departure of the Lord still vibrating, is one of the most beautiful pieces of the work. Under the prolonged high tones of two flutes and two *oboi di caccia* the string quartet moves tremulous in the after-murmur of the storm, while the tenor in expressive recitation sings the beautiful words assigned to him.

And in tender, tearful melody, introduced and followed by flutes and *oboi di caccia*, partly in concerted, partly in united song, the soprano answers him (C minor, 3-8): "*Zerfliesse, mein Herze, in Fluthen der Zähren*" ("Melt, my heart, in floods of tears").

The earthly sorrow for the Son of God, whose majesty and greatness, whose world-redeeming significance His death and wondrous signs have first implanted deeply in the soul, flows forth in the tones of this Aria, which is one of the noblest and most deep-felt that Bach ever wrote. Formed as if out of a single thought, and in a peculiarly thin in every conceivable variation, it conducts the hearer to the Cross, upon which the body of the Redeemer hangs, no object of terror, but of the deepest grief, pouring itself forth at His feet in streams of tears.

And so we stand just before the end of a work, which, however much we may admire the astounding grandeur of the *Matthew Passion*, excites not less our deepest sympathy and veneration for its great creator.

f. THE CHORALES.

Before we pass to the very close, we have yet to turn our attention to that series of masterworks which Bach has incorporated into the *Passion Music* under the name of Chorales.

The destination of these Chorales has already been pointed out. They were to keep the whole work true to the Christian ground-tone which the Divine service of the day (Good Friday) above all required. They were also to serve to bring the listening congregation into active participation in the service, to make them part and parcel of the action and the pious meditations based upon it. For the Christian Church song belongs to the religious *cultus* as an artistic element. Where this element is taken up by the whole congregation, it expresses itself in the Chorale, as the universal basis of the Divine service. This appears more in the Passions, than in the Cantatas of Bach as a pervading thought.

This is not the place to justify the way in which the great composer has set his Chorales just as we find them here. As they are, they are in their appropriate place. They are masterworks of a peculiar kind; and by their expressive treatment, entering so fully into the character of the situation, they produce the most striking effect.

The very first Chorale, "O boundless Love," which follows close upon the repetition of the Chorus, "Jesus of Nazareth," is set in such a way that every word calls out the noblest feeling. How incomparably beautiful is the conduct of the voices at the words, "*dieser Marterstrasse*" ("this street of martyrdom")! What a deep feeling finds expression in the concluding strophe, "And Thou must suffer!" We find again the same pre-eminence, we might my the same predilection, in the treatment of every one of the Chorales which are incorporated into this beautiful work. When, after Christ says: "If I have spoken well, why smitest thou Me?" the Chorale, "Who could so rudely smite Thee?" sets in in the full harmony of its tenderly melodious measure; or when, after the words, "My kingdom is not of this world," rises the firm and solid strain, "An mighty King, through all the ages great," with its wonderfully moving close; when the Chorale, breathing steadfast faith in deepest grief, begins:—

> "Within my heart deep dwelleth
> Thy name and cross alone,"

and dies away so mournfully: "For thou hast bled to death,"—the impression universally will be a powerfully great, an elevating and consoling one. But everywhere, too, is the expression of the words and of the situation mirrored in these Chorales with a fidelity, a lofty, tranquil grandeur, which continually reminds us that it all belongs to a Divine service in the Church, in which we too are permitted to take part.

We might in this connection call attention to one Chorale, just before the closing chorus which completes the picture of the sufferings of Christ, "*O hilf, Christe, Gottes Sohn.*" What a depth of sorrowfulness, what steadfast trust and confidence speak from this harmonious master-work! The words, "*durch dein bitter Leiden*" and again, "*All Untugend meiden,*" finally the two concluding stanzas lift this little composition to a grandeur and an elevation that place it by the side of the first masterpieces over yet created.

In the *Matthew Passion*, prominent significance is attached to the Chorale, "*O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden*" ("O Head, all bruised and wounded"), which recurs several times in the course of the work. So here the Passion Song, "Jesu's sorrows, pain, and death," is introduced by Bach in three particularly conspicuous places: first, after the denial of Peter; secondly, after the words which Christ upon the cross addresses to His mother; and for the third time, after the words, "It is finished."

Here too,—apart from the inner reasons which Bach had for such repetition of the same choral melody, we see how paramount an end

* From the German of C. H. Bitter.

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it was with him, and how earnestly he strove for it, to secure the character of unity to the impression made by the whole work.

g. THE CONCLUDING CHORUS.

And so we enter the profound mood of the wonderful concluding chorus, "Rest, ye weary sacred limbs!" Tranquil sorrow trust in the redemption; steadfast faith, speak out of this clear-stamped melody and deep-felt harmony. We stand at the grave of the Lord. The body, wound in linen clothes with spices, is lowered into it. The friends and disciples who have followed Him thither, cast one last look of love upon the dead outward form, in which the Divine Prophet had so long lived among them and taught them, in which He had even now endured the last fearful agony before them. Like prayers for blessings on Him, the tones of tha pious song descends. And when the grave is closed, then there resounds, before the crowd have parted, in firm and solid harmony, the Chorale:—

"Ach Herr, lass dein lieb Engelein
Am letzten End die Seele mein
In Abrahams Schoos tragen,"

till the tones die away with the words:—

"Herr Jesu Christ, erhöre mich,
Ich will dich preisen ewiglich."

The friends and disciples leave the grave. We too go with them. Consoled, uplifted, full of new strength of faith, we retire from a place where the Gospel and Christ's off-ring for man have been taught us in the noblest manner, interwoven with the loveliest flowers of Art. We have taken part in His sorrows, and feel ourselves purified thereby, brought nearer to the Lord whom we revere.

Such is the form and outline of the work of the great master, which we have sought to expound, both as a whole and in its several parts.

Only a man of the great reach and power of Bach could have resolved to go beyond the lofty grandeur of this work, and create one even greater, even more complete and perfect. His gigantic mind shrank not from a task like that which he had set to himself in the *St. Matthew Passion*.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Bach's Passion Music.

The *Athenæum* takes a very practical view of this work, and says:—

"The directors of the Oratorio Concerts resolved to perform Bach's *Matthäus-Passions-Musik* each season, before the actual revival of that work in Exeter Hall on Wednesday week. We can hardly suppose that their resolution has been in any way shaken. Bach's music was heard with curiosity, received with favour, and, together with the performance, much belauded by the daily press. Nevertheless, we doubt the success of any attempt to resurrect to stay the work. Looking at the Passion apart from the change which has come over music and musical taste since Bach's day, we are quite ready to grant that it ought ever to remain in high favour. But so to look would be very unpractical, if not absurd. Within the last 140 years, the canons of composition and of taste have greatly altered—neither for better or worse we do not say—and the result has been to leave Bach's work high and dry among the curiosities of a past epoch. We admire it, but with no more idea of adopting it than of wearing chain armour. It may strongly be questioned, therefore, whether the success of Mr. Barnby's revival was other than the result of gratified curiosity. Yet more strongly may we doubt whether, after curiosity has been fully gratified, anything like success could be attained. From a modern point of view, the music is antiquated, however scholastic, ingenious, and masterly. The present generation seeks a sign—the sign of sensation; and cares no more for Bach's scholasticism than the admirers of Mr. Thomas Carlyle's English do for the stilted phrases of the Elizabethan euphuists. If, however, we dissociate ourselves from present tastes, and look at Bach's *Passion* as might a devout Lutheran of the period (or even as might one of the period neither devout nor Lutheran), we see at a glance the great merit of the work. It stands out from among things of its kind as Bach himself stands out from among the musicians of his day. But this will not make it popular. That cannot be done, because music is not subject to capricious changes of fashion. We may go back to the trunk-hose and slashed doublets of our ancestors, but we are not likely to revive a taste for what they thought the perfection of Art. Mr. Barnby deserves great credit for the excellence of the performance he directed. His choir had been admirably drilled, and his soloists—Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas—were fully equal to their unfamiliar and arduous work. So far all was well; our only doubt is as to what lies beyond: especially as to what the audience will think of the *Passion* after hearing a Passion-week *Messiah*.

T. E."

Herr Joachim's "Hungarian Concerto."

With reference to this work the *Athenæum* says:—

"The second Philharmonic Concert was made noteworthy by a remarkable performance of Herr Joachim's 'Hungarian' Concerto. This concerto is, in some respects, unique. It may claim to be, for example, the perfected work for the violin of the greatest violinist of his age. Herr Joachim laboured at it with zeal and patience; even going so far as to reconstruct the whole, adding where additions seemed necessary, and writing an entirely new score. He thus presented a deliberately-formed notion of what a great work for the violin should be. We fear Herr Joachim made a too favourable estimate of the average capacity of first-class violinists. If not, then he did worse, and wrote with a single eye to his own exceptional powers. A good deal of the concerto is beyond everybody but the composer. It crowds difficulty upon difficulty, till at last there are so many that the listener wearies in his appreciation. To this extent Herr Joachim's work is an impracticable thing. Like the battle-axe of Cœur-de-Lion, it must lie idle save when the owner is at hand to use it. But the concerto is unique on account of its national character; the subjects being modelled upon Hungarian airs, and the whole constructed 'in Ungarischer Weise.' To judge of this requires special knowledge; the result, however, is appreciable by all. A very striking and interesting result it is; not the least noticeable feature being the skill with which great peculiarities in melodic structure are connected with classical form and treatment. Looking at the concerto apart from its difficulty and its pretensions to nationality, we see a good deal that is admirable. The subjects are pleasing—those of the slow movement especially; the orchestra is often happily used; and the plan of the work shows, in many places, successful thought. On the other hand, much appears to be sacrificed in favour of mere display, and this leads to undue extension, which, in turn, leads to weariness. If Herr Joachim would improve his concerto more than he has hitherto done, he must cut it down with a free hand, and remove difficulties which are purposeless, as well as, to the vast majority, inappreciable. The performance generally was excellent; that of the solo astonishing. Herr Joachim never more thoroughly satisfied those who believe him to be the king of fiddlers."

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last concert of the series took place on Saturday, and had the following as a programme:—

Overture, "Manfred"	...	Schumann.
Aria, "Mi Tradi" (*Don Giovanni*)—Madame Lemmens ...		Mozart.
Symphony, "The Pastoral"	...	Beethoven.
Air, "In native worth" (*Creation*)—Mr. Nelson Varley ...		Haydn.
Song, "The Village Chimes"—Madame Lemmens ...	...	Sullivan.
Prelude, "Lohengrin"	...	Wagner.
Duet, "Ye gay and painted fair" (*Seasons*)—Madame Lemmens and Mr. Nelson Varley		Haydn.
Cantata, "May-day"—Madame Lemmens and the Crystal Palace Choir	...	Macfarren.
Overture, "Zampa"	...	Herold.

Schumann's overture, the power of which can hardly be denied even by those who most question the composer's genius, has often been heard in these concerts. Seldom, however, has it been received with the coldness manifested by Saturday's audience, a coldness we must attribute to a performance by no means up to the mark, because both coarse and ragged. The over-weleome "Pastoral Symphony" fared better, each movement being capitally played and much applauded. Its performance, in short, was worthy the reputation of the Crystal Palace orchestra. We spoke of the *Lohengrin* prelude when it was given last year, at a Philharmonic concert, and are now, inclined to repeat what was said then. The music does not deserve more than the smallest expenditure of time and trouble. As to the audience, they thought it deserving only of the smallest applause. As to the analyst, he pronounced it a "study of orchestral effect," displaying "a high and unquestionable power of imagination." So it may be, and yet be worthless; for there are studies and studies, and imagination and imaginations. Mr. Macfarren's cantata was fairly well given. As usual, "The Hunt's Up" had to be repeated. The *Zampa* overture ended the concert brilliantly. Madame Sherrington did not act fairly to Mr. Sullivan's ballad by introducing it on such an occasion. Mr. Nelson Varley sang his song in a style much better than we could have expected. He is evidently learning fast how to use a capital voice to good purpose.

T. E.

GOOD FRIDAY CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace on Good Friday the concert consisted of a selection of sacred music, in which Madame Rudersdorff sang the "Inflammatus" and "Let the bright Seraphim"; Mr. Vernon Rigby, "Then shall the righteous," and "Sound an alarm." Madame Carole, Mr. Aynsley Cook, Madame Florence-Lancia, Mr. T. Harper, and Signor Urio also took part in the concert. The other attractions of the Palace found many admirers. The day being delightfully fine brought together 47,317 visitors.—At the Standard Theatre the *Messiah* was given with success, at least so far as everybody being pleased. The theatre was very fully attended, and Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Drasdil, Messrs. A. Cooke and Wells were at times well received.—

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The Britannia produced the *Creation*, with Messrs. V. Rigby, Lewis Thomas, and Mdlle. Carola in the principal parts, Mr. Kingsbury conducted. The house was well attended.—At the Holborn Amphitheatre the *Stabat Mater*, selections from *Eli*, the *Messiah*, and *Naaman*, with the prayer in *Mosaniello*, were exceedingly well rendered, the principal vocalists being Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. O. Christian, and Miss Palmer. Mr. Weist Hill conducted.—Mr. E. Strange's concert at the Grecian was fairly supported. Miss Blanche Cole was the principal singer, and gave "Let the bright Seraphim," "Rejoice greatly," and "With verdure clad." Miss Woodcroft, Miss Enriques, and Mr. E. Lloyd were the other singers.—Concerts, morning and evening, took place at St. James's Hall.

FOUR CRYSTAL PALACE SYMPHONIES.

The last four concerts presented as many symphonies, each remarkable in its way. Between two of them a certain analogy exists; the others stand alone, while differing from the former in the sense that "pure" music differs from music with a "programme." The analogy to which we refer is based on the fact that both Hiller's symphony in E minor and Beethoven's "Pastoral" are avowedly illustrations of natural phenomena. Beethoven's work needs not detain us save to point out, once more, what "G." properly calls the "true principles" of programme music—principles Beethoven himself defined, in the heading of his great symphony, as "rather the record of impressions than the actual representation of sounds." Let us be glad to read Mr. "G.'s" analysis that this is "a canon which SHOULD be for ever" what programme music ought to be. At the same time we would remind him how certain modern composers have ignored its limits, and have carried into orchestral music the literalism of "The Battle of Prague." We would remind him, also, that the tendency of modern composition is to the extreme against which Beethoven carefully guarded himself, and that the professors of this heresy are sometimes honoured in the Crystal Palace programmes. One objection, in connection with this matter deserves notice. "G." speaks of Mendelssohn's "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies, and of his overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Fingal's Cave* as "programme music." The term, though allowable when used as "G." uses it, in the Beethoven sense, may convey a false idea, because it is now associated with music which aims at portraying a series of occurrences. That Mendelssohn's works do nothing of this kind, we need not assert. It is necessary, therefore, to hit upon some new term wherewith to describe compositions which occupy a position midway between "pure" and "programme music." How if we were to call them "impression music?" The term would have the high authority already (and, at least, would save glorious productions from the chance of confusion with others which are not glorious). Mr. Manns undertook the analysis of Herr Hiller's symphony, and built a fanciful structure upon the basis of the composer's motto—"Es ist in Ihr, die Stille Wesen." We are by no means disposed to quarrel with him for so doing, since the motto directly invited his labour. Herr Hiller's superscription is either a key to the meaning of the music, or it is not; if not, then the superscription itself is meaningless and absurd. Mr. Manns, however, gave rather too great latitude of interpretation. He remarked, "We anticipate a poetical musical illustration of a combat between Winter and Spring—the Winter and Spring of nature or of the human heart, or of the life of great nations—a struggle for civilization and liberty." Apart from a consideration of the character of the work, we doubt if Herr Hiller intended his motto to bear so wide an application. The chances, at least, are in favour of a reference to the Spring of nature, because each of a dozen obvious sentences would otherwise have served equally as well, if not better, than the one chosen. To this conclusion Mr. Manns evidently came, for he interpreted each movement as a phase in the triumphant advance of the most delightful of seasons. We would answer no further to notice his remarks in detail. They are but the expression of individual feeling upon a matter connected with which there is no authoritative standard, and variance about which is, therefore, perfectly allowable. As regards the merit of Herr Hiller's symphony there can hardly be very diverse opinions. It is charming from first to last. It displays, in union with elegance of style, masterly treatment and classical form—qualities unhappily rare in present-day German music. Herr Hiller's work so far harmonizes with the position he occupies among his compatriots. It might be said of him, as of Abdiel:—

> "Among the faithless, faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."

Whatever future lies before German music, this is certain—that true art will have a witness in Ferdinand Hiller while life remains to him.

The third symphony (second in order of performance, as Beethoven's "Pastoral" was fourth) occupied, when previously given, much of our attention. We have nothing to unsay or to change as regards Schumann's symphony in E flat—the so-called "Rhenish." The faults of this work are mainly concentrated in the fourth and fifth movements, the first of which is obscure and shares the ugliness of the second. On the other hand, the first three movements claim from us almost unqualified admiration. Not to go a second time into details, we will mention briefly that these movements are entitled to rank among the best of their kind, by whomsoever written. Mr. Manns very properly refrained from any attempt to fit Schumann's music with a programme. Apart from a superscription to the "Religioso," and a general remark of a vague character bearing upon the other movements Schumann gave no authority for taking his work out of the category of "pure" music; where, by-the-bye, its admirers may very contentedly leave it.

We come now to the fourth symphony, and do so with pleasure, because it is the work of a young Englishman who bids fair to honour English music. When Mr. F. H. Cowen's symphony in C minor was brought out at St. James's Hall last December, its great merit was promptly recognized, as were, also, the faults natural to, if not inseparable from, a first effort. The young composer lost no time in profiting by the suggestions of experience; and at the Crystal Palace he was ready with a work largely amended, and having an entirely new *finale*. We recognize the spirit in which the alterations have been made not less than we do their value, which is sufficient to claim for Mr. Cowen's symphony the regard proper to a great thing worthily achieved. The work opens with a short *Largo*, constructed on a two-bar phrase given out by bass strings in unison. Thus early, indications present themselves (among others a free use of scale passages for the last strings) of Mr. Cowen's sympathy with Beethoven. The *Largo* ends quietly on the dominant, and leads to an *Allegro di molto quasi presto* which starts with the unison already-mentioned. This, however, is only by way of exordium, for soon the latter expands the subject into one of four bars, and introduces it as the first theme of the movement. Subsidiary matter, in the form of a vigorous *tutti*, leads to the second subject in G major, which is as notable for grace and beauty as for the charming method of its scoring. An expansion of the original theme ends the first part of the movement. Throughout the second part we are reminded of Beethoven by the bold and assured handling of the orchestra, by the free march of the basses, and by comparatively small devices like an occasional pause. A well-marked coda stops abruptly on the dominant, that the *forpe* may be resumed for eight bars; after which the movement comes to a speedy end. The themes of the *scherzo* (in G major) are piquant, without any leaning towards eccentricity. Moreover, they are tuneful and pleasing. Putting all which things together, some might urge that Mr. Cowen has acted upon the proper idea of a *scherzo*—that is to say, he is sufficiently light and frolicsome, without indulging in contortions. A placid trio (in E major) distinguished by clever use of syncopation, varies the *scherzo* agreeably. The *Allegretto* (in C major) reminds us of Schubert, alike by its character and scoring. In the sentimental expression of its themes, and still more in their peculiar division among the various instruments, the influence of that great master can be detected. Beyond this there is nothing in the movement Mr. Cowen may not claim as original; while, in all respects, it is highly imaginative and beautiful. The opening of the *finale* shows Mr. Cowen in a humorous mood. He makes the first violins give out a theme to which the seconds answer with another, followed in turn by the violas. This little bit of counterpoint prepares the listener for a fugue, only to deceive him. As though repenting of his first purpose, but not disposed to waste what he has written, the composer hurries on to a *tutti*, for which the abortive fugue supplies materials. In right spirited fashion are those materials worked, till the entrance of a melodious second subject, mainly divided among the wind instruments, and accompanied by what we may call a figured dominant pedal for a portion of the strings. With these themes and their episodes Mr. Cowen has constructed a movement which ends his symphony in a manner worthy of what has gone before. We have spoken of the work at length because it is such as we have said, and because its composer is one whose efforts deserve all the encouragement it is possible to give them.

F. M. G.

WEIMAR.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is here at present. He intends making a long visit.

BADEN.—Herr Johann Strauss, the well-known waltz-composer, has signed an agreement with the Administration to give a series of twelve concerts. They will take place in August.

BRUSSELS.—We like the inhabitants of this capital extremely; they are a jolly, hospitable, contented, set of people, but our partiality must not make us blind to their defects. In fact, as sincere friends of theirs, we feel bound, if they do anything wrong or stupid, to warn them of the fact. Well—they are going fractic about *Lohengrin*, of which three performances have absolutely been given in one week. We say no more, save—*Verbum sap!*

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

"*Veni; Vidi*"—"*Why sigh?*" you might add, if you happened to be a burlesque writer, and were sitting near me as I pen the opening words of this letter. "Why sigh?" You would sigh, too, in my position. After a long absence from this capital, I return to resume those communications which, I flatter myself, were so welcome in your columns, and the first production I am called upon to notice is Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, brought out at the Royal Operahouse on the 1st of April, a date, by the way, extremely applicable to the fools who rave about the Music of the Future, and not altogether inapplicable to those managers who pander to the ravings of the fools aforesaid, sacrificing the voices and time of their artists, besides lavishing the pecuniary resources of the establishments under their direction, in getting up such trash. Do you think that people are sincere when they say they admire Herr R. Wagner's music? If you do, I do not.

What Ido think, however, is that a great many Germans—mind I do not say all—allow their patriotism to obtain the mastery over their common sense, and cannot "abide the notion," as Mrs. Gamp might express it, of not having some musical genius, some great composer, to continue the long line of those giants of the art; Haydn, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, *cum multiis aliis*, who have shed such splendour upon their Fatherland. Having no one else, and being very good-natured, easy-going folk, constantly assured—by Herr Wagner himself—that the author-composer of *Lohengrin* possesses the *divinus afflatus* to an eminent degree, they indulge in the absurd enthusiasm for the gentleman, which renders them objects of pity—tinctured with a dash of contempt—to the innumerable lovers of true art, both among their own countrymen and foreigners. Will this madness, this infatuation, last? Most certainly not. It is an ephemeral whim, a passing caprice, and the Music of the Future will as surely soon be a thing of the East as bicycles, and chignons, Grecian bends, and Ethiopian melodists.

"On revient toujours
'A ses premières amours;'"

ere long, the misguided individuals will see the error of their ways, and feel heartily ashamed that, justified as they are in boasting that Germany has given birth to some of the most stupendous musical minds the world ever knew, they were contented to worship so long at the shrine of one whom they now designate a Prophet, but whom every man with a spark of feeling for the Beautiful cannot hesitate, a single moment, in designating a false Prophet.

I do not suppose any work ever brought out at the Royal Operahouse had been more carefully prepared than *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. All the resources of the vast establishment had been applied, for months past, to the task. A host of rehearsals, their name was legion. There were four-and-twenty with full band! In fact, they were so numerous, and taxed so severely the powers of all concerned, that, on several occasions, the usual evening performance could not take place, a circumstance highly gratifying, doubtless, to the managers of the other theatres, whose treasuries benefited by it, but not quite so pleasing to those foreigners or provincials who might have been desirous of visiting the far-famed Berlin Operahouse and found it closed, as tight as the Money Market during a panic, on the only evening they were here. For months, the scene-painters, the costumiers, the machinists, the—in a word; the everybody, had been employed early and late on this offspring of Herr R. Wagner's Muse, or rather Muses, for he is on as good terms with Melpomene and Thalia as with Euterpe, till they must have thought of nothing but *Die Meistersinger* all day, and dreamt of nothing else all night—till their whole existence must have been as fully festooned with Wagnerian music—well, yes, I suppose I must call it so—with Wagnerian music; Wagnerian poe— well, I suppose, etc.—Wagnerian poetry, and Wagnerian hum— no! I can *not* style it humour—with Wagnerian attempts at fun and comicality, as Spanish cookery is with garlic. Even the most docile lunatic—no, I mean Wagnerite, will never have the face to assert that, supposing *Die Meistersinger* should fail to become a stock opera here—a contingency I humbly consider as by no means beyond the bounds of probability—the non-success of the work is attributable to any want of exertion on the part of the management to ensure for it a triumph.

Is it necessary—indeed is it not slightly superfluous—to say that the musical public was in a state of great excitement, and that the Royal Operahouse presented on the night of the first instant a most animated scene? Every place was occupied, and every class represented. Literary men jostled grave jurists; red-hot Wagnerites were elbowed by their Master's peculiar pets: individuals whose swarthy complexions and unmistakably curved noses—not Roman noses—proclaimed them members of the Israelitish persuasion; and musicians, old-fashioned and stupid enough to believe still in Mendelssohn and Bach, stumbled, in their eagerness to reach their seats, over the clanking sabres of local military Dundrearys of the "Yarde" (martial swell Berlinese dialect for "Garde"). And then the ladies! How they forced their way through the swaying crowd, as though dresses could never be spoilt by crushing; how—though living in days when they attach so much importance to capillary attraction, that they must fancy their beauty depends altogether on their tresses, just as Sampson's strength depended on his—they dashed fearlessly into the human Maelstrom, as though back hair could never be rudely torn, by some untoward wrench, from the head of its fair owner.

At length, Herr Eckert, the conductor, made his appearance in the orchestra, and shortly afterwards, looking round to see that the instrumental army under his command were ready, gave the signal, and the opera began. The following was the cast:—Eva, Mdme. Mallinger; Magdalene, Mdlle. Brandt; Stolzing, Herr Samuel Niemann; Sachs, Herr Betz; Pogner, Herr Fricke; Kotheer, Herr Krause; the Schustertichring, Herr Kruger; and Beckmesser, Herr Basse—poor Herr Basse!

And what was the result of all the exertions, of all the labour, of all the expenditure lavished upon *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg?* There was *some* applause, which Herr R. Wagner's admirers, strengthening their mental vision with a microscope, equal in power to that which, at the hands of a mechanic, so disagreeably initiates the spectator into the mysteries of a drop of water, or the structure of the domestic flea—there was, I repeat, some applause, which Herr R. Wagner's admirers will doubtless magnify into a triumph. But—but—but "*us far non fa ghirlandy*," and the laurels Herr R. Wagner reaped on the 1st inst., are certainly not plentiful enough to weave him a wreath sufficient to obviate the necessity of his purchasing a *toupet*, supposing him to be bald, and, like Cæsar, desirous of concealing his baldness. The first act went pretty well, I must confess, and Herr Niemann (Stolzing), besides being encored in the last verse of his song, was called on at the end of the act. In the second act, however, it was apparent that the audience were getting rather bored, and they did not receive the interminable dialogue with the same gusto with which the author-composer, who, we know, entertains his own views of comic writing, panned it. At length, they could stand it no longer, and broke out into a nice tumult, laughing, hissing, coughing, and stamping. This increased rather than diminished during the notorious cudgelling scene, often described in your columns, a scene which is of course highly symbolical of something or other in the eyes of the Initiated, but which, in the opinion of the *profanum vulgus*, of whom I am one, appears more fitted for a travelling circus, or "the spill and pelt" scene in an English pantomime, than for the boards of a national art-institute like the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. The curtain fell at the conclusion of this act amid tremendous uproar. Herr Niemann was again greatly, and deservedly, applauded in the third act, but even his admirable performance could not compensate for the dreary monotony of the piece, and, long before the final fall of the curtain, which happened at half-past ten, a great number of persons had left the house. "In for a penny, in for a pound" being my motto—or one of my mottoes—I stopped to the end. Like an enthusiastic fox-hunter, I determined to be in at the death, in case the piece should not survive the first performance—but that scene of the artists should not. When the last note had been played, there was a call for the latter, and, certainly, if ever artists deserved a call they did. To say they worked like niggers would convey a very feeble idea of the way in which they exerted themselves; they worked very un-like niggers, who are about as lazy a race as any in existence. The orchestra played magnificently; the chorus never exhibited more zeal and correctness—was never lose "chorusay"; the *mise-en-scène* was admirable, and reflected great credit upon the stage-manager, Herr Hein; the scenery and dresses were excellent, and, in fact, the performance possessed all the elements of an immense operatic victory, except one—rather important elements, though—namely: good music and good words. And so much, at present, for *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*.

I intended to have forwarded a short account of the changes that have taken place in the *personnel* of the Operahouse since I last addressed you, and, also, to describe what is going on generally in musical circles; but my letter is already so long that, with your permission, I will defer the execution of my intention till next week, or the week after. Meanwhile, allow me to say, as sincerely as ever,

VALE.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Medea," scena et aria per soprano, by Alberto Randegger; "Take this Forget-me-Not," song, by Adolph Gollmick.

CRAMER & Co.—"By the way of the Sea," ballad, by H. Sloman, Mus. Doc.

CHAPPELL, PETTER, & GALPIN.—"The History of the Pianoforte," by Edgar Brinsmead.

LONSDALE COCK & Co.—"My Dream," song, by Josephine Williams (R.A.M.)

DUFF & STEWART.—Six Pieces for the Pianoforte, by Johannes Winkelhaus.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Sydney Smith's Method for the Pianoforte;" "I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers," ballad, by Robert Hilton.

SUGARO.—"Philomel Waltz," by G. Richardson.

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DEATH.

On April 14th, at Ealing, SOAMMAN, wife of JOHN COOPER, Esq., aged 74, sincerely regretted by many friends.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1870.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL PROGRAMME.

WE owe it to the importance of the Festival to be held this year in the "hardware capital" (so-called) to give the programme, recently made known, all the attention in our power. We have published it once, and we do so again, by way of text to a brief commentary. The scheme is as follows :—

"Tuesday, the 30th of August:—Morning, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; evening, a new cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, by J. F. Barnett, and a miscellaneous selection. Wednesday: Morning, Costa's *Naaman*; evening, a miscellaneous selection, comprising a new Instrumental work by Mr. A. S. Sullivan. Thur-day, 1st of September:—Morning, Handel's *Messiah*; evening, a new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, and a miscellaneous selection. Friday:—Morning, a new oratorio, *St. Peter*, by Mr. Benedict; and Mozart's *Requiem*; evening, Handel's *Samson*.

"Probably," says the *Daily Post*, which paper we quote because we agree with it:—

"the first impression produced by a perusal of this copious catalogue is one of surprise at the exceeding familiarity of its leading features. The four largest and best-known works, *Elijah*, *Messiah*, *Samson*, and *Naaman*, occupy so much of the ground, that little or no room seems to be left for novelty; and that room, we are prone to think, is not always apportioned to the best advantage. Further consideration, however, soon convinces us that the framers of the scheme have shown a more judgment than we at first gave them credit for, and that the Festival of 1870 will really contain as much promising novelty as any of its predecessors. It must not be forgotten, in the first place, that two of the mornings are disposed of in advance, by prescriptive usage, and that *Elijah* is as unalterable a feature of the opening day, as the *Messiah* is of the Thursday. Neither in the interests of art nor of money, could these fixtures be advantageously disturbed. There remain, then, only Wednesday and Friday mornings and the four evenings to provide for. Custom and public opinion have devoted the evenings, as a rule, to secular and miscellaneous concerts, and that rule cannot with safety be interfered with, to the extent of more than one evening; so that three sacred or oratoric concerts are really all the great opportunities at the disposal of the Committee. In providing for these requirements, the problem to be studied is how to reconcile, on the one hand, the often conflicting claims of Fame and Profit, and, on the other, the executive needs with the artistic means at disposal; for it is scarcely less important than the engagement of the artists, that they should be employed to advantage. These varied and, to some extent, opposing requirements seem to us to be very satisfactorily met in the apportionment of the Wednesday and Friday mornings, and Friday evening. Apart from its high musical pretensions, *Naaman*, as the masterpiece of Sir Michael Costa, to whom the Birmingham Festivals are so largely indebted for past and present services, possesses strong claims to a place in the scheme; and even had its merits been less conspicuous, the Committee could not with any grace have omitted it, after Sir Michael's good-natured resumption of the baton he formally relinquished three years ago. Wednesday morning, therefore, is assigned to *Naaman* the last and best of the works with which its composer has enriched musical art and the Birmingham Festival *repertoire*."

Under a certain obligation to produce the works spoken of by our contemporary, the directors had but limited room for other things. They resolved, properly enough, to devote proper attention to new compositions; and, hence, the almost exclusive occupation of their remaining space by Messrs. Benedict, Hiller, Sullivan, and Barnett. That the result will justify the course adopted, we have not the smallest doubt. On this head we may again quote our Birmingham contemporary, whose remarks are worthy the reputation he has acquired for just and sound criticism :—

"All who are acquainted with Mr. Benedict's music, and those especially, who had the privilege of hearing his *St. Cecilia*, at the last Festival, will see in this announcement the promise of a great work, —one not unworthy, perchance, to rank near Mendelssohn's treatment of the companion theme, and second to none of our time in elevation of sentiment, melodic charm, and musical scholarship. With Mr. Benedict's oratorio is bracketed Mozart's sublime *Requiem*—the song of the swan, and the masterpiece alike of its class and its composer. It is difficult to understand why fifteen years should have been allowed to elapse since this matchless work was heard at a Birmingham Festival. In devoting Friday evening to *Samson*, the Committee but follow the precedent so successfully led in 1861, when for the first time, the evening previously wasted on a fatiguing and unremunerative ball, was given up to an oratorio of Handel. The performance of *Samson* on the Wednesday morning of 1861, was one of the most effective of that brilliant meeting; and we have no doubt that on the Friday evening of the current year a Festival, it will prove equally satisfactory. The other evenings, as we have said, are necessarily devoted to secular and miscellaneous concerts; but they will not therefore lack novelty. Tuesday evening will be signalized by the production of a new cantata on the subject of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, entitled *Paradise and the Peri*, by Mr. J. Francis Barnett. On Wednesday, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has made great advance in his art since the production of his *Kenilworth*, in 1864—witness his admirable *Prodigal Son*, produced at last year's Worcester Festival—will be represented by a new instrumental work—whether overture or symphony, the record saith not. The most decided novelty of the Festival is reserved for Thursday evening, when the veteran composer, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, will, for the first time in his long art career, contribute and conduct in person a new cantata, composed expressly for this Festival. *Nala and Damayanti*, as the work in question is entitled, is said to be founded on an Indian poem, and will, therefore, be as foreign in colour and subject as it is in title. Altogether, this provisional programme is a promising one."

So say we, and not less promising is the list of artists whose engagements have been made known. The *Post* might have said much on this head—much, for example, as regards the appearance of so many excellent English artists—Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, and Santley at the head of them. On the whole the Birmingham prospects are bright, and the Festival of 1870 is not likely to discredit the most successful of its predecessors.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE musical news from Russia is distinctly of a personal kind. The great Gospodin Rubinstein (says a contemporary), inflated perhaps by the success of his *Tower of Babel* at Konigsberg, has been misbehaving himself at Moscow, in token of which the president of a tribunal has sentenced him to pay a fine of 25 roubles with the option of a week's imprisonment. Rubinstein is professor of the piano at the Moscow Conservatorium where he practises, it would seem, the brusque mode of tuition which has rendered him so popular as a private teacher with members of the Moscow young ladies. Rubinstein, artistic talent apart, is celebrated for his power of making his pupils cry. His skill, however, in this particular does not seem to be appreciated at the Conservatorium, where the students probably are more for solid instruction than for novel sensations. At all events, a certain Miss Voskresenskaia, accused by Rubinstein of inattention, and called into his awful presence to receive a few words of solemn warning

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and rebuke, showed by her demeanour that she wished to be spoken to politely. When Rubinstein raised his voice she turned over the leaves of a book instead of listening to him. He then told the perverse girl (in a still louder voice) to "get out;" upon which she "got out," and hurrying home told her father of the language and tone adopted towards her by the stern professor. A peace-justice before whom Gospodin Rubinstein was summoned dismissed the case; but upon being brought before a higher tribunal he was sentenced to the penalty above mentioned. The specific charge made against him was that of "offering insults."

MEYERBEER'S *Africaine* has at length been produced at Dantzic. Speaking of the fact, Herr F. W. Markull observes, in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*: "It has been a long time coming, but—but it has come at last. The same thing happens to all Meyerbeer's operas at provincial theatres. In the first place, there always arises a discussion as to the impossibility of adapting these show-operas to the modest resources of a provincial theatre, and then, though not, perhaps, till years have elapsed, it is found possible, after all, to produce them, with a great *mise-en-scène*, or without. It is thus that, without exception, all Meyerbeer's great operas have been produced at Dantzig; and if *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*, have become completely established as popular works here, they are, most assuredly, not indebted to it for the splendour of the *mise-en-scène*. This may be taken as a proof that Meyerbeer's is something more than music relying merely on scenery, and that the speculating upon effects, of which classical rigorists have so frequently accused this master, enabled him to accomplish results such as no other composer of modern times ever achieved in the sphere of opera." At Dantzic, as elsewhere, *L'Africaine* is a great success.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Signale*, writing from Prague, says:—

"It has recently become the fashion, whenever a female Italian vocalist, old and forgotten, closes her eyes in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth, to state that she created the part of Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Juan*. We find this assertion made in the necrological notice now going the round of the press, of Mdlle. Codecasa, the beautiful Saporiti. Now it is an established fact that the first Zerlina in Prague was Signora Bondini. On the 5th January, 1834, Herr Stepanek, a theatrical manager, related, in the preface to his Bohemian translation of *Don Juan*, what he had heard from the lips of trustworthy witnesses, concerning the early representations of this opera of operas. He tells us very humorously how Mozart, who, as we are all aware, himself directed the rehearsals at Prague, unexpectedly caught hold of Madame Bondini (Zerlina) who, not loud enough in the *finale* of the first act to please him, and grasped her so tightly that, in her fright, she gave a scream, which he begged her to repeat at the public performance. Signora Micelli, who sustained the part of Elvira, cast some black looks at Mozart, for taking, in her opinion, the *tempo* too fast. Mozart remarked this, but paid no attention to it. He punished her by exclaiming, when she had finished, 'Bravo, Micelli!' When, on the dissolution of the Italian operatic company, *Don Juan* was given for the first time in German, the representative of Zerlina was Mdlle. Müller, afterwards Madame Grünbaum."

THE most pressing offers have been made to Herr Hans Von Bülow to conduct Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyre* at Munich. No person still in the possession of his right senses will be surprised to learn that Herr Von Bülow has sternly refused. The new Joint-Stock Theatre has been sold by auction a second time. The price was 75,000 florins, and the purchaser, a Herr Hemeter. This entails a loss of more than 600,000 florins upon the first cost. The holders of preference stock will lose fifty per cent; the original shareholders will lose everything.

THE movement for instructing women in science and art goes bravely on at South Kensington, and is now to include music, which accounts for our noticing the affair here. We were by no means sure that music would have attention, because it is just the art most useful and becoming to those whom the South Kensingtonians teach. As things go, we are justified in regarding this as fatal to its claims. But the South Kensingtonians are disposed to violate precedent and be practical; they are also disposed to do thoroughly what they attempt. Hence the engagement of Mr. Arthur Sullivan as teacher, and hence the peculiar course of teaching he will superintend. The ladies are actually to learn something of the theory of music! Shades of departed Minerva's and has it come to this! Can it be that a woman shall know the difference between what is written in the clef of C and that of G! Ah! well, these *are* times. Moreover, Mr. Sullivan is required to teach his fair pupils how to sing in parts, and to convey much information about musical "colour" and the like. Moreover, and further—but why go on? Let every lady who loves music, who has the time to indulge her love, and the inclination to sacrifice for it the price of a new bonnet, rally round Mr. Sullivan in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum on Tuesday next at 11 in the morning. The doubtful can look on for half-a-crown and see how they like Mr. Sullivan, his words and ways.

CARLOTTA PATTI IN AMERICA.

(*From the "Macon (Georgia) Telegraph," March 4, 1870.*)

Another crowded house greeted Mdlle. Carlotta Patti and her talented company last night at Concert Hall. The audience, as on Wednesday, was composed almost entirely of the *elite* and refined of the city, and we do not think we ever saw an audience more delighted with an evening's entertainment. There was not a piece in the programme, from first to last, that was not most rapturously applauded and its repetition demanded. To properly appreciate the wonderful, the charming, the almost inspired vocalization of Carlotta Patti, one must hear her sing a second or third time, and at intervals of twenty-four or forty-eight hours. The sweetness and compass of her voice, together with its brilliancy of execution, bewilders one at first, and amid mingled emotions of admiration and enthusiasm one is very apt to form a conception of her vocal powers below what those powers really are. In other words, she intoxicates the senses at first, and until they sober down by reflection and become accustomed, so to speak, to the magic spell, we fail to compensate her genius. Therefore, we liked her singing last night better than on the night before, because we had a higher appreciation of it—were better prepared to love while we listened. And such is more or less the case with every member of this *troupe*.

"Where's my Music?"

Said the Giant.

"Madame Arabella Goddard is about to leave for the Continent. American journals express a great desire that she would visit the United States."

Mr. Punch seldom interferes with a lady's arrangements, but on the present occasion he begs leave—takes it, in fact—to express a great desire that Madame Arabella Goddard would *not* visit the United States. As for the Continent, it is too late to grumble; but had we known of her intention, we should have taken the liberty of serving a *ne exeat* on her. We are not clear that we cannot demand her back, under the Extradition Treaty. Perfection in Art has its duties as well as its rights, and Madame Arabella Goddard's first duty is to *Punch*. Therefore, in her obedience, is to play Beethoven and Mendelssohn to him in the way his soul loveth? Who is to convert his grand pianoforte from a box of (possible) music into a living and singing thing? He doesn't pause for a reply; for if anybody said anything but "Nobody," it would be bad times for that adventurer. If, however, this trip is merely an affair of a holiday, after a detestable winter, and much artistic work, gloriously done, *Mr. Punch* will say no more, except that he is rather a ready hand at perpetually telegraphing. But as for the United States—not if the President undertook to send, in return, a receipt for the Alabama claims, and a *douceur* to *Mr. Punch* of all that was made by the Erie Ring in the days of the gold-jobbery.

"Godardus, whence the Goddards, was seated in England before Richard the Second," says the learned Mr. Mark Antony Lower; and the sooner Madame Goddard is seated in England before a Broadwood, the better *Mr. Punch* will be pleased.

Punch.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

An evening concert took place on Friday week in St. Luke's Schoolroom, Nutford Place, Edgeware Road, for the blind poor of London. The vocalists were Mesdames Marie Stocken, Ethel Brock, Talbot Cherer, and Flora Hilbron, with Messrs. R. Soppitt and Charles James Blahenden. Several excellent selections were given, and deservedly applauded. Mr. Blahenden in his ballad, "Dearer to my soul than art," created a legitimate effect. Messrs. W. Ganz, W. Wilkinson, and Stanislaus, presided at the pianoforte.

Mr. Walter Macfarren's first *matinée* for the season took place in the Queen's Concert Rooms, on Saturday last. Mr. Macfarren played, with his usual ability, Beethoven's *fantasia* (Op. 97); *Album Blatt* (Op. 117), Mendelssohn; and *Andante* (Op. 82) by the same composer, together with his own Saltarelle-romance, "Parmi les Montagnes," and impromptu, "Mountain Stream." He also, in conjunction with Mr. Lazarus, and Mr. Henry Holmes, played Mozart's trio, in E flat, and with his talented pupil, Miss Linda Scates, Hummel's grand duet, in A flat, for two pianofortes, which was deservedly applauded. His own new sonata, for pianoforte and violin, played by himself and Mr. W. H. Holmes, contributed to the success of the *matinée*. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne and Miss Randal. The former sang two charming sacred songs by Mr. W. Macfarren, and "The first Violet," by Mendelssohn. Miss Randal gave songs by Handel and Schubert with excellent effect.

Under the auspices of Miss Owen (daughter of the Rev. Mr. Owen, rector of St. Jude's, Chelsea), a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place on Wednesday evening, the 20th instant, for the benefit of the St. Jude's National Schools. Great praise is due to the accomplished lady who organised the concert, and induced so many distinguished amateurs to give their aid. Among the vocal gems were "Non piu mesta," sung by Miss Braham, who was encored, and a Spanish song, "La Colasa," by the same lady, who accompanied on the guitar. Goria's "Souvenir de Bellini" was played on the pianoforte by Miss Sagrini, with an expression and brilliancy of execution which brought down a storm of applause. Her style is pure and elegant, remarkable for delicacy and finish, qualities for the display of which those genius matches, "Mira O Norma," and the finale to the second act of *La Sonnambula* gave ample opportunity. Signor Nappi was encored in Rossini's "La Danza;" and Signor Bianchi accompanied the vocal music. The room was full, and the concert a decided success.

The professional students of the London Academy of Music combined their forces last week to give what may after all be termed an amateur concert, at St. George's Hall. The character of such entertainments need no comment, save that they do not involve the miseries sometimes inflicted by the totally unmusical on any of the learned callings not unfrequent amongst professionals of long standing. Such a concert may be likened to a friendly passage at arms, where the foils are well buttoned, the faces well masked, and the gloves fairly distributed amongst ladies and gentlemen alike. Of a programme comprising exactly three dozen pieces what can be said, except an expression of regret that much of the best was thrown into the second half of an overgrown evening, and that many of the audience were indeed, by sheer fatigue, to leave without hearing that which might have delighted them? Amongst the most promising may be mentioned Miss Matilda Scott, a medallist, who produced a powerful impression in "Ah non giunge." Mr. Desmond Ryan's name is new as that of a vocalist, well known as the name has been for years in all artistic circles. He made nothing short of a hit in Ricci's "Sulla poppa," displaying a fine baritone voice of remarkable register in the trio in E flat of Hummel. Pianoforte by Miss Cinrisie Baker, associate and lady teacher; violin, Herr Ludwig, and violoncello, M. Paque, both professors; we find in our programme the emphatic word, "good," and something decidedly stronger to Miss Weale's "Ah! fors è lui." Those who heard this lady could not feel any doubt of her power to do justice to Verdi. Her clear and sympathetic voice rang through the hall with brilliant effect; and, doubtless, with a little more study, Miss Weale may have a successful future. The concert seemed to give great satisfaction.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The 83rd and last concert of the 12th season (the 350th since the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted) was, as usual, for the benefit of the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell; as usual, St. James's Hall was crowded in every part; and, as usual, the programme was of that "miscellaneous" character which happily makes this particular occasion an exceptional one. There were three pianists—Madame Schumann, Mr. Hallé, and Herr Pauer. Madame Schumann and Mr. Hallé each introduced a solo—the lady selecting Chopin's well-known *Scherzo* in B flat minor, Op. 31; the gentlemen, three of the equally well-known *Harpsichord Lessons* of Domenico Scarlatti. Herr Pauer, less ambitious, was satisfied to join Signor Piatti in Beethoven's Variations, for pianoforte and violoncello, on "See the conquering hero comes"—in which Handel's primitive melody, it must be admitted, bears away the palm from each and all of ths (for Beethoven) not very interesting variations—twelve in number. The incomparable violoncellist, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict, gave the *Romance sans Paroles*, in D, which Mendelssohn composed for the celebrated lady violoncellist, Mdlle. Lisa Cristiani—a posthumous publication, as graceful as it is unpretending. An organ solo, in the shape of a *chorale* with variations, in E flat, by Mr. Henry Smart, an admirable composition, executed with admirable skill by Master Charles Le Jeune, began the first part; and the slow movement from Spohr's sixth violin concerto (in G minor), played by Herr Joachim as only Herr Joachim can play, and accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Zerbini, began the second part of the concert. Master Le Jeune, instead of giving "O, ruddier than the cherry" in response to the loud applause of the audience, would have done more wisely had he restored the three variations which, very unwisely, he had omitted from the work of Mr. Smart. Herr Joachim's performance created, and no wonder, extraordinary enthusiasm. He was twice called back, and in spite of the printed admonition of Mr. Chappell—entreating the audience, in consideration of the length of the programme, not to insist upon encores—the great artist was compelled to play one more piece, his choice this time falling on one of those movements from the solo sonatas of Bach, in the execution of which he is unrivalled. Miss Edith Wynne gave three songs—Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus); Mr. Benedict's "Maiden's Dream" (accompanied by the composer); and Mr. A. S. Sullivan's "Orphens with his lute" (also accompanied by its composer). The concert terminated with Bach's concerto in C major, for three pianofortes—executants, Madame Schumann, Mr. Hallé, and Herr Pauer. But the most interesting feature of the programme was Mendelssohn's magnificent quintet, for strings, in B flat, Op. 87 ("posthumous"), magnificently led by Herr Joachim, who, in MM. L. Ries (second violin), Straus and Zerbini (violas), and Piatti (violoncello), found worthy coadjutors. The *Andante Scherzando* (in G minor) and *Adagio* (in D minor) of this quintet were worth the whole concert. It may be remembered by not a few amateurs that the quintet in B flat was the first piece at the first Monday Popular Concert—February 14, 1859, when it was performed by MM. Wieniawski, L. Ries, Doyle, Schreurs, and Piatti. It was as welcome now as then, and sounded just as fresh, although it has been given eleven times since in St. James's Hall.

The season just terminated has been remarkable for the more than usually frequent production of pieces either altogether new or but little familiar to Mr. Chappell's habitual supporters. Most of these were brought forward at the instigation of Herr Joachim, who all through the season has been playing his very best—which means the best of the best; and, to single out one instance from many, whose performance in Beethoven's great quartet, Op. 132, in B flat, one of the most wonderful of the series that used erroneously to be denominated "Posthumous," can never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear it.

The Monday Popular Concerts are to be resumed in November. Every lover of genuine music must desire their continued success.

PROVINCIAL.

Edinburgh.—The *Scotsman* of April 16th says:—

"Professor Oakeley played yesterday afternoon on the organ in the Music Class-room the following selection of music, chiefly chosen as being appropriate to the season:—

"Overture, 'Passions,' Haydn. Chorus, 'Behold the Lamb of God'; Air, 'He was despised.' Choruses: 'Surely He hath borne our griefs,' 'And with His stripes we are healed' (*Messiah*), Handel. Solo and chorus, 'Though all thy friends forsake Thee' (*Calvary*), Spohr. Choruses: 'Rex tremendæ Majestatis,' 'Dies iræ' (*Requiem*), Mozart. Armonia Religiosa, or 'Silver Trumpets' (as heard in the dome of St. Peters, Rome). Allegretto, Symphony No. 8, Beethoven. Etude (partly in canon) for Pedal-Flügel, Schumann. Fugue for organ in E flat (a 5 voci), Bach.

"As this is, if we mistake not, the last organ recital for the season, we cannot help expressing our gratification at the great privilege which the lovers of music in Edinburgh have enjoyed from time to time in the opportunities of hearing this magnificent organ played by a performer of Mr. Oakeley's musical knowledge and feeling, and technical

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skill. Last year, enjoyable as were the organ recitals, one could not but be sensible that the organ was so powerful as to cause a reverberation, which greatly interfered with its effect. This defect has now been completely surmounted, in the first place, by the draping of the hall; and, in the second place, by what is still more important, the erection of a beautiful organ-case—the gift of a munificent benefactor to the cause of music, whose name we would gladly mention, but for his understood desire that it should not be made public. The complete success of the new arrangements was evinced by the fugue that closed yesterday's programme, where he had the full power of the instrument, yet the sound was so clear that the merest tyro in music could have no difficulty in following all the parts. The æsthetic are nowayS inferior to the acoustic merits of the organ-case; and the curtain of green velvet, embroidered with gold lace—the gift of some of the ladies who have been present at the performances—sets it off to the greatest advantage. We are also glad to see a correct representation of the arms of the founder of the Music Chair figuring conspicuously in front of the organ."

SLOUGH.—A correspondent writes:—

"Mr. Orlando Christian gave a very successful concert here on Tuesday, April 19th, the Literary Institution being well filled. The artists were Madame Emmeline Cole, Miss Lazarus, R.A.M., and Messrs. Large, Smith, Mellor, Christian, &c., of the Windsor and Eton Choirs. Randegger's trio, 'I Naviganti,' nicely rendered by Madame E. Cole and Messrs. Mellor and Christian, was loudly encored. Wade's 'Love was once a little boy,' given by Madame Cole, and Gounod's fine song, 'The Valley,' sung by Mr. Christian, were both encored; and the glees and part-songs came in for a large share of applause. Miss Lazarus was solo pianist and accompanist."

READING.—The Choral Union performed the *Messiah* on Monday, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Birch, the principals being Madame E. Cole, Miss Fanny Reeves, Mr. Elliot Galer, and Mr. O. Christian, who sang in their usual artistic manner. The band, led by Mr. John Day, played excellently.

MR. AYRTON AND SUNDAY BANDS.

The "intelligent foreigner" who is always supposed to be "among us, takin' notes," has, probably, got it written down somewhere, that our Government supplies the people with such music as may be heard in the national recreation grounds. He is mistaken as usual, but the mistake is very natural. All over the Continent the Sunday music of military bands is a recognised attraction of the day; and being so cheap a means of pleasure in proportion to its results, a stranger might well suppose that a government having any sympathy for the governed would be quick to use it. But we have our own way of doing things in England—or, rather, the English Government, when the pleasure of the people is concerned, has its own way of not doing things. In all such matters our high officials are devotees of voluntaryism. Their motto is, "If you want a thing done, do it yourself;" and their creed, "God helps those who help themselves." So they look on, and only throw an impediment, now and then, in the way of those who would do the work; taking care beforehand that the direct instruments of impeding shall have no sympathy with the cause.

Everybody knows that the control of the parks and of the bands therein belongs to Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., M.P. for the Tower Hamlets. The choice of this gentleman for his present post was so curious that it can only be explained by curious considerations. In the first place, Mr. Ayrton was an independent member with a disagreeable and untiring tongue, which it was desirable to silence by the gag of office. Next, he possessed no special qualifications, a fact testified by his own speeches. For these reasons, and these alone, so far as we can see, Acton Smee Ayrton, Esq., was made First Commissioner of Works. It was tolerably certain that, sooner or later, Mr. Ayrton would do something disagreeable. If he could no longer make bitter speeches in the House, in the parks he reigned supreme; and, moreover, could there spread annoyance over a larger area. Hence, when there was talk of disallowing the flowers, some time ago, people called to mind who was First Commissioner and nobody wondered. Nobody wonders now that Mr. Ayrton has thought fit to interfere with the good folk who take the trouble to provide the parks with Sunday bands. The First Commissioner has, it appears, does two distinct things. In the first place he has said to the "Regent, Victoria, and Battersea Parks Sunday Bands Committee, "You shall have nothing at all to do with music in the Regent's Park," and, next, "You shall not play dance music in the places to which your licence is now limited." Very naturally this arbitrary interference roused the committee, and a deputation waited upon Mr. Ayrton last Wednesday week to remonstrate upon the subject. The deputation was introduced by Mr. R. M. Morrell, who is reported to have said "since the band of the Regent's Park had been placed under the control of the proprietor of the chairs in the park the band had been diminished by one-half. The Band Committee of the Sunday League considered that they were the trustees of the public to provide for the efficient performance of music in the parks, and they objected to their being handed over to a mere private speculator. The other point they wished to press on the minister was that, although permission had been given to them to perform music on Sunday in the Victoria and Battersea Parks, yet they were prohibited from performing dance music. They considered it above all necessary that they should perform lively and not dull heavy music, and were at a loss to know what objection there could be to the performance of quadrilles founded upon the national airs. Mr. Morrell pointed out that during fourteen years in which music had been performed in the parks there had been no disorder or any occasion for the interference of the police. It did not follow that because they performed dance music, people danced, although perhaps a few young persons on the outside might."

It appears from this that Mr. Ayrton means to traffic in the Sunday bands, and so "turn an honest penny" for our Liberal Government. We should like to know the conditions of contract between the First Commissioner of Works and the chair proprietor of Regent's Park; how much the latter engages to give the former for the privilege of farming the Sunday bands, and also whether there are any clauses to prevent the chair proprietor from acting upon his own notion of what a band should be. These particulars forthcoming, the public would most likely have in possession a curiosity of state only to be paralleled by the Royal patents of former days. With regard to the dance music question, we must go to Mr. Ayrton himself for light. Here is his reply to the deputation:—"Mr. Ayrton said that he wished to disabuse the deputation of the idea that they were acting as trustees for the people. The only trustee for the people in this matter was himself—he was appointed by law. They, on the other hand, were a self-constituted body of persons who wished to perform music in the parks, and had obtained permission to do so under certain conditions. One of those conditions was that they were not to perform a description of music which was disagreeable to the ordinary visitors of the park, and he was informed that dance music was. Moreover, there was plenty of lively music which was not of that description. Their object should be to elevate and not degrade the national taste. There was no objection to the performance of the national melodies with any variations they pleased, but certainly was never the intention of those composers to degrade them into dance music in the shape of quadrilles, waltzes, or polkas. The custom was commenced by M. Jullien, who, he considered, did a great deal of harm to the national music and greatly vitiated the public taste. However that may be, it was plain that the primary object of the parks was to enable people to walk or ride in them, and they were not to have their feelings outraged because the Sunday League wished to play dance music. With regard to the diminution of the band since the chair proprietor of Regent's Park undertook to provide it, he would make inquiries. So long as the chair proprietor provided a proper band and proper music he was not disposed to take it out of his hands on the assumption that the Sunday Bands Committee were in the performance of a public trust. Mr. Palmer asked whether the right honourable gentleman would undertake to define dance music, because if they played an operatic selection they might be accused of infringing the law. Mr. Ayrton said that dance music was perfectly well known to musicians, and they must have one to conduct their band. They certainly would not be allowed to select all the dances out of operatic selections and perform them under the title of operatic music. In dance music he included the whole category of polkas, waltzes, quadrilles, and all sorts of hurdy-gurdy music, &c. It was quite a mistake to suppose that because the people chose to pay for it they could have anything they liked in the Royal park; and, in point of fact, he had had applications for races, merry-go-rounds, and all sorts of other amusements in the parks, on the plea that the people would pay for them. No doubt, if he put aside part of the parks for cock-fighting, people would be found to pay for it. They would make the park a tea-garden first and a bear-garden afterwards if such applications were granted." We pass over the insolent tone of this speech (not without sorrow that the speaker is an English State official) in order to say, at once, that Mr. Ayrton's objection to dance music is wholly incomprehensible, unless he has been "got at" by the Lord's Day Society. What he say

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about degrading the national taste is simply absurd, while his hit at poor M. Jullien is positively unjust. We cannot, however, expect Mr. Ayrton to know that there is dance music in *Guillaume Tell*, in the *Africaine*, and a dozen other operas which may claim to rank with the classics of art; we cannot expect him to know that all the great composers, from Bach downwards, have written what he calls "hurdy-gurdy music;" neither can we expect him to know that M. Jullien did more to improve the taste of this country than any other man living or dead. Mr. Ayrton has himself confessed his ignorance of art, and therefore blunders are natural to him when dealing with artistic questions. That dance music should be prohibited at all out of regard for a minority who could easily keep their delicate sensibilities out of the reach is bad enough; that it should be prohibited by an official who evidently knows nothing about the matter, adds insult to injury. We hope the Sunday Bands Committee will not let the affair rest, they must teach the "trustee for the people" what the people require of him.

THADDEUS EGG.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The activity displayed thus early in the season by the Covent Garden managers is remarkable. We have already noticed the production of four operas, and to these we have now to add a fifth and a sixth—all be it understood, comprised within the history of less than a fortnight.

Guillaume Tell, the last of the four works to which we have referred, was followed by *Lucrezia Borgia*. But for one incident a line might suffice to inform our readers that Donizetti's well-worn and, in a musical sense, semi-tragic opera had been played last night. With Mdlle. Tietjens in the theatre that notable event was pretty sure to occur in due course. How Mdlle. Tietjens acts and sings the part of Lucrezia has been described so frequently and in such detail that it would be superfluous to say more than that her voice was in perfect order; that she was—what she had not been on the night of *Fidelio*—complete mistress of her means; and that her performance throughout was admirable. Signor Graziani played the Duke of Ferrara as mysteriously and gave his music as effectively as ever; and Signor Nandin, who, taking into consideration the extent and variety of his repertory, is one of the most generally serviceable tenors on the Italian stage, was the Gennaro. The popular trio, "Guai se il sfuggo un motto"—when the Duke, in the despair of Lucrezia, persuades Gennaro to drink from the goblet steeped in the Borgian poison, uncommonly well sung by the artists we have named, was encored and repeated—having stated which, we are absolved from entering into further particulars.

The novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Mdlle. Carl, a young American, who at Brussels has earned a certain repute as a singer in concerts, &c., and who, in the character of Maffeo Orsini, first raised to significance by Alboni, three-and-twenty years ago, at the Royal Italian Opera, produced a highly favourable impression. The voice of Mdlle. Carl is rather a mezzo-soprano than a contralto; but that she can use it to good purpose was at once made apparent in the opening scene of the "Prologue," by her easy delivery of the air, "Nella fatal di Rimini e memorabil guerra"—which relates how, after being saved from death by Gennaro, Orsini is visited by the apparition of what one of the operatic English versions of *Lucrezia Borgia* describes as "a gigantic old man, clad in a black robe." However, as might have been expected, it was not until the scene where the famous drinking song, "Il segreto per esser felice," occurs that the success of the new comer was decided. Here Mdlle. Carl exhibited both dramatic spirit and vocal fluency, wisely refraining, by the way, from any attempt at imitating that wonderfully prolonged and wonderfully rounded off-shake on the high "E," just before the last return of the theme, with which Alboni used to move the audience into ecstacies of delight, and nightly win a "double encore." Instead the same no "high shake" in Mdlle. Carl's version of the *brindisi* (any more than there is in Donizetti's), and no "double encore" resulted; but the air was well and unaffectedly sung, and the "single encore" awarded to the last couplet was hearty and unanimous. In other respects the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Signor Tagliafico's quietly subtle impersonation of Gubetta, the confidential agent of the Duchess, can never be overlooked, was what it rarely fails to be at Covent Garden.

To *Lucrezia* succeeded the same composer's lively *Figlia del Reggimento*, which, though originally composed for the Opéra-Comique, is just as popular in Italian as it ever was in French, and, indeed, through the medium of the Italian version, has chiefly been saved from oblivion. The opinion of those who, previously acquainted with Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi's talent, maintain that comic, rather than serious, opera is her forte was in a great measure confirmed on the occasion under notice. Her Maria is a more finished, as well as a more spirited, assumption than her Lucia, and her success was proportionately greater. We can remember impersonations of the devoted Vivandière more characteristically marked; and we have heard the music given with better sustained vivacity; but, eschewing comparisons, we may describe Mdlle. Sessi's general performance as one of far more than average merit. Her voice is powerful as well as flexible to an extent that her first essay had not led us to imagine. About its agreeable quality there could have been no more question than about the fact of its being a pure and legitimate soprano. In the first duet with Sulpizio, Mdlle. Sessi seemed, in a measure, to be feeling her way; but in the subsequent duet with Tonio (Maria's lover), which followed, she was quite at home, and her utterance of the well-known phrase—

"Vedsam, udism,
Ascoltiam e guidichiam,"

was marked by an archness thoroughly in keeping, and accompanied by appropriate and significant gesticulation. The military air, "Ciascun lo dice, ciascun lo sa," in which Maria dwells upon the somewhat questionable virtues of her beloved regiment, exhibited both force and character. Best of all, however, was "Convien partir; addio"—in the first *finale*—when the Vivandière weepingly takes leave of her soldier friends. The feeling with which this touching and beautiful passage was delivered produced such an impression on the audience as could only have been created by true and genuine earnestness, and had Mdlle. Sessi been so inclined she might have repeated it with the unanimous approval of the house. We thought the second act less equally balanced, and were somewhat disappointed with parts of the scene in which, the Marchioness of Berkenfield at the piano, Maria rehearses the old air of Caffariello, terminating with the unexpected *cadenza*, the throwing away of the music, the horror of the Marchioness, and the marching trio, in which much vocal and dramatic will, that stately lady is compelled by Maria and Sulpizio to take part, to the vocal refrain of the "Bataplan." The trio, nevertheless, was encored as usual, and, as a matter of course, repeated. At the conclusion of the opera, in place of the original *finale*, Mdlle. Sessi introduced the popular *valse*, by Hirsh, which Mdlle. Adelina Patti on more than one occasion, has substituted for the original *finale* of *Don Pasquale*. The general impression derived from this performance is that Mdlle. Sessi has at present the capacity to shine rather as a singer than as an actress; but that she has undoubted promise, which, backed by youth, has every chance of ripening into excellence, we have no doubt whatever. Nothing could be more encouraging than her reception by the audience. The other parts in the opera were represented by Signor Ciampi (Sulpizio), Signor Lorcen, or Della Rosa, *alternis—les deux se disent*—(Tonio), and Mdlle. Anese (the Marchioness). The grouping of the soldiers and *mise-en-scène* generally of the *finale* to Act 1, embodying the departure of Maria, were as picturesque and effective as of old. The choruses were effectively given almost without exception; and the orchestral accompaniments, under Signor Vianesi's direction, left very little to desire.

About the performance of Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* at this theatre on Saturday night we can only say at present that, in the character of Astrifiammante, "Queen of Night," Mdlle. Sessi achieved a new success, being encored in her second and most trying air, "Gli angui d'inferno"—transposed, as customary ever since the time of Anna Zerr,* a note lower than the original, which brings it considerably nearer to the pitch designed by Mozart himself), and given by the new singer with remarkable animation. We shall recur to *Il Flauto Magico*, which was given again on Thursday. On Monday night *Guillaume Tell* was repeated—a better opera than which, taking into account its gorgeous music, beautiful scenery, picturesque costumes, and general stage effect, as represented at Covent Garden, could hardly have been selected for Easter-Monday. *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated on Tuesday. To-night, Mdlle. Sessi is to appear as the heroine of the *Traviata*. On Tuesday week Signor Mario will make his first appearance, after a year's absence, as the Duke in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

WAIFS.

The Prince of Wales has promised to preside at the annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, on the 16th of May.

M. Arban has been appointed musical director of Cremorne Gardens for the ensuing season.

Mr. Charles Hallé goes to Paris shortly, in order to give one or more pianoforte recitals.

Le Ménestrel says that Herr Wagner has been named Director General of Music at Berlin. We very strongly doubt the statement.

Miss Bateman has arrived at Liverpool from America. She will pass two or three months on the Continent to recruit her health, prior to commencing her provincial engagements in England in October.

* Who used to sing it always in the original keys (D minor and F Major).

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Les Folies Marigny, the summer theatre in the Champs Elysées, has been purchased from M. Montaubry by M. Ledue.

The average receipts during the eight nights' run of *Lohengrin*, at Brussels, were 3,570 francs.

M. de Flotow has left Paris for Vienna on "urgent private affairs"—which, we presume, will delay the production of his new opera.

Herr Achenbach has produced Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, in a dramatic form, at Düsseldorf.

The report that M. Carvalho has been re-appointed director of the Théâtre Lyrique is premature, to say the least. The Minister of Fine Arts has the whole matter still under consideration.

Mr. Cowen, whose first symphony was received with so much favour at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, is engaged upon a cantata, for voices and orchestra.

M. Kœnig, a well-known singer at the Grand Opera, has just retired from public life. How desirable it is that other well-known singers should perform the same difficult feat, we need not say.

Madame Ristori has settled in Paris, at her old quarters on the Boulevards Malesherbes. She has been reading for the benefit of a charitable institution.

The Delassements-Comiques (Paris) is again changing hands. Its management now devolves upon a triumvirate, composed of MM. Gastehy, A. de Jallais, and Lemonnier.

A series of performances in aid of the funds of the local charities at Manchester has taken place at the Theatre Royal, and on Thursday they were brought to a close. With donations, &c., the charities will, it is expected, be benefited to the extent of nearly £2000.

We observe that on the occasion of his benefit at the Princess's Theatre last week, Mr. Montague played the part of Romeo, being a singular, possibly the only, instance of a Montague representing the young Montague.

A Calvinistic dislike to theatres still lingers in Geneva. The theatre has once more been closed, and the manager retires with serious loss. This is the third manager the theatre has ruined in as many years, despite its receiving a subvention from the municipality.

The Accademia Filarmonica of Rome, which was closed on political grounds some years ago, has been allowed to reconstitute itself under the patronage of Cardinal di Pietro. It has begun its new career with one of Verdi's operas.

There is some prospect of Calcutta being without an opera next year, as there is great discontent with the impresserios. There is a proposition to get a company direct from one of the agents at Milan. It is said Calcutta wants a decent company and decent music.

Herr Wagner's *Walkyrie* is to be brought out at Munich in May, the King having given express orders to that effect. The *Rheingold* will be played at the same time, with new machinery and effects. All this, however, assumes that the parties interested can agree upon a *chef d'orchestre*, which seems not likely.

Mr. Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, announces a second series of the "Songs of Scotland" at the Hanover Square Rooms, to commence on Monday next. Mr. Kennedy has made use of his American "interviewing" to introduce into his entertainment sketches of characters in the "Far West," including Brigham Young, the Mormon chief, and other characters.

The production of Halévy's *Charles the Sixth*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, has had a very moderate success. Every effort was made by a well-drilled *claque* to revive the once popular refrain—

Guerre aux tyrans! Jamais en France—
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera.

But times have changed since 1843, and the audience simply laughed.

The complimentary banquet offered by the Scandinavian residents in Paris to Mdlle. Nilsson, took place on Wednesday evening before last at the Trois Frères Provençaux. A whole squadron of young beauties of the North formed a *cortège* for the charming cantatrice, and at the dessert M. Prévost-Paradol pronounced, in a few well-chosen words, a handsome eulogium on Northern hospitality. The principal result of this hospitable meeting was a decision to form a fund of Scandinavian charity. A concert given after Easter will furnish the first instalment.

THE *CANDLE SYMPHONY*.

It is no rare occurrence to see some of the gravest and the most severe musicians—musicians who, as a rule, are distinguished for their grand inspirations—abandon themselves, in fits of caprice, to the most diverting instances of musical buffoonery. In the midst of an old book comprising different works by Carissimi, in the midst of psalms, and of motets written in the severest style imaginable, the reader is greatly astonished, and even greatly delighted, at coming across such pieces as the "Capuchin's Beard" (*Venerabilis barba capucinorum*); "An Ass's Will," with an imitation of the testator's melodious voice; the "Lesson in the Rudiments, or the Declension of the pronoun, Hic, Hæc, Hoc;" "The Burlesque Requiem," in which a grave voice slowly pronounces the funereal words, while the soprano sings the following anything but poetic lines:—

"Quand mon mari vient de dehors
Ma reste est d'être battue."

We all know the admirable bit of musical buffoonery written by Mozart to ridicule his set of amateurs at Prague. Berlon, the author of *Montano et Stéphanie*, published a small collection of canons, in which the most profound science is applied to the treatment of the most comical ideas. *Les Héraclites et les Démocrite*, a canon, with double chorus, in which one set lament and complain to a sorrowful and devout melody, while the second set sing "*la bouteille et son fus divin*," is a work of only a few pages, but the hand of a master is as apparent as it would be in a work of greater compass. Who, however, can fancy Haydn, the most learned, the most serious, and the most methodical of composers, with his frilled shirt front, his lace ruffles, and his venerable *perruque*, seated at his table writing works that give him the right to the title of the prince of burlesque composers? Never, however, was a title more deserved.

Haydn's musical pleasantries are numerous; some are exceedingly strange. The "Ox Minuet" is celebrated. We know that Haydn endeavored to imitate in it the lumbering gait and awkwardness of the patient animal just named. For some time a rivalry existed between Haydn and Steibelt. The latter's symphonies carried off the palm, even in the opinion of the English, from those of the great composer. Haydn was annoyed at this preference thus shown to his rival. One day he had an explanation with his friends on the subject. "Steibelt!" he said, with an accent of the most profound contempt, "I will crush him!"

How shall we make the reader understand in what manner Haydn was resolved to crush Steibelt? We read, in a chronicle of the Middle Ages, that a man who was possessed, and whom the devil would not allow a moment's respite, went to consult a famous exorciser. The latter ordered the poor wretch to seat himself in a butt of water, with only his head above the surface. He then went through the usual forms. The devil was conquered, but, fearing to meet the irritated face of the exorciser, he knocked out the bottom of the butt and fled obstreperously. It was with an explosion of this kind that Haydn determined to crush Steibelt. So, when, in the midst of an admirable piece, in which the master had exhausted all the resources of his genius, the formidable low C of the bassoon was unexpectedly heard, every one was seized with an incontrollable fit of laughter; the imitation was perfect, and Steibelt was dethroned.

The *Candle Symphony* boasts a rather curious origin. The musicians of some petty German prince or other were very unpunctual at rehearsals; they came late, and frequently blew out their candles and went away before the rehearsal was over. The following is the plan of it:—The first piece is written in a very beautiful style; the *andante* with the mutes is delicious; the minuet is lively and rapid; next comes the *finale*, consisting of two movements, the first in duple time, and the second, *andante amoroso*, in triple time. The last part then commences. From its very beginning, something eccentric, unusual, out-of-the-way, greets, now and then, the ear; a horn disports out of its own proper domain; a clarionet allows sounds to escape from it which appear but little consonant with its mild and melancholy character. Is it possible that Haydn's genius is deserting him, the audience must have thought. Suddenly a horn indulges in a most execrable solo, and then, humiliated by the phrase allotted to it, blows out its candle and slowly steals off. The confusion continues. The clarionet also, puts out its candle, and escapes in its turn. The horn in A, lost up in the very high notes, quietly drops down on the middle A, and imitates its fellows. The double-bass endeavours to hold its own against the storm, and runs furiously up and down the four strings. But, very shortly, utterly worn out and exhausted, the terrible instrument ceases its rumblings and disappears. The violoncello does the same; the finte follows; the tenors and the violins hurry off, and out go their candles. The harmony, so powerful a short time previously, is now nothing more than a vague and confused murmur; it is the distant noise of the sea; the murmuring breeze; a humming-bird flying past; the flight of a gnat; and then nothing at all. The first violin, left by itself, extinguishes the single modest light in the orchestra, makes a very low bow to the spectators, and retires, like a captain who does not abandon the fight till all his soldiers have deserted.

Such is the *Candle Symphony*.

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NEW MUSIC.

Sydney Smith's Method for the Pianoforte. [London: Ashdown & Parry.] A PIANOFORTE instruction book written by one of the most popular of pianoforte composers must always be worth attention, and can hardly fail to have a special value. Both results are attained by the work before us. Mr. Smith "begins at the beginning," and after taking his pupil through the first elements of notation (with which is combined a study of the keyboard), he proceeds by an admirable sequence of lessons and exercises to cultivate alike the performing hand and the directing mind. Some of his devices are peculiarly happy—that, for example, which keeps before the student's eye the relative value of the notes to be played. There are other features in the work of unommon merit, but we shall say enough if we recommend it unreservedly to all who seek a manual of instruction well arranged, intelligible and, therefore, effective.

I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers. Ballad. Words by LORD BYRON. Music by ROBERT HILTON, of the Cathedral Choir, Salisbury. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS ballad makes very modest pretensions, but justifies such as it makes. The melody has an easy and graceful flow, and the accompaniment is correct if not novel. All this, however, barely justifies another addition to the huge stock of ballads having no special *raison d'etre*. Composers should be merciful to their generation, and practice the virtue of reticence.

Philomel. Waltz. Composed by G. RICHARDSON, Musical Director, Globe Theatre. [London: John Shepherd.]

THIS waltz is dedicated to Miss Lydia Foote, who need not be offended at the compliment. It is tuneful, and, therefore, pleasing. Nevertheless, why write waltzes which are merely tuneful and pleasing? The "canterburys" of our drawing-rooms groan beneath the weight of such things,—moreover, hot weather is coming on, and the very suggestion of dancing causes matter to exude.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded? Transcribed for the Pianoforte by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A *morceau de salon* of a very familiar type. It is easy and, after its fashion, well made. The more difficult passages are fingered for those who need such help—that is to say, for the majority who elect to play such music.

Cascade de Perles, for Piano. Composed by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE name of this piece is significant of its character. A "Cascade de Perles" in music is, of course, a melody surrounded by arpeggios, and modulating into some such key as D flat major, where the arpeggios subside, beginning again when the original key is resumed. All these conditions are duly met by Herr Winkelhaus, the result being a piece calculated to set pianoforte playing maidenhood in a flutter, and for maidenhood is vaccinating, to imperil the supremacy of certain other "Cascades" and "Jets d'Eau" we wot of.

Twilight Thoughts. Nocturne. Composed by Madame OURY. [London: John Blockley.]

THIS piece is numbered Op. 159, which accounts for its being mainly a reproduction of familiar mannerisms. Mdme. Oury's thoughts at twilight run in old grooves.

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VOL. 48—No. 18. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—It is announced with much pleasure that arrangements have been entered into with the Sacred Harmonic Society for a

GRAND OPENING MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

On SATURDAY, MAY 7th, 1870,

Conductor ... SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

The First Portion of this Great Musical Festival (only possible on the Handel Orchestra at the Crystal Palace) will comprise the First Part of Mendelssohn's Oratorio,

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"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN," a New Oratorio, by the Rev. H. F. LIMPUS, will be performed, for the First Time, in Aid of the Funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Clewer, on TUESDAY, May 10th, 1870. Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductor—Mr. BARNBY. The Band and Chorus will number 200 performers. Both Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony Stalls, £1 1s.; Reserved Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street; Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, REGENT STREET.—TUESDAY, May 3rd, 1870.—SIGNORINA EMILY TATE respectfully announces that she will give a GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT at the above Hall, on TUESDAY, MAY 3rd, 1870, under the special patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart. Signorina Emily Tate has recently had the honour of performing before H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and family, His Majesty the Emperor of Russia and family, Her Imperial Highness the Princess Dagmar, His Highness the Prince Hassan of Egypt, &c. Vocalists: Miss Blanche Reeves, Miss Amy Strangeways, Signora Mocca, Mr. Alfred Bayliss, and Signor Penna. Pianoforte, Signorina Emily Tate; violin, Signorina Ida Rose; violoncello, Herr Schuberth. Conductors—Mr. Francesco Berger, Herr Schuberth, and Signor Deerbelle. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony front seats, 3s.; admission One Shilling. Tickets to be had at St. George's Hall; at the principal Musicsellers'; and of Signorina Emily Tate, 79, Cook's Road, Kensington Park. The Concert to commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S SIXTH ANNUAL CONCERT, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, WEDNESDAY Evening, May 11th, Half-past Eight. Tickets, Five Shillings. Miss Jessie Royd, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Mr. de Fontainer, Mr. Aynsley Cook, and Mr. Walter Bache will sing Lachner's "Soldaten-Lied" (Faust), "Chorus of Knights" (Lohengrin), "Pilgrims' chorus" (Tannhäuser), Wagner. The Programme will be selected from the compositions of Chopin, Liszt, Deichmann, Wagner, Glinka, Hatton, Berlioz, and Schubert. Tickets at Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street, and at the Rooms.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—On SATURDAY Evening, May 7th, at Eight, a GRAND EVENING CONCERT will be given as a Complimentary Benefit to Mr. T. H. Sawers, Professor of Music, composer of "The Spirit of the Shell," etc., who is, and has been for months past, in a helpless state from severe attacks of Rheumatic Fever and Gout. Miss Banks, Miss Dalmaine, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Ferrari, and Miss Marion Severn; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Wilson. Pianoforte—Herr Pauer and Herr Reinecke. Harpe—Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) and Mr. J. Thomas (Pensenciel Gwalia). The Part Songs, etc., will be sung by the Canonbury Vocal Union, conducted by Mr. W. H. Monk (of King's College, London). At the Pianoforte, Mr. H. R. Eyers. Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, or Three for One Guinea. Lamborn Cock & Co., 63 & 23, New Bond Street, and of Mr. Montague Severn, 24, Lyme Street, Camden Town, N.W.

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NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, May 2, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Bartolo, Signor Castelli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Cherubino, Madame Monbelli; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Susanna, Madame Sinico; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Rebaux. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, May 3, Balfe's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolpho, Signor Verger; Alessio, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archini; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vinia; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

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Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of MUSICIANS of GREAT BRITAIN (instituted in 1738, incorporated in 1790), for the Support and Maintenance of Aged and Indigent Musicians, their Widows and Orphans, 12, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W. Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.—The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of HANDEL'S Oratorio, the "MESSIAH," will take place on FRIDAY Evening, the 6th of May, 1870, at St. James's Hall, to commence at Eight o'clock. Principal violin—Mr. J. T. Willy. Trumpet—Mr. T. Harper. Organist—Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Conductor—Mr. W. G. Cusins, Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen). Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Balcony, 5s.; Area or Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be had of all the principal Musicsellers; and of Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HENSELT, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, on which occasion she will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by Chopin, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

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MADEMOISELLE FLORA CRIVELLI (Pupil of Madame Laura Baxter) is OPEN to an ENGAGEMENT as Principal Soprano in a Choir on Sundays, or with a Church or Chapel. All communications to be addressed to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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MADAME D'ELISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 16th.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss Matilda Baxter's Concert, May 6th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 16th.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, May 16th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

LA SIGNORINA EMILY TATE will play ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE," MENDELSSOHN'S ANDANTE CAPRICCIOSO, and MASSELOSON'S "RIVULET," at her concert, at St. George's Hall, May 3rd.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

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MISS MATILDA BAXTER will perform ASCHER'S brilliant Fantasia, "ALICE," at her Concert, May 6th.

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MISS LILY SIMESTER and MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 16th.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Bishop Stortford, May 5th; Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 28th. Commodations Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

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BURLESQUE.

Without being in the smallest degree squeamish or prudish in the matter of jokes, it must be urged that the line between admissible and non-admissible subjects for jesting must be drawn somewhere. And if it is to be drawn anywhere, it must surely be drawn at murder. It is, therefore, simply disgusting to learn that some of the French comic papers have been making capital out of the shooting of the unhappy Republican, Noir, manufacturing *jeux-de-mots* out of that miserable catastrophe. To make jokes on such a tragedy is to trifle with the profoundest emotion of which human nature is capable, and to undermine the whole fabric of social morals. What would be said by that mysterious being, public opinion, in this country, if some London journalist were to print his wretched witticisms on some frightful English blood-shedding, we do not pretend to say. In Paris, the only possible palliation for the offence is to be found in the system of depression to which the whole French intellect has so long been subjected. When for generation after generation the only government of which Frenchmen have had experience has been "a despotism tempered with epigrams," as in Russia it used to be "a despotism tempered with assassinations," it can hardly be a matter of surprise that a good many writers should come to hold that all things in heaven and earth are fit subjects for bitter jesting. As we Englishmen have happily but little experience of this gagging of our lips and stifling of our thoughts, we are perhaps hardly fair judges of the effect of a habit of resorting to jokes as the only weapon to save oneself from the last excesses of unscrupulous tyranny.

As it happens, too, there is just now an urgent call for our looking at home in this very matter of unlicensed jokes. We have not yet come to making puns on the last new horrible crime, or to dramatising the slow poisoning with which some fresh victim of hatred, or jealousy, or avarice is cleared out of a murderer's path. But it requires little penetration to see that the spirit which dictated the Parisian jests about the awful tragedy is very far from being quite dormant in England. Nobody can observe, for instance, the popular mania for stage burlesques, without seeing that the line which ought to mark off certain subjects as forbidden to the joke-maker, is not seldom unscrupulously crossed. The habit of making one's living by turning into a jest every sort of human interest which can yield material for a laugh is utterly perilous and pernicious. There is[a] neither prudishness nor squeamishness in protesting against the habit altogether. The taste for mere stage burlesque is as fatal to the cultivation of true wit and humour as it is debasing to the morals and the intellect. It is one of the laziest and lowest of accomplishments to take what is great, good or tragic, and pervert it into an idiotic caricature. Any fool can burlesque what is terrible, or sacred, or profound; just as any fool can enjoy the monstrosities which pass for humour and vivacity in not a few of the London theatres. A good burlesque—that is a witty travestie on a subject which itself borders on the ridiculous—is a far harder thing to write, and is, for the time, a very pleasant piece of fooling. But these modern sneerings at things which the scoffers are too ignorant or too coarse to understand, are an altogether different affair. And we need have no hesitation in expressing a conviction, that they are degrading at once to those who manufacture them and to those who delight in reading them or in witnessing them.

As a rule it may be taken for granted that all grave realities are unfit for burlesquing. If they are not grave they are, for the most part, either already ridiculous, and therefore cannot be burlesqued, or they are so tame and pointless as to yield no material for laughable treatment. When they are both, they themselves ridiculous they are fit subjects for comedy, either comedy proper or farce. And it is one of the consequences of this detestable passion for burlesquing, that it turns away the popular taste from legitimate comedy and farce. An audience that has its natural love for the ridiculous perpetually fed with stupid songs and coarse "break-downs," is utterly incapacitated for relishing genuine satire or fun of any kind whatsoever. Though they may not yet be so hardened to all sense of decency as to enjoy a joke upon the murders of the day, the burlesque-maniac are steadily proceeding in blunting that sensibility to those delicate distinctions between the little and the great, the coarse and the refined, the noble and the contemptible, upon which real happiness so largely depends. Theatrical burlesque is, in truth very much akin to that very dangerous weapon, ridicule, when used in religious controversy. Satire in theological polemics, unless most carefully separated from the actual feelings and habits of sincere men and women, however absurd are their opinions, is a most fatal instrument for attacking the errors we may wish to expose. It stings and irritates and maddens the very persons who ought to be conciliated. The satirist may enjoy a momentary triumph; but so far from converting people from their mistaken views, it serves only to prejudice them more firmly than ever against ideas which are propagated with so flagrant a disregard of practical charity. Thus, too, in these stages travesties. The moment any subject which is dear to the heart is thus turned into ridicule, either our whole nature revolts against the outrage, or little by little the moral and intellectual sensibilities are deadened. We begin by laughing at the burlesque of what is dear to others, and end by laughing at what ought to be dear or sacred to ourselves.

Moreover, it is not every fictitious subject which is tolerable in burlesque. Would a travestie of *Hamlet** or of *King Lear* be endurable to an Englishman or Englishwoman of any refinement or cultivation? To a person thoroughly disgusted at seeing those terrible tragedies exhibited in a series of idiotic buffooneries, what justification would it be to tell him that such men as Hamlet and Ophelia and Lear and Cordelia never existed? To us they have a real existence of their own, because they are associated with our sense of all that is sweet, and pathetic, and tender, and awful in the intense reality of human life itself. Were it not for the intensity with which our own hearts respond to the pictures that Shakspere drew, there would be nothing out of which the burlesque-maker could contrive his ugly jesting. Where there is no marked individuality there can be no caricature. Nothing is so difficult to the caricaturist as to awaken the slightest interest in a picture of a thoroughly commonplace face, for there is really nothing in such faces which he can lay hold of and exaggerate. Thus the burlesque manufacturer can make nothing of commonplace poems, or legends, or actual events, and so he longs to lay his unhallowed hands on subjects from which the good feelings of mankind still, to a considerable extent, warn him off. Considering what he has already dared to do, we can well understand how his fingers are now itching to seize the materials which are still forbidden him. He has travestied Walter Scott, who after all does not yield much matter for his purpose. If he could but dare to fly at the highest game, what wonders might he not achieve? And if he is permitted much longer, we may be satisfied that he will at least try how far an outraged decency will let him go. We shall have all Shakspere's greatest tragedies and comedies turned into vulgar jests; and the next step will be to copy the shameless Parisian, and make jokes upon the horrible actual crimes.

The old Greek and Roman mythology is, after all, the best of all subjects for stage burlesques. The stories are full of point; the characters are strongly marked; and the religious ideas with which they were once associated have for ages been extinct. How well they yield themselves to travestie was known to a former generation of playgoers, as it is well known to the present generation how stupid they become in incompetent hands. Where is the mythological burlesque of to-day which is comparable to M. Planché's *Olympic Revels* and *Olympic Devils*? But then in those days there were actors who could sing and act as well as talk; with them the very silliest absurdities were invested with a certain air of grace. Where are such burlesque songsters now? And if we want a non-mythological and non-theatrical burlesque, have we not a burlesque without a fault in the immortal Pickwick and his companions? The *Pickwick Papers* are a pure burlesque. From the great Pickwick downwards, saving Sam Weller, everybody that figures therein is more or less of an idiot. There is no comic or farcical representation of life. It is all rollicking absurdity and impossibility from end to end. Little bits of questionable pathos are here and there interpolated, but they do not mar the effect of the whole, which is more or less idiotic, of the very best and funniest kind of idiocy, from the first chapter to the last. There are special touches in *Pickwick* which stand somewhat in the relation of life which suggested them, in about the very same relation in which M. Planché's *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and *Perseus and Andromeda*, and all his gods and goddesses, stand to the old classical stories where these same personages figure as sober, truthful realities.

Is there, however, any prospect that the days of burlesque are numbered? He must be a sanguine speculator who could hope for such a consummation, at least for years to come. This year increasing stupidity seems to bring with it an increasing tendency. Dresses, songs, legs, and breakdowns are still sufficient to float the most execrable cargo of travestie. Dresses, songs, and legs of course we always shall have; together with some sort of boisterous romping of which the breakdown is just now the popular form. But could we not have the dresses, the songs, the legs, and the romps, without the presence of coarse burlesques and stupid plays upon words? The two classes of subjects may be kept separate enough. And if once the very notion of converting some subjects into an exhibition of tomfoolery were vigorously forbidden, we might hope that play-wrights and managers would devote their attention to the devising and preparing some tolerably artistic framework for the exhibition of the essential elements of the pictorial and muscular drama.

X. Y. Z.

LEIPSIC.—The annual performances of J. S. Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* took place on Good Friday. Herr Julius Rietz conducted, in place of Herr Carl Reinecke, now in London. The vocalists were Mdme. Flinsch, Mdme. Krebs-Michalsel, Herren Wollers and Behr.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, a novelty here, though produced elsewhere seventeen years ago since—"*Ehen fugaces*," etc.—was produced at the Stadttheater at the beginning of the month. A great success, of course.—The proposal for building a large opera-house has been laid, strongly recommended by the magistrature, before the Assembly of Town-Delegates. There is every probability of its being favourably received, as sixty-seven of the principal inhabitants have already put their names down for 480,000 of the 596,000 florins, the estimated cost, and the Town possesses funds to make up the remainder.

* More than half a century ago *Hamlet Travestied* (by Mr. Poole) was a popular piece, and surely *Macbeth* and the *Merchant of Venice* (to say nothing of *Medea*, in which the late Mr. Robson figured so conspicuously) must be within the memory of X. Y. Z.—ED. *M. W.*

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The manager of this establishment seems resolved not to be out-done in activity. Since *Rigoletto*, which was given on the opening night, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, performed on Monday, three operas have been produced, and two singers of high pretensions have made their first appearance.

Madame Monbelli, for whose *début* the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was selected, was favourably known last year at St. James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere as a concert singer; and one of those pieces in which she earned most applause was precisely "Una voce poca fa," the well-known soliloquy of Rossini's wideawake heroine. That Madame Monbelli is a singer of exceptional attainments is unquestionable, and that the florid music given to Rosina should come readily within her means is only what was anticipated. Her appearance, too, is greatly in her favour, and the genuine Spanish costume in which she was attired the other night thoroughly became her. The whole of her music was executed in a manner little short of perfection—the "Una voce," with the somewhat over-wrought embellishments to the second verse of the *cabaletta* ("ma si me toccano," &c.) in a style with which we were already acquainted, and the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," the last movement of which was embellished with equal profuseness (Poor Rossini!—as if he did not write music florid enough) equally well. In the lesson scene Madame Monbelli introduced a Spanish air, "Juanita," composed by Señor Iradier, of no great merit, and not at all effective. But the poorness of the composition was outdoned by the excellence of the singing. To turn to the other side of the picture —Madame Monbelli has, at present, no pretensions whatever to be called an actress; and, if it is her intention to continue permanently on the stage, she must direct her serious thought to this phase of her art. That the Italian lyric stage has, time out of mind, been a model for dramatic singers is an oft-told truth; and, refined a singer as she is, Madame Monbelli can hardly look for general acceptance until she has acquired something also of the mimic art. She was warmly if not enthusiastically received. About the other characters little need be said. Signor Bettini's Almaviva is well known to our London audiences as a careful and musicianly performance. He sings the opening movement of the serenade, "Ecco ridente il cielo," with great taste, and the *allegro* with remarkable fluency. In the *finale* to the first act, moreover, where the Count feigns drunkenness in order to deceive Dr. Bartolo, he would be dramatically, no less than vocally, unimpeachable, but for the too frequent application of the flat of his sword to the backs of a number of unoffending individuals—an exhibition of frolicsomeness somewhat at variance with the general idea we have been taught to entertain of an Andalusian nobleman. Signor Castelli, who played Bartolo, was, some years ago, a member of the *opera buffa* company at the St. James's Theatre. His humour is not pungent, nor does he otherwise excel as a comic actor, but he has a good voice, sings like a musician, and, on the whole, makes an acceptably agreeable character of Rosina's jealous guardian. Signor Gassier's Figaro, now that Ronconi has left us, is perhaps the best—certainly the most active, bustling, and genial—on the Italian stage. Signor Gassier represents the intriguing mimic master, Don Basilio, under the covering of a hat of dimensions more enormous even than ordinary; but it cannot be said of him, as it has been said of one or two other Basilios—*coator si prattava nulla*—inasmuch as he sings the fine air, "La Calunnia," with wonderful spirit, and is very good in the quintet of the second act, containing the famous sequel, "Buona sera, mio Signore." The performance of Rossini's comic masterpiece, from the overture to the end, in so far as the orchestra and chorus, under Signor Arditi, were concerned, left nothing to be desired.

M. Gounod's *Faust* was the opera chosen for the first appearance of Mdlle. Reboux—who may be remembered, some years ago, as playing a small part in the same composer's *Mireille*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Mapleson directed the fortunes of that time-honoured establishment. Since then Mdlle. Reboux has aimed higher, and become a genuine *dramatic* singer. In fact, this lady excels in the dramatic department of her art just as Madame Monbelli does in the vocal; so that, if the two talents could be combined in one, we should have something like a perfect artist. Mdlle. Reboux's conception of the character of Marguerite is unexceptionable from one end to the other; and every dramatic situation of importance is brought out by her in a singular power. Not to bore our readers with a hundredth description of an opera the extraordinary vogue of which is still, to many, an enigma, we would especially point to the scene of the death of Valentine, and the closing scene of the prison—in both of which Mdlle. Reboux was alike forcible and impressive. Though somewhat too robust in frame to look the ideal Marguerite, all physical disproportions are forgotten in the deep intelligence and intense earnestness of her acting. This earnestness is equally a characteristic of the singing of Mdlle. Reboux; but the voice appears somewhat worn, is not always under control, and, wherever passages of force are demanded, is terribly afflicted with that so-oft cited "*vibrato*"—which, as we have more than once observed, is not so much what many seem to think, a voice of taste, as an ineradicable defect, the result of a mistaken method long indulged in. But though Mdlle. Reboux's singing was by no means on a par with her acting, it exhibited many fine points. Her least satisfactory achievement was the so-called air des bijoux," which lies too high for her voice—a genuine mezzo soprano. Her most successful efforts were the ballad of the "King of Thule," sung by Marguerite at the spinning wheel, the prayer in the Cathedral, and the last *finale*, where the closing phrase, delivered each time with increasing force on a higher part of the voice, each time given with remarkable power and intensity. We shall be glad to have another occasion of hearing Mdlle. Reboux, who is evidently too conscientious and aspiring an artist to be summarily judged of after a single experience. Signor Gardoni was Faust—Signor Mario alone excepted, now by far the best Faust on the Italian stage. Never was this excellent and deservedly popular artist singing better than at the present time. His "Salve dimora" (violin *obbligato*, Herr Straus) was perfect. The Mephistophiles of Signor Gassier, the Valentine of Mr. Santley, and the Siebel of Madame Trebelli-Bettini are too familiar to the opera-going public to require description. In the song about "Gold," and the Serenade to Marguerite, Signor Gassier displayed all his well-known point and spirit; Mr. Santley was as impressive and masterly as ever in the scene of Valentine's death; and Madame Trebelli was compelled to repeat both her songs—which, considering the manner in which they were given, caused no surprise. The new chorus, gathered from Paris, had ample opportunity of distinction in the second, third, and fourth acts of *Faust*, and the result was eminently satisfactory. The orchestra, by this time, could easily play the opera, from end to end, without book.

Il Flauto Magico was given on Saturday night. The operas performed during the week have been *Faust* (Monday); *Rigoletto* (Tuesday); and the *Nozze di Figaro* (Thursday). Weber's *Abou Hassan*, followed by Mozart's *Ora del Cuore*—both for the first time on the Italian stage, and with a new singer, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky, in the last-mentioned, are announced for to-night.

The Princess of Trebizonde.

Every drama has its origin in some other drama, tale, or simple anecdote. If Schack is derived from *Aschenbrödel*, *Aschenbrödel* possesses in *Cinderella*, and *Cinderella* from the story of Rhodopis, whose remarkably small sandal was carried away by an eagle to the King of Egypt, who swore to make the owner his wife. Dramas, the plot of which cannot be traced to one source in particular, are usually composed of materials borrowed from several sources in common. Not that it matters; for, without undervaluing invention, we may say that new combination is equivalent to new creation. The *Princess of Trebizonde* is an example of a play, novel in itself, in which ideas, situations, and incidents are to be found that have served half a dozen dramatic works of various kinds. There is the burlesque comedy, *Les Saltimbanques*, for instance, in which Bilboquet, like Cabriolo, his successor, is chief of a company of strolling acrobats. and Zephirine, like Zanetta in the *Princess of Trebizonde*, inspires a young gentleman with a romantic passion. The Zanetta of the *Princess of Trebizonde* is first seen by her admirer as a wax figure. The image of the Princess having lost a nose, Zanetta has agreed to replace the mutilated simulacrum; and the Prince, her admirer, is not a little astonished as the lover of *Violette* to find that his beautiful doll opens and shuts her eyes, performs automatic movements, and utters phrases expressive of affection. The scene in which the supposed wax figure gives signs of animation may be compared to a scene in M. Victor Massé's *Galathée*. The suddenly enriched mountebank (he has won a prize in the lottery) cultivates his acrobatic tastes in the midst of his new splendour much as the retired ballet-master, represented by Bouffé in a piece of which we forget the name, gives practical proof, under exhilarating circumstances, that he has not forgotten the occupation of his life. Then Dr. Sparadrap, the young Prince's tutor, who is to have a pension and postmastership if his pupil forms no attachment up to the time of marriage, a pension without a postmastership if he escapes with a passing flirtation, and looks without his halfpennies if he takes to "the indiscriminate pursuit of female society," is a sort of Dr. Pangloss. Other resemblances might be pointed out; but though it presents to one original feature of its own, the *Princess of Trebizonde* is sufficiently original. The materials of which the dramatic work is composed are familiar enough; but they have been combined in a novel manner, and served up with a musical dressing both new and piquant.

Not that we intend to go into ecstasies about M. Offenbach. He has written one work the memory of which will live long after the work itself and, above all, the music of the work, shall have been forgotten. We mean the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, the tunes of which form the true historico-musical accompaniment to the Paris Exhibition of 1867; as the "Marseillaise" is the musical accompaniment to the first French Revolution; "La Parisienne" to the second; "Mourir pour la patrie" to the third; "Partant pour la Syrie" to the first and second French Empires. The piece, though only a

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burlesque, possesses as much merit, and of about the same sort, as Kotzebue's *Little Town*. It presents a picture, in broad caricature, of a petty despotic court, such as Stendhal, with finer brush and more delicate colours, has painted in *Les Chartreuse de Parme*. Probably no one saw so much fun in it as Count Bismarck, Baron Beust, and Prince Gortchakoff—above all Prince Gortchakoff; and it is in connection with the visit to Paris made by these Ministers and their masters in the Exhibition year of 1867 that the *Grand Duchess* will be remembered. But thanks to the libretto by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, thanks also to Mlle. Schneider, it is the most remarkable of the Offenbachian productions; and in extracting any one of them as a master of burlesque, we naturally try it by this test:—how much inferior is it to the *Grand Duchess?*

As a piece, then, the *Princess of Trebizonde* is much inferior to the *Grand Duchess*, which, among other merits, possesses that of originality at first hand. There are passages in the life of Catherine of Russia which may have suggested it; but the subject, in the literature of imagination, was virgin when MM. Meilhac and Halévy took hold of it. The music of the *Princess of Trebizonde* contains effective pieces, and some of the airs are lively. Zanetta's *rondo*, "The lawful wife of Rustifim," and the Page's song have already been made the subject of pianoforte fantasias by Mr. Brinley Richards. Of course, too, the manufacturers of dance music have been at the score, picking out all available motives for waltzes and quadrilles (polkas are out of fashion). There is a new vocal effect in the choral refrain to Zanetta's *rondo*, which is perhaps intended to be sung to the last degree *pianissimo* (*pppp*, like one of the passages in Rossini's *Neige Melemelle*), but, as a matter of fact, is whispered. A little more and M. Offenbach would be accused of stealing an idea from M. Hervé, whose "mutes of the seraglio," in *Les Turcs*, have a chorus in which they do not sing at all. The toothache song is another curiosity, though the toothache has long been known as an excruciatingly funny subject.

Why, in conclusion, does the author of the play-bills and of the advertisements in the newspapers describe this *opéra bouffe*, or burlesque opera, as a "comic opera drama"? "Comedy-drama" means, we believe, a "serious comedy," or one of those works in the mixed style cultivated by M. Sardou, which are comedy at the beginning, drama at the end. M. Sardou, however, being a candidate for Academical honours, takes good care not to call his half-comic, half-serious productions, "comedy-dramas." What he produces is not, from "opera" means, we cannot conceive. A "comic opera-drama" ought to signify a "comedy-drama" set to music. In any case there is, we will not say too much drama, but certainly too much spoken dialogue in the *Princess of Trebizonde*. The musical pieces are too far apart, the intervals of talk being practically (owing to the slower delivery of our actors) much longer in the English than in the French version. Contrary to the general rule, the adapter, that accomplished scholar, wit, and humorist, Mr. G. L. Kenney, has been quite as successful with his verse as with his prose; the prose of the English piece is very good, but the verse is excellent. For a double reason, then, it is to the singing, even more than to the talking, that this clever burlesque-opera must own its success.

Shaver Silver.

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DE BERIOT.

Charles Auguste de Beriot, born at Louvain, the 20th February, 1802; died at Brussels, the 8th April 1870, was descended from an old and highly distinguished family.* Having been left an orphan when he was nine years old, he found, in M. Tiby,† a professor of music, at Brussels, a guardian and a second father, as well as a master, who exerted himself zealously to develop the boy's aptitude for music. He had attained a certain degree of skill upon the violin, his progress having been so rapid that he was able to perform publicly Viotti's Concerto in A minor (letter H), before he was nine years old, exciting thereby the admiration of his countrymen. Nature had endowed him with a most delicate ear for correctness of intonation, and this was combined in his playing with naturally elegant taste. Being, moreover, of a meditative turn, and finding in those around him no model whom he could imitate, he sought in himself the principle of the beautiful, of which he could have no notion save that due to the spontaneous action of his own individuality. This is, perhaps, the proper place for investigating the causes which gave rise to the report bruited about, that De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. This fact, accredited by the author of *L'Enseignement universel*, and by the declarations of De Beriot himself, needs some little explanation. The general attention of the inhabitants of Belgium had been, for some years, directed to the results, which appeared to have been obtained by Jacotot's method; the progress made by those who practised it was said to be something marvellous in every branch of learning. De Beriot determined to see what advantage he could derive for his purposes from the practice of it. He had some interviews with the inventor, but scarcely learned more than two things, namely: that perseverance triumphs over all obstacles, and that, generally speaking, men are not sincere in their determination to do all they can. The young artist felt the full force of these propositions, which his intelligence perceived how to turn to account. Such is the way in which De Beriot was a pupil of Jacotot. He could not have been so in any other fashion, for it is not sure that Jacotot could have decided whether the violinist played in tune or not. However this may be, a fortunate moral and physical organisation, an education well begun, and the most carefully regulated exertion, were not long before they rendered De Beriot a highly talented artist, who merely wanted to be brought into contact with talented men in other lines, in order to obtain from them to introduce a proper co-ordination in his efforts; and enable him to acquire a character of originality.

De Beriot was nineteen when he quitted his native city and went to Paris, where he arrived about the commencement of the year 1821. The first thing he did was to play before Viotti, then director of the Opera. After listening to him attentively, the celebrated artist said: "You have a fine style; exert yourself to improve it; bear all men of talent; profit by everything, and imitate nothing." This advice seemed to suggest his having no master; but De Beriot thought he ought to take lessons of De Baillet, and, for this purpose, entered the Conservatory. But he was not long before perceiving that his talent possessed a peculiar character of its own, which could with difficulty be modified, except at the price of its originality. He remained, therefore, only a few months in the classes of the Conservatory. He returned to his own private direction, and soon afterwards played, with brilliant success, at a few concerts. His first *Airs variés*, compositions, full of grace and novelty, were published, and increased his incipient reputation. His way of performing them added an inexpressible charm. All those he published constituted for a long period the usual repertory of a great many violinists.

After shining in Paris, De Beriot proceeded to England, where he found a no less brilliant reception, especially during his subsequent visits. In London and some other cities of Great Britain, he gave concerts at which his fine talent was enthusiastically applauded. Besides being repeatedly engaged at the Philharmonic Concerts, he was engaged moreover for some of the musical festivals given annually in the principal English towns. On his return, already possessing a brilliant reputation, to his own country, he was presented to King William I., who, though caring little for music, felt the necessity of ensuring the independence of a young artist who promised to prove an honour to his country. He bestowed on him, therefore, a pension of 2,000 florins, and the title of first solo violinist in his own private band. The Revolution of 1830 deprived De Beriot of these advantages.*

From the moment that the artist's talent began to show itself, it went on developing itself; on attaining maturity, it was distinguished by a combination of the most precious qualities, namely: a most beautiful tone; invariable correctness, a quality in which Lafont was his only rival; unusual elegance of taste; a personal style; and, finally, a certain charm, in which he was never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, by anyone. Critics, who never forfeit their rights, formerly reproached De Beriot with combining a slight degree of coldness with his purity; their criticisms were useful to him, for warmth and vigorous bowing became no less remarkable in his playing than correctness and taste. Complaints were also made that, restricting the flight of his talent to composing and executing *Airs variés*, he confined himself within too narrow limits; he cleared himself, also, from this reproach, by composing concertos which he played at various concerts, and in which he exhibited conception and execution on a grander scale than previously. Having been appointed professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Brussels in 1843, he composed his later concertos for his pupils, showing more than ever the charming ideas and touches, so remarkable for their elegance as for their brilliancy. It has been said that this music, so favourable to the talent of those who execute it, is much less difficult than it appears. I do not know whether this observation is to be considered a criticism, or whether it is not rather an eulogium. Having become the friend of the celebrated Mme. Malibran, De Beriot travelled with her in Italy, England, and Belgium. In 1835, he became her husband.† The numerous opportunities he enjoyed of hearing this inspired lady appears to have exerted the most happy influence on his talent. At Naples, where he played at a concert in the Teatro San Carlo, he achieved a most enormous success, a thing very rare with the Italians, who being passionately devoted to singing, bestowed, at that period, as a nation, very little attention on instrumental music.

Having permanently taken up his abode at Brussels after the death of Madame Malibran-de-Beriot, he did not appear publicly for several years.‡

* By a royal degree of the 16th April, 1853, his claim to belong to the aristocracy was formally acknowledged. His arms were: "D'or à trois têtes de renard de gueules.—Cimier: une tête du renard de l'écu."—Ed. *Guide Musical*.

† Jean François Tiby, born at Feny (Hainault), the 20th April, 1772; died at Louvain, the 14th December, 1844.—Ibid.

* Which did not prevent his setting to music "La Marche des Belges," "a patriotic song, words by Decuyet, dedicated to the brave defenders of liberty." De Beriot sincerely kept in the same the act of his life, and to which he was indebted for the Iron Cross, that he never wore.—Ed. *Guide Musical*.

† There was one child by this marriage. It was afflicted de Beriot, a talented pianist, at present established in Paris. By his second marriage, with a sister of Vieuxtemps, De Beriot had one son, an officer in the Belgian army, who died some years since.—Ed. *Guide Musical*.

‡ Or, more accurately, eighteen months. De Beriot made his re-appearance in public on the 15th December, 1837, at the concert of the Philanthropic Society of Brussels, on which occasion two medals were struck off, one being for the illustrious violinist, and the other for his sister-in-law, Mdlle. Pauline Garcia (Madame Viardot), who then made her debut in a career which she afterwards pursued with such brilliant results. The two subsequently joined in a tour through the Belgian provinces and Germany, and, on the 15th December, 1838, the anniversary of the concert at Brussels, they played at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris.

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In 1840, however, he made a tour in Germany, stopping some time at Vienna, where he gave concerts. Unfavourable changes in his health, changes recurring at various periods, at length caused him to take the resolution of playing no more in public, though his talent was still in its full power. He no longer played except to his pupils, and some few privileged friends, who still admired the fulness and the charm of his style. Unfortunately, some more serious shocks to his constitution, at an age which is not one for resisting infirmity, obliged him, in 1852, to resign his post as professor. Paralysis of the optic nerve had suddenly deprived him of sight, and the hopes he at first entertained of being cured had not been realized.

De Beriot's principal works are: Nine Concertos; "Airs Variés;" Studies; Sonatas and Duets; Trios; a Cantata, executed at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, in April, 1853; &c.

De Beriot's last work, the most important of the productions he wrote at a ripe age, is his *Méthode de violon en trois parties*, Paris, 1858, one vol., large 4to. The first part contains the elements and treats of the positions; the second contains the theory of bowing, and its various applications; we find in it also instructions relating to harmonics. The third part treats of style. Each of the parts contains an ample collection of studies to enable the student to carry out the precepts.

De Beriot was a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium, and of the Musical Academy of Rome; Officer of the Order of Leopold; Knight of the Iron Cross; of the Oak Crown, of Holland; of Merit of Saxe-Coburg, &c.

The solemn funeral service was celebrated on Tuesday, the 12th inst., in the parish church of St. Gudule, in the presence of a large crowd of persons, connected mostly with art and literature. The son of the deceased was chief mourner. Among those present on the sad occasion was M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the most illustrious of all the virtuosoes reared in the school of the great master; MM. Fétis, director of the Conservatory; Gustelet; Ch. Regier; the Prince de Chimay; Van Soust; the Chevalier L. de Burbure; the Chevalier van Elewyck; Soubre, director of the Liége Conservatory; and P. Benoît, director of the Antwerp Conservatory; MM. Dupont, Dumon, Blaes, Ad. Samuel, Besselet, Artôt, Duhem, Guélus, B. Fauconier, Mailly, and other distinguished artists, both of Brussels and other places.

FROM CORDOVA.

No. III.

Those students of the old Spanish drama who visit Madrid or Seville in the hopes of seeing a performance of some work of Calderon or Lopez de Vega are likely to be still more disappointed than the foreign Anglo-maniac who comes to England to see Shakspere; for whereas the favourite plays of the "divine Williams" are pretty sure to be played somewhere or other at short intervals, the national Spanish drama seems scarcely to be performed at all. The "Teatro Español" at Madrid, which seems to the Francais at Paris, and is supposed to be appropriated to Spanish "legitimacy," is now very successful with a comparatively modern melodrama, entitled *La Aldea de San Lorenzo*; but the Italian Opera, at which Madrid has of late been in the habit of vocalist, is of all dramatic establishments the most important. Two houses, the "Teatro de Bufos Arderius," and the "Teatro de las Zarguelas," are devoted to *opera bouffe*, their repertory being sometimes original and sometimes supplemented by the compositions of Offenbach and Hervé. These theatres are very popular, and poets and musicians of Spain are evidently much busied to supply them with pieces. But the curiosity of the performance is that, however the artists may labour to be comical, the audience never express their satisfaction by hearty laughter. You may hear roars of mirth at a bull fight when a horse is cleverly slaughtered, but less practical jokes do not seem strong enough to move the risible muscles of Iberia. And yet the Spaniards at table or as travelling companions are as vivacious as Frenchmen. The minor theatre (Teatro de las Variedades), which I suppose is ordinarily enlivened with light vaudevilles, is, as I have already stated, occupied with representations of the Passion during Lent; and another theatre (de las Novedades) invites the public by announcing the performance of a drama of real life entitled *Treppmann*, the various scenes which illustrated the career of that illustrious criminal being carefully enumerated in the advertisements.

At Cordova, as at Madrid and the larger towns, there is a Lenten representation of the Passion; but it is not to be supposed that the plays, though based on the same holy subject, are everywhere the same. At the small Madrid theatre *Los Siete Dolores de Maria* commences with the Presentation in the Temple, and ends with the Descent from the Cross. The play now given at the principal theatre (Teatro Principal) of Cordova omits the Presentation and the Flight into Egypt, commencing with the Entrance into Jerusalem, and ending with an act representing the Resurrection, which seems to be an addition to the original work. The business-like announcement at the Cordova Theatre of the last performance of the present season, which is to be held to-night, might perhaps surprise some of your readers. I, therefore, translate it literally:—

"At the request of many persons who were not able to obtain places on the evening of Tuesday last to see the religious drama which we have presented during Lent, we depart from our firm resolution not to give any more representations; and, although we thus put ourselves to a heavy inconvenience, inasmuch as the preparations for the season of Easter demand an immediate termination of the spectacle, nevertheless, give this last performance, intending that no one shall be deprived of the enjoyment of so magnificent a work, and thus rendering a just tribute of respect to the illustrious public which honours our Coliseum (Coliseo). Sixteenth performance of the grand and magnificent sacred-biblical-religious drama in four acts and in verse, written by Don Antonio Cumpoomer, with music by Maestro Salarie, entitled "(here comes a woodcut of the Saviour, leaning on the world, with the inscription 'Salvator Mundi') *The God Man* (El Hombre Dios); *or, the Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ*, increased with the new scene, entitled 'The Glorious Resurrection.'"

Then comes a list of the subjects of the several acts of which the piece consists. The highest price of admission to the performance is 20 reals (4*f.*) the lowest 1 real (25*c.*).

The fact is remarkable that the Spaniards have no regular "bill of the play," either in the separate form, which is adopted in England, or in the shape of an appendage to a theatrical newspaper, as in France. Consequently, there are no means of obtaining an official knowledge of the name of a single performer. The paper which I have translated is merely intended for distribution in reading-rooms, &c. The names of the plays, as in the political papers of France, with perhaps an enumeration of "effects" as an additional incitement, are all that is given to the Spanish public.

The interior of a second-class carriage on a long journey like that from Madrid to Cordova affords a vivid picture of a somewhat rough kind of Spanish life, illustrated by every variety of attire. The peculiarity of costume is its utter absence of uniformity, and those who fancy that the commonly assumed dress of the Spanish peasant will serve as the type of a crowd, just as a blue frock-coat will serve to typify a French mob, are greatly mistaken. The broad flapping *sombrero*, which your Andalusian is seen to wear on the stage, may indeed be seen, but is the least common of head-dresses. Much more ordinary is the so-called "Alpine hat," of late so familiar to London and Paris. Coats are to be seen of every colour and of every material. Indeed, the only distinctive article of attire that prevails among the lower class of Spaniards is the broad sash about the waist, and even this varies in colour *ad libitum*. But it is worthy of remark that, however capriciously the peasant chooses his habiliments, he always contrives to look exceedingly like a brigand, and the little crowds that are met at every country station on the road between Madrid and Cordova are remarkable for the specimens of certain illness and apparent ferocity which they present. The manner in which your luggage is taken care of when you quit the train looks exceedingly risky. You are shown to the omnibus which takes passengers to the specified hotel, and you give up your luggage-ticket, and, perhaps, also the key of your box, to a rough man who emerges from a mass, and who, to all appearance, would do credit to the band of Captain Rolando. A new sensation arises on the way to the hotel, the driver lashing his mules with fury, and his vehicle rushing through narrow streets just wide enough to allow its passage, so that affrighted pedestrians can only save their lives by rushing into the open doors of the houses. When the hotel is reached a considerable time elapses before the arrival of your luggage, and you begin to reflect upon your condition. The only document which can prove your ownership you have surrendered into the hands of a man whom timid folks would be loth to meet in a dark lane, and to whom you suspect it would be but natural if, instead of bearing the trunk to its appointed place, he appropriated it to his own uses. But the trunk arrives safe, after all, and Lavater is ignominiously refuted.

The middle class of Spaniards seem an easy, life-enjoying set, like the similar order of Parisians, without a tinge of that apparent ferocity which so formidably marks their inferiors. They all understand bull-fighting, which they regard as an innocent recreation to which no one could possibly object, and the arrival of Easter, when the sport will begin in earnest, is anticipated with delight. The stormy politics of the day are likewise playfully discussed, and if a little *émeute* has occurred somewhere, with a loss of half a dozen lives, the event is regarded as rather facetious than otherwise. To the tedium of the journey from Madrid to Cordova an agreeable relief is given by the appearance of a trader at one of the immediate stations, who offers for sale a number of formidable daggers, with crimson sheaths, evidently answering the purpose of the American bowie knife. These are freely bought at the small price of a duro (5*f.*) a piece, and while the purchaser contemplates with satisfaction the broad blade, and tries it on his fingers, a merry soldier perhaps draws his sword, points at one of his fellow-travellers, and flourishes a revolver. But all are in perfect good humour, and the liberality with which cigarettes are given away is amazing.

N. D.

Cordova, April 9.

BADEN.—The Kiosk Concerts, before the Conversationshaus will this year be better than ever; at least, the Administration have done all they can to render them so. Strengthened by a contingent of solo-performers from the Strassburg Conservatory, the Baden Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Könneman, will number 60 members. From the 15th August, it will be reinforced by 14 first-rate soloists, headed by Herr Johann Strauss, from Vienna, and the said Johann Strauss will conduct in place of Herr Könnemann. These 14 soloists will bring the number of the orchestra up to 74. In order that the Promenade Concerts may not be interrupted during the operatic performances at which the above orchestra officiates, Mannsfeld's orchestra from Frankfort-on-the-Maine has been engaged. Thus there will be three orchestras performing, either separately or combined, and, in addition, there will be the Badish Badenish, or Baden (*au gré du lecteur*) military bands of Rastall and Kalsruhe.

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AFTERNOON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr. John Boosey gave the first of a new series of ballad concerts in St. James's Hall, on Saturday. There have been evening entertainments of the same kind in plenty, and the director has now wisely resolved upon appealing to the large class whose most convenient time for seeking amusement in central London is the afternoon. We have little doubt that success will reward the enterprise, especially as the programmes, judging by that of Saturday, will be carefully compiled, and the selections performed by competent artists. The singers who appeared were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elton, Madame Bodda-Pyne, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Chaplin Henry. Miss Wynne was encored in Molloy's "Old Cottage Clock," but declined the compliment. She has hardly less successful in Virginia Gabriel's "Alone," and Aidé's "Little May," each being given with charming grace and expression. Miss Elton appeared to advantage in "The Land of Long Ago;" Mr. Cummings made a legitimate effect in Madame Sainton-Dolby's excellent song, "I am content," as did Mr. Chaplin Henry in Molloy's "Marching Along." Madame Bodda-Pyne obtained a recall for her characteristic rendering of Benedict's "Skylark." The solo pianist was Chevalier de Kontski, who played in brilliant style two of his own pieces—"Souvenir de Faust" and "Stelluza." An encore was demanded for each, but granted only to the latter. A "company of mixed voices," led by Mr. Fielding, varied the proceedings with some excellent part-songs, and Mr. J. L. Hatton was conductor. We may add that, unlike ballad concert programmes in general, those of Mr. Boosey are now long enough without being too long.

PROVINCIAL.

Hereford.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"The Amateur Philharmonic Society of this city gave its first concert at the Shire Hall, on Friday the 22nd, when a well varied programme, well performed, attracted a large audience. The concert began with a selection from *Acis and Galatea*, the parts of Acis, Galatea, and Polyphemus, being sung by the Rev. J. Hampton, Miss Leighton, and the Rev. W. D. V. Duncombe. The quality of the tenor voice, the style of the soprano, and the vigour of the bass were excellently displayed in the solos, and particularly effective in the trio of all pastoral trios, 'The flocks shall leave the mountains.' The chorus showed evidence of careful training. The second part was miscellaneous, commencing with a part of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, played most creditably. Macfarren's part-song, 'You stole my love,' was sung so well that it was encored and responded to. The *largo* and *rondo* from Beethoven's concerto in E flat for the piano were performed by Miss Hogarth in a manner that would have done credit to a professional pianist. Miss Leighton, in the French romance, 'Fleur des Alpes,' elicited an encore, and a similar compliment was paid to a MS. song by Langdon Colborne, sung by Mr. J. Twiss. A part song by Signor Bennett gave the choir another opportunity of distinction, and the concert terminated with the overture to *Zampa*. The artists from London were Mr. Henry Leslie, conductor; Mr. Henry Blagrove, violin; Mr. Henry W. Goodban, violoncello; and Mr. White, contra basso. Mr. Torrishend Smith must look out for his laurels. Mr. Leslie is a fearful competitor in a city populated like Hereford."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

SCHUMANN—BEETHOVEN—WAGNER.

The subjoined remarks are from that very young but deservedly flourishing illustrated weekly, *The Graphic*:—

"Schumann's overture to *Manfred* opened the last Crystal Palace Saturday programme; and was played but indifferently for reasons not obvious. We cannot here discuss the merits and demerits of a work sufficiently well known. Everybody is aware of the diverse opinions it calls forth. Some regard it reverently, as a thing of power and genius; others look on it scornfully as a thing of vain and weak pretence. Meanwhile it is played and people listen in the intervals of their squabbling; which fact contains the germ of a future argument. The Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, it is needless to say, gave unqualified pleasure to the entire audience. About it there are no disputes, and in its presence Schumannaite and anti-Schumannite forget their differences, as might two quarrelsome knights in the presence of the Queen of Beauty. The work was charmingly played, and every movement loudly applauded. We have no love for the prelude of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. It aims at producing new orchestral effects, and undoubtedly succeeds in its aim; but the effects themselves are such as few can admire. An irreverent listener on his occasion was heard more than once to mutter the word 'cats' while Herr Wagner's music went on. We will not be hard upon him for his rudeness, the provocation being manifest."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Friday evening, a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place at Woolwich, under the superintendence of Captain Goodenough, in aid of the funds of the Royal Artillery Regimental Charities, when the following amateurs gave their assistance:—Misses Braham, Santos, Sagrini, and Stevens; Messrs. Tietkins, Lionel Benson, and A. Stevens. Miss Braham, in Rode's air, and Vradier's "Mejicana" (guitar accompaniment), being encored, she gave another Spanish song. In Weiss's "Village Blacksmith," Captain Goodenough was good enough; and Miss Sagrini, in Ascher's "Danse Negre," and "Chant des Naides," for the piano, displayed considerable talent. All these were deservedly applauded by a large audience.

The Brixton Choral Society gave a performance of *Elijah* last Monday at the Angell Town institution, for the benefit of their conductor, Mr. William Lemare. The hall was crowded; and the manner in which the arduous choral music in the oratorio was rendered was, in a very high degree, creditable to so youthful a society. The solo music was undertaken by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Adelaide Newton, Mrs. Lucas, Mr. George Perren, Mr. G. T. Carter, and Mr. Renwick, from the mention of whose names it will be gathered that there was no cause for complaint in this direction. Mdme. Lancia gave a very expressive reading of "Hear ye, Israel;" Miss Newton was no less effective in "O rest in the Lord," an encore for which she declined. Mr. Renwick was very warmly applauded for his emphatic delivery of "Is not His word like a fire?" The tenor music in the first part was sung by Mr. Carter, and that in the second by Mr. Perren, each of whom received a good many plaudits. Mr. John Harrison played the pianoforte, and Mr. F. H. Lemare, the harmonium accompaniments.—W. H. P.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society's third concert took place on Monday, in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The programme was as follows:—

Part I.—Symphony in E flat (first time) Schumann; Preislied (Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg), Dr. Gunz, Wagner; Concerto in G for Pianoforte, Madame Schumann, Beethoven; Aria, "Vel che sapete" (Nozze di Figaro) Madame Monbelli, Mozart; Overture (Midsummer), Mendelssohn.

Part II.—Symphony (No. 7) in A, Beethoven; Cavatina, "Bel raggio" (Semiramide), Madame Monbelli, Rossini; Overture, "Anacreon," Cherubini.

Schumann's symphony has been played repeatedly at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, with a result on the whole favourable to its pretensions. That it will ever take the high rank claimed for it by the partisans who are ready to swear by the name of its composer we do not believe. The fourth and fifth movements stand in the way. At each performance the audience tacitly reject all that follows the slow movement. Their interest, lively up to that point, flags, and the end of the symphony is a visible relief. There is nothing to wonder at in this, even though Mr. Macfarren, the society's analyser, talks of "deeply solemn harmony" and "singular melodiousness." The characteristics he points out are far from plain; indeed, the common eye sees something very like their opposite. We agree, however, with Mr. Macfarren in his estimate of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto as a "truly perfect work, whose beauty is incessant, and whose interest is unbroken." Madame Schumann's performance was distinguished by even more than customary energy, especially in the *andante* (presumably her own), the labour of playing which necessitated exertion of an unwonted kind. It is needless to say that every movement was loudly applauded, and that, at the close, Madame Schumann was recalled. Mendelssohn's beautiful overture was much better played than we anticipated, the difficult wind parts being rendered in a manner nearly approaching perfection. How much pleasure was given, under these circumstances, those who know the overture can imagine. "One of my best," wrote Beethoven, when negotiating the sale of his symphony in A; and his opinion, contrary to the often-cited precedents furnished by Milton among poets and Handel among musicians, has been ratified by the public. We may spare ourselves comment upon the wealth of beauty revealed in this masterpiece. What amateur does not know all that can be said in its praise, and what can be said in its praise that has not been printed a thousand times? We have heard better performances; though, in justice to the Philharmonic orchestra, it must be said that the work had a spirited and intelligent if not a finished reading. Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* fitly closed the concert.

Madame Monbelli sang in her usual charming style, and was applauded as only those are whose success is unqualified. Dr. Gunz's air, may be very well in its proper place—the *Meistersinger* and the "future." Nevertheless, Dr. Gunz sang well, and was called back by the Wagnerites present.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.
1870.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TENTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, May 6,	Friday, June 3,
Friday, May 13,	Friday, June 10,
Friday, May 20,	Friday, June 17,
Friday, May 27,	Friday, June 24,

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The present year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, who came into the world, at Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770, Mr. Hallé considers it becoming and appropriate to devote his forthcoming series of Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer. The sonatas for pianoforte *solo* offer as complete an epitome of Beethoven's artistic life as do the string quartets, or the orchestral symphonies. The progress of a great genius, from its early budding to its ripe maturity, could not be more completely illustrated than in these truly wonderful compositions—a striking characteristic of which is that no two of them resemble each other, or have anything in comm n beyond their unsurpassed excellence. Mr. Hallé will have the honour of playing, with two exceptions, all the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, in strictly chronological order—commencing with the three sonatas, Op. 2 (dedicated to Haydn), and ending with the sonatas in E major, A flat major, and C minor, Opa. 109, 110, 111. The exceptions referred to are the sonatas in G major and G minor, Op. 49, the comparatively trifling character of which unfits them for public performance. For these Mr. Hallé will substitute the *Andante* in F major, originally intended for the grand sonata in C, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), and the 32 Variations on an Original Theme, in C minor.

The programmes will, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé will be assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN,

who will sing four of Schubert's collection of songs entitled "The Fair Maid of the Mill," at each of the five first concerts, accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas will, as on previous occasions, accompany the programmes.

THE FIRST RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 6TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, Op. 2, No. 1 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Das Wandern" (Wandering) } —Herr Stockhausen .. *Schubert.*
{ "Wohin" (Whither) }
SONATA, Op. 2, No. 3 .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, Op. 2, No. 2 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Halt" (Stop) } .. .. *Schubert.*
{ "Danksagung an den Bach" (Thanksgiving to the Brook) }
Herr Stockhausen.
GRAND SONATA, Op. 7 .. .. *Beethoven.*

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

MARRIAGE.

On the 23rd April, at St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square, by the Rev John Going, vicar, JOHN FREDERICK PAUL, eldest son of OTTO ERNEST CRISCHOW, Esq., of Stettin, Prussia, to CONSTANCE SUSANNA, eldest daughter of ROBERT UNDER SHOW, Esq., of 10, Manor Road, Lorrimore Square. No cards.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

OUR FAITH IN MUSIC.

"WE walk by faith and not by sight," wrote St. Paul, who, nevertheless, saw much—we have it on the word of a gentleman and a scholar—denied to ordinary folk. But St. Paul wisely laid down religious dogmas meant to last. He knew there would come an age far remote from that of miracles, when the supernatural could only exist upon the basis of a feeling described as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." We have not to discuss here whether it is right or wrong to be as little children on questions of religion. As a matter of fact, the great majority find it convenient to believe what is told them, and would hardly thank any one for disturbing their quiet and comfortable trust. Let it be remembered, however, that even in religion there is a distinction between faith and credulity. The Bereans—a people of whom Bible readers would otherwise never have heard—saw this distinction, and acted accordingly; enquiring into the new doctrines preached to them, and getting a good word from the preachers (honest men) for their sensible behaviour.* We are not, then, even in matters essentially the objects of faith, to open our ears to all that is told us. "Prove all things," said a high authority, "and hold fast that which is good."

If in religion, still more outside is the practice of taking things upon trust to be avoided. A word of caution with regard to musical credulity, in particular, may be of use just now; and the utterance of that word is our chief object. For provocation, we have only to turn to the last Philharmonic programme, wherein the annotator, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, lays down two propositions of exceeding danger. Here are his words:—

"Every original thinker has some forms of expression peculiar to himself, which are unintelligible to his hearers until familiarity has withdrawn the veil of their novelty. Faith is the only medium through which the works of *such a man* can at first be estimated. The faith that was denied to Beethoven, denied to Mozart before him, is at present withheld from some of his successors, who, if not his equals, prove their kindred powers by their kindred earnestness."

Let us see what this remarkable utterance contains:—

I. An original thinker is more or less unintelligible;—therefore, he who is unintelligible, is, presumably, an original thinker.

II. The writings of a man who is unintelligible are proper objects of faith—*i.e.*, we must believe in the existence of merits not to be perceived.

III. Anybody with kindred powers to those of Beethoven should be trusted as Beethoven ought to have been trusted.

IV. The existence of kindred powers is shown by kindred earnestness.

Here are two pairs of propositions, each pair involving an absurdity so obvious as to need no pointing out. Admit the first, and we shall all be bowing humbly before the utterers of "dark sayings"—most humbly before him whose sayings are darkest. Admit the second, and we immediately find ourselves in presence of a thousand Beethovens—because to be Beethoven one has only to have Beethoven's earnestness. We may say, therefore, of Mr. Macfarren's propositions that they upset themselves and render any comment on our part superfluous. But the whole matter is instructive, as showing how thoroughly wrong are those who would apply the case of Beethoven to the rhapsodies of "Young Germany." In point of fact, they have only a remote contingency to rest upon;—Beethoven was unintelli-

* The Bereans were an obscure sect of seceders from the Scotch Kirk, who rejected all natural religion, and held unbelief in the plenary inspiration of Scripture to be *the* unpardonable sin.

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gible; so is "Young Germany";—Beethoven was a great master; so *may be* "Young Germany." But admitting as much, we have to point out a difference which removes this contingency to the farthest possible point. The man who wrote the "Choral Symphony" wrote also the Symphonies in C and D; and he who wrote the "Posthumous Quartets" wrote also the six dedicated to Lobkewitz. From one extreme to the other Beethoven travelled by well-marked stages; and, arriving at the last, he had some right to demand our faith. What has "Young Germany" done of like kind? Where are its claims upon our belief? Echo answers, "Where;" and this is all the answer we are likely to get. "Young Germany" rushes forward with the unintelligible, and assumes to begin where Beethoven left off. No, Mr. Macfarren; we decline to play the childish game of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what Young Germany sends you."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

OUR contemporary the *Choir*, and other journals, speak of the approaching performance in Paris of Herr Rubinstein's "new symphony, *The Ocean*." That the work in question was played years since at the Hanover Square Rooms is evidently not among things generally known.

THE death is announced of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, whose labours in the cause of congregational psalmody made his name well known both in England and America. Mr. Havergal was, for 14 years, rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, during which time he enjoyed the respect and affection of all with whom he came in contact. Failing health compelled him to withdraw from public labour, and, for some time, he resided at Leamington, where he died. Mr. Havergal will be remembered as the author of several works on psalmody, and as the composer of not a few tunes held in general esteem. To the last he took a lively interest in the progress of sacred music, and may be said to have laid down his pen only with his life.

AMONG the thousands who thronged Westminster Abbey on Sunday evening, at the first "special service," it is impossible to say how many were gratified and how many startled, but it is certain that a portion of them felt outraged by the phenomenon of sound issuing from a brazen instrument concealed among the pipes of the organ. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that during the performances of the "Easter Hymn" and "Hallelujah" the tones of the organ were broken in upon by the brayings of a cornet-à-piston. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Turle has so little faith in himself and in his organ as to require the latter to be supplemented by a "popular" wind instrument. We are sorry to nip in the bud this attempt of the Westminster Chapter to emulate the effects of a music-hall; but as the result was a failure, we may be spared a second desecration.

IN his "analytical and historical programme" for the last concert of the Philharmonic Society Mr. Macfarren takes up a spear that can only be likened to that of Don Quixote, and rides a hobby only to be compared with Don Quixote's famous "Rozinante" (we will not insult Sancho Panza's Dapple), on behalf of the whole army of new German mystics militant, who build their hopes in the future on the ground that Weber, Spohr, and others did not appreciate Beethoven as he should have been appreciated, while the general public *did*. Apart from the fact that the general public *didn't*, we would suggest that times have changed. Moreover, the story of Beethoven's being not understood by certain musicians of his time being put forward, as an excuse for the arrogant pretensions of late composers who ape Beethoven without a spark of his genius, is simply absurd. For the man who cannot see the difference between Schumann (we name no other) and Beethoven, we are sorry.

ENGLISH opera being extinct (save for one specimen occasionally shown under glass at Sydenham) we may now safely call opera in London an exotic. It comes to us from foreign climes, lives awhile under more or less artificial conditions, and then dies to be renewed by fresh importations. It has its varying seasons. Now it flourishes and waxes strong; anon it languishes and becomes weak. The present is a season of apparent flourishing and waxing strong. Opera has come upon us like the April heat, and may be classed among phenomena. We have serious opera at Covent Garden; serious opera at Drury Lane; *opéra bouffe* at the Lyceum; *opéra bouffe* at the Gaiety; and an immediate prospect of *opéra bouffe* at the St. James's. This is pretty well for a town which, during many months in the year, cannot support even a revival of *Acis and Galatea*. But the preponderance of *opéra bouffe* over its serious rival signifies movement, because a while ago the opera, *genus* Offenbach, had not been transplanted to where the people "take their pleasure sadly;" and now we have it rampant. Is not the divinity of Offenbachism—we mean Mdlle. Schneider—making triumphal progress through the provinces, and among people the last to be corrupted or improved (which the reader pleases) by change? With regard to this movement we may reasonably ask "Whither?" Only let not those who symphonise with it put any such question to the Muse of serious opera. Imagine the feelings with which that haughty and beautiful lady—confident of her claims upon public affection, if not conscious of the smirches upon her classic robes—regards the rivalry of the pert French minx, who comes in scant attire, with saucy tongue and significant gesture! It is the old story of the lawful wife and the unlawful Anonyma in a new form. Will the Anonyma of opera chain "the town" to the wheels of her pony carriage and drive through "society," mistress of the situation?

TO-DAY is to witness the first performance in Paris of Mr. Benedict's *St. Cecilia*, under the composer's own direction. The cause, as our readers know, is good; Mdlle. Nilsson having, beforehand, devoted the proceeds to a charitable object, which Mr. Benedict also has at heart. Note, in proof, the following Mr. Benedict addressed to Baron Taylor, President of the Association des Artistes Musiciens:—

"TO THE PRESIDENT,—A great honour is about to be paid to my little oratorio, *The Legend of St. Cecilia*, an English poem, by Mr. H. F. Chorley, translated into French by M. Tagliafico. The orchestra and chorus of the Grand Opéra are to assist at the first or well performance of Mdlle. Nilsson, fixed to take place on Saturday, the 30th of April: the solos to be supported by MM. Faure, Colin, Madame Gueymard, and Mdlle. Nilsson.

"I feel deeply and recognize as a composer the honour France does to my work. I am also anxious to join with Mdlle. Nilsson in her liberality in offering the proceeds of her benefit to your charitable relief fund for the 'Association des Artistes Musiciens Français,' in presenting the copyright and engraved plates of my score of the *Legend of St. Cecilia*. Perhaps your Philharmonic and Orpheonist Societies will take some interest in repeating this little oratorio after the splendid performance which it is sure to have at the Grand Opéra.

"With every sentiment of esteem, I remain, Mr. President, yours, &c., "JULES BENEDICT.

"*London, April* 14, 1870."

THE irreconcilable members of the Hanover aristocracy have, since the incorporation of the Kingdom with Prussia, hitherto been in the habit of displaying their sympathies with the dethroned dynasty by pointedly stopping away themselves, and not allowing others to occupy the boxes they rent by the year, at the Festival Performance given in celebration of the birthday of the monarch *de facto*. They have just received a notice from the Intendant informing them that a continuance of this conduct will result in their boxes being taken from them and let to others of less ex-royalist proclivities.

"MODEL performances" of Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi, Fliegender Holländer, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin*, and *Meistersinger* are, to be given in June, at Weimar, immediately after the Beethoven Festival got up by the General Musical Association of Germany. A Beethoven Festival followed by "model performances"—whatever they may be—of Herr R. Wagner's lucubrations! Among the artists to be engaged expressly for the occasion rumour mentions Mesdames Mallinger, Brandt, Herren Niemann and Betz. It is also said that the Abbate Franz Liszt, to do honour "to his son-in-law *in spe*"—as a German paper terms the Prophet of Lucerne—will conduct one of the said "model performances."

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

At the second performance of *Il Flauto Magico* Mdlle. Sessi maintained her position, singing both the trying airs allotted to the "Queen of Night" with remarkable ability. They, perhaps, in places, slightly overtax her means, but there is an indomitable energy about this young artist, which seems to show that no impediment which perseverance can surmount will be allowed to stand in her way. She has already won the sympathies of the operatic public, and, it must be admitted, on thoroughly legitimate grounds. About the rest of the performance of Mozart's now happily familiar opera, as played at Covent Garden Theatre, little need be said. That Dr. Gunz possesses all the traditions of Tamino was proved some years ago, when he first assumed the character at Her Majesty's Theatre. One word about the Pamina of Mdlle. Tietjens would be superfluous; nor could the imposing music of the High Priest, Sarastro, have been given to a singer with a voice more rich and sympathetic than that of Signor Bagagiolo. Another novelty in the distribution of parts, however, demands special mention—we refer to the Papageno of Signor Cotogni. Although the comic humour of this ready and clever artist is not superabundant—and in this respect he can no more aspire to be a Ronconi than he can aspire to be Shicknedder, Mozart's original Papageno, and author of the libretto—he may justly be complimented on the admirable manner in which he sings the music throughout. Signor Cotogni has evidently studied it *con amore*, as though, instead of an Italian, he had been a true born Teuton. Mdlle. Olma, who made her first appearance in London as Papagena, has a pretty light soprano voice, with which she sings neat enough, and probably will, be done; but, at present, she is inexperienced and has everything to learn. The parts of the three good genii and the three attendants on the "Queen of Night," to whom Mozart has assigned so much that is of importance in the concerted music, are more than adequately sustained, especially the latter, by Mdlles. Bauermeister, Madigan, and Scalchi. Mr. Crellin, who plays Monostatos, chief of the Slaves, is another new-comer, about whose capabilities we are unable, as yet, to offer an opinion. Other small parts are well filled by Signori Capponi, Marino, and Fallar. Not the least difficulty in an efficient representation of *Il Flauto Magico* is the unusual number of minor characters which have more or less to do with the concerted music; and that these are nearly in every instance in the hands of one or more less competent singers speaks well for the strength of the Covent Garden company. How the orchestra plays the overture and all the picturesque and fanciful accompaniments it is unnecessary to say, while the great improvement in the chorus noticed so often last year is just as noticeable now.

On Saturday night Mdlle. Sessi appeared in a fourth character—*La Traviata*—and again gave excellent proofs of the versatility of her talent. Our readers must be pretty well tired of descriptions of this notorious opera, for the sins of which, in a moral sense, some remarkably pretty music, and a very ingenious and admirable *finale* (Act 2), do not by any means atone. They need stand under no apprehension. All we have to say is a word or two about Mdlle. Sessi's performance of Violetta. We may observe, *en passant*, that Violetta is about the easiest part with which to make a tolerable figure in the entire repertory of modern opera. She, nevertheless, makes more than a tolerable figure; and in one or two situations may be said to hold her own against some of her most renowned predecessors. Her general view of the character approaches more nearly to that quiet unobtrusive view adopted by the late Madame Bosio and others than to the, at times, obtrusively "realistic" view of Mdlle. Piccolomini—who, in 1856, under Mr. Lumley's management, first made the English public familiar with the beauties of *La Traviata*. Mdlle. Sessi coughs occasionally, but not over much; nor does she continually endeavour to make the audience aware of the fact that Violetta is under the melancholy affliction of phthisis. Although short in stature, she is somewhat too robust to look the "*creatura*" to the life. But in the last scene it is difficult to regard her as "moribund," notwithstanding her stage "make-up," which is all that the most fastidious could desire. She, at the same time, throws herself heart and soul into the character, and here and there—as, for example, in the scene with Giorgio Germont, by whom Violetta is persuaded to renounce Alfredo for ever, and that in which her immaculate lover casts the money he has won from the Baron Douphol (her temporary protector!) at her feet, as remuneration for her past love—she exhibits far more dramatic talent than we had given her credit for. But Mdlle. Sessi sings the music even better than she acts. There were brilliant points in the first duet with Alfredo, and still more brilliant points in the *cavatina*, more especially in the *cabaletta*—

> "Sempre libera degg'io
> Trasvolar di gioia in gioa"

—where Violetta, throwing off the illusion described so pathetically in the first movement, "Ah forse è lui," vows the remainder of her life to gaiety and pleasure. But best of all, in our opinion, is the plaintive air of the last scene, "Addio del passato bei sogni ridenti," in which Violetta, having lost, as she imagines, the affections of Alfredo, looks to death for consolation. This was given with such genuine feeling as to merit heartier applause than it obtained. On the whole the new Violetta may be regarded as a success; and when it is remembered that such singers as Madame Bosio and Madame Patti (to name no others) have played the same character on the same boards, this is saying no little. Mdlle. Sessi was repeatedly and warmly applauded, besides being several times called forward. The part of Alfredo was sustained by the versatile Signor Nandin, to whom everything—from Vasco di Gama, in the *Africaine*, downwards—seems to come easy, and who in the music of Verdi is just as much at home as in the music of Meyerbeer; that of the elder Germont, with his supercilentious air, "Di Provenza il mare" (encored, of course), was represented by Signor Graziani as only Signor Graziani can represent it. Mdlle. Locatelli rende a charming Flora Bervoix; and Signor Taglialico a most uncompromising Baron Douphol, just as ready to shoot Alfredo Germont as to lose money to him at cards, and showing, with real dramatic truth, an innate contempt for, perhaps, the most contemptible personage ever depicted in novel or drama. In these subtle distinctions Signor Taglialico, considering the rank now assigned to him, stands alone. A man who gives life and meaning to comparatively subordinate personages as this gentleman does is rare. It is scarcely necessary to add that the decorations and "*mise-en-scène*" of the *Traviata* are what they have never failed to be at Covent Garden, or that the orchestra and chorus, under Signor Vianesi, were all that could be wished.

The operas performed during the week have been *Guillaume Tell* (Monday); *Il Flauto Magico*—owing to the indisposition of Signor Mario (Tuesday); and *La Traviata* (Thursday). Cherubini's magnificent *Medea*, with Mdlle. Tietjens, naturally, as the heroine, is to be given to-night—for the first time at Covent Garden.

MR. MANNS'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

"Benefits" are sometimes given on very small provocation. They are, not unfrequently, routine affairs, in which the slightest possible sympathy exists between the person complimented and those who compliment. The benefit concert given in Mr. Manns's name at the Crystal Palace on Saturday had no connection whatever with this class. Between the Crystal Palace conductor and the Crystal Palace audience there is a more than ordinary tie. Each is indebted to the other for favour received or pleasure conferred; and both have at heart a common interest. Saturday's proceedings were, therefore, exactly what they pretended to be, while the one thing withheld from us may hope, made the "benefit" something more than a benefit in name. Even those who, like ourselves, frequently differ from Mr. Manns on questions of musical faith and practice will be glad of this result. On the whole, he is undoubtedly doing much for music. If proof were wanting, it would be found in the list of works performed during the past winter. The list in question begins with twenty symphonies, of which seven are by Beethoven; Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann contributing two each. Following the symphonies, come fifty-two overtures and orchestral pieces, the composers most largely drawn upon being Mendelssohn (10), Beethoven (6), Weber (5), Mozart (4), and Schubert (4). Answering imperial selections are those opposite to the works of these masters others by Berlioz, Raff, Reinecke, Rubenstein, and Wagner, which have been presented, let us hope, that the public may, by a knowledge of that which is weak, incline to that which is strong. The concertos and other instrumental solos number twenty-three; Beethoven and Mendelssohn again heading the list, followed closely by Bach and Weber, Ries and Piatti bringing up the rear. The catalogue ends with eight vocal works of importance, to which Beethoven and Mendelssohn, yet again, most largely contribute. Of these one hundred and three works, twenty one were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, the number being made up thus:—Four Symphonies, by Mozart, Bennett, Hiller, and Cowen respectively; eight overtures, &c.; seven instrumental solos; Rosential solos number twenty-three; Beethoven and Mendelssohn again heading the list, followed closely by Bach and Weber, Ries and Piatti bringing up the rear. The catalogue ends with eight vocal works of importance, to which Beethoven and Mendelssohn, yet again, most largely contribute. Of these one hundred and three works, twenty one were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, the number being made up thus:—Four Symphonies, by Mozart, Bennett, Hiller, and Cowen respectively; eight overtures, &c.; seven instrumental solos; Rosential solos *Mose Sobieski*, and Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*. The names just mentioned show that regard has been paid to native talent, and, fairly considered, the entire list must give satisfaction. Anyhow, there is no denying that in the department of orchestral music it stands alone, and claims the highest honours of successful labour. "The Saturday Concerts"—so runs a note at the end of the catalogue—"will recommence on the first Saturday in October next." To lovers of classical music it would be hard to make a more grateful announcement.

In drawing up his programme Mr. Manns was careful to aim at the gratification of varied tastes as far as consistent with his general plan. For the popular taste he provided a selection of vocal music ranging from songs by Schumann downwards. Mdlle. Reboux sang Rode's air with variations and Arditi's valse, "L'Estasi" (both utterly unsuited to her voice and style); Madame Florence Lancia gave "Ardon gl' incensi;" Mr. Vernon Rigby was heard in "Come, ye children," from

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Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and two of Schumann's songs (scored for orchestra by Mr. Manns); Signor Urio contributed Mercadante's "Bella adorata;" and Signor Mongini, "M'apparì" (encored) and "La donna è mobile." The orchestral music requires more notice. In the first place it was played by an augmented band of 100 performers, and played to perfection. Rarely has such an orchestra been brought together; still more rarely has it been used to such purpose. Next, the works chosen were in great part admirable, wholly interesting. Mozart's overture to *Der Schauspiel Director* led the way, and was dashed off in a style harmonizing with its agreeable and spirited character. The entire opera—a "Comedy with Music" Mozart himself called it—was written with special regard for particular circumstances and particular voices. The whole is therefore obsolete; the overture alone remaining. Nobody fears for this relic, at least till the "future" comes which is to bring the apotheosis of Herr Wagner. Then, not only the overture to *Der Schauspiel Director*, but also much other music will have a place on the upper shelves of dusty libraries. Beethoven's seventh symphony, so often played under Mr. Manns as to be among the works with which his audience are most familiar, calls for neither description nor criticism. In justice, however, we must dwell for a moment upon a performance of more than usual merit. The orchestra rendered the symphony with the precision of a machine, plus the artistic insight which can discern and the artistic power which can express the composer's idea. No more remarkable effort has been made during the season.

Weber's *Concertstück* in F minor, played by Madame Schumann, was a contribution to the popular element in the programme. Everybody knows this much used—often ill-used—work, and a recall for the artist was the certain result, especially as Madame Schumann exhibited all her distinctive qualifications. Bach's violin prelude in E major was given in peculiar and questionable form. Fate has made grim sport of this work. Bach himself adapted it as an organ solo with orchestral accompaniments leading to his anthem, "Wir danken dir, Gott." This was played at the Crystal Palace three years ago, with the solo relegated to the violin. On Saturday the prelude appeared as arranged for a number of violins with new and entirely different accompaniment by Herr Stör. How next, we may ask, will the unfortunate work be treated? By way of comfort, the programme assures us that "nothing can subdue the astonishing vigour and *entrain* of the original." From this comfort may undoubtedly be derived; nevertheless, we can hardly agree with the policy of playing tricks upon great works simply because their greatness cannot be hidden. Herr Stör's version of Bach, though executed with much spirit, produced little effect. Some ballet music (No. 3) from Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Camacho*, played for the first time in England, was agreeably interesting, and the concert fitly ended with a masterly performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon*.

P. M. G.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S LECTURES ON MUSIC.

In pursuance of the scheme of instruction in science and art for women, which has for some months been working successfully at the South Kensington Museum, under the direction of a committee of ladies, with the Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng as secretary, Mr. Arthur Sullivan commenced the other morning, in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum, a course of twelve lectures on the theory and practice of vocal music, to be continued on successive Tuesdays and Fridays. The object of these lectures is to give some idea, in a concise and comprehensive manner, of the requirements for the practical study of vocal music, with special reference to choral singing. It is intended that the future lectures of this course shall be interspersed with examples of part-songs, to be sung by ladies attending the course. . . . A pathetic description of the agonies suffered by persons with an educated taste at an ordinary musical party, Mr. Sullivan remarked that, though the study of music was no longer proscribed, as it was by Lord Chesterfield, under a social ban, yet in vocal music we were far behind our ancestors. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was part of the ordinary education of every lady and gentleman to be able to sing a madrigal or roundelay to notes. In the present generation vocal music had not kept pace with instrumental; indeed, singing, as an art, threatened to die out. The public were to blame in the matter; for so long as singers found that with a good voice, including of course a few ringing high notes, or one or two exceptionally low ones, they could command money and fame, they said it was not worth their while to devote themselves to study and hard work. When the public should demand of a singer this cultivation, as they did now of a pianist or violinist, and would be satisfied with nothing else, then singing would become a fine art again. After an explanation of the different "intervals" in music, Mr. Sullivan remarked that harmony, like many useful and beautiful things, sprang from the monks, whose creation it was, and not a revival of something forgotten or lost. The old Greek music died out; there was no heart in it, but for a time its clumsy nomenclature was retained. Afterwards came the cold unimpassioned solemn Gregorian chants. There was not much heart in these either, but they strangely moved one by their very absence of passion. They were in keeping with the long still aisles in which they were sung, and with the austere lives of the men who sang them. The solemn church song or hymn, which was first sung in one voice only, or in octaves was indeed the basis of music. It was sung without rhythm or time (*in canto fermo*). The monks soon found that certain different sounds sung at the same time had a new and pleasant effect, and they set to work on scientific principles, to develop the science of "counterpoint"—the grammar of part-writing. Mr. Sullivan concluded his introductory lecture by observing that much of the latter part of his discourse was advice to composers rather than singers; but, he added, "to know the cause of an evil is very often to know its cure; and if you come upon a difficult passage to sing, and are able to analyze it, and know exactly what constitutes its difficulty, you will the more easily be able to overcome it. Besides, I have already explained to you that my desire is to sharpen your critical faculties, and make you form a discriminating and appreciative audience. It is better to be a good listener than an indifferent performer. The one assists and advances art; the other retards it." There was a large and attentive audience, almost exclusively composed of ladies.

MUSIC IN PASSION WEEK.

By an invariably late contributor.

The concerts of Passion Week always take their cue from the week itself. Time was when, throughout the six days, theatres were closed, or else given up to orrories, a species of entertainment in connection with which it was the right thing to quote Addison (or Marvell)—

> What though in solemn silence all
> Roll round the dark terrestrial ball

—and from which we were supposed to come as from a sermon, whereof Addison (or Marvell) is also *apropos*—

> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> For ever singing as they shine—
> The hand that made us is divine.

Orreries are gone, but music remains; not that of the spheres, we grant, yet music not bad in its way. The advance of latitudinarianism has not disturbed the dominion of religious art over the most religious week of the year, and just as much as ever oratorios hold their own. On personal grounds, no musical critic will regret this state of things. Passion Week is to him a holy week, in the sense that it brings relief from toil. When the *Messiah* and kindred works are to the fore, he can shut up his note-book and retire. Who wants to be told anything about music as familiar to all as the marriage service to "sweet seventeen," or who is anxious to know how this popular soprano gave "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or that well-known bass declaimed "Why do the nations?" Even if the case were otherwise, at least as regards the music, who could say anything that has not been said a thousand times? For these reasons we shall pass over the *Messiah* performances of last week. Taking all London into consideration, from Exeter Hall with its 700 executants to outlying school-rooms, where scratch companies give the sacred oratorio "for a charitable purpose," those performances were legion, and an exhaustive list would not be less surprising than instructive. At all events, it would prove the extraordinary popularity of Handel's masterpiece—a popularity so great as to be one of the curiosities of art.

But Passion Week did not leave us quite destitute of topics. Two series of classical concerts ended respectively on the first and last of the six days, and will only be resumed when the winter approaches. Unconsciously, it would appear, human arrangements help Nature in her grand work of compensation. "The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the nightingale is heard in the land." We are all glad of it, and look forward to the enjoyment of nature's music with keen anticipation. Whereupon, the

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"Monday Populars," and the "Crystal Palace Saturdays" retire, as the aurora disappears from the Arctic sky when the long Arctic day sets in. True, we shall have music still with us, but for the most part, of the bee or the bird order, and therefore quite appropriate to the time. The little toiler which

> Gathers honey all the day
> From every opening flower,

has its representatives in the givers of benefit concerts, whose season is close at hand. These, with their keen eyes for eligible families—probable ticket buyers—and their sensitive appreciation of every opening for an extended "connection," will soon swarm forth. Their long dreary concerts will again be attended by languid ladies, and the artists who are always giving their services on such occasions, will again practise "boloing" from the feeble rustle of silks which does duty for applause. Happily, there will come bird music also. The "nightingales" and other songsters of passage may be expected to warble their strains amid the sunshine of the Crystal Palace transept—strains the value of which rests upon their fitness for the time and place. On the whole we cannot complain of these arrangements. Some among us may regret that classical music ever gives way to that which is ephemeral, but the change works well.

April 23, 1870. T. E.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kennedy, the famous exponent of Scottish Songs, gave the first of seven entertainments at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday last, to a large and appreciative audience. He was assisted by Miss Kennedy, whose performance of a selection of reels and strathspeys varied the proceedings in a most agreeable manner. Mr. Kennedy's first part contained such popular ballads as "Caller Herrin'," "Auld Robin Gray" "Green Grow the Rashes O," and "Wha wad na fecht for Charlie;" while the second was not less distinguished by the presence of "My Nannie O," "Johnny Cope," and "Auld Lang Syne." To say how these songs and others were given is entirely superfluous. Enough that the audience waxed enthusiastic, and applauded the singer with might and main. Between the parts Mr. Kennedy recited Wilson's "Watty and Meg" with excellent effect. The entertainment will be repeated on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in next week.

SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—By the reports and articles on our interview with the Chief Commissioner of Works, the public would infer that the Band Committee had all along been prohibited from playing "dance music" as one of the conditions on which we held the management. While we have been in communication with every Chief Commissioner since 1856, it was not until Mr. Ayrton's letter, April 11, that any conditions, prohibitions, or complaints from frequenters of the parks were ever breathed to us. In taking the place of the military bands, our programmes were framed as closely as possible on theirs, and fourteen years' experience has confirmed the good judgment of alternating marches and selections with quadrilles, bringing together the national melodies. Of these (the salt to the programme) the people are to be deprived, in favour of, as Mr. Ayrton suggests, any other light and cheerful music not "dance." The transference of Regent's Park band from the committee to a private individual had occasioned interviews with Mr. Layard while Chief Commissioner, whose word was given to reconsider it. On Mr. Ayrton taking office this fact was communicated to him, a correspondence followed, and previous to our deputation a memorial signed by the committees of the three parks forwarded. We did not give ourselves the title of "trustees of the people," but set forth that the band committees were appointed at public meetings held in all parts of London on the stoppage of the military bands, and that the several Governments have since recognized the functions of the executive.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, R. M. MORRELL, Hon. Sec.

National Sunday League, 256, *High Holborn*,
April 15.

THE Festival at Bonn, on the Rhine, in celebration of the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, is to be held on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September—conductor, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. The orchestral rehearsals commence on the 9th of September.

MR. W. D. HALL, from St. John the Divine's, Fairfield, has been appointed organist to the Church and Schools for the Blind, Liverpool; and Mr. James J. Monk (College of Organists), from St. John's Waterloo, has been appointed organist to St. Philip's, Liverpool.

WAIFS.

Mr. Gye has returned from Paris.

Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, whose assiduous and successful cultivation of Russian literature is well known, proposes to give, at four in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 4th of May, the first of what we hope may be a long series of "Recitals" derived from Russian legends and tales. No charitable institution is to be benefited; no money to be taken at the doors; admission on presentation of card at the doors of St. George's Hall, Regent Street. *Zum zu Tsaria!*

Madame Adelina Patti is to make her first appearance this season, with Signor Mario, in the *Barbiere*, on Thursday. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca appears on the Tuesday following (in *Faust*).

M. T. Lotto, the violinist, has arrived in London—it may be presumed for the musical spring and summer season. He was last heard, years since, at the Monday Popular Concerts.

No less a personage than M. Offenbach himself was present during the first performance of the *Princess of Trebizonde*, at the Gaiety Theatre.

Mr. Oberthur's overture, *Ruberzahl*, has been arranged for military band by Mr. Kappy, bandmaster of the Royal Marines (Chatham division), and will be performed at the *commencement* at the South Kensington Museum, May 4th. The overture has also recently been played at one of the "Musician's Concerts" in Nuremberg, where at the same time the author played his concertino for harp and orchestra.

"Aristocratic composers (says the *Choir*) are coming to the front on the Continent. To the names of the Comtesse de Grandval and the Baroness de Maistre must now be added that of the Comtesse Perricre-Villeneuve, whose first opera was performed at her hotel last week by some of the chief artists in Paris. The work, entitled *La Dryade*, was listened to by a distinguished circle, including M. Perrin, M. Carvalho, and M. Victor Massé. The orchestra of the Theatre Italian and the chorus of the Conservatoire were engaged for the occasion."

The production of two versions of *Frou-Frou* and legal proceedings before the Vice-Chancellor have rendered that "comedy-drama" familiar in every mouth. The St. James's version is not authorized by MM. Meilhac and Halévy; the Olympic has been prepared under their sanction. The splendid dresses which now take the place once occupied by upholstery, as the foundation of managerial hopes, are in both cases all that could be desired; the scenery at the St. James's, however, is old and faded—that of the Olympic bright and for the occasion. How many more *Frou-Frous* shall we expect?

REVIEWS.

We have received the following letter from the gentleman who undertakes the duty of reviewing new music in our columns:—

"To the Editor of the 'Musical World.'

"SIR,—I have unwittingly done an injustice to Madame Oury. The 'Twilight' piece to which my remarks applied was by ———*. But, in the hurry of writing, another by Mdme. Oury being before me, I put the saddle on the wrong horse, which, a glance at the two title pages would have saved me from doing. About Madame Oury's new *nocturne* I wrote quite in another strain—as by this time you must know. I am sure you will print this, in justice to Madame Oury, and to YOUR REVIEWER."

* It is only fair to give the author of the other "Twilight" piece the benefit of the accident, by not publishing his name. Our reviewer will have the opportunity of taking his revenge. Another time he will carefully inspect title pages.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—I read with satisfaction a small paragraph in your impression of last week relative to the performance of *L'Africaine* at Dantzic. Until Meyerbeer is better understood the prejudice will continue to exist that the merit of his operas chiefly depends on the subject and *mise-en-scène*. Take for instance the *Huguenots*; in the great duet between Valentine and Marcel, the septet in the duel scene, the "complot," the magnificent duet between Valentine and Raoul—is the music depending on scenic effects?—if so, where are they? It is, on the contrary, in my humble opinion, the gorgeous display of scenery, etc., etc, that prevents the full appreciation of the corresponding splendid music. A master like Meyerbeer, who has always chosen grand noble subjects for his operas, must have been possessed of extensive musical means and genius to cope with such exacting subjects.

Let us hope that the promised performance of *L'Africaine* at Covent Garden will be met this time with a little more due appreciation than hitherto. Hoping you will excuse this little intrusion, I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant, O. L.

London, 26*th April*, 1870.

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May.

(*From "Life Lyrics," by* ELIZA F. MORRIS.)

Come let us dance and sing,
'Tis the merry, merry spring;
See, the earth in joy and gladness is smiling everywhere:
Now the fields put on their green,
And they glitter in the sheen
Of the bright and pleasant sunbeams that sparkle through the air.

There's music in the breeze,
As it sighs among the trees,
And sets the buds awaking from their long, long wintry sleep;
And in the little rill,
As it dances down the hill,
And seems to laugh for gladness at every bounding leap.

There's beauty all around,
On the blossom-spangled ground,
Where the buttercups and cowslips in golden clusters lie;
And in the changeful hue
Of the silver and the blue,
As they float in graceful fancies across the clear, broad sky.

There's gladness in the song
Of the little joyous throng,
That fill the woods with music in the charming month of May;
And in the noisy shout
As the children trip about,
And dance beneath the garland with a merry roundelay.

Hark! how the echoes sing
With the melodies of spring;
The cawing, warbling, bleating, how they charm the listening ear!
Come, and let us all be gay;
Let us sing and dance and play;
'Tis the month of joy and beauty—the birth-day of the year.

BONN.—Thanks to the exertions, and, likewise, the munificence of Herr Kullmann, a member of the Town-Council here, the Mozart Library, formerly belonging to the late Professor Otto Jahn, has been secured for the Royal Library, Berlin. The local public consider the prices fetched very satisfactory. The 489 lots (historical documents, constituting the first day's sale, went for 625 thalers. The highest prices were obtained by Burney's *History* (a fine copy), 28 thalers; Mattheson's *Ehrenpforte* (a exceedingly rare), 31 thalers; and Winters' *Evangelischer Kirchengesang*, 26 thalers. The manuscripts, on the other hand, went for comparatively little. The 263 copies of Beethoven's Letters fetched 15 thalers; Haydn's Letters, 16 thalers; the valuable Mozart Correspondence, 29 thalers; and the copy of Mozart's *Biography*, corrected by Sonnleithner, and enriched with additional matter, 12 thalers.—The programme for the grand Beethoven Festival, at the end of August, or the beginning of September, is now definitely arranged, at least as far as regards the principal works, which will be as follow:—*Missa Solemnis*; C minor Symphony; *Eroica*, Ninth Symphony; Overture No. 3 to *Leonore*; E flat major Concerto, for Pianoforte; Violin Concerto; and overtures to *Egmont* and *Coriolanus*. As already announced, Herr Ferdinand Hiller will be the chief conductor. The second conductor will be Herr Wasielewski.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HARMONY & Co.—"Violet Bloom," Idyllo, by T. Oesten; "Feuer Klange," "Les Adieux," and "Castles Tanz," waltzes, by Joseph Gung'l; "Fantasia," quadrilles and waltzes, by P. Hertel; and "Am Schönen Rhein," waltzes, by Keler Bela.

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MDLLE. FLORA CRIVELLI will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S waltz-aria, "THE NAIADES," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, for the benefit of the Kilburn Literary Institution.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" on Tuesday next, at St. George's Hall; and with Signora Moora and Mr. F. Penna, "I NAVIGANTI."

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" This popular romance will be sung at Blackheath Assembly Rooms on the 11th of May, by Mr. Alfred Baylis; and on the 17th he will also sing it at his first Matinée, to be given at his Residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

MISS LILY SIMESTER, MR. GEORGE PERREN, and MR. FOX, will sing RAPHAEL'S popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Miss Lily Sinester's Concert, Manor Rooms, Hackney, Tuesday, 10th May.

MISS LILY SIMESTER will sing BENEDICT'S new song, "LITTLE WILLIE," at the Vestry Hall, Cranbrook, May 5th.

MRS. ALFRED J. SUTTON and MR. MONTEM SMITH will sing A. J. SUTTON'S duet, "VOICES," at West Brownwich, on Tuesday next, May 3rd.

MR. J. H. SUTCLIFFE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, and Hanover Square Rooms, May 25th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ, MR. ALFRED BAYLIS, and Mr. H. VINNING, will sing "I NAVIGANTI," at Black heath (Mr. A. Baylis's Concert), on the 11th of May.

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The Evening (SATURDAY), May 7, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Signor Mongini; Arturo, M. Verger (his first appearance); Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Raimondo, Signor Foli; Normanno, Signor Archieri; Alice, Madame Corsi; and Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance this season). Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, May 9, Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Gardoni; Mephistopheles, Signor Gassier; Valentine, Mr. Santley; Wagner, Signor Trevere; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Madame Corsi; and Margherita, Mdlle. Rebaux.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

TUESDAY NEXT, May 10, Meyerbeer's Opera, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Bambalio, Signor Gardoni; Bertrano, Signor Foli; Alberti, Signor Ragney; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Cavaliere, Signor Archieri, Signor Castelli; Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevere; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; Elena, Mdlle. Phretti; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance this season; and her first appearance in the part of Alice in England).

Production of "ABU HASSAN" and "LOCA DEL CAIRO."

THURSDAY NEXT, May 12, will be performed (for the first time on the Italian stage) Carl Maria Von Weber's Operetta, in one act, "ABU HASSAN." The libretto translated by Signor Marchetti. The dialogue set to recitative by Signor Arditi, expressly for the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. Hassan, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Omar, Signor Castelli; Il Califo, Signor Ragney; Mesrur, Signor Trevere; Zemroud, Madame Corsi; Zobeide, Mdlle. Bruni; and Fatima, Madame Rimbelli. To be followed by Mozart's posthumous Opera-buffa, in two acts, "LOCA DEL CAIRO" (first time in England). The poem adapted by M. Verger. The Italian translation by Signor Zedfira. The dialogue set to "recitativo-parlante" by Signor Bulfredi. Fatelzia, Signor Gardoni; Don Berlarmo, Signor Gassier; Pacquale, Signor Trevere; Lo Schiavo, Mr. Lyall; Ginevra, Madame Corsi; Oretta, Madame Sinico; and Isabella, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitsky (her first appearance).

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

SATURDAY, May 14, Meyerbeer's Opera, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in the part of Alice in England.

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"THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN," a New Oratorio, by the Rev. H. F. LIMPUS, will be performed, for the First Time, in Aid of the Funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Cliewer, on TUESDAY, May 10th, 1870. Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The Band and Chorus will be complete. The Band and Chorus will number 300 performers. Sofa Stalls, £1 1s.; Balcony Stalls, £1 1s.; Reserved Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street; Novello, Ewer, & Co., Berners Street; Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Allcroft & Boys, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—

WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 11th, at Eight, J. BARNBY'S New Sacred Cantata, "REBEKAH," and HANDEL'S "ALEXANDER'S FEAST." Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Band and Chorus of 300. Conductor—Mr. BARNBY. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Admission, 2s., 3s., 1s. (All Nonvible.). Hewers Street, and 38, Poultry, the principal Musicsellers, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT and MADAME GILBERT'S THIRD CHAMBER CONCERT, at 9, Conduit Street, May 11th. Vocalist—Madame Gilbert, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Frasse Reilly. Instrumentalists—Mr. Henry Holmes, Signor Pezze, and Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Conductor—Mr. LAND. Tickets, 5s., of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, The Woodlands, 99, Maida Vale.

MISS ELIZABETH PHILPS EVENING CONCERT, will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY NEXT, May 13th, on which occasion she will be assisted by Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Carola, Miss Poole, Miss Alice Fairman, and Mdme. Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Patey; Misses Alice Mangold, Mary Carr Richardson, Signor Caracas, MM. Benedict and Randegger, Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Three, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5s.; to be had of Miss Philps, 47, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, and all Musicsellers.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERT, WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 11th, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER," and Miscellaneous Selection. Mdlle. Nilsson, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Madame Arabella Goddard; Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Full Band. Organist—Mr. John C. Ward. Conductor—Mr. HENRY LESLIE.

MISS AMY PERRY'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAY, MAY 14, under the direction of Mr. LAMBORNE COCKTELL, R.A.M. Mdlle. Alexandrina Dwight, Marie d'Ellen Ratcliffe, and Miss AMY PERRY. Messrs. Sautelle (late partner-baritone of the Grand Opera, New York), W. C. Bell, T. Chilcrertone, Walter Reeves, and C. J. Bishenden.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a RECITAL OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, consisting of Selections from the works of CHOPIN and HERZ, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Saturday Morning, May 28th, at Eleven o'clock precisely. She will have the assistance of some Celebrated Vocalists. Full particulars will be duly announced.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD (Soprano) has arrived in London and is open to Engagements for Operas, Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

REMOVAL.

MADAME RABY BARNETT begs to announce her REMOVAL to 21, Aberdeen Place, Maida Hill, where all communications respecting Concerts, Lessons, &c., can be Addressed.

MADAME D'ELISE will sing the popular Waltz Aria, "THE NAIADES," at Miss AMY PERRY'S Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular Serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

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THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square (where Haydn made his first bow to an English audience).—Ladies and Gentlemen intending to engage these unique Rooms for Concerts, &c., are respectfully invited to make early application, in order to secure the best days. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms. ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

TO PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.—Wanted, a SITUATION in a Pianoforte Establishment, by a Young Lady of good Address. A brilliant Pianist. Address, A. W., 49, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, London.

MR. FREDERICK CHILDERSTON will sing at Miss Amy Ferry's Concert, May 14th, the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MR. EDWARD MURRAY (Baritone), now engaged with the Drury Lane Italian Opera Company, respectfully requests that all communications may be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER will return to London for the season on the 23rd May. All letters to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR CARL FORMES is now in Town for the season and can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios and Operatic Performances. Address—care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS AMY PERRY will perform ASCHER'S popular Fantasia, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th.

MISS LILY SIMESTER and Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing NICOLAI'S admired duet, "ONE WORD," at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, May 10th.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Miss Amy Perry's, Hanover Square Rooms, May 14th; Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

REMOVAL.

MRS. RONEY (Miss Helen Hogarth) begs to announce her REMOVAL from Gloucester Crescent, to No. 6, Chalcot Terrace, Regent's Park Road, N.W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 16, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING is prepared to accept Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, in Town or Country. For terms, address 125, Regent Street.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for Instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 30, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

"LITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EDITH WYNNE. Price 3s., and may be obtained, for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street; sent free by post for 12 stamps each.

MASON & HAMLIN'S GOLD MEDAL CABINET ORGAN. ALWAYS IN TUNE, FOR ALL CLIMATES. Five Thousand Three Hundred and Four Full Reed Organs were Manufactured and Sold in 1869, being Seventeen each working day. Illustrated Books, one stamp.—DEBENHAM & SONS, Wholesale Agents, 309, Regent Street.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.—NEW STYLES.—Six Octave Nine Stop DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS. Ten Stop Chapel Organs, with Patent Knee Swell, Super-Octave Coupler, and Manual Sub-Bass. Always in Tune. Price lists, one stamp.—DEBENHAM & SONS, Wholesale Agents, 309, Regent Street.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" This popular romance will be sung at Blackheath Assembly Rooms on the 11th of May, by Mr. Alfred Hayles; and on the 17th he will also sing it at his first Matinée, to be given at his Residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

Just Published,

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA

(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA

(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

N.B. "REVIVALS" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in Manuscript, or which have been long out of Print. Selected from the Works of Eminent Masters.

MISS LILY SIMESTER, Mr. GEORGE PERREN, and Mr. FOX, will sing RANDEGGER'S popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Miss Lily Simester's Concert, Manor Rooms, Hackney, Tuesday, 10th May.

MR. J. H. SUTCLIFFE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S new serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," at the Eyre Arms, May 11th, and Hanover Square Rooms, May 25th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ, Mr. ALFRED BAYLIS, and Mr. H. VINNING, will sing "I NAVIGANTI," at Blackheath (Mr. A. Bayle's Concert), on the 11th of May.

TO MUSICSELLERS.—A Young Lady requires a Situation, can play the Piano, and thoroughly understands the business. For References, apply to present Employer, J. F., Music Warehouse, 7, London Street, Greenwich.

Published This Day,

"THEY NAMED HER NAME BEFORE ME,"

BALLAD.

Composed by FREDERIC PENNA.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

"BELLA QUAL ROSEA AURORA,"

MELODIA.

Composta da GIOVANNI MARAVIGLIA.

Price 3s.

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To be ready Next Week,

"THE BELSIZE GALOP,"

By EDOUARD SCHUBERTH.

Played with distinguished success, and rapturously encored, at the Belsize Conservative Association Ball, Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday evening, will be published next week by

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,

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FROM SEVILLE.

No. IV.

The Holy Week at Seville, of course, formally commences on Palm Sunday (yesterday), but the attractive exhibitions which render this romantic city especially celebrated throughout the country will not begin till Wednesday. In the meantime I may describe the Biblical drama which is now drawing to its close at the principal theatre. The performance is on a much more magnificent scale than at Madrid, where the "Seven Dolours of the Virgin" were, as I said, represented at a very minor theatre. At Seville everything is large and imposing. Here the "mystery" still flourishes, while at Madrid it looks like the relic of another age. The entry of the Messiah into Jerusalem, through a crowd bearing palm-branches, while similar honours are paid by a throng assembled on the arch through which he enters; the Last Supper, which is arranged after the precedent of the celebrated picture by Leonardo da Vinci, the vessels on the table being filled with an incense which perfumes the entire theatre; the Crucifixion, at which the guards are mounted on real horses,—are most impressive spectacles, and do the greatest credit to the stage manager, who has but indifferent scenery at his command. In illustration of this last remark, I may state that the heads of the Jewish priesthood held their solemn meetings in an Egyptian temple liberally stocked with idols. This arrangement does not arise from a bigoted attempt to charge the Jews with idolatry, but from the scantiness of decorative material. One would have thought that a drama which reached its 86th representation yesterday was worth painting for throughout, but the Spaniards are evidently economical about the front scenes.

But the poverty of the scenery is in a great measure counterbalanced by the excellence of the costumes. The traditional colours and personal appearance of the Biblical figures are carefully preserved, and any intelligent charity boy could recognise at a glance all the characters of the sacred story. Peter is portly, John is young and somewhat effeminate, and Judas has the noted red hair. The group round Mary immediately after the death of her Redeemer could scarcely be surpassed. In the Seville play there is, however, a display of realism which is not to be found in the less pretending work, and which is not unfrequently revolting. Mr. Thackeray remarked that Hogarth never did things by halves, and that consequently when the rescued woman was shown in the *Seven Stages of Cruelty* her throat was cut to the vertebræ. In the same spirit the bodily sufferings, which are somewhat softened down at Madrid, are represented with frightful accuracy at Seville. The Redeemer is scourged in both, but while on one stage only the upper part of his person is shown, and the lashes are but lightly bestowed, on the other he is made nearly nude, and the flagellation is most vigorous. So again, while the Cross-bearing Christ at Madrid is not a very repulsive object, in Seville he becomes indescribably shocking through the close copy of the "bloody sweat." Of course, to the ordinary Englishman both exhibitions would be equally horrible, and perhaps some of my readers are displeased that I do not accompany my whole description of these sacred festivities with an execration *obbligato*, or slur over details. But if I adopted the former course I should never get on at all, and if I chose the latter I should convey no information. Spanish recreations are no more to be painted in squarelle than revolutions are to be effected with rose-water. Though they belong to the present I must treat the Biblical plays of Spain as an antiquary treats the Chester mysteries of the past.

In return to the drama. There is this interesting difference between the plays at the minor theatre at Madrid, and those at the large theatre at Seville, that whereas the former is to a large extent based on traditions which are to be found in the Scriptures, there is in the latter very little trace of legend or apocrypha, the New Testament being followed about as closely as the reigns of the Plantagenet Kings are followed in the "histories" of Shakspere. The crowning of the cock on Peter's third denial of his Master, and the washing of the disciples' feet, are not forgotten at Seville; but we see nothing of Saint Veronica, nor does the penitent thief appear in the early history of the Holy Family. Query—could this absorption into Spanish tradition and consequently strict adherence to Scripture render the Seville play more acceptable than that at Madrid to the non-conforming congregation of one of our Bethels or Ebenezers? While, however, the author or contriver of the Seville play carefully follows the Scriptural original, he allows himself a few accessories or "effects," which tell very well with the audience. By means of an opening in one of the flats the Virgin is smitten with grief through the appearance of a number of figures, each bearing an instrument of the Passion, but in soon afterwards ensconced in ghostly fashion, when the flat reopens and discovers the persecutors of her Son, enveloped in infernal flames. The prayer in the Garden, "Father, let this cup pass away," &c., is illustrated by a mechanical contrivance. The olive tree against which the Redeemer is praying gradually opens, and shows in the midst of the foliage an angel bearing in one hand a cup and in the other a cross.

Great importance is attached in the Seville play to the suicide of Judas Iscariot, who, with the rest of the apostles, is almost overlooked in the "*Siete Dolores*." An elaborate set-scene, with a moveable cataract, which, perhaps, to Spanish eyes seems an accurate imitation of real water, is provided for the occasion, and over this inclines the tree whereon the despairing traitor hangs himself in the presence of the audience. The selected branch breaks, Judas falls into the water, the stage becomes illumined with red fire, and a number of devils, very like those who carry off Don Giovanni, dance about to express their satisfaction. The sublimity of the awful scene is somewhat marred by the circumstance that the curtain no sooner descends than it rises again, in order that Judas may bow his acknowledgments to a highly appreciative public. On the evening when I witnessed the performance, he was the only person who was thus specially honoured. His part, indeed, is, for an actor, the best in the piece, and was exceedingly well played with, I grieve to add, something like a sense of comic humour. A modicum of the Terentian Davus or Geta, as represented by a very clever "Westminster," seemed to infuse itself into the character of the Scriptural traitor, and the brutal independence which marked his white career, and which contrasted strongly with the reverence of his fellow disciples, is evidently intended to be amusing. All this is very horrible, but—so it is.

N. D.

Seville, April 11.

No. V.

The annual festival of Seville is now over, not to re-commence till the Holy Week of next year. For the last fortnight the charges at the hotels have been nearly doubled, and every day we have had two *tables d'hôte* at different hours. This morning there is a general decline. Our *table d'hôte* is at a medium hour (5.30); the bill is ruled by the ordinary tariff, and you find yourself considered, not as an intruder, but as a welcome guest.

The festival may be conveniently divided into two acts, one sacred, the other profane. The former commences on Holy Wednesday, when the Gospel narrative of the Passion is read in the Cathedral, with a pyrotechnic illustration and the first religious procession. The process is continued through Thursday and Good Friday, that of the latter day being the most important. On Saturday the narrative of the Passion, read in the Cathedral, is accompanied not only by fireworks, but by cannon. Here ends the religious act. The profane act commences with the bullfight on Easter Day, which is repeated on the following Monday and Tuesday. On Easter Sunday begins the Seville Fair, which lasts three days, and on the following Thursday and Friday come the horse races, these being the result of an Anglomania wherewith the good bullfighting Spaniards have been infected, much against their will, by the officers of Gibraltar.

The Seville Fair is an institution altogether unique. Its commercial object is the sale of horses and cattle; but its social use is its great peculiarity. A whole street of stalls is rented for the three days by the most opulent families of the town (nobility not excluded), who send their furniture to their temporary residences, and there live from six o'clock in the morning to a late hour at night, receiving and paying visits. Larger booths, belonging to the clubs of Seville, are appropriated to balls of the most respectable kind, only moderated by means of personal introduction. Besides the fashionable quarter, there is an inferior street of stalls hired by those who do not belong to the "Upper Ten." Also, there are stalls for the sale of cheap delicacies and gimcracks. And the national luxury at the Seville Fair is a sort of pancake, in the form of a ring, made exclusively by gipsies, and called a "*bonuelo*." When I was a lad, and St. Bartlemy marked a day in the people's calendar, a man who entered Smithfield during the period dedicated to the Saint, and did not buy "a penn'orth of gingerbread nuts," was a person to be shunned. Such will be the "*bonuelo*" at the Seville Fair. You are bound in honour to eat it, and you must eat it fresh. The gipsy who rules the stall keeps no stock on hand, save in the form of a colossal dish, wherein is contained the raw material of the delicacy in made. You order a pound or half-a-pound, the preparation begins, and when it is completed a huge dish is presented by a female gipsy, who, as Mr. T. Carlyle said of Dante, is the noursuliest figure you ever saw in your life. Strange creatures, these gipsies of Andalusia. I need not tell my readers that they hold a sort of semi-social position, and form an important part of the population, the women being always distinguished by their long hair tied into a knot at the back of the head. Some of them may be also marked for their singularly handsome faces, although their style of beauty is rather repulsive than attractive. The servant (or mistress) of the booth, who brought my dish of *bonuelos*, was undoubtedly handsome, but about as inviting as Clytemnestra.

Of all the dismal things to be seen in Andalusia give me the horse-race. Were it not that an inkling of patriotism prompted me to record that my countrymen had the best of the fight, I could pass it over entirely. The course, on the bank of the Guadalquiver, is in a most picturesque position, and as a course is unexceptionable; but the want of those appendages that contribute so essentially to the enjoyment of the Derby produces a feeling of desolation. No one brings his well-stored hamper; there is nothing to eat, nothing to drink; but there is a sun that blazes exceedingly. Let me comfort myself—there is one caterer for refreshments, who is always present everywhere—at the bull-fight, at the fair, at the horse-race. This is the vendor of "*aguas y panales*," who is constantly visible, hustly advertising his cheap commodity with his huge lungs. The water (*agua*) he carries on his shoulder in a vessel that might have been borne by Rebecca, and from his hand depends a glass case, containing the "*panales*,"—a ghost of a "*méringue*," which converts the pure element into "*eau sucré*." But the pure element is warm, and not refreshing.

The melancholy feature of the Spanish horse-race is the utter apathy of the

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spectators as to the proceedings on the course. The *élite* of Seville society attends and yawns. The ladies are superbly dressed, and sit in their bad places in the grand stand with a resignation that would do credit to Sir Lawrence, inasmuch as they, like him, are visibly broiled; but they care little about the contest. A vague patriotism inspires a desire that the Spaniard may beat the Englishman; but as for details, they vanish into a blank, like the central part of a map of Africa. An army composed of officers without soldiers is a proverbially weak exhibition. Just such an exhibition is presented by the spectators of this Seville horse-race. They form an aristocratic crowd, with which the populace has no sympathy whatever. The Britons, who hates "roughs" in his own land, longs to behold a specimen of his species in a large gathering. Imagine the gallery of Drury Lane Theatre closed on Boxing-day, and imagine the feelings of Mr. F. B. Chatterton on the occasion. The gentlefolks of Spain go to the races, thinking that, in the language of Mr. Sothern, it is the "right thing for a fellar to do," but their enjoyment is small. The populace dislike and avoid them. They love and, to a certain measure, understand their bull-fights, but the respective speed of horses fails to interest them. And, after all, when the excitement of the "Corrida de Toros" is compared with that of the horse-race—but no, the vision of the society against cruelty rises before me, and I pull up short. N. D.

Seville, April 23.

F. S. Dwight, of Boston, across Liszt's "Dante."

A symphony by Liszt, intended to give expression in music to some of the strange and wonderful scenes written to by Dante in his great poem, was played on Saturday evening, at the Philharmonic Concert. The enterprise shown by the directors of the Philharmonic Society to give these modern productions is commendable. It is easy to say that the symphonies of the old masters are better and more enjoyable, but all musically-inclined persons are anxious to know what the modern men are about, and the wilder and more extravagant the music they write, the greater naturally is the curiosity to hear it. The music of Liszt to Dante's *Hell* and *Purgatory* is, to our thinking, the worst that the composers of this school can do. We are thankful to believe that in this symphony they have run their course to its very end and exhausted their powers of perversion. Having lived through that hour of agony during which this symphony lasted, and escaped with reason not overthrown, we can safely bid defiance to Liszt, Wagner, and their fellow madmen of the school of the future. The principle on which that monstrosity was constructed is clear enough evidently to find out precisely what effects the best composers had made use of to produce lovely and satisfying results, and to reverse them. It was like playing one of Beethoven's symphonies backward. In the first place it was necessary that the whole composition should be written in such a key as the next place, so far as possible, it was to set time at defiance. In other words, the accent was to be thrown on such unexpected parts of the beat that the musicians should seem to be playing in one time and the conductor to direct another. The tortures of the damned were to be illustrated, and this most genial theme gave Liszt a famous excuse for unheard of bedevilment of his orchestra. Shrieks from the trumpets, cries of shrill anguish from the piccolos, groans of distress from the bass tuba, throbs of pain from the kettle drums, screams of sharp torture from the clashing cymbals, yells of demoniac rage from the trombones, sighs and sobs from the softer wind instruments, were all heard at once in a wild carnival of discord, and as a climax to this orchestral fury the violins were sent wailing and complaining in chromatic intervals from the top to the bottom of the musical scale till it seemed as though Beelzebub, prince of devils, must have stood at the composer's right hand while he scored this work The admirers of Liszt answer such suggestions of discord by the reply that the truer this statement is the more the genius of the author is demonstrated, for the horrors of the nether world were exactly what he intended to paint, and the more hideous the result the better the picture. The wonder is that Liszt's familiar spirit did not inspire him to compose for each class of instruments in a separate key. The effect of demoniac confusion and horror at which he aimed would then certainly have been attained, and his audience sent howling with anguish out of the house. Even now it is not too late, and Mr. Bergmann, when he next performs this work, might have all the violin parts written, say in the key of C, the second violins in C sharp major, the violas in D minor, the double basses and violoncellos in E flat, and so on through the major and minor scales. The doors might then be closed on the audience, the orchestra led down to their seats, and all the clergymen in the city invited to witness the result. The picture of the infernal regions that would then be presented would, beyond a doubt, strike terror in the heart of the stoutest sinner. In fact, we know of nothing better calculated to call the obdurate to repentance than this work of Liszt's, for if any person could fully be brought to realize that his punishment hereafter would consist in being compelled for ever to listen to the symphony that we heard for an hour on Saturday night, there is, we venture to say, no man living bold enough to contemplate unmoved such a doom, or who would not at once take measures to be rescued from so terrible a fate.

PESTH.—Professor Volkmann has composed an overture to *Richard II.* It is to be performed at the Grand local Musical Festival this year.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas performed last week were *Guillaume Tell*, the *Flauto Magico*, the *Traviata*, and *Medea*, a preponderance of music accepted as "classical" over music that can never become "classical" encouraging to those who believe that art, musical or otherwise, can only be genuine when it is the result of serious and conscientious labour. Of *Guillaume Tell* we have already spoken, as also of *Il Flauto Magico*—substituted on Tuesday night for *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which had been announced, but in consequence of Signor Mario's indisposition was withdrawn from the bills. Mdlle. Sessa's extremely intelligent performance of the heroine of the *Traviata* has also been described; so that all we have to say is a word or two about *Medea*, which, though revived, some years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, was now heard for the first time at Covent Garden. About the plot of *Medea*, and the sublime music of Cherubini, enough has already been written. That the Florentine musician, whom Schumann was wont to compare with Michael Angelo, could meet the Greek tragic poet on equal grounds, has been more than once maintained; and at the present time no one capable of understanding both would be inclined to dispute the fact. Amid the frivolous stuff to which, in a great measure, frequenters of the Italian Opera—why, it would be difficult to explain—seem most disposed to listen with eager ears, it is a real delight to all those who look upon art more earnestly and lovingly, to find that at least once or twice in a season the most earnest and magnificent "*opera seria*" in existence—for such is unquestionably the *Medea* of Cherubini—can find an appreciative audience. No one who cares for what is loftiest and noblest in dramatic music should lose the opportunity of hearing this truly great work—great in its design, great in its development, and great, as may be concluded from the premises, in its climax.

Medea was, as our opera-going readers have been made aware, admirably done at Her Majesty's Theatre, where it was introduced for the first time in this country, and, so far as we can gather, for the first time in the Italian language,* under the direction of Signor Arditi, who set the dialogue to accompanied recitative expressly for the occasion. It is under also admirably done at the Royal Italian Opera, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, a conductor thoroughly well up to his work, who, in wisely availing himself of the recitatives of his predecessor, has, nevertheless, if memory does not deceive us, made certain curtailments and alterations, which, whether improvements or the contrary, are a matter of taste.

The cast of *Medea* at Covent Garden is generally excellent; but the fact that the Medea of Her Majesty's Theatre is the Medea now would of itself be almost enough to satisfy the admirers of Cherubini's music. In this one part Mdlle. Tietjens shines so pre-eminently, both as a singer and as an actress, that she might, like the famous Mdlle. Scio of Cherubini's time, have built a part for herself alone. We need not again dwell upon her performance in detail. Enough that, at Covent Garden, she is in every respect the same Medea so unanimously lauded when the opera used to be a feature of the season at the Lyceum Theatre in the Haymarket. Her music was in splendid order on Saturday night, and she never acted the part more nobly or gave the music to greater perfection. Dr. Gunz was Jason; and probably no tenor now on the stage is better competent to give that part the correct colouring, whether dramatically or vocally. The chorus of Scria, Medea's confident, was assigned to Mdlle. Scalchi; and that of Dirce, daughter of Creon, and the new spouse of Jason, who excites the wrath and vengeance of the "Colchian Sorceress," to Mdlle. Baumeister. Both were competently filled. Creon, the angry monarch of Corinth, was represented by Signor Bagagiolo, whose fine bass voice gave weight to the music, but who made no attempt to invest the personage with dramatic significance. Mdlles. Lowelli and Bilgan were very efficient in the small parts of Lamia and Clyte. The general execution of the music, under Signor Vianesi's direction was singularly good—orchestra and chorus, from the overture to the last *finale* (not forgetting the gloomy and impressive storm which constitutes the orchestral prelude to the third act), being almost irreproachable. The house was crowded, and the opera was received with real enthusiasm. At the end of each act Mdlle. Tietjens was called forward. It was pleasant to find so hearty a reception accorded to so grand a work.

The operas performed during the week were:—the *Figlia del Reggimento*, followed by the second and third acts of *Masaniello* (Monday); *Medea* (Tuesday); and *Don Pasquale*, with Mdlle. Sessi as Norina (Thursday); to-night we are promised *Il Barbiere*, for the first appearance of Madame Patti and Signor Mario.

BERGAMO.—An unpublished mass by Donizetti was to be executed shortly in the basilica of Santa Maria. It was given by the composer, when dying, to Signor Dolci, who has just bequeathed it to the charitable community attached to the above church.

* Cherubini's *Medea* must not be confounded with that far inferior opera by Simone Mayr, in which Pasta won so many of her laurels.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

"MEDEA."

The *Sunday Times* thus noticed the performance of Cherubini's masterpiece on Saturday last:—

"*Medea* was played at Covent Garden as announced; and, moreover, was played admirably from first to last. Great care had evidently been taken with the *ensemble*, and the entire opera went with remarkable smoothness. Mdlle. Tietjens was again a capital representative of the terrible wife of Jason, and repeated on a new stage the triumphs gained on that of the 'old house.' We need not discuss the details of her performance. Enough that it alike justified and explained her monopoly of the part. She was enthusiastically applauded and several times recalled. Herr Gunz was an artistic Jason, looking the character well, and singing in a manner open to but little reproach. The Creon of Signor Bagagiolo was somewhat tame, but the Dirce of Mdlle. Lauenstein and the Neris of Mdlle. Scalchi gave much satisfaction. What an effect the glorious music made upon all who had hearts to feel, and the brains to comprehend its height and depth, the amateur can imagine. Hearing it, *Trovatas* and *Lucias* were thought of as one thinks of trash-rich stars at noonday with this difference—tenth-rate stars we know to be suns. *Traviatas* and *Lucias* we know to be as small as they look."

The following is part of a long article on the same subject which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"'True art is imperishable,' wrote Beethoven to Cherubini, in a letter which the Italian composer said he never received—which, at any rate, he never answered—and the true artist feels sincere pleasure in grand works of genius, and that in what establishments may be, and a new composition of yours; in fact, I take greater interest in it than in my own; in short, I love and honour you.' A justification of these emphatic words was presented at Covent Garden on Saturday, by the performance of Cherubini's sublime *Medea*, hearing which it was impossible to believe in the mutability of mere compliment. The author of *Fidelio* might well appreciate the author of *Medea*, since the two works have much in common—a common grandeur, for example, and now, unhappily, the common fate of occasional revival *au pis-aller*. We cannot assume that either is put upon the stage for its own sake. The general public cares little for them; and only when circumstances make valuable the support of a classical minority are these matchless works forthcoming. We have reason, therefore, to be grateful to circumstance for that which, otherwise, we might have vainly desired. 'It is a great loss to art,' said Beethoven, in the letter already quoted, 'not to possess any fresh production of your genius for the theatre.' Who will deny that every performance of *Medea* is a great gain, to be thankfully accepted, no matter what the circumstances under which it is given?

"Opera-goers do not need to be told that *Medea* forms one of the splendid series of revivals which distinguished Mr. Mapleson's management of Her Majesty's Theatre; nor is it necessary to remind them of its fine performance under the direction of Signor Arditi, whose added recitatives are not unworthy to be associated with Cherubini's music. In after-time, perhaps, when *Medea* shall have taken its rightful place, the Haymarket revival will be more highly esteemed than at present. It was devoted to those who had eyes to see in what a great dramatic genius was the surly Florentina composer, and what a store of wealth he laid up for the better days when dramatic music of the highest class shall be esteemed as it deserves. How this work was received when first brought out at the Salle Feydeau, in 1797, let the following tame criticism from *Le Censeur* prove:—'The music, by Cherubini, is often melodious, and sometimes forcible; but we find reminiscences and imitations of the manner of Méhul.' Another eulogy of Italian art (in this case more German than Italian) may have dictated the remarks which, however, a Frenchman—none other than Méhul himself—quickly repudiated. 'O, *Censeur*,' said the gifted composer, 'thou knowest not this great artist. I know him, and admire him because I know him. I say, and will prove to all Europe, that the author of *Démophon*, of *Lodoiska*, of *Elisa*, and of *Medea* has no need to imitate in order to be by turns elegant, expressive, graceful, and tragic; to be, in fine, that Cherubini whom some persons call a copyist, while they forget not to imitate him, badly, on every occasion.' Beethoven and Méhul both knew *Medea*, and so did Mendelssohn, whose definition of Cherubini as a 'splendid old man' is so often quoted; but it is time to show that the masterpiece of the Florentine has had its adverse critics. Mr. H. F. Chorley considers it as suffering from the individual nature of Cherubini, 'to which sweetness (as distinguished from dryness) seems to have been sparingly given.' Without stopping to ask the precise meaning of terms more intelligible when applied to champagne, we go on to say that the same authority takes about the 'dryness and insufficient interest' of Dirce's air, the 'weakness' of that of Jason, the 'bit-by-bit settings of single words' in Medea's passionate address to her husband, and much other of a like sort. Hence the worship of *Medea* by classicists is not an ignorant worship. Mr. Chorley has pointed out deformity in the idol. We doubt, nevertheless, whether much consciousness of deformity existed in the minds of Saturday's audience. The opera was played in capital style from first to last, and the grandeur of the music produced its full effect. We take Mr. Chorley's word that there are spots on the face of this sun of the lyric drama; but, as nobody went provided with smoked glass, nobody was affected by them."

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Under this heading we read in the *Sunday Times*:—

"At the third concert, given in St. James's Hall on Monday, the symphonies played were Schumann's No. 3 in E flat, and Beethoven's No. 7 in A. We have had, on several occasions, to discuss the merits of the former, and need not recapitulate our opinions concerning it. What the audience thought of the work may not only be guessed by the applause bestowed in large measure on the first three movements; and in less measure on the fourth and fifth. That there was any falling off cannot be attributed to Mr. Macfarren, the writer of the annotated programme, who lectured his readers with enthusiasm on the merits of what they heard. We doubt the propriety of such a course; at all events when the music in hand forms a subject of strong contention. An anti-Schumannite at last Monday's concert would probably have felt annoyance at purchasing a programme, and finding a lecture. Beethoven's symphony we can pass with the simple statement that it was not perfectly played. The music, however, is such that even an imperfect rendering confers pleasure in no ordinary degree. Mendelssohn's *Melusine*, and Cherubini's *Anacreon* were the overtures, both of which had a capital rendering. Though in very different styles, these two works are masterpieces of skill and invention. No amount of pains can be thrown away upon their preparation. Madame Schumann gave Beethoven's concerto in G with her wonted effect. Stimulated, perhaps, by the hearty reception awarded her, she played with uncommon energy, and laboured hard to bring out all the profound meaning of the music. In this respect she evidently satisfied the majority present, who applauded her with heartiness which could only come of real or fancied conviction that a great thing had been done. The orchestral accompaniments were satisfactory, and Mr. Cusins conducted the work, as he did the entire concert, with care and discretion. The vocalists were Madame Monbelli and Dr. Gunz. Madame Monbelli sang 'Bel raggio' in excellent style, and Dr. Gunz laboured zealously at an exhausting air from Wagner's *Meistersinger*. For the energy with which he strove against Herr Wagner's oppressive accompaniment he was applauded and recalled."

On the same subject the *Athenæum* discourses thus:—

"At the Philharmonic Society's third concert on Monday, the symphonies were Schumann's in E flat ('Rheinish') and Beethoven's in A (No. 7). The first was played better than the second, for reasons sufficiently obvious—it was the less familiar, and took up most of the one rehearsal, which is all our historical society can afford. But the day ever come when the production of a great work shall be a matter of loving care, and not a mere question of how to make it pass muster? The overtures were Mendelssohn's *Melusine* and Cherubini's *Anacreon*, the first of which gave unqualified satisfaction. Some such result the compiler of the annotated programme must have assumed, as he thought unnecessary even a portion of the elaborate puffery with which Schumann's work was supported. Madame Schumann played Beethoven's concerto in G in a style not likely to be forgotten by the audience. Her task was a hard one, but the wrestling of the distinguished German pianist prevailed; she overcame the concerto, and was summoned back to be congratulated upon her victory. Madame Monbelli and Dr Gunz were the vocalists, the latter introducing a 'Prieslied' from Wagner's *Meistersinger* with some effect. Madame Monbelli made a great success with 'Bel raggio.'"

MR. MANN'S CONCERT.

With reference to this event, the *Sunday Times* says:—

The programme opened with Mozart's overture to the little opera, *Die Schauspiel Director*, which alone survives of all the numbers in the work. It has frequently been performed, and, though of a light Italian style, is held in high esteem. But Mozart could hardly write other than immortal music. Beethoven's symphony in A (No 7) was magnificently played by the augmented band of 100 performers. Rarely have the beauties so profusely scattered throughout this work been more worthily revealed, and rarely has any performance made so great a sensation How long and how loud was the applause that followed each movement may be imagined. Madame Schumann's rendering of Weber's *Concertstück* was distinguished by energy in an uncommon degree. For the sake of a great name and a famous past, we wish it were possible to say that Madame Schumann played faultlessly. This, however, cannot be done, Madame Schumann is nevertheless an artist, and her artistic qualities cannot be obscured even by failing powers. It was possible, therefore, to sympathize fully with the applause and recall which rewarded her performance. We must withhold approvals altogether from Bach's violin prelude in E minor, as dressed up for reunion lovers by a German music director named Herr Stör. This gentleman, whose bump of veneration would probably escape the sensitive fingures of the best phrenologist, has arranged the prelude for a number of violins, with an orchestral accompaniment entirely his own. This is enough for us, without discussing the merits of Herr Stör's work. Let us hope that the German music-director will find something better to do in future. Mr. Mann ought, also, to come under censure for adapting his countryman's hash. A novelty was the ballet-music to Mendelssohn's *Wedding of Camacho* which could not fail to interest, apart from the grace of the music, as it was

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played in public for the first time. By little and little, in the course of long years, we shall know all that the composer did—a desirable thing even though not all should prove worthy his fame. The orchestral selection ended with the overture to *Oberon*."

THE MUSIC OF EASTER AND HOLY WEEK.

(*From the "Choir," April 30.*)

The recurrence of the Easter Festival, and of the preceding days so full of solemn memories, has served once more to bring out into strong contrast the diverse methods adopted by churchmen to celebrate the sorrows of the Holy Week, and the joys of the Feast which comes at its close. That there has been a considerable increase in the number of churches where both the ritual and the music have been coloured by the associations of these great seasons is a matter for intense satisfaction, not only on account of the corresponding devotion kindled among congregations, but because such a fact may be accepted as a sign of the growing tendency to utilise the arts as the handmaidens of religion. But while the proportion of services which have been thus distinguished by some semblance at least of harmony between the teaching of the clergy and that which is poured into the ear of the worshipper or meets his eye, there is still a very large number of places where, as far as sound and colour are concerned, the year passes by with its fasts and feasts alike unnoticed, while the world outside loses no opportunity of turning to the best account the natural sympathies which crave for variety and abhor monotony. That such should be the case is only another proof of the blindness of our teachers. To ignore the seven gateways of knowledge, whether in things human or divine, and to attempt to reach the mind or soul by one, or at the best by a few, only of the means so unmistakably provided for this very object, is indeed an act of egregious folly against which our modern renaissance is a standing protest, and yet those who, by a liberal education, and some acquaintance, at least, with the history of art, ancient and modern, might be supposed to have been proof against the temptation to commit the error, are in too many cases the first to fall into it. It is, indeed, only on the assumption that all secondary means, such as music and ritual, using the latter word in its widest sense as inclusive of every form of art decoration, are either useless or injurious that we can account for this blind indifference to their powers which characterizes so many of the clergy, and places before the people a series of services varying little if at all in their surroundings from one year's end to the other. How otherwise can the phenomenon be explained that in many churches throughout England, there has not been the slightest effort on the part of those in authority to mark, by any appeal to the eye or ear, the great events which have just been commemorated? How else can we explain the anomaly that while in almost every other church in Christendom the opposite has been the rule, while in Paris scarcely a consecrated building has been without its signs of woe and joy, while Lutherans have their *Passion* music and Roman Catholics their solemn offices so admirably fitting in with the teaching of their Church, we in England have been practically left without those aids to devotion which in many cases are essential and in nearly all desirable as a means of reaching the heart? That they can be made use of by the most faithful sons of the English Church without doing violence in the slightest degree to her authority, or acting in opposition to the spirit of adherence to primitive tradition we firmly believe, in fact it may be said that in those instances where such an endeavour to utilize art is consistently made we may expect to find the nearest approach to Prayer Book rule. That such a system has its dangers is of course perfectly true, and that over-decoration and an undue use of music may be the result of an attempt thus to bring the teaching of the services into unison with the lessons from the pulpit when irresolute hands and weak heads are at the helm is undeniable, but to allow this to prevent the pursuit of what is in itself legitimate and desirable would be merely a symptom of that same lack of self-control which necessitates the use of pledges and other restraints, and is therefore unworthy of this consideration. It is nevertheless extensively acted on and requires a consistent and at the same time a careful course of conduct on the part of those who are able to reason and act on sounder principles in order to convince men who, to escape the danger of one extreme, fly into the other.

But while many of the clergy thus make no attempt to act on any canons but those summed up in the formula that "what is is right," others show an equal want of appreciation of the powers of music and decorative art by an entire exclusion of both at positential seasons, such as Good Friday. To thrust music aside at a time when its noblest parts should come into play is of course an absurdity, it is in fact to assert that the divine art is only capable of expressing joy,—a monstrous perversion of the truth, betraying also an utter ignorance of the greatest masterpieces of our noblest composers. And yet such a proceeding can be easily accounted for. Feeling that the whole tone of the services should be cast as it were in a minor key, men proceed to the opposite extreme and not only banish the organ, which, if the choir where competent to sing without its support, might be a judicious proceeding, but they go so far in some places as to relegate the whole service to the parson and clerk duet, or the cacophonic mumble of the congregation in the colloquial tone of voice. Thus the passage from the sublime to the ridiculous is spanned at once, and that which might be so full of holy influence is reduced to a miserable jargon, expressive of nothing, and calculated only to weary instead of to impress the mind with feelings suited to the time and place. It is, we think, well worthy of consideration whether this total exclusion of music from the services on Good Friday may not have had much to do with the too common desecration of that solemn day, and whether the increasing reverence which is being shown to it is not largely owing to the growth of a wiser appreciation on the part of some of our clergy of the capability of the choral service to suit itself to times of penitence and mourning as well as to the jubilance of Easter and Christmas. At any rate, judging from results, there can be no question which method is better calculated to draw people to church, and this, after all, is the great object. In this, then, as in all else, "the golden mean the Church's praise and glory is," and wise are those who endeavour to reach it. For a man with the Prayer Book in his hand, so full of its ever varying key-notes sounding forth to those who are willing to listen, to neglect those signs of light and shade is indeed a fatal mistake, and we gladly hail every sign of the dawn of a better day. That it is at hand we do not doubt, and there is in the chants, the hymn tunes, the anthem, the organ voluntary, and far more in the choral celebration and processional hymn an unfailing provision for all legitimate developments of this musical expression which we desiderate. Until it is more general we believe one of the greatest and most important means of enabling the Church to fulfil her mission will be neglected, and we therefore regard every step in the right direction with satisfaction.

THE PIANOFORTE—ITS HISTORY.*

An instrument so universal, and holding so prominent a place in our homes and concert rooms, as the pianoforte, deserves to have its history written. Hence the valuable little work before us requires no apology for its existence, but rather may count upon a welcome from all who are interested in music. As Mr. Brinsmead goes back to the earliest time, his field of operations is a wide one. It is, however, judiciously occupied. Such records as we possess of ancient stringed instruments are condensed and put together in a lucid manner, preparatory to a fuller account of the modern piano and its allies, from the Clavicytherium through the Clavichord, Virginal, Spinet, and Harpsichord. Mr. Brinsmead has done this latter and more important part of his work in admirable style. He writes clearly and succinctly; bringing, moreover, great practical knowledge to descriptions where it is of the utmost value. Engravings are plentiful throughout the volume, and add much to its value. We need not quote from Mr. Brinsmead's work, nor even give an outline of its contents, because everybody interested in the piano will read it for themselves.

VIENNA.—According to report, Herr Herbeck has resigned his post as conductor of the Society of the Friends of Music, after having held it, with the best results to the Society, for years. This step was not wholly unexpected, as, since his appointment at the Imperial Operahouse, he had more duties than he could possibly get through.

WEIMAR.—At the approaching Beethoven Festival, Professor Riedel, from Leipsic, will conduct the *Missa Solemnis*, Beethoven's last and Professor Müller-Hartung will conduct *Beethoven*, a Festival Cantata, by the Abbate Franz Liszt, who, then, suddenly changing his character, like Harpagon's coachman, in *L'Avare*, will cease to be the composer and appear as the conductor, in which capacity he will conduct Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

DRESDEN.—The King of Saxony has conferred the cross of chevalier of the Albert Order upon Herr G. A. Heinze, of the Court Theatre, for the latter's oratorio, *Sancta Cäcilia*. His Majesty has, also, bestowed on Mdme. Kainz-Prause, of the Royal Operahouse, the title of "*Kammersängerin*." In England, where people go in for "solid pudding," to speak metaphorically, it is probable that no very high value would be attached to either of the above marks of royal satisfaction, especially the latter. But German taste differs from English taste. Mdme. "*Königlich-Sächsische Kammersängerin*" Kainz-Prause is, doubtless, as proud of her new title as the wife of the chief Magistrate of London is pleased with the delicious words, "Your Ladyship." These, however, are available like return tickets on a railway, only for a limited period, whereas once a "*Kammersängerin*" always a "*Kammersängerin*."

* *The History of the Pianoforte*, with an Account of Ancient Music and Musical Instruments. By Edgar Brinsmead. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The operas during last week were *Faust, Rigoletto*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Owing to the illness of one of the principal singers cast for Weber's *Abu Hassan* and Mozart's *Gen del Cairo*—which were to have been given, for the first time on the Italian stage, in London or elsewhere, on Saturday night—*Rigoletto* was again performed.

About the *Flauto Magico*, produced at this house as at the other, little need be said. The chief parts are sustained in the great majority of instances by artists whose excellence in them has long been recognized. The Queen of Night of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska has a weird charm about it which places it apart from all other impersonations of the character and her execution of the two great airs, more especially of the last, "Gli angui d'inferno," has probably not been equalled since the time of Madame Anna Zerr, who, in spite of the elevated diapason that has now for very many years obtained, used to sing both of them in Mozart's original keys. Signor Gardoni's Tamino is one of the best imaginable, and his singing of that Orphean melody, "O cara immagine," is irreproachable. Mr. Santley's Papageno improves year by year as a life-like dramatic impersonation; while, on the other hand, if Mozart could have heard his exquisitely tuneful music thus sung (which, with Schikaneder, the first Papageno, was not likely), he might possibly have been moved to compose an opera expressly for our English baritone. Signor Foli imparts all the requisite gravity to the impressive music of the high priest, Sarastro; Mdlle. Monbelli makes a charming and sprightly Papagena, in the duet with Papageno, surprising by a display of stage vivacity for which her Rosina had not prepared us; and Mr. C. Lyall, in the grotesque personage of Monostatos, chief of the black slaves, exhibits a comic humour very rare in those who, whom minor parts in opera are ordinarily allotted. Madame Sinico, who now assumes the character of Pamina for the first time in London, acquits herself like the studied musician and intelligent actress she is, while all the subordinate parts, including the three good genii, the three attendants on the Queen of Night, &c., are competently represented. The orchestra, under Signor Arditi, is effective throughout; and the new chorus, remarkable for that unison and freshness of voices that compose it, finds ample opportunity in Mozart's picturesque and varied music for effective display.

The *Flauto* was very shortly followed by the *Nozze di Figaro*. Assuredly Mozart and "classical" opera are, at the present period, so much in the ascendant that amateurs of the opera who can be tempted by no other attraction must dread the advent of Patti, Mario, Nilsson, Lucca, and the "stars" in general—who, being self-luminous, lend their light, instead of borrowing it from others, and who find in the medium of which they condescend to shine, *Le Nozze* might be dismissed as briefly as *Il Flauto*, but for the fact that there were two or three novelties in the cast of the *dramatis personæ*. About the Susanna of Madame Sinico, the Count Almaviva of Mr. Santley, the Figaro of Signor Gassier, and the Basilio of Mr. Lyall, there is nothing new to be said. Each is admirable in its way, but each is too familiar to the operatic public to stand in any need of description. The part of the Countess Almaviva, who, while always lamenting past happiness, is never backward at joining in a little intrigue, was supported by Mdlle. Roboux, who acted it with lady-like dignity and graceful intelligence, and except in the quick movements of "Dove sono," sang the music effectively throughout. Her "Porgi amor" was full of true and unaffected expression. The amorous, seducing, and mischievous page, Cherubino, was impersonated by Madame Monbelli, who again was more to be commended for her refined and artistic singing than for her histrionic delineation of the part. Nothing could be more musically perfect than this accomplished lady's delivery of "Voi che sapete," which, and no wonder, she was compelled to sing twice. Moreover, the voice of Madame Monbelli is the voice for which Mozart wrote his music—a manifest advantage. Signor Castelli made a very good Don Bartolo, singing with great spirit the fine air, "La vendetta," which clearly inspired Rossini while writing the scarcely less striking "La calunnia;" and Signor Zoboli was a character-istically drunken "gardener." The parts of Marcellina and Don Curzio were fairly sustained by Madame Corsi and Signor Binaldini. The execution of the opera generally, from the overture to the end, was almost all that could be wished. What the chorus had to do was thoroughly well done, and we have again to thank Signor Arditi for restoring the quaint *fandango*, which gives needful variety and helps to complete the design of the *finale* to the scene where Count and Countess Almaviva preside at the festivities in honour of the wedding of Figaro with Susanna. The other encore of the evening was, as usual, "Crudel! perche"—the duet between the Count and Susanna (Mr. Santley and Madame Sinico).

A line or two must suffice to record that, on Tuesday night, Bellini's charming pastoral (and best opera), *La Sonnambula*, was performed, with an efficient cast of the *dramatis personæ*, and a result in every way satisfactory. The Amina of the evening was Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, one of the most consummate representatives of that very engaging operatic heroine now upon the stage. When the gifted Hungarian lady first played Amina—at Her Majesty's Theatre, some five years ago, during the season which introduced her to the London public—the merits of her impersonation were ungrudgingly and unanimously admitted. But since that period she has progressed, both as an actress and as a singer. We may say, indeed, with justice, that Mdlle. di Murska has never sung so uniformly well as she is singing now. Her acting and general demeanour on the boards were from the first remarkable for intelligence; and the rare faculty of being able to throw herself entirely into the character assigned to her was evident in all she attempted, whether as Lucia, Linda, Dinorah, or Isabella. Though Mdlle. di Murska, the singer, could hardly be mistaken, Mdlle. di Murska, the actress, was only recognized as the personage she assumed. It has been said that she principally excels in the delineation of parts the culminating point of histrionic interest in which is mental derangement—as Lucia, Linda, and Dinorah being fairly cited as examples. In a measure this is true; but that she is also capable of giving poetical embodiment to characters with which mental derangement has nothing to do is unanswerably shown by her Amina. Somnambulism is not madness; and Mdlle. di Murska can sing under the semblance of sleep just as impressively as, with deranged costume and dishevelled hair, she can sing under the semblance of madness—aye, and act as well. We are not going to describe her Amina again. The task would be superfluous. Enough that from "Care Compagne," with its brilliant sequel, "Come per me sereno" (Act ii, to "Ah! non credea mirarti," with its still more brilliant cavatina, "Ah, non giunge"—both of which were given with a fluency, taste, and expression that left nothing to desire—her efforts were thoroughly successful, that she was applauded again and again, and recalled after every act.

Mdlle. di Murska was well supported by Signor Mongini (Elvino), Signor Foli (Rodolfo), Mdlle. Vinta, a young and promising English artist, favourably known in our concert-rooms (Lisa), Madame Corsi (Teresa), and Signor Zoboli (Alessio).

Signor Arditi conducted—a guarantee that the general performance, wherever orchestra and chorus are concerned, would be effective. The attraction of *La Sonnambula* seems to be perennial; the house was the best of the season.

The other operas this week have been *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Monday), and the *Sonnambula*, (Thursday)—the two German operas having again been postponed, in consequence of the continued illness of Signor Gardoni. Meanwhile, it is understood that *Robert le Diable* is in preparation for Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, as Alice—a part which the popular Swedish songstress has recently been playing in Paris, but which she has never before essayed in London.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.

Elijah was performed under Mr. Joseph Barnby's direction, in St. James's Hall last Wednesday week, and, as a matter of course, attracted a large audience. The masterpiece of Mendelssohn, like *the shief d'œuvre* of Handel, never fails to assert its hold on the public mind, and the more frequent its hearing the more absolute does that assertion become. Who, knowing the work, would have the case otherwise? The performance was, on the whole, good; both band and chorus doing their work in excellent style. More than usual effect was made by the latter in those numbers which, like "He watching over Israel," gave scope for the good training of the voices to display itself. The principal soloists were Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Patey, Mr. Shaw (in place of Mr. Vernon Rigby, absent through illness), and Herr Stepan. We need not say a word in Madame Rudersdorff's praise, though we could say many. Her rendering of the soprano music in *Elijah* long since reached the highest point of excellence, and in that position it is generally acknowledged and appreciated. We must, nevertheless, point out again the perfection she displays in the scene of Elijah's greatest miracle. More intense expression could hardly be desired. Madame Patey was, as usual, excellent, and there was a strong disposition to encore "O rest in the Lord." As Mr. Mason essayed the tenor music at a few minutes' notice it would be unfair to criticise his efforts, or to speak of them in any other spirit than that of commendation. Herr Stepan had much to do as Elijah, and did it in his best manner. His voice may not be so fresh as it once was, and his pronnciation of English may appeal sometimes to the risible muscles, but, generally, he leaves no doubt of the fact that as artist is in presence.

At the next concert Mr. Barnby's new cantata, *Rebekah*, will be produced. We have reason to believe that the music will enhance its composer's reputation in no small degree.

ATHENS.—The Greek National Hymn, a new composition by Herr von Adellarg, was recently performed for the first time in the presence of the King. We trust that the dying groans of the travellers so foully murdered lately have been introduced among its strains.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.
1870.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TENTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, May 13,	Friday, June 10,
Friday, May 20,	Friday, June 17,
Friday, May 27,	Friday, June 24,
Friday, June 3,	

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The present year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, who came into the world, at Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770, Mr. Hallé considers it becoming and appropriate to devote his forthcoming series of Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes will, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé will be assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN,

who will sing four of Schubert's collection of songs entitled "The Fair Maid of the Mill," at each of the five first concerts, accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptive, analytical and historical, of the sonatas will, as on previous occasions, accompany the programmes.

THE SECOND RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 13TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, in C minor, No. 1, Op. 10 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Das Wandern" (Wandering) } —Herr Stockhausen .. *Schubert.*
{ "Wohin" (Whither) }
SONATA, No. 3, Op. 12 .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, No. 3, Op. 10 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Halt" (Stop) } .. *Schubert.*
{ "Danksagung an den Bach" (Thanksgiving to the Brook) } —Herr Stockhausen.
SONATA PATHETIQUE, Op. 13 .. .. *Beethoven.*

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

DEATH.

On the 21st April, at her residence, Meyderwell, Tralee, at an advanced age, Mrs. Simpson, formerly a popular music teacher in that town.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kisadhienne (Waterford).—We can hardly give a general answer to your question, because the circumstances vary. You had better enquire with regard to particular cases.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

O, BRAVE NOR'-EASTER.

LEST this heading should cause a moment's misapprehension we hasten to disclaim the slightest sympathy with nor'easters. So far there are people who would have not the slightest sympathy with us. The fashion among them is to love everything that comes either from the dexter or the sinister side of the North Pole; and if we might believe their words, there is nothing under heaven so heavenly as buffeting with a stiff current of air from the arctic regions. Of this sect Charles Kingsley is the prophet (see his address to the nor'-easter *passim*); but the sect itself is only a branch of one much larger. We live in times when craving for sensation has led to the preaching of the gospel of uncomfortableness. The shortest road to heaven was once thought to be through thorns, briars, bogs, morasses, quags, and swamps. Hence there was a wonderful mortification of the poor body, and the land swarmed with saints more or less like him of the pillar. The body, now, is exalted into an object of worship, and not made the scape-goat of the soul. But none the less is it mortified. According to some preachers it should be treated as thoroughly invulnerable, and as equal to any demands made upon it. The heroes of these preachers are the most uncomfortable because most unnatural persons we know. It is impossible to hear about them without shame of face that we have not attained to an equal contempt of the ordinary conditions of life. The embodiment of corporeal divinity can jump from a bridge twenty feet high, fish four young ladies out of the water, change his clothes at the usual time, and use no more than the customary number of pocket handkerchiefs next day. A doctor he looks upon as a superior kind of "vet," with whom he cannot possibly have anything to do; and as he never dies (marrying happily at the close of his three-volume career), we presume that he is translated to some "happy hunting grounds," where the swamps are especially swampy, and the chase is never ended. One cannot look at these modern Achilles's (heel not excepted) without furious envy;—hence their uncomfortableness. Imagine a man with vivid reminiscences of catarrh seeing another "come up smiling" after a deadly bout with a nor'-easter! The sight cannot be endured by generous souls, who, forthwith, do a number of stupidly emulative things, and end by resorting to mustard-plasters and hot water. Hence it is becoming a sign of weakness to wear a great-coat when the thermometer is below 30°; to ride inside an omnibus when the rain has thoroughly damped the outside cushions, and, generally, to do anything assuming the heirship of flesh to any climatic ills whatever. All this, we need scarcely say, is vanity and vexation of, body, if not of spirit. If "no man, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature," neither can any man, by bravado, make himself pachydermatous enough to keep out the subtle influences of a nor'-easter. Don Quixote charged the windmill and came to grief; defy a nor'-easter and you are laid up by the heels yet more effectually.

Apropos is all the foregoing of certain operatic phenomena just now visible. The winds of an English May (most charming of months in poetry) have had their legitimate effect on more than one artist, to the upsetting of managerial schemes, and the disappointment of expectant auditors. We wish to bespeak a little consideration for managers and artists in such cases. With regard to them, public instinct is always uncharitable. The first impulse is to disbelieve the story told, and the next, to be angry because it is true. Nevertheless, artistic humanity is liable to catarrh, and hoarseness is no respecter of persons. Bear this in mind, good public, even such of you as affect to ignore the weakness of flesh and blood. Bearing it in mind, be charitable, and accept whatever is the result with resignation.

Mr. Benedict returned from Paris on Monday, after the successful production of his *St. Cecilia*, with Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as the fair and suffering saint. On Tuesday Mr. Benedict directed the concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. The activity of this genuine artist is indomitable.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE Italian Government have christened a new ship "Il Gioachino Rossini." Our Board of Admiralty, who, judging from the catalogue of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles in the Navy List have exhausted available titles, might take a hint. Mr. Childers, striking out a new course in naval nomenclature, might baptise the next ironclad as "the Sterndale Bennett."

ON the 18th June, 1821, Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz* was produced at Berlin for the first time on any stage. On the 4th August, in the following year, it was brought out at Hesse-Darmstadt. The disputes to which it gave rise among musical theoreticians have long been forgotten, and the work, which, as far back as 1858, had been performed more than three hundred times in Berlin, has now become a thorough German-folk's opera. On the 19th April it was performed in Darmstadt for the hundredth time. The management evinced their reverential feeling by doing all they could in the way of new scenery, dresses, etc., to render the performance as complete as possible.

WE take the following from the letter of the *Times* Paris correspondent, May 2:—

"Nilsson's benefit, generously transferred by her to the needy and suffering of the profession she in every way adorns, came off last night with very great *éclat*. Although the prices were high, the great Opera-house was crowded. It had been reported the Emperor and Empress would go, and it is a pity they did not. The event of the evening was Benedict's *Legend of St. Cecilia*, which came first after the overture. The principal part in that fine cantata was taken by Nilsson. She sang her best—that is to say, as few have ever sung before her—and did full justice to the very beautiful music. One could have wished her better supported. Faure sang out of tune, and as for the tenor, Collin, he is really not up to the mark, and one feels surprised to see him occupying the place he does on the first lyric stage in France. The chorus-se, which are, perhaps, the finest things in the cantata, were well sung. Benedict's excellent music was listened to with great and respectful attention, but the applause at its close was less enthusiastic than it would have been in some other capitals I could name. The opera of *Faust*, and the fourth act of *Hamlet* concluded the evening's performance. The receipts are stated this morning at 19,468 francs, besides tha Emperor's 1,000 francs, and 800 francs from M. Maurice Richard, the Minister of Fine Arts, who, having lately married a lady with a dowry of three millions, added these little liberalities. Mdlle. Nilsson sings to-morrow in *Hamlet*, for the last time in Paris, and shortly leaves for America. After her triumphant campaign and its charitable *finale*, it is not too much to say that she will depart laden with praise and blessings."

IF the law of international copyright between England and France should be revised it will be just to include in the Act some precise definition of the word "translation." At present that word is interpreted differently in England and in France. In France *La Fiylia del Reggimento* is looked upon as a translation of *La Fille du Régiment*; *L'Elisire d'Amore* as a translation of *Le Philtre*; yet in both Italianized versions the names of characters and localities, as well as the language of the dialogue, become Italian. The Théâtre Italien was recently obliged to purchase from the Opéra Comique the right of performing an Italian version of *La Fille du Régiment*. The Opéra Comique, desirous of performing *L'Elisir d'Amore*, cannot do so without permission of the Grand Opéra, to whose *répertoire Le Philtre* belongs; indeed, that permission withheld, a new libretto in the French language is being written to Donizetti's music. Thus we may infer that a Gallicized version of an English dramatic work would be in France a translation; whereas an Anglicized version of a French work is not so in England. Some modification is needed of that condition in the International Copyright Act which, to secure protection, requires the publication, within a stipulated time, of a translation which Vice-Chancellor James says must be "complete and literal" of the work to be protected. This is a condition which, as Vice-Chancellor James interprets it, had never been complied with. Most published translations of French works are incomplete, none literal. How could complete translations of Michelet's recent books, half sentimental, half physiological; of *Les Misérables*, and *L'Homme qui rit*, be published in England? The published translations of the works named have been purposely left incomplete. Therefore, according to Vice-Chancellor James's ruling, no copyright can be claimed; nor, in practice, would it have been possible to secure copyright, inasmuch as the works in question contain passages which no English publisher would allow to appear in an edition bearing his name.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, gave a "members' concert" on Monday evening week, at the Gratton Hall, Fitzroy Square, when Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and a miscellaneous selection, were performed. The solos in the former were sung by Mdme. Laura Baxter, Miss Burgess, and Miss Flora Crivelli, pupil of Mdme. Baxter. The chorus was efficient. Mr. Theophilus Jones presided at the pianoforte.

SIGNORINA EMILY TATE, on Tuesday, gave her evening concert at St. George's Hall, under the patronage of Sir Roderick Murchison. She played several solos, by Litolff, Beethoven, Thalberg, Mozart, Ascher, &c., in all of which she produced an effect pleasing to her friends, who loudly applauded her. Her best effort was in Ascher's "Alice," which was received with much favour. The *bénéficiaire* was assisted by Madama Blanche Reeves, Miss A. Strangways, Mdlle. Lina Mocca, with Messrs. Alfred Baylis and Frederic Penna. The three latter artists gave Randegger's trio, "I Navigandi," with much spirit and effect. A duet by Lidia, "La Giovinezza," by Messrs. Baylis and Penna, pleased uncommonly, as did Beethoven's "Adelaide," sung most artistically by Mr. Alfred Baylis, who was ably seconded in the accompaniment by Mr. Francesco Berger. Mdlle. Lina Mocca sang two Italian cavatinas; and Signora Do Bona played two brilliant solos on the violin, and Herr Schuberth the same on the violoncello, in their usual style. Mr. Francesco Berger, Herr Schuberth, and Signor Deostella were the conductors.

MISS EDITH KINGSLEY'S first evening concert, connected with which was a dramatic performance, took place in St. George's Hall on Wednesday week. Mr. G. Perren sang with great taste and expression Barker's ballad, "The Irish Emigrant," and a song of his own, "When each bell," being recalled after the former and narrowly escaping an encore in the latter. The Mdlles. Siedle sang two duets. Miss Blanche Cole gave Rode's air with variations, and a cavatina by Stanislaus, "Fairy Breeze," with good effect. The singing of Donizetti's cavatina, "Regnava nel Silenzio," by Mdlle. Julie Lucas, was warmly applauded. The concert-giver herself contributed Rockstro's song, "A year ago," and Thomas's Welsh air, "The Ash Grove," with harp accompaniment by Mr. John Cheshire, receiving and deserving hearty applause after each. Molloy's song, "The Vagabond," was given with much spirit by Mr. Harley Vinning. The pianists were Mr. Charles Malcolm and Herr Bosovitz. The former played a fantasia on *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the latter a piece of his own, entitled "Une Sirene." Mr. John Chester's grand fantasia on *Martha* was received with much favour. The concert was followed by *The Honeymoon*; the principal characters by Messrs. Robinson, Brighton, Dalton, Hamilton, King, Ellis; Miss Marie Somerville, Miss Beasle Mari, and Miss Merrick. The general mounting of the piece was in every respect creditable, and the performance was well received.

THE third concert of the Schubert Society took place on Thursday, 28th April. The first part was devoted to vocal and instrumental compositions by Spohr, including "Love thee" (Mr. Stedman); "The nightingale was in her bower" (Miss Oxley); duet, "Segui, oh cara," *Faust* (Miss Strangways and Mons. Waldeck); solo violin (Herr Ludwig), solo violoncello (Herr Schuberth), &c. The second part opened with Rubinstein's grand trio (Op. 52), exceedingly well played by Herr Schrattenholz (pianoforte), Herr Ludwig, and Herr Schuberth. The other instrumental pieces were solo guitar, Madame R. Sidney Pratten (encored); duet for violin and pianoforte, Schuberth, a charming composition; solo pianoforte, Fantasia, Liszt (Mr. Malcolm); solo violoncello, *Andante religioso*, Golterman (Herr Schuberth); and six ancient German waltzes, collected and re-arranged by M. Schrattenholz. These beautiful old melodies were composed in the 16th and 17th centuries. Nos. 2 and 5 were the most applauded. The vocal pieces included, for the first time, Neufeld's ballad, "Where I felt would be," sung with taste by Miss Amy Strangways; "Pilgrim of love" (Mr. Stedman); "Le printemps," Gounod (Miss. Waldeck); "L'Estasi," Arditi (Miss Oxley); and Schuberth's "Beauteous moon." The rooms were as usual crowded. The next vocal *réunion* will take place on the 12th inst., and the next concert on the 20th, when Mr. Benedict's vocal and instrumental compositions will form the first part.

AT Vienna, Gluck's *Orphée* has been produced with marked and encouraging success. When shall we hear the work in England?

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

The new season commences to-day with a grand musical festival under the management of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The orchestra will number upwards of three thousand performers. Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Bettini, Signor Gassier, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Santley, are the principal vocalists. The festival will be conducted by Sir Michael Costa, and the performances will include the first portion of *Elijah*, and a miscellaneous selection, including the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, Mendelssohn's "O Hills, O Vales," Sir Michael Costa's March from *Naaman*, solos by the principal vocalists, concluding with the National Anthem. The attractions announced this summer are more varied and numerous than ever. The principal features will be eight summer concerts, at which artists engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane, will assist. Two grand Flower Shows will be held on Saturdays, May 21 and June 11, to both of which will be added new features. The Rose Show will be held on Saturday, June 25th, and a magnificent display of some thousands of roses in pots will be made by Mr. W. Paul, from May 28 to June 4. The fireworks, with illumination of fountains will re-commence at the beginning of June, when several novelties will be introduced by Mr. C. T. Brock. Poultry, cage birds, and pigeon shows will also be held later in the season. The Saturday Concerts will be resumed in October under the direction of Mr. Manns. The operatic and dramatic performances will be shortly resumed, when several new works will be played. Other new features will consist of a drill review of school-boys on the 21st June; a great show of dogs on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th June; and an exhibition of artistic decorations and furniture. Although only a few of the season's attractions have been named, they fully warrant the management in vaunting the season ticket—extending, as it does, over a clear twelve months—as the best guinea's worth in the world of entertainment.

FROU-FROU IN CHANCERY.

The cases of Wood *v.* Chart and others, and Wood *v.* Wood, was heard in the Vice-Chancellor's Court on Wednesday week, before Vice-Chancellor James.—In the former of these suits the bill was filed by Mr. Wood (of the firm of Cramer, Beale, & Wood) against the lessee of the Brighton Theatre (Mr. Chart), Miss Beatrice Binder, and Mr. Horace Wigan, for an infringement of his copyright in the well-known play of *Frou-Frou*. The second suit was against Mrs. John Wood, lessee of the St. James's Theatre. The cases were identical, and were brought on together. The bill states that the play was originally written in French by MM. Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, and these gentlemen shortly afterwards assigned to the plaintiff the sole right of production in Great Britain and Ireland, either in English or French. An English translation (by Mr. Sutherland Edwards) was published in the *Musical World* shortly afterwards; and this version was sanctioned by the authors and published with their approval, in conformity with the requirements of the International Copyright Act, 1852.—The Vice-Chancellor, after giving judgment on Friday, said that with regard to the main point the plaintiff had to make out his title upon the terms of the convention and of the Act of Parliament. The Act required that, in order to give copyright to a foreign author, a copy of the original work must be deposited, and then that "the translation sanctioned by the author, or a part thereof, must be published in the British dominions not later than one year after the registration and deposit in the United Kingdom of the original work, and the whole of such translation must be published within three years of such registration and deposit." Thus it appeared that the whole work must be translated and published within three years and the whole or a part published within one year. Then with regard to dramatic pieces, it is provided that "the translation sanctioned by the author must be published within three calendar months of the registration of the original work." Now, in the first place, it was evident that what was necessary to be published was a translation not anything in the world which the author might choose to sanction as a translation. But the plaintiff in this instance had gone out of the way to make a pitfall for himself. The original play being in French, he had published in England a comedy called *Like to Like*, being an English version of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's comedy of *Frou-Frou*. He had changed the names of the characters from French to English; he had transferred the scenes to England, he had made adaptations which were necessary, in order to constitute it an English and not a French comedy. The first two acts appeared to be exactly what had been referred to as "an imitation or adaptation for the English stage." The names were changed from French to English, the characters were to some extent transferred to corresponding English characters, the manners were made to differ from English manners, and everything had been left out which was thought to be unsuitable to the English stage. But that was not what was meant or wanted when a translation was spoken of. There could have been no difficulty in the world for the plaintiff to have obtained the full benefit of the Act, if he had employed Mr. Sutherland Edwards to do that which, no doubt, he was perfectly capable of doing, namely, to make a literal translation of the work. If such a translation had been published in this country, it would have been quite open to the plaintiff to have represented the play here, with such abbreviations, excisions, alterations or adaptations as he might think fit, and his Honour had no doubt if the plaintiff had taken such a step, nobody could without his leave have acted anything like a play so nearly corresponding to *Frou-Frou* as Mr. Edwards's translation was. But as the plaintiff had failed to comply with the first condition that was necessary in order to entitle him to relief, the bill in the first suit must be dismissed with costs; and in the second there would be no order except that the plaintiff pay the defendant the costs of the motion.

PROVINCIAL.

CHESTER.—The subjoined is from a correspondent:—

"The Choral Society gave a performance in the Corn Hall on the evening of April 27th, consisting of selections from *St. Paul* and the *Creation*, with Madame Rita, Messrs. W. H. Cummings and O. Christian as principals, and band and chorus of 70 performers, under the direction of Mr. F. S. Cockton. Mr. Pyne, of Gloucester Cathedral, was pianist. Madame Rita, who possesses a high soprano voice, was several times recalled; Mr. Christian was encored in 'Rolling in foaming billows;' and Mr. Cummings was compelled to repeat in 'In native worth.' The concert was well patronized, and the manner in which the choruses were given reflected credit alike on the members of the society and their conductor."

READING.—A correspondent from this town writes as follows about a recent performance of the *Messiah*, in the Assembly Rooms, by the Reading Choral Union:—

"The performance was creditable, although some choruses were not so well sung as they ought to have been by so good a body of singers. The solo singers were Madame Emmeline Cole and Miss Fanny Reeves; Messrs. Elliot Galer and Orlando Christian. Madame Emmeline Cole in the recitatives, 'There were Shepherds,' and 'Lo, the Angels,' elicited loud applause, and her voice, no less than her musical proficiency, was much admired. 'Rejoice greatly' and 'Come unto Him' (encored), were excellent performances; and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' perhaps most excellent of all. Madame Cole has made a genuine impression here. Mr. Orlando Christian's best efforts were 'Why do the nations,' and in the recitative, 'The trumpet shall sound.' Mr. Day was leader of the band, and Mr. W. H. Birch conducted."

NEWPORT (ISLE OF WIGHT).—The St. Thomas's Musical Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Nutter, has given *Elijah* in a style honourable to all concerned. It was the last concert of the season, and will be remembered as one of the best performances of the society. The principal vocalists were Madame Jewell, Miss R. Jewell, Mrs. Kent, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The *Hampshire Advertiser* writes as follows about the performance:—

"Mdme. Jewell, the soprano of the evening, we seldom heard to more advantage. In the duet with Mr. Lewis Thomas, in the first part, 'Help me, man of God,' there was scope for much good and careful singing, and most notably were these characteristics present in the whole of it; but perhaps her 'Hear ye, Israel' was her happiest effort; it was so, certainly, if applause was any criterion of comparative worth, which we defer to acknowledge as an absolute rule. In the duets with Miss R. Jewell, and in the quartets, the admirable qualities of her voice were in no way hidden, and her share in the lovely 'Cast thy burden' is a thing to remember and sigh for. Miss R. Jewell's share in the performance was, as usual, careful, unassuming, finished, and successful. We shall not easily forget her most exquisite rendering of the air, 'Rest in the Lord,' which was the most applauded of anything in the evening. Mr. Lewis Thomas has not paid us many visits as yet; we wish he may do so, however, for his singing of the whole of the share of Elijah was simply scholarly and grand. We wish to notice only one thing more, in the vocal line at least, and that is the most perfect singing of the *terzetto*, in the second part, 'Lift thine eyes,' most carefully and beautifully sung by Madame A. Jewell, Miss R. Jewell, and Mrs. Kent."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The annual benefit for the Invalids took place recently in the Imperial Theatre, which was crammed to the ceiling. The Emperor and the Imperial Family were present. The number of executants amounted to 1130, namely: 100 singers from the Imperial chapel, 10 instrumental soloists, 600 trumpeters, 60 drummers, and 370 chorus-singers from the regiments of Guards.

BRUSSELS.—The career of *Lohengrin* is now terminated. The next novelty is a three-act comic opera, entitled *Florentin*, which was announced for production last week. The composer, M. Emile Pichot, is no novice, having already produced various other comic operas, among which may be mentioned *Dans les Gardes Françaises*, et *La Pomme d'Eve*.

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SUNDAY MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I trust the article in your paper two weeks since upon the interference of the First Commissioner with regard to the bands in the parks on Sundays will not be the last word you have to say on the subject; for the people in London are powerless against official despotism. We depend upon the press more than ever for the protection of our liberties. For the sake of gaining political support one of the two parties that have hitherto carried on the government of the country is ever ready to surrender a principle. Judging by the self-assertion displayed in Mr. Ayrton's reply to the deputation, he assumes that because he has been appointed to office by the prerogatives of the Sovereign that the rights of the people have been transferred to him personally, as far as concerns his particular charge. He thinks he is master, not servant. The late party officials have of late years arrogated absolute power, and all in the name of the people, because a portion of the people may once in seven years elect certain individuals to the House of Commons. The reply would tend to prove that if competitive examinations are necessary for subordinate situations, such trials are more requisite for men who offer themselves for positions where they now exercise the prerogatives of sovereignty. What guarantee have we for the fitness of these party rulers? Is it not absurd that while, as in every business and profession, the servants of the country are obliged to undergo an examination, the servants who hold the highest appointments, and can injure the country most by incapacity, are subjected to none at all. Our members of Parliament and ministers, our ambassadors and governors of colonies, are the only national servants whose fitness is taken upon trust. They are appointed by the House of Commons, the members of which, again, are chosen not on account of proved ability, but simply by weight of purse and length of tongue. I am a voter, but at the last election had only the liberty of choosing one of two candidates, of whom antecedently I could know nothing. I had no proofs of their fitness. The speeches they delivered showed no signs of ability; there was, however, no resource for me but to vote for one, or to abstain from voting. I voted for the one who appeared the most reasonable, but never intended to make him sovereign lord and master in any department of the State. If Mr. Ayrton had said he was appointed trustee of the public by his political party, he would have been correct; but he said he was appointed by law; and he was speaking nonsense, for what has law or even the people to do with his appointment? His assumption of authority was sheer ignorance. With regard to his decree that "dance" music shall not be played—many popular airs, sung now to comic words, were originally solemn church chants; as for instance, "The fine old English gentleman;" and many hymn melodies are German and Swedish popular songs. But it is difficult to prove whether a melody was originally composed for church or street, for mourning or merriment. We have heard of the organ-grinder who bespoke an organ arranged for such English melodies as played very slow, passed for hymns, and played quick passed for jigs. The Rev. Roland Hill saw no reason why the devil should have all the lively tunes, and recommended his congregation to strike up a hymn to the tune of "My cottage near a wood," quick time, which they did, and found it no pleasing that many Dissenting congregations have adopted it in their chapels; and Mr. Ayrton might hear at any Dissenting chapel holy words sung to the tune of "Champagne Charlie." "We'll be free and easy still," and others. This is in fact pretty well known to most persons—if not to Mr. Ayrton. Now, if these music-hall tunes can be sung in Dissenting chapels, why not in the parks? Where is the moral logic of prohibition in park and not in chapel? If Mr. Ayrton's admirers, when they hear the band play some air which they imagine to be a dance, will only think good words to it, they may at once transform it into a hymn, just as Dissenters in chapel, by singing good words to "Champagne Charlie" transform that song. I hope you will not let this matter drop. I am sure the majority of the people feel as I do on the subject, and endorse all you say.—Yours, &c.,

No HYPOCRITE.

CARLOTTA PATTI AS ASTRAFIAMMANTE.

Die Zauberflöte was played at the New York Academy of Music lately, and the *Herald* thus speaks of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti's Queen of Night:—

"Last night the Academy of Music was crowded from parquet to dome with one of the largest audiences ever assembled within its walls. Every seat was sold at an early hour yesterday and hundreds were compelled either to stand during the performance or go home. The attraction was the first appearance of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti in opera. The Queen of Night, whom she represented, has but little need of acting in the two scenes in which she appears, and therefore is adapted to Mdlle. Patti. In the first scene the fair cantatrice surprised those who heard her previously in her bird-like warblings alone, by her impassioned address to Tamino, signalized by a broad, distinct, and expressive tone and rendition of the words. In the scene with her daughter she flung forth those wonderful staccato passages, in all of which she seems to hold a patent, and a shower of vocal pearls in the *roulades* in the *finale*. Her phenomenal voice seemed to revel amid the labyrinth of orchestration with which Mozart envelops the passionate mother and rival of Sarastro. The effect on the audience was electric, and the applause spontaneous and deafening."

WAIFS.

Herr Maurice Strakosch has returned to London from Paris.

A *Life and Works of Meyerbeer* has been published in Berlin by Herr Mendel.

Dea, a new opera by M. Cohen, was produced at the Opéra Comique on Saturday last.

The Théâtre-Dejaset is to be re-opened with a new operetta by Signor Bottesini.

A new edition of Dr. White's Irish poem, *Comala*, with musical illustrations, is about to appear.

An unpublished mass by Donizetti was to be performed on Thursday last at the church of St. Mary, Bergamo.

Graun's *Passion* was performed at the Berlin Academy of Music on Good Friday. The King and Court attended.

Signor Verdi has left Paris for Busseto. Report says that he has engaged to write a work for the Opéra Comique.

Mr. Max Strakosch is said to have the management of Mdlle. Nilsson's approaching tour through the United States.

The death is announced of M. Alexandre Basset, formerly director of the Opéra Comique, and of the journal *La Patrie*.

The new management of Cremorne Gardens has appointed M. Arban, of Paris, musical conductor for the ensuing season.

Mr. Ignace Gibsone the pianist and composer has announced three pianoforte recitals, of his own composition, at St. George's Hall.

Somebody has opened French opera at Madrid, with doubtful prospects of success. *Mignon* is among the works to be performed.

It has been decided to perform *Eymont*, *Fidelio*, and the Choral Symphony at the Vienna celebration of the Beethoven centenary.

A huge musical pic-nic is to take place on Boston Common in June next. Armies of singers are to sing, and much speechifying is to take place.

The members of the St. Cecilia Choral Society have presented Mr. C. J. Hargitt, their conductor, with a gold-mounted *baton*, as a token of esteem.

The terms offered by M. Carvalho with reference to the Théâtre Lyrique having been refused, that gentleman has withdrawn his candidature.

Died at Berlin, on the 14th inst., at the age of eighty-one, Herr Adam Bader, a tenor whose reputation is chiefly associated with Spontini's operas.

The cantata for voices and orchestra upon which Mr. F. H. Cowen is now engaged will be called *The Rose-Maiden*, and is adapted from a German legend.

Madame Marie Sass had a row with her manager on the occasion of her last Milan performance. She insisted on being paid beforehand, and got the money.

A chief workman in the piano-making firm of Herz & Co., Paris, has been named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, on account of distinguished services.

It is now stated that M. de Flotow's *L'Ombre* will not be performed this year. Of course, Parisian wit has made the most of a work with such a name repeatedly failing to see the light.

Said General Moltke after the second act of Wagner's *Meistersinger*: "It is as bad as this in the Chamber of Deputies; but there it is possible to move the adjournment of the debate."

Dr. Guns was to leave for the Continent on Wednesday. *Tant pis.* We shall hear no more of *Medea* this year; and our operatic enjoyment will be confined to the warblings of *prima donnas*.

L'Art Musical says that on her return from America, Mdlle. Nilsson will sing during one season at St. Petersburgh, and after that retire from public life. We hope *L'Art Musical* is wrong, but fear it is right.

An oil painting by Ernesto Diaz, of Naples, representing the visit of Lisa to her father, Nicholas dei Lapi, the day before his execution, is announced for sale at Messrs. Robinson, Son, & Fisher's rooms, next week.

The English operatic performances, under the direction of Mr. Charles James Bishenden, announced to commence this month at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, are postponed, owing to the severe illness of the principal singer.

Madame Patti played at the Opéra Comique in the second act of *La Fiylia*, according to a special arrangement between the managers of that house and M. Bagier of the Italiens. The receipts amounted nearly to 15,000 francs.

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M. Camille Stamaty, pupil of Kalkbrenner and master of the late Herr Gottschalk, died recently, aged fifty-nine. Among his best known works for the piano are "Souvenirs des Concerts du Conservatoire" and "Etudes Caractéristiques sur l'Obéron."

M. Maurice Richard's commencement of Inquiry into the Conservatoire does not appear to be wholly satisfactory. Considerable stress is laid upon the fact that out of twenty-eight members, only eight are musicians, the twenty being journalists and functionaries. It is needless to say that musicians expect very little from their labours.

La France Musicale gives a list of twenty-four composers who are attacked by Herr Wagner in his new *brochure, Ueber das Dirigiren*, and concludes by saying, "Le massacre est complet; il ne reste plus debout que Richard Wagner; il a *tombé* tous les autres."

Le Ménestrel, in announcing that Herr Litolff, "le grand symphoniste," is writing an *opera bouffe* for the Folies Dramatiques, suggests a prize for successful vaccination against the Offenbachian epidemic. "Oh allons-nous?" asks our contemporary, in dismay.

The *Creation* will be performed, for the only time this season, on Friday, the 20th inst., at St. James's Hall, by the National Choral Society—conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin; when Miss Louisa Pyne will sing in this oratorio for the last time. Mr. George Perren and Mr. Santley are also engaged.

The choir of St. Peter's, Canterbury, was vested in surplices on Easter Sunday, and there were full choral services in the church. Ten or twelve years ago (says the *Choir*) there was only a hand organ in this edifice, and the clerk used to leave his desk during service and proceed to the gallery at appointed times to turn the handle.

At a conversazione in the South Kensington Museum, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., an attractive selection of music was performed by the band of the Grenadier Guards of the Royal Marines (Chatham Division). The first piece in the programme of the Royal Marines was Herr Oberthür's brilliant overture, *Rübezahl*, which was greatly admired.

"Unless, before three months elapse, Sir John Pakington and those who support him provide £10,000 to meet the £10,000 offered by Earl Dudley for the Restoration of Worcester Cathedral and for the Clergy Orphans' and Widows' Fund, the Dean and Chapter will, we believe, accept Lord Dudley's original offer of £10,000 and discontinue the holding of the Festivals within the Cathedral." So, at least, says the *Choir*.

We take another gem from the wonderful store-house of American musical criticism, it is a New Orleans paper which speaks:—

"The Richings Troupe gave Gounod's opera of *Faust* last night. Drama of grief and the avenging Nemesis which tells the story of man's outreach after hidden knowledge of unconquerable longings, and woman's suffering as the inevitable and universal penalty of innocence and inability to battle against the wiles of seduction and the persuasions of passion. It is man, the type of thought in man, the demon of suggestion and opportunity, and the victim on the altar of natural affection and self-sacrifice.

"Gounod's music is worthy of the theme—simplicity and the colourlessness of perfect innocence mere harmony. The boy Siebel's youthful trust in woman's purity; the devilish sneer and hatred—all good out of absolute malice and preference of evil; the deep agony of despair, the perfect faith of love, and the returning confidence in Heaven's mercy and forgiveness, are all portrayed, and speak to the soul in this many-hued and profoundly sympathetic work. True music appeals to the heart of such as have grace to feel its tender breathings or its thunder tones."

MUSIC IN BRUSSELS.

(*From a Philocomphonic Correspondent.*)

BRUSSELS, 25th *April*.

In my last I only gave a very poor account of *Lohengrin* which obtained and enjoys an increasing success here.

Very few can, or will, appreciate Wagner's Music. Those who do, find it sublime, and refuse to admit the talents and genius of Meyerbeer, Rossini, and even Mozart and Beethoven, for them Wagner is the King of Composers and the God of Genius, and no one can approach this mysterious being.

The anti-Wagnerian thinks the opposite of all this; for him all that bears the name of Wagner *must* be bad, and he gives his opinion often without having heard what he condemns; and those who admire, and those who dislike Wagner's Music have often no better motives to give than that it is their opinion—very poor reasons to authorize criticisms.

I therefore refrained from giving a hasty judgement. For my own part I cannot admit that Wagner possess the stamp genius of Meyerbeer or Rossini neither can I deny that he possesses very great talents.

Melody he knows nothing about; but on the other hand he abuses recitative! except in some parts of the *rôle* of Elsa which are very beautiful, as also the final chorus of the 1st act and the nuptial march—the rest is too artificial; he has great conception but little genius, and he cannot give interesting parts to artists, as he is far from judging scenic effects.

I consider therefore that Wagner ought never to have written for the stage; and if he had confined himself to orchestral music no one would have dared to criticise him for it is there where lies his talent; it is there where he gives proof of musical knowledge.

When you hear any of his orchestral works, listen to the fulness of sound hitherto unknown, the continued action of each instrument—the admirable work which stamps Wagner as the greatest musician of the age (!!)

Lohengrin will be given this evening for the 16th time, and Mdlle. Sternberg, whom I have mentioned in my former article, is still the same indefatigable artiste who is revealed to us in the full eclat of her talent.

It is said that M. Perrin intends to bring out *Lohengrin* in Paris; and in that case to engage Mdlle. Sternberg for the part of Elsa.

Mignon was given with unanimous succès for Mdlle. Nordet, who was charming in this part, which she plays with much feeling and simplicity—her voice is sweet and very sympathic, and to see her in this part is a picture for painters to envy.

As to M. Blum, our tenor, I can only say, he plays more with his legs than with his arms or his voice.

The next week will take place the first representation of *The Florentin*, an unpublished comic opera by Pilchot of Paris, of which a favourable opinion is predicted let us hope that it is well formed. H. S.

NEW MUSIC.

Bella qual rosea Aurora. Melodia. Composta da GIOVANNI MARAVIGLIA. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE melody of this song runs on with tune. Italian freedom and grace, qualities which are well supplemented by unaffectedness, and an absence of all effort to create sensation by meretricious means. The structure of the accompaniment is simple, and, in its way, as good as that of the melody. To all who want an italian *aria* at once pleasing and easy, this may be confidently recommended.

The Weaver. Ballad. Written by EMILY JUDSON. Composed by KATE LUCY WARD. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

WHILE keeping strictly to the simplicity and unpretendingness of the ballad, the composer here displays considerable feeling and taste. Miss Ward's music presents no salient points on which to hang remarks, nor should it do so; but aptly expresses the ideas of the verses, which is exactly the province of ballad tunes. Miss Judson's words flow smoothly.

Blythe as a Bird. Song. Written by the KNIGHT OF MORAR. Music by HANNAH R. BINFIELD. [Reading: Binfield.]

A SEMI-RELIGIOUS song well adopted for a contralto voice, and written with considerable success. The composer has managed to be sentimental without being mawkish; and to achieve pathos without a twaddle. Few songs by lady writers have given us equal satisfaction of late.

Lay me beneath the grass. Song. Words by E. D. CROSS. Music by Mrs. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS. [London: Bossey & Co.]

THE title of this song indicates something very pathetic if not monrnful, and indicates truthfully. Some may object that the composer has written monotonously as regards melody and rhythm, but we opine that this effect has been well studied and thoughtfully worked out. The monotony resembles that of a funeral bell, and the impression made is as mournful as the shadow of a funeral cortege. Through it, however, there runs a tinge of sweetness, like the band of white round a coffin pall. The song is adapted for a contralto voice.

Casta Diva, and morch from "Norma." Transcribed for the Piano by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

WE have here a transcription eminently playable and thoroughly well done. Due regard is paid to the original theme, in the sense of abstaining from putting it to torture, and brilliant effect is secured by passages which lie so well under the hand as to present the minimum of difficulty. The transcription may be safely recommended even to moderate executants.

God save the Queen. Transcribed for the piano by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

FAR more elaborate than the preceding work is adapted to performers more advanced, by whom it will be welcomed as an excellent thing of its kind.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST GRAND SUMMER CONCERT and FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON PROMENADE THIS DAY.—Madame Monbelli, Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Rebeux, Mdlle. Louise Carl, Signori Bettini, Ragnet, and Zoboli, and Mr. Santley. Solo violin, Monsieur Lotto. Full chorus of the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. Conductor—Signor Arditi. Concert at Three.

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On MONDAY NEXT, May 16, Flotow's Opera, "MARTHA." Lionello, Signor Bettini; Lord Tristano, Signor Rinaldini; Plunkett, Mr. Santley; Un Sheriffo, Mr. Lyall; Un Servitore, Signor Archiati; Nancy, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Martha, Madame Volpi (her first appearance).

TUESDAY, May 17, "ROBERT IL DIAVOLO" will be repeated.

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EXTRA NIGHT—On MONDAY NEXT, May 16, Gounod's Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Madame Pauline Lucca.

On TUESDAY NEXT, May 17 (first time this season), Flotow's Opera, "MARTHA," Lady Enrichetta, Madame Adelina Patti.

EXTRA NIGHT — On THURSDAY NEXT, May 19 (first time this season), Ambroise Thomas's Opera, "HAMLET." Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character); Hamlet, Signor Graziani (his first appearance in that character); the King, Signor Ragnetti; and the Queen, Mdlle. Tietjens (who has kindly consented to sing the part).

EXTRA NIGHT—On SATURDAY NEXT, May 20, Rossini's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

On SATURDAY, May 21 (first time these two years), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, "L'AFRICAINE." Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca.

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MR. AUSTIN has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY, May 27th, 1870. To commence at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mdlle. Tietjens and Mdlle. Sessi; Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Fennell, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Graziani and Mr. Sims Reeves (his First Appearance at an Evening Concert on his return from Italy). Clarionet—Mr. Lazarus. Pianoforte, Miss Kate Roberts. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. Both Halls, 10s. 6d.; Family Ticket (to admit Five) £2 2s.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and of all Musicsellers.

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THE "CREATION," ST. JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY, May 20th, NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Vocalists—Madame Bodda Pyne (her Last Appearance in this Oratorio), Miss Arabella Smyth, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Santley. Organist—Mr. J. G. Boardman. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s., at Nos. 14 and 15, Exeter Hall; the principal Musicsellers; and Austin's Ticket Office. Mr. Martin's Shilling Edition of the "Creation" (the complete work), post free, 14 stamps.—14 and 15, Exeter Hall.

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JAMES AIRLIE, Secretary.

MR. RIDLEY PRENTICE'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. George's Hall, on WEDNESDAY, May 18th, commencing at Three o'clock. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Armytage; Messrs. Lazarus, Barret, C. Harper, Hutchins, Standidge, and Ridley Prentice. Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s.; at 9, Argyll Park Gardens, Brixton; and at the Hall, &c.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a MORNING CONCERT at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on SATURDAY, May 28th, to commence at Three o'clock, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent vocalists:—Madame Monbelli, Miss Elizabeth Philp, Signor Foli, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists—Madame Alice Mangold and Herr Van Biene. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea and Five Shillings, to be had of Mdme. Mangold, 34, Leighton Grove, N.W., and at the Rooms.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S SECOND GRAND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY Morning, May 25th, HANDEL'S "MESSIAH." Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Pianoforte, Signor Mr. John C. Ward. Conductor—Mr. HENRY LESLIE. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Area Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. and 5s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Commence at Half-past Two. Tickets at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street; all Music publishers; and Austin's Office, 28, Piccadilly.

MR. SIMS REEVES. The First Appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, after his return from Italy, will take place at Mr. Henry Leslie's Grand Concert, on Wednesday, May 25th, at St. James's Hall. HANDEL'S Oratorio, "THE MESSIAH."

MR. IGNACE GIBSONE has the honour to announce that he will give THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS at St. George's Hall, May 26th, June 8th, and 22nd. Tickets and full particulars to be obtained of Messrs. Addison & Parry, Hanover Square; and Hutchings & Romer, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

MDLLE. BONDY begs to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY, May 21st, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr Joachim; Violoncello, Mons. Paque; Pianoforte, Mdlle. Bondy. Conductor—Mr. W. GANZ. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. Tickets at Miss Bondy's, 17, South Molton Street, Hanover Square, and at the Rooms.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, TUESDAY, May 17th, at Three o'clock. Mdme. Florence Lancia, Mdlle. Angelina Salvi, Mr. Carrodus, Signor Pezze, Miss Emma Busby. Conductors—Mr. Daubert and Mr. J. Gallicott. Tickets, at the Music-rooms, the Rooms, and of Miss E. Busby, 33, Harley Place, W.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing at Miss Amy Perry's Concert, To Day, at Three, at Hanover Square Rooms, the scena, "CARA COMPANIA," and GARVILLE'S favourite ballad, "AWAY FROM DEAR ERIN," and with Mdlle. Rosamonde Doria, FRANCESCO BERGER'S new duet, "LOVE AND PEACE," accompanied by the composer. The Students of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell's Academy will appear for the first time in London after their successful tour in the Provinces under the direction of Mr. Cottell.

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MISS JULIA SEARLE will sing WELLINGTON GUERNEY'S waltz aria, "THE NAIADES," at the Walworth Institution, on the 23rd of May.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at Mr. Alfred Hayle's First Matinée, 26th May.

MR. J. H. SUTCLIFFE will sing on the 17th inst. at the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, WELLINGTON GUERNEY'S serenade, "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," and the principal bass in one of Professor Sterndale Bennett's cantatas, "THE MAY QUEEN."

THE LONDON GLEE and MADRIGAL UNION (Established 1858). Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Land (Director), will commence their TWELFTH ANNUAL SERIES of THURSDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on the 19th May, at Three. Solo pianist—Mr. Sydney Smith. Subscription, Stall for Series of Five Concerts (transferable), One Guinea; at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to 10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., where she requests all communications may be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Greville Road, St. John's Wood.

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MR. GEORGE PERREN will (by desire) sing ASCHER'S romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Festival given on the 25th inst. in the new Hall. Mr. Lawler, Musical Director.

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MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing KATE WARD'S admired song, "THE WEAVER," on May 26th, at Windsor; and May 30th, at Mr. Labee's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.

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MUSICAL LETTERS.*

By Dr. F. Hiller.

New Series. III.

Some time since, Richard, the Wagnerite, hurled, from his high and holy see in Switzerland, an anathema against the Jews; in his latest bull it is the higher and lower musical clergy who, for their boundless depravity, are laid under interdict. There are, it is true, plenty of heretics among them who do not believe in the infallibility which their great prosecutor claimed for himself immediately he had left the Gymnasium. The schism which, in consequence, has been in course of development for a period of years, will not, however, be productive of any serious dangers either to Church or State.

The ball in question, *Ueber das Dirigiren* (*On Conducting*), affords any reader not concerned in the matter the diversion of a sort of Dante-like walk through hell—innumerable sinners suffer the most terrible of all punishments, such punishments, indeed, as even Dante himself never beheld: they are annihilated, struck out utterly from the book of the living. For who could ever live and work on, if Wagner had once pronounced his condemnation?

Joking apart. Wagner has published another pamphlet, bristling with examples of incorrectness and of injustice. Stupid young louts, on whom any one may impose, if he unites with a little cleverness a great deal of impertinence (p. 67) will regard it with amazement. More sensible people will say that it contains a certain amount of truth. But when a man runs everything down, he must, in this imperfect world of ours, be sometimes right. I know nothing so beautiful as to be without its weak points—not even woman—not even Wagnerian music is free from them.

The train of thought (?) in the pamphlet is somewhat as follows:—Conducting has hitherto been left "to be carried out by routine, and to be judged by ignorance." (No examples are adduced—we might mention Spontini, Weber, Spohr, or Mendelssohn.) The manner in which music is presented to the public is not, however, a matter of indifference, since, naturally, it is only by means of a good performance that the public can derive a correct impression of a musical work. (Very naturally!) According to Wagner, everything connected with this matter is in a very bad state in Germany, a result attributable "most of all to the prejudicial qualities of the conductors." The old German *Capellmeister* "properly so-called," were "sure, strict, and more especially gruff, but respected." These gentlemen were, however, as far as regards training of the orchestra "for complicated modern orchestral music, unfitted for their task, and did not do what they should have done towards properly re-enforcing the orchestra, especially in the quartet." But they had "a sufficient justification in the unworthy mode of instrumentation, followed by Italian operatic composers, whose works were more highly esteemed than those of any one else, even by the Intendants of the large theatres, in consequence of the creditable taste of their respective Courts." Succeeding conductors did not, however, do any better. How should they? They generally reached their "good posts" (?) by simply moving up, "by shoves," or, sometimes, by "the protection of some princess's waiting-woman, etc." They necessarily were "altogether destitute of merit in consequence of their unworthy servility towards their ignorant chief, and their lazy musicians, but this was the very thing by which they raised themselves into universal favour." In more recent times (Heaven only knows how many more recent and most recent times there are, according to Wagner) conductors, also, were "*berufen*."†

"These are our Music-Bankers of the present day, who have sprung from the school of Mendelssohn, or been recommended to the world by his patronage." Such individuals possess intelligence, good tone, and have, moreover, done something for the "elegant style of performance." "But the first thing in which these gentlemen are deficient, is that energy which can be given only by self-confidence reposing upon strength really their own. For, in this case unfortunately, everything: vocation, talent, education, nay, faith, love, and hope, is artificial." To these more modern conductors belong, strange to say, above all, Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn themselves, who did not do as much as they ought to have done in Berlin. "Why did their strength desert them? It would seem, because they really possessed no strength. Then how must matters stand with their shadowy imitators?"

Wagner declines to enter minutely, for the present, into what has been effected by conductors who busy themselves with opera, "because the latter—and they derive a mournful right to act as they do from the miserable manner in which this branch of art is cultivated in German theatres—is regarded as an obnoxious daily task to be performed with sighs." He takes his instances from the concert-room where he never experienced any save unsatisfactory impressions. It was "from the singing of Schrader-Devrient" that he "derived his best notions with regard to the *tempo* of Beethoven's music, and the style in which it ought to be played." Another sublime revelation was vouchsafed him by the performance of the Ninth Symphony in Paris. The *tempo*, in the fullest acceptation of the word, is for him "the foundation on which a good performance is based, but who recognizes the fact?" Wagner has, it appears, suffered the most mournful treatment as regards his own music, and the various instances of this are narrated in the most exhaustive manner. Thus, though the prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, when he himself conducted it, entranced a small number of friends at Leipsic, it was destined under Reinecke's conducting-stick, to be hissed at the Gewandhaus. The time of this piece, together with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and a few observations upon the mode of performing the Symphonies of Beethoven, and even (*mirabile dictu*) of Mozart and Haydn, are the vehicle by which he explains his views on conducting, the said views consisting principally in the opinion that an *Adagio* must be sung with a deal of tone; that an *Allegro* must have fire infused in it; and that a *tempo* intended to be quiet must not be scampered through—and culminating in the assertion that the correct manner of performing modern works (Weber's overtures, for instance) "does not consist in a stubborn adherence to the time, but in doing justice to the separate parts, which frequently contrast with each other."

"Dragging," Wagner goes on to say, "is not the characteristic of the elegant conductor, but scampering through and hurrying a piece is." This again results from the influence of Mendelssohn.

> "Si Calm a tué son frère,
> C'est la faute de Voltaire."

Poor, poor Mendelssohn! Wagner is unable to stomach him, and we can easily understand why. But what can we say to the following? "Referring to conducting, he told me personally, on several occasions," Wagner states, "that too slow a *tempo* was worse than any other, and that he himself always recommended that the *tempo* should be taken a little too fast; that a really good performance, however, was always something unusual; but that the conductor could deceive his audience by only taking care that not much of the performance was heard, and this was best effected by not remaining long over it, but getting quickly through it." Any person who had only a superficial acquaintance with Mendelssohn, can imagine the way in which he advanced jokes of this sort. We can imagine, also, his look, when Wagner, with his ceaseless flow of language, talked to him about the right *tempo* of one of Beethoven's menuets; and when Wagner "seemed as though he was looking into a perfect abyss of superficiality, on a complete void" he perceived only the mere shadow of the impression which the composer of *Rienzi* must have produced on the composer of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I myself, unfortunately, had but few opportunities of becoming acquainted with Mendelssohn as a conductor. But the supremely conscientious artistic carefulness which was inherent in him, and which grew to be a sort of religion, is apparent in the smallest of his songs. If, now and then, he took the *tempo* quicker than others would have considered appropriate, his fiery temperament probably caused him to do so. Certain pianoforte pieces, one of his own, he played at a demoniacally rapid rate, but correctly and beautifully notwithstanding—and so, most assuredly, he expected from his orchestra only what it could completely master, and what he himself felt was true and right.

It is not to be denied that, in certain particulars, relating more especially to the mode of performing Beethoven's Symphonies, Wagner is correct in his assertions, but he is mistaken in believing that we must have recourse to the oracle at Lucerne, to learn these things. The bombastic fustian, in which he frequently envelopes the simplest observations, is inappreciable, while his self-glorification frequently becomes downright ridiculous. "Perhaps I am the only conductor," he exclaims, "who has ventured on reading the *adagio*, properly so called, of the third movement in the Ninth Symphony with due regard to its pure character as well as other things." Perhaps others, my respected Herr Wagner, venture to do the same thing, and perhaps they succeed in the attempt.

* From the *Koinische Zeitung*.

† *Berufen* signifies "invited, summoned;" also, "having a call, a vocation." In which sense Herr Wagner employs the word, I leave the reader to decide. The effort of doing so will afford him much amusement, if he is fond of riddles.—Translator.

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Despite all the "ignorance and insipidity of the musicians into whose hands the destiny of musical matters in Germany, and the utter indifference of German art-officials have allowed the conduct of high German musical interests to lapse, and who now feel secure in their places and dignity," there are some "really beaming as martyrs of pure classical music." These Wagner proceeds to subject to a somewhat strict investigation. In the case of some he finds "squint-eyed envy united with helplessness;" in that of others, "honest, intellectual narrowness, becoming dishonest from anger only." In the modern camp there is "a great deal to be commanded, and a great deal that should not be observed." We find in it "*Gebildetheit*," but no "education," and consequently a want of "true intellectual freedom," which held even Mendelssohn "for the earnest contemplator, *beyond* the pale of what belongs to our German art." (!!) "These elegant musical leaders interdict themselves from giving the reins to their '*Gebildetheit*,' because they know it could lead as far as Offenbachian scandal," and a deal more nonsense of the same kind."

(*To be continued.*)

FROM SEVILLE.

No. VI.

One of the oddest amusements in this odd city is the ball of national dances, given about once a week, in a singularly bare, ugly room, which is, however, the only public ball-room in Seville. The patrons of the diversion do not themselves dance, but go to witness the performance of professional artists. Having paid your price of admission, which amounts to one duro, you take one of the chairs, with which the room is skirted, and some of which are occupied by the dancers, who are not separated from their patrons. But these dancers are to be divided into two classes, entirely different in race and manners from each other. The first class consists of the Spanish artists, who are attired in the fancy costumes so frequently seen on the English stage, and whose performance is altogether of the idealized theatrical kind. Three ladies and one gentleman compose an average troupe, the ladies willingly receiving the homage of any spark of the town who may take his seat beside them and enjoy the pleasure of their conversation during the intervals between the dances. But I am told that these polite attentions should not be carried too far, inasmuch as a very strong flirtation might possibly be resented by some serious admirer, who would express his feelings with a knife. The freedom of manners prevalent among the Spanish dances, distinctively so called, does not extend to the gipsies, who form the other class of artists, and sit in a row on the opposite side of the room. With these not only is flirtation prohibited, but a visitor taking his seat among them is considered guilty of a serious offence, and his removal is immediately ordered by the master of the ceremonies. The appearance of the two classes is, moreover, as diverse as possible. While the Spaniards, with their short petticoats, look like ballet-girls, as, indeed, they are, the gipsies, with their dress covering their ankles, look like very common servants-of-all-work in work-a-day attire. In fact, while their competitors are costumed for the occasion, the gipsies wear their ordinary clothes.

How slow ought we to be in leaping from premisses to conclusions! From what I have just stated, many of my readers will infer that the dances of the Spanish artists are somewhat free, while those of the gipsies are marked by a plebeian decorum. The reverse is the case. The Spaniard who shows her legs executes one of those innocent coquettish dances with which all Europe is familiar, and in which gallantries with the fan, cloak, and hat are conspicuous; while the gipsy, who scarcely shows the point of her shoe, indulges in a strange indecency of gesticulation, which renders her the favourite of the more lax spectator. Indeed, when there are any foreign ladies among the visitors she is warned by the master of the ceremonies to tone down her most characteristic movements. The gipsy performances are, I am told, the native dances of the Spanish peasantry, altogether unadorned; whereas those of the costumed belles are, as I have already said, theatrical. Another distinction:—the Spanish dances are accompanied by two wretched fiddles, played with the noblest disregard for tune; but the gipsies scorn instrumental accompaniments, and are kept to time by their seated comrades, who clap their hands and utter a discordant chant.

But the most alarming part of the ceremony belongs to Spaniards and gipsies alike. When the evening is somewhat advanced, a dancer, suddenly deviating from her normal course, sets violently to some selected gentleman, staring full in his face, and stamping furiously on the ground, leaving him in doubt, if he is a stranger, whether he is about to receive a chaste salute or to be torn to pieces. Perhaps she relieves his mind by bounding off to another person, whom she treats with similar distinction; but, at all events, she ends the ceremony by plucking a handkerchief from her bosom and flinging it into the lap of some one of the male spectators. The honoured gentleman is bound to retain the pledge of transient predilection till the dance is over and the dancer is seated. He must then cautiously walk up to the disinterested beauty and gravely return her handkerchief, having previously inclosed therein at least a duro, which procures him the favour of a smile. A smaller sum would be deemed offensive. Indeed, the obligatory donation is one of the young lady's chief sources of revenue, and as nearly all the dancers go through the ceremony in turn, the spectator who has calculated on an outlay of 5*f.* for his evening's not very brilliant entertainment must not deem himself too unlucky if he gets off at the cost of 15*f.* The observer of human nature may find worse opportunities for his favourite study than at these balls. A man of advanced gallantry shouts loudly to some black-eyed gipsy, or Andalusian, and, placing his hat on the ground, invites her to select him from the rest of the company. The more economical spectator in shy of the lady's advances, and retires to look away from her when he finds that he is likely to become the unwilling object of her choice. Perhaps the lovely being detects his disposition and picks him out in playful malice. In that case, with a suppressed sigh for the sacrifice of his duro, he affects to look pleased at the honour bestowed upon him. I have said that the gipsy dances at the ball verge on the improper; but there is no verging in the case of a *can-can* danced on the stage of a little theatre at Seville, appropriated to the *sarsuela* (*opéra bouffe*). Certain persons and things have no chance to lose, and among these an average Englishman would naturally place the notorious Parisian dance, lately made popular in England. But really the French *can-can*, as executed on the French stage, is a thoroughly chaste performance, a perfect *minuet de la cour*, compared to the form which it has assumed at the little Spanish theatre. I will not say that words would fail to describe it; but I can safely affirm that the words necessary for the description would require a deeper plunge into the idiom of our noble tongue than I care to take. In the genuine article there is something playful and piquant and the eccentricities of the Spanish gipsy are at least unsophisticated; but the Sevilian adaptation of the French *can-can* is a deliberate perpetration of unmitigated bestiality that could scarcely be matched in the civilized world. And yet it seems to give no offence. Tolerably respectable women and children are to be found among the audience of the *sarsuela*, and on the night when I was there the dance was not only rapturously encored, but one young gentleman was so highly delighted that, in the absence of a bouquet, he flung his hat to the principal *danseuse*.

Seville, April 25. N. D.

THE PAREPA-OPERA AT CHICAGO.

(*From the "Chicago Tribune," April* 23.)

Everything seems to draw in connection with the present opera season. Hitherto, although Hersee has been a universal favourite, it has been her bad fortune to play to small houses on the alternate nights, but last night the Operahouse was full again as usual. It was a handsome tribute to this pleasant little singer and piquant little actress. She, indeed, has a winning way which has at last succeeded in drawing a crowded house, even under the overshadowing wings of the great Parepa herself. The opera was Balfe's *Rose of Castile* now given for the first time by the Parepa *troupe* but familiarized to opera-goers through former visits of Kellogg-Strakosch-Hidings-Bernard. Indeed Messrs. Campbell and Castle were in their old *rôles* of Don Pedro, the conspirator, and Manuel the muleteer. Hersee, herself, had the *rôle* of Elvira, the Queen. It would be as idle to expect Hersee to put on queenly dignity and state as it would be to expect the same qualities of a canary bird, but for all that she was very charming. In the disguise of the peasant maid, however, she fulfilled all the dramatic requirements of her character, and was artless, naïve, and fresh. The music is well adapted to her quality and quantity of voice, and she gave it admirably in every number, and sometimes with deliciously fresh and clear displays of *fioriture*. The aria, "I am but a simple peasant maid," was her best effort, and the changes were made in it with such a charming musical and dramatical contrast, that, of the close it elicited very hearty applause. Mr. Campbell was rather stiff and heavy in Don Pedro, and did not seem to sing with his usual effect except in his ballad, "Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns," of which, like the "Heart bowed down," he makes a specialty. Castle lacked dash and spirit as Manuel, but sang very smoothly and was in excellent voice, which served him well in the "Muleteer's song." Mr. Seguin was the Don Florio, and if he could have sung as well as he acted it, would have made it the great success of the evening. As a piece of low comedy acting it was admirable; but as music it was wretched, while De Nalla's Don Sallust was dreary in both respects. Neither of these gentlemen, in their singing, tended to improve the *ensembles*, while the fact that the orchestra was at times very uncertain made the concerted effects still worse. As a whole the opera did not make a success of enthusiasm, which may be accounted for by the fact that it is at best only a series of ballads strung together with speaking parts, and that it came so soon after the magnificent music of *Oberon*. The season closes to-day with the *Bohemian Girl*, Campbell, Northbon, and Hersee in the cast; and *Il Trovatore* this evening with the cast of last season. The sale for the evening performance is already immense.

LEIPSIC.—*Dinorah* has been revived. Madame Peschka-Leutner was greatly applauded in the part of the heroine.

* Perhaps the German neologism "*Gebildetheit*" may be rendered by a somewhat similar barbarism: "Educatedness" in English—and perhaps it may not. I again leave the matter entirely in the hands of the riddle-loving reader.—Translator.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The event, or what in the language of the Turf would be called the "double event," of last week came off on Saturday night, when Madame Adelina Patti made her first appearance this season, and Signor Mario returned to us after a year's absence. That the house was crowded to the roof will as easily be credited as that the audience was one of the most brilliant ever assembled within the walls of Covent Garden. The opera, too, was Rossini's comic masterpiece, the never-tiring *Barbiere di Siviglia*, in which the two distinguished artists have so often appeared together, and the characters they sustain in which are so well calculated to exhibit to advantage the qualities that have won them fame.

Count Almaviva, we need scarcely say, appears in the first scene of the opera, serenading Rosina at the near approach of dawn; and when the great popular favourite, wearing the traditional Spanish costume that still so admirably becomes him, was once again recognized, the entire house broke out into applause and cheers which were repeated again and again, till Signor Mario must have been tired of bowing. Remembering that for a quarter of a century and more this gentleman has held indisputably the first rank among dramatic tenors, and in the course of his long and honourable career has shown no less versatility than talent, excelling in every school, shining alike in serious opera, melodramatic opera, and *opera buffa*, becoming as he progressed one of the most consummate of actors as, almost from the first, he had been one of the most consummate of singers, this unusually hearty reception, after his brief absence, will be considered natural enough. That Signor Mario was in some degree moved by it seemed evident in the familiar but always graceful *cavatina*, "Ecco ridente il cielo," and its florid pendent, "Oh sorte!"—his execution of which was hesitating in the opening movement and feeble in the sequel. Perhaps the journey from Russia, not to speak of the winter and spring sojourn in Russia, may have had something to do with this. Let us hope so. All lovers of the genuine Italian opera must hope so; but let them not hope that the voice of their idol can, under any circumstances, be ever again what it has been, or they will hope in vain. The wonder is, at his time of life, after such long and arduous service, and especially after years of wear and tear in the terrible operas of Meyerbeer, most ruthless of voice-destroyers, that Signor Mario should have any available notes left at command. His middle tones still retain a great deal of their manly beauty; but the highest notes have betrayed him, and he is compelled to use subterfuge after subterfuge to master the phrases in which they are of consequence. Despite all this, in "*recitativo-parlante*," so essential to comic opera, and in the articulation of florid passages, "*mezza voce*," he still remains without a peer. Examples of the first were sown broadcast over the opera; of the last the most striking instance was in the quick movement of the duet with Figaro ("A che d'amore la fiamma lo sento"), his delivery of which was inimitable. Judged as a piece of acting, also, the entire part which Mario is still the Almaviva of Almavivas. Full of spirit, fun, and humour, from end to end, it is at the same time always gentlemanly and always natural. What we have yet a right to expect from him in his capacity as vocalist will be shown at the season advances; but as an accomplished and versatile actor we may always feel sure—a compensation in these days for many drawbacks.

How Madame Adelina Patti, the heroine of the evening, was welcomed may readily be imagined. That her first appearance is invariably a "gala night" at the Royal Italian Opera has been stated more than once; and Saturday was merely another instance in point. About her performance of Rosina it would be difficult to say anything that has not been said over and over again. What the audience counted upon might be gathered from the unanimous applause that acknowledged the appearance of Rosina at the balcony window of Dr. Bartolo's house. Never was a favourite artist of the public greeted with more hearty spontaneity; and rarely has a favourite artist more amply rewarded such a greeting than did Madame Patti in the scene immediately following, when the imprisoned ward of Dr. Bartolo, through the medium of the famous "Una voce poco fa," with its no less famous sequel, "Io sono docile," the model of brilliant "cabaletta," tells of her love for the supposed Lindoro, and of the manner in which she hopes to bring it to a successful issue. This was both sung and acted to the highest degree of perfection. The significance imparted to every significant word, the expression given not merely to every significant phrase, but to every significant accent, the "*jioriture*" (we have no English equivalent) with which both the superb *bravura* movement, forming the introduction, and its livelier sequel, wherein the ultimate plans of Rosina are set forth, were embellished, preserving the characteristic features of the melody while elaborating it in a manner that might have surprised, though it certainly would not have displeased, the composer himself—proverbially indifferent to such matters in so far as his own music was concerned—were, one and all, calculated to win the admiration of connoisseurs and raise the enthusiasm of the audience. Add to this, apart from the mere vocal execution, the thoroughly dramatic reading of this, in its way, incomparable vocal soliloquy invested it with twofold interest. It has been truly said of Madame Patti, that her delivery of this soliloquy is singing and speaking blended, in such wise as to make the hearer believe that music is her natural language, and that what she has to say would naturally best be understood if she were only to sing it. But it is hardly necessary to speak further about a performance so universally known to opera-goers. The duet with the "professore," "Dunque io son," in which the apparently ingenuous Rosina shows herself quite a match for the worldly factotum in the science of intrigue, was not less admirable in its way than the *cavatina*; and the remainder of the opera was to match. In the lesson-scene Madame Patti introduced the *cavatina* from *Linda di Chamouni*, "Il sace di quest' anima"—perhaps not a greater anachronism than the *bolero* from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* of former years; and being encored, she gave, as a matter of course, the English ballad, "Home, sweet home," in English as pure as her Italian, and moreover, in a manner so unaffected and touching that, to judge by their applause, the audience would have willingly heard that again also. In short, Madame Patti's first performance this season was what it has been for many seasons past—a triumphant success.

Of the Dr. Bartolo of Signor Ciampi and the Figaro of Signor Cotogni we have nothing new to say. The former is *sui generis*, unique; the latter exhibits more bustle and animation than humour—though, at the same time, he is unquestionably clever. Signor Tagliafico is now the best Don Basilio on the stage; and Mdlle. Bauermeister gives Bertha's quaint song, "Il vecchietto cerca moglie," with unaccustomed point and spirit. Although Signor Vianesi conducted in the orchestra, we have heard the overture much better played. The rest was unimpeachable.

The other operas during last week were the *Figlia del Reggimento*, followed by the second and third acts of *Masaniello* (on Monday); *Medea* (Tuesday); and *Don Pasquale*, with Mdlle. Sessi as Norina (Thursday). About the Norina of Mdlle. Sessi, which we found hardly equal to her previous assumptions, something may be said on a future occasion. The Ernesto of Signor Naudin, the Don Pasquale of Signor Ciampi, and the Malatesta of Signor Cotogni require no further description. A Mario, a Labiache, and a Tamburini are not now to be had for the asking; and we must take what we can get—*cum grano salis*. But we cannot approve the mutilation of a great opera like *Masaniello*, however beautifully it is put upon the stage, as unquestionably it is by Mr. A. Harris at Covent Garden, however well the principal characters may be sustained by Signor Naudin (Masaniello), Signor Graziani (Pietro), &c. Of whatever admirable the music may be given by orchestra and chorus—more especially after the important part of the evening has been taken up by such productions as *La Figlia* and *Don Pasquale*, which, no doubt, excellent in their way, are, compared with *Masaniello*, but small matters. Surely Auber's masterpiece, supported as the lavish resources of Covent Garden allow of its being represented, both scenically and musically, might be given entire, once or twice in a season.

The operas performed during the current week have been *Don Giovanni*, with Madame Patti as Zerlina (Monday); *Faust e Margherita*, for the first appearance of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca (Tuesday); the *Sonnambula*, with Madame Patti as Amina (Thursday); and *La Favorita*, for Mdlle. Lucca and Signor Mario (Friday). Of these we shall speak next week. The programme of to-night comprises the *Figlia*, with the second and third acts of *Masaniello*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A performance of *Don Giovanni* on Monday attracted a full house. We will not say that it actually disappointed anybody, because in the Donna Anna of Mdlle. Tietjens, the Zerlina of Madame Patti, and, to a certain extent, the Masetto of Signor Tagliafico, there was merit enough to outweigh many defects. Nevertheless the defects were serious. Signor Graziani, for example, by no means came up to the popular idea of the libertine Don. Luckily success in the Don's special pursuit does not rest wholly upon polished manners and a gallant bearing. A Giovanni like that of Signor Graziani is, therefore, possible, which is nearly all we can say in its favour. The music was sung in the artist's best style. A little more fluent enunciation would have improved it. "Finche dal vino," and a little more familiarity with the text would have done the same good office for other portions of the opera, notably the trio in the second scene of the second act. "Deh vieni alla finestra" was carefully given, and met with an encore. Herr Wachtel's Don Ottavio compared rather than contrasted with Signor Graziani's Don Giovanni. He, also, knew his music but imperfectly, and the occasions are rare when a more complete failure is made of "Dalla sua pace." At the next performance it may be well to give the opera, so far as the appendix air is concerned, in its original form. Signor Ciampi infused into his Leporello a large allowance of doubtful humour. It is unfortunate for this artist that the word doubtful applies to what he does. If once his acting could be recognised as

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funny, Signor Ciampi would be the first of buffoos, for he has brought certain characteristics to the highest point of development. Those characteristics we cannot help noting; the humour of them escapes us. Madame Vanzini sang well throughout, but failed to invest the part of Donna Elvira with any special significance. Signor Casboni was an inadequate Commendatore. So well known a Donna Anna as that of Mdlle. Tietjens—coming now to those features in the performance which can be praised unreservedly—needs no extended remarks. It was the vigorous and characteristic impersonation every opera-goer knows by heart. Nnt less excellent in its way was the Zerlina of Madame Patti. We should not be doing the appreciative justice to the character Madame Patti gives the village beauty. There are Zerlinas and Zerlinas, and it must be said for that of the favourite *prima donna* that nothing of the charm arising out of excellent singing and finished acting is wanting. As a matter of course "La ci darem," "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino" had to be repeated. Signor Vianesi conducted, and his readiness of resource helped a performance which now and then greatly needed it.

After an absence of two years, Madame Pauline Lucca has returned to the stage associated with not a few of her successes. Her performance as Marguerite (*Faust*) on Tuesday night acted as a forcible reminder of how ill she can be spared from parts long ago made emphatically her own. Madame Lucca, though by no means a perfect artist, has the rare gift of independent thought, and its resulting originality of action. She takes her own view of things, and acts up to it in her own way, not troubling herself with considerations of precedent and example. We hardly need discuss the value of this at a time when, in operatic matters, the tendency is towards cut and dry forms, and when pervading mediocrity sheets itself under the cloak of routine procedure. An artist strongly individual must be welcome, even though his individuality sometimes takes a form we may not approve. Opera-goers are familiar with Madame Lucca's special merits, and can count off upon their fingers the parts which most forcibly exhibit them. Among the latter, Marguerite holds a distinguished place, as much by reason of its bold conception as of its skilful development. Though a German herself, we cannot admit that Madame Lucca presents the ideal of Goethe's German maiden. The poet's Marguerite has the coldness and purity of marble, and her fall devastates the exercise of every fiendish art. Madame Lucca's Marguerite is flesh and blood, animated by strong passions and moved by irresistible impulse. But, as we had occasion to say very recently, it is well for an artist to be guided, when the course is at all possible, by natural temperament rather than by an external model. Witnessing Madame Lucca's performance, it is necessary to forget the original Marguerite; that done, we can appreciate a forcible and consistent character, which, though highly elaborated, is always true to nature. The fair artist had, of course, a warm reception, and her efforts from first to last delighted a large audience, if we may judge by frequent recalls, and still more frequent applause. There is no need to discuss details for the twentieth time, yet we can hardly pass over without remark Madame Lucca's touching performance in the church scene. As the penitent Marguerite, distracted by fear, and struggling against the despair which the fiend encourages, Madame Lucca is inimitable. Nothing more powerful in its simple truth and pathos has been seen of late on any stage. If we say little of Madame Lucca's singing, it is because there is little to be said. All the old merits and defects were apparent, in form and degree with which most people are acquainted. The "Jewel Song" obtained its usual encore. Madame Scalchi did good service as Siebel, singing both her airs with much taste, and having to repeat the pretty address to the flowers. The Faust of Signor Mario was as careful and finished a study as ever. No matter where the character appeared—in the market, the garden, or the dungeon—it satisfied even hypercritical taste. Signor Mario was himself in better voice than on the night of his first appearance, and occasionally reminded his audience of that vocal power which, in its entirety, has gone for ever. It is needless to say that his artistic phrasing remains what it was in the old days—a model of its kind. Valentine was represented by Signor Graziani in his ordinary style; and M. Petit again reproduced his French Mephisto—a creature compounded of devil and posture-master in equal proportions. The conductor was Signor Vianesi, and the band and chorus did well.

THADDEUS EGG.

JENNY LIND RESTAURANT.

Visitors to Norwich during the Grand Musical Festival are informed that the centrally in the Market is situated the locally celebrated Restaurant, dedicated to the generous queen of song, Jenny Lind, who is justly reverenced in Norwich as the Founder of a Charity bearing her name. Refreshments of all kinds are supplied—everything of the best, and everything at moderate charges. A room for ladies.

MISS ELENA ANGÈLE'S OPERETTA ENTERTAINMENT

(From a Stray Contributor.)

On Saturday evening, at the Gallery of Illustration, I had the pleasure of hearing Signor Randegger's operetta, *The Rival Beauties*. The libretto, by J. P. Wooler equals in merit that gentleman's former writings. The plot is simple, but well sustained, and the dialogue is pointed and sparkling, while the verses are rhythmical, and fitted for light and elegant music.

Stephen Lynn, a miller (Mr. Maybrick), possesses a pleasant cottage and a useful mill, together with a charming daughter (Miss Edith Wynne), who is engaged to be married to one Tom Delcraine (Mr. G. F. Marler), a smuggler. The engagement, however, appears to be disagreeable to Alice, whose ideas are somewhat unsettled through the advent of her foster sister, Lady Edith Carleton (Miss Angèle), who has fled from home and taken refuge at the mill; the cause being an arrangement by which she is to be married to Sir Percy Ringwood, whom she has never seen, he being detained in France on account of some rebellious act which, as he states, not he but his late grandfather either did or failed to do. Sir Percy, whose funds appear to be rather deficient, is, by his marriage with Lady Edith, to replenish his coffers, and by the powerful influence of her ladyship's father, to get a reversal of his attainder. Lady Edith objects to be thus bartered, and runs away to the mill, where she is seen dressed as a peasant girl. Sir Percy arrives at the mill, on his way to claim the bride; and Lady Edith, finding that he is in possession of the fact that one of the two girls to whom he is introduced is a lady from London, and that from various causes he suspects that this lady is the Lady Edith, persuades Alice to assume her richest dress, and to be introduced by the miller and by the powerful influence of her ladyship's father, to get a reversal of his attainder. Lady Edith objects to be thus bartered, and runs away to the mill, where she is seen dressed as a peasant girl. Sir Percy arrives at the mill, on his way to claim the bride; and Lady Edith, finding that he is in possession of the fact that one of the two girls to whom he is introduced is a lady from London, and that from various causes he suspects that this lady is the Lady Edith, persuades Alice to assume her richest dress, and to be introduced by the miller and by the powerful influence of her ladyship's father, to get a reversal of his attainder. The "honest" miller, as he is termed, and his daughter, finding that Sir Percy really believes Alice to be his lady love, resolve to carry on the deception so as to get him to marry her, and thus leave the real Lady Edith in the lurch. They accordingly take away her jewels and papers, and when she, discovering their purpose, endeavours to expose their baseness, she is foiled. Tom Delcraine is threatened by the miller with exposure, as to his smuggling, unless he declares that Lady Edith is his daughter—which he does very unwillingly. Lady Edith, however, persuades Tom to aid her in changing the aspect of affairs; and this is soon accomplished. While Sir Percy and Alice are engaged in sweet converse, Delcraine, disguised as an officer of the Court of Chancery, appears, and takes possession of the fictitious Lady Edith, as a runaway ward of the Court. Sir Percy endeavours to effect a rescue, but is confronted by Lady Edith, disguised as a Captain of the Guard, who orders him to surrender as a rebel; and his attempt to protect himself is stopped by the blunderbusses of two of Delcraine's smugglers, in soldiers' regimentals. Alice, alarmed, admits everything, and calls upon the faithful Tom, who appears in his true habiliments, to save her from being hanged for stealing Lady Edith's jewels—which he will only do provided she consents to be instantly married to him. The little matter is accomplished; Lady Edith casts off her disguise; and all ends happily.

This story gives opportunities for amusing *contretemps* and situations; and roars of laughter prove their success. But, after all, the piece depends on Signor Randegger's music. It was a relief to listen to such strains. Vulgarity and common place were absent, while skilful accompaniment, good melody, and excellent part-writing were present. In the first act Mr. Cummings gained an encore for a very pretty ballad, a similar honour being accorded to Miss Wynne in an equally melodious song, and to an unaccompanied quintet of unusual merit. In the second act Miss Wynne was encored in a "Dream" song; and a charmingly playful quartet, admirably sung, received the same compliment. One song struck me as exceedingly tuneful and characteristic—a gipsy song, with a highly characteristic accompaniment.

All the performers did their work well. Miss Angèle sang with that pleasing and distinct pronunciation of the words for which she is known; while Miss Wynne not only sang to perfection but acted just as well. Both the singing and acting of Mr. Cummings were exceedingly effective. There was a crowded and brilliant audience.

H. L.

Last month five musical instruments were unearthed at Pompeii. They are in excellent state of preservation, and somewhat like our clarionet; the lower half of the instrument is silver, the upper half and mouthpiece are ivory.

WEIMAR.—Compositions by Friedrich Kiel, Gustav Weber, Dräseke, and J. S. Svenden, will occupy places in the programme of the approaching Beethoven Festival. Herr Nohl, moreover, will deliver a discourse on Beethoven; and Herr Porges, one on the *Missa Solemnis*. "Why?" asks the Berlin *Echo*. "A printed pamphlet would answer all the purpose."

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A BALLAD CONCERT was given at Barnsbury Hall, by Mr. Henry Hallam, on Friday evening, the 29th ult., previous to his departure for America. Mr. H. H. was assisted by Miss McQuire, Messrs. C. Heywood, Stedman, G. Clayton, J. Evans, Walter Reeves, and H. Raven (vocalists); Mrs. Clayton (pianist); and Mr. Edward Jeffs (flautist). The hall was well attended, and Mr. Hallam was applauded after each of his performances. These included "Love's Request," by Herr Reichardt; a duet with Miss McQuire, "Home to our Mountains" (encored); Benedict's duet, "The moon has raised her lamp above," with Mr. Walter Reeves and Miss Virginia Gabriel's "Remembered," which being re-demanded, Mr. Hallam gave "Forget me not" (*apropos* of his departure). The other vocalists succeeded well, several pieces being asked for again. The instrumental pieces were good, especially a solo on the piano, entitled "Irish Diamonds" (played by Mrs. Clayton), the composition of Mr. Willie Pape; and a solo on the flute on an air from Nicolai's *Il Templario* ("Ah! quel guardo non celar;" played by Mr. Edward Jeffs in capital style. Part-songs were sung by Messrs. Clayton, Hallam, Heywood, and Evans. The concert gave general satisfaction.

On Wednesday evening a concert was given for the benefit of the Letter-Carriers' Library, in the Walworth Concert Hall, which was crowded by a very appreciative audience. The vocalists were Miss B. Reeves, Madame Bishop, Messrs. Bunstall, Dyson, and Charles Bishenden. A new pastoral operetta, *Robin Hood*, was given with great credit. The choruses were sung with much effect by the members of the South London Harmonic Society, assisted by an efficient band, led by Mr. Home. The second portion of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection. Mr. Bishenden's rendering of a new ballad, "Dearer to my soul than art," was specially admired. Mr. Williams conducted, and Mr. Sinkoe was at the pianoforte.

An evening concert, given by Mr. Alfred Baylis and Mr. H. Vinning took place on Wednesday, in the Alexandra Hall, Blackheath, and' notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a good audience attended. The concert opened with "This magic wave scarf," sung by Miss Katherine Poyntz and Messrs. Baylis and Vinning. The same vocalists also gave Randegger's "I Naviganti," and Verdi's "Il sol quest anima." Miss Poyntz sang with much effect a song of Bishop's, and Miss Meadows was heard to advantage in an air from *Faust*. The Misses Liedel, in duets by Clement White and Schira, appeared to the highest advantage. Mr. Alfred Baylis sang Ascher's popular "Alice, where art thou?" and a song by Baylis, both of which he was loudly applauded and encored. Mr. Vinning in Schubert's "Appeal," and a song by Molloy, gained loud applause. Mr. Boscovitz played two solos of his own composition with much effect. Mr. Stanislaus was the conductor.

CRYSTAL PALACE

In accordance with a custom now for some years prevalent, the opening of a new season at the Crystal Palace was celebrated (on Saturday afternoon) by a musical performance on a scale of exceptional grandeur. The scene of the performance was, as usual, the great Handel Orchestra, and the conductor was the "conductor of conductors," the greatest controller of large musical masses our age has known—Sir Michael Costa. The feature of the programme was the magnificent first part of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, for the adequate performance of which a choral and instrumental orchestra had been provided upwards of 3,000 strong; so that the Handel Orchestra presented much the same appearance as it is wont to present at the Handel Festivals. The chorus was made up from the London division of the Handel Festival Choir, the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and of the Crystal Palace Choir, combined with professional and amateur singers from London and other parts of England. The musical arrangements were under the always able and always zealous superintendence of the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society—a society which, if it had done no more than popularize among us the noble works of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, would be entitled to the gratitude of the whole musical community in this country. About Mendelssohn's immortal masterpiece we shall not be expected to say one word; but what we feel bound to say is that on the present occasion its performance was infinitely superior to that which was attempted, under similar conditions, some years ago, at the Crystal Palace. So fine was the execution, indeed, from the impressive overture to the overpowering chorus, "Thanks be to God," that we are almost encouraged in a belief that the day is not far distant when, with the Sacred Harmonic Society to direct the undertaking, and Sir Michael Costa to conduct the performance, *Elijah*, the whole *Elijah*, and nothing but *Elijah* may be given in the Handel Orchestra of the Crystal Palace with scarcely less extraordinary results than have attended those mighty inspirations of Handel, hitherto, and not without good reason, regarded as paramount. The difficulty lies in the more intricate and delicate instrumentation which Mendelssohn—the Handel of modern times—has, in consonance with the spirit of his age, employed in his great oratorio. But, with farther ingenious devices, even this may be overcome. We all remember the first Handel Festival, and can compare it with the last. What was achieved between 1857 and 1868 is notorious, and we have no hesitation in leaving to the same hands the task of contriving as much in another direction. Mr. Bowley, the Crystal Palace "general manager," is a master in his way, and no colossal musical entertainment confided to his care has failed of success. At all events, the general execution of the first and grandest section of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* on Saturday afternoon was, everything taken into consideration, one of the finest we can call to mind. We have no space to enter into minute particulars; but when we add that it was difficult to know which was the most finished and striking performance, that of the calm and melodious chorus, "Blessed are the men who fear Him," or that of the stupendous "Thanks be to God!"—the glorious peroration to Part I.—it may well be understood that the impression created was something beyond the common, and, under the exceptional conditions, something astonishing. In good truth, despite the vast number of singers, we have never heard the choruses of *Elijah* given with more admirable precision. Of course Sir Michael Costa had no little to do with this; but, luckily, the singers and players under his direction pretty well know the oratorio by heart—certainly not a bad musical sign of the times. The principal solos were assigned to those well-known artists, Madame Sinico (soprano), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (contralto), Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor), and Mr. Santley (bass); Mrs. Sidney Smith, Miss Marion Severn, Messrs. Carter, C. Henry, and Smythson, taking subordinate parts, and joining in the melodious double-quartet, "And He shall give His angels charge," which, all things considered, was singularly well done.

The second part comprised the following miscellaneous selection:—

Overture, *La Gazza Ladra*		Rossini.
Rondo, "Pensa alla patria," *L'Italiana in Algeri*—Madame Trebelli-Bettini		Rossini.
Part song, "Farewell to the Forest"		Mendelssohn.
Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*—Madame Monbelli		Rossini.
March and Chorus, "With sheathed swords," *Nauman*—Madame Trebelli-Bettini		Costa.
Duet, "Venti scudi," *L'Elisir d'Amore*—Signor Bettini and Signor Bagger		Donizetti.
Chorus, "God save the Queen."		

—the effective and varied character of which may speak for itself. One of the features of the day was the splendid performance by the orchestra of Rossini's picturesque and spirited overture, which was enthusiastically applauded. Altogether, this "inaugurative concert" was a worthy beginning to a new musical season at the Crystal Palace. A series of eight performances, for which the chief artists of the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, are engaged, is announced—the first to take place this afternoon, under the direction (during the temporary absence of Mr. Manns) of Signor Arditi.

A NEW KIND OF IMPOSTOR.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I think it right to warn members of the musical profession against a lady who has, to my knowledge, in the course of the last few days, called upon several artists and, representing that she was offering them engagements for concerts or for schools, borrowed small sums of money on the pretence of not having sufficient about her to pay for her cab. In each case the next and the last thing heard of her was an application from the cabman himself to the lender to be paid the amount of his fare, the lady in question having given him the slip without paying him.

Hoping that the publication of this may have the effect of putting others upon their guard, I am, yours truly,

R. DORIA.

84, *Gower Street, May 6th.*

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TENTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, May 6	Friday, June 10.
Friday, May 27.	Friday, June 17.
Friday, June 3.	Friday, June 24.

To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

The present year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, who came into the world, at Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770, Mr. Hallé considers it becoming and appropriate to devote his forthcoming series of Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes will, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance in two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé will be assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN,

who will sing four of Schubert's collection of songs entitled "The Fair Maid of the Mill," at each of the five first concerts, accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas will, as on previous occasions, accompany the programmes.

THE THIRD RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 20TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, Op. 14, No. 1	.. ..	*Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Am Feierabend" (The Hour of Rest) / "Der Neugierige" (The Question) }	—Herr STOCKHAUSEN	*Schubert.*
SONATA, Op. 14 No. 2	.. ..	*Beethoven.*

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, Op. 22	.. ..	*Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Ungeduld" (Impatience) / "Morgengruss" (Morning Greeting) }	—Herr STOCKHAUSEN	*Schubert.*
GRAND SONATA, Op. 26	.. ..	*Beethoven.*

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

DEATHS.

On May 10, at 12, Bedford Square, FRANCES MARGARET, widow of Sir GEORGE T. SMART—aged 67.

Suddenly, on Friday week, at Brighton, Mr. T. W. WHITE—aged 44,—Organist, Choir Master, and Conductor of the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society. He was an earnest and accomplished musician, and a pupil of Dr. Bucks, of Norwich.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1870.

A WEEK OF MUSIC.

CONCERT-GIVERS have had, lately, good reason to complain of a slack market. Weeks ago we referred to the thin audiences which responded even to their most attractive invitations; and since that time, there has been little, if any, change for the better. An enquiry into causes may be useful, but we do not propose to make it here. It must be pointed out, however, that no disappointment affects the elastic spirits of the sufferers. They continue giving concerts with a faith in ultimate success it is impossible not to admire. In a little time, if things go on as at present, concert-givers will rival opera *impresarios* in sublime hopefulness. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." The parallel of this is not hard to find in connection with music.

The present week deserves a notable place in the history of the season. It has been surfeited with music, as though concert-givers had resolved upon bringing all their force to bear upon it. In proof, let us just run through the record—beginning with the operas.

At Covent Garden on Monday, *Don Giovanni* was performed, with Mdme. Patti as Zerlina, and Mdlle. Tietjens as Donna Anna. On Tuesday, Mdme. Pauline Lucca appeared, as Marguerite in *Faust*. On Thursday the opera was *La Sonnambula*, with Mdme. Patti as the heroine; on Friday *La Favorita* was given; and for to-night *La Figlia del Reggimento* is announced. Adding to these five performances the four given at Drury Lane, we have to mention *Faust* on Monday, with Mdlle. Reboux as Marguerite; *Lucia* on Tuesday, serving for the first and welcome appearance of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; and on Thursday Mozart's *L'Oca del Cairo* and Weber's *Abon Hassan*. It will be remembered that these novelties were set down for performance two weeks ago, and that they were twice postponed—as though the Fates were determined upon doing their part towards the musical congestion under which the week now closing has laboured. Of course the operas are none the less welcome because deferred; it would have proved better for them, nevertheless, had they come at some other time. Finally, as regards the lyric drama, we have to state that *Robert le Diable* is announced for to-night, with Mdlle. Nilsson as Alice—first time in England. Here, then, are nine operas, a number which should leave small margin for concerts. Concerts, however, have followed each other in quick succession, as though their rivals counted for nothing. Let us pass them in review.

On Monday the Philharmonic Society gave its fourth concert, whereat were played two symphonies (Haydn in D, and Beethoven in F, "Pastoral") two overtures (*Oberon*, and *Le Siège de Corinth*), with Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor.

On Tuesday *The Prodigal's Return*, a new oratorio by the Rev. H. F. Limpus, Minor Canon of St. George's Chapel, first saw the light in St. James's Hall. We may have to speak about this work in detail, and criticism in a mere enumeration would be out of place. Enough that the music leaves one in no doubt as to the source whence Mr. Limpus obtained his inspiration. Handel is the composer's model, and, considering what models find most favour just now, we congratulate him on his choice.

On Wednesday, *Rebekah*, a scriptural idyll in two scenes, the work of Mr. Joseph Barnby was brought out in St. James's Hall, along with Handel's *Alexander's Feast*. Here, again, we have to resist a temptation to be critical. It must, nevertheless, be said that Mr. Barnby did not go to Handel for his inspiration, and that the music was well performed and well received. Also on Wednesday took place the annual concert of Mr. Walter Bache, a gentleman who is in the forefront of English adherents to the spasmodic modern school, and who very consistently fills his programmes with the spasms of modern composers. Much of a doubtful, or rather not doubtful, sort was done on the present occasion; and we sincerely hope that those present were able to bear up cheerfully against it. Also, on Wednesday, Mr. Henry Leslie gave the first concert of his "summer series," and should have had the co-operation of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Unhappily, that favourite artist was too ill to appear; but her place was taken by Madame Sinico. Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and a selection

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vocal and instrumental—including Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto, in G minor, magnificently performed by Madame Arabella Goddard and the orchestra—was presented to a large and fashionable audience.

On Thursday there was no concert of importance, and on Friday nothing of more moment than certain "benefits" took place. The week ends this afternoon with the first Crystal Palace summer concert.

If the above list can be beaten by that of any six days yet to come, we should be thankful for timely notice, so as to be able to be out of the way.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE following letter was addressed to Mr. Benedict, by the Committee of the Paris Société des Artistes Musiciens, after the performance of his *St. Cecilia* at the Grand Opéra:—

À MONSIEUR BENEDICT.

MONSIEUR,—C'est avec un vif sentiment de reconnaissance que le comité de l'Association des Artistes Musiciens répond à la lettre que vous avez bien voulu adresser à son président. Le comité accepte avec autant de joie que de gratitude l'offre à la fois si généreuse et si gracieuse que vous faites à notre société. Il appartenait au digne élève de Weber, à celui qui continue si heureusement les traditions de ce grand homme, au compositeur dont chaque pas dans la carrière a été marqué par un succès, de démontrer que la bienfaisance est une qualité commune à tous les artistes, et qu'à ce point de vue surtout l'art n'a pas de pays. Notre association ne peut que se féliciter d'avoir pu attirer sur elle la sympathie et la libéralité d'un esprit aussi éminent que le vôtre, et nous sommes certains d'être ses fidèles interprètes en vous exprimant ici toute notre reconnaissance. Veuillez agréer, monsieur, l'assurance de notre plus parfaite considération.

Paris, le 28 Avril, 1870. LES MEMBRES DU COMITÉ.

M. ABOUT has some reflections about singers at the Paris Conservatory which are worth quoting:—"If"—he says—"a young man possesses natural capabilities, if he has a tolerably good strong voice, managers instantly sniff him out as a prey to be seized. The young man himself simply looks forward to the moment when, provided with his *ut de poitrine*, he shall be free, rich, and popular. As for studying, the idea is ridiculous! Why should anyone learn to read music, to hold a note, to acquire a good and sure method? What is the use? 'Just coach me up in five or six parts, in as many grand operas—that is all I want for the moment'—says the young man.—' Yes—but at a future time,' some one suggests.—'Oh, when a future time comes I will see what is to be done.' And, furnished with this very light stock of musical luggage, off he goes through the great works of the masters. Criticism, listening with astonishment, never fails to exclaim—' What, in the name of goodness, do they teach at the Conservatory? It really is not worth while for the State to spend millions merely to enable a cooper or a mason to give out with vehemence an exceptional note.'"

THE old, old story is being enacted over again at Leipsic, *apropos* of that genuine national composer, Lortzing, as it has been with so many before him. While he was alive no one, except a friend or two in similar circumstances, seemed to care one jot about him, and he spent his life struggling hopelessly with poverty. Now that he has been dead some years, certain of his countrymen suddenly discover that they ought to prove how highly they esteemed him; so the inhabitants of this thriving city have determined to name after him the street leading from the Zöllnerbrücke to the Humboldt Strasse. What a pity they did not think of doing this while he was alive, and presenting him with a modest flat rent-free in one of the houses. The boon would have been very acceptable to the composer—a fact which could not have failed to prove gratifying to his enthusiastic compatriots. But then the latter would have had to pay the rent!

THE precise period when Herr R. Wagner's *Walkiire* will be produced at Munich is still undecided, though there were rehearsals of some of the scenery in the presence of the King, during Easter week. The difficulty of finding a conductor is still the cause of the delay. Even in circles exceedingly favourable to Wagner, Herr Porges, the gentleman he proposed, is said to have declared that he should never dare to conduct the work. It is utterly impossible to recall Herr Richter, and, in this dilemma, Herr R. Wagner has notified to his Bavarian Majesty his own willingness to conduct, provided that the Intendant, the Baron von Perfall is first dismissed from his post. Herr Wagner makes this gentleman's dismissal a *sine qud non*. Matters are thus at a dead-lock, and no one appears to see his way out of it. It is strange that all concerned should have overlooked the one course which could be pursued with ease and at no expense—not to produce *Die Walküre* at all.

WE have heard of singers "electrifying" their audience. It appears that to do this with effect they ought first to be electrified themselves. Dr. Poggioli, the physician attached to the Théâtre Italien, addressed a letter some time since to M. Bagier, in which he maintained that for fatigue, hoarseness, sore-throat, and other ailments, there is no remedy comparable to electricity. Five pupils of the Conservatoire had been treated by him, three for hoarseness and loss of voice, two for some malady affecting the larynx. He electrified them, and all were cured. That there might be no mistake as to the efficacy of the process, Dr. Poggioli made his patients sing before subjecting them to it, and immediately afterwards. The difference was marvellous. After being electrified "their respiration was better and deeper, their voices were stronger, fuller, and more pure." Two of the pupils belonged to Delle-Sedie's class; and Delle-Sedie was so satisfied that he caused himself to be electrified one night when, called upon to play Rigoletto, he found himself too hoarse to make the attempt. Electricity, however, soon set him to rights, and he went through the part triumphantly. Dr. Poggioli could mention several singers who had obtained "unexpected success" through the effects of electricity; and we could furnish Dr. Poggioli with the names of several singers to whom the application of a little electricity would do no harm. Whether he had been over-electrified or not does not appear; but soon after his performance of Rigoletto, Delle-Sedie lost his temper, quarrelled with M. Bagier, and broke his engagement.

A NEW edition (*dite de luxe*) of Beaumarchais has just appeared. The editors, Messrs. D'Heilly and de Manecast, have availed themselves of every source of information, contrasting the original manuscripts with the acting editions—the study with the finished picture. The second volume contains a hitherto unpublished drama in three acts, *L'Ami de la Maison*, forming part of seven volumes of MSS. left in London by Beaumarchais on his becoming in this country a solution of his doubts on the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon, whom he believed to be a *chevalière*. These MSS. were in the hands of Messrs. Duiau, of Soho Square, who, in 1826, in vain attempted to dispose of them for 300 francs. In 1863 M. Ed. Fournier, commissioned by the Société de l'Académie Française, obtained them for 500 francs. Scarcely was the bargain completed when M. Dulau received an offer of £1,000 from an English amateur. *L'Ami de la Maison* deserves mention, as almost identical in its plot with M. de Girardin's play, *Le Supplice d'une Femme*. It is remarkable that, a century after Beaumarchais, Girardin and Dumas Fils should have had no inspiration so strongly similar to that of their predecessor, in *L'Ami de la Maison*.

BRUSSELS.—The new three-act opera, *Le Florentin*, was produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie last week for the first time on any stage. The book, by M. de Saint-Georges, was written for the "opera-comique" competition in Paris, when M. Lenepveu gained the prize but his opera has not yet been produced Meanwhile, M. Pichon, as we have stated, brought out in this small capital *his* setting of the words. But, alas! the result was anything but flattering to the composer or agreeable to the manager. Produced on Friday, on Sunday the work had disappeared from the bills. On Monday, the management felt inclined to give it another trial, it appears, but M. de Saint-Georges sent a message to forbid his libretto being performed, so that there is an end to M. Pichon's version of *Le Florentin*, unless—acting on the idea first broached by Mendelssohn, and plagiarised by the small fry who can, at least, imitate a man's title if they cannot rival his genius—he favours the public with an *Oper ohne Worte*.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

When Mdlle. Christine Nilsson first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, three years ago, she could say without exaggeration, "I came, sang, and conquered." *C'est le premier pas qui coûte;* and as to the result of subsequent appearances there never has been the smallest doubt. Every amateur of opera knows how the fair and gracious young Swede at once took the town by storm, and how, from that time to the present, she has held her position against all rivals. Mdlle. Nilsson is now regarded in the light of a necessity. Were the musical public called upon to vote Yes or No to the question whether she could be spared, the affirmatives, we take it, would appear conspicuous by their absence. Her coming, therefore, is an event of note and importance. If rumour speaks truly, a special interest attaches to the series of representations commenced on Tuesday. The French musical papers—no mean authorities—assert that Mdlle. Nilsson will spend the next season in America, and the next following in Russia; after which she will retire from public life. We hope this story is false, but it may be true; and, if so, we are seeing and hearing the last of one of the most charming artists that ever adorned the lyric stage. But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and our present business is not to discuss Mdlle. Nilsson's going, but her coming. She would have appeared in *Lucia* on Saturday had not a postponement been made necessary by hoarseness. On Tuesday the fair artist was sufficiently recovered to sing, and, we may add, to go through a reception, sufficiently trying, however pleasant. Mdlle. Nilsson's entrance in the familiar scene of Donizetti's heroine was the signal for that loud and long applause which leaves its object in no doubt of the warm feelings that have prompted it. The welcome accorded was, in fact, one of the heartiest ever given to a public favourite; and, as becomes stimulated to a special effort, Mdlle. Nilsson sang and acted in a manner rarely surpassed. At the beginning of her career in England she could claim a foremost place among vocalists, while, as an actress, there was room for improvement. That improvement has ever since been steadily going on; to what extent, Tuesday's performance made agreeably plain. Throughout the very dramatic second act, Mdlle. Nilsson was all that could be desired; the interview of Lucia with Enrico and the climax of the contract scene enabling her to display resources for which she had scarcely obtained credit. In the latter, Mdlle. Nilsson roused her audience to enthusiasm by perfectly legitimate means. Tomention only one point out of many which must have attracted admiring notice, nothing could be more true to nature, or more eloquent in its meaning, than the action of tearing off the bridal wreath, and mutely signifying that in heart Lucia was still devoted to her returned and wrathful lover. Briefly let us say that Mdlle. Nilsson made the most exacting part of the opera the occasion of her greatest triumph. There is little necessity for dwelling upon the merits of Mdlle. Nilsson's singing. Her pure and sympathetic voice is as beautiful as ever it was; and the facility with which she uses it has, if anything, increased. "Regnava nel silenzio," with the subsequent duet, was quite enough to prove this; and more was not to afford an earnest of how the "mad music" of the third act would be rendered. Few, however, could have anticipated the actual success obtained—a success unique even in connection with airs expressly adapted for show. Mdlle. Nilsson was often recalled during the performance, and at its close no doubt could be entertained that she had once more taken heat hold upon public favour. With the exception of Enrico, the other characters were represented in a familiar manner, Signor Foli being Raimondo, and Signor Mongini Edgardo. The schemiog brother of Lucia had a zealous interpreter in Signor Verger, whose good voice and intelligent acting will make him as welcome on the stage as he has been in the concert-room. Signor Rinaldini was that rare apparition, a competent Arturo; the band and chorus, under Signor Arditi, did their work excellently. THADDEUS EGG.

PROVINCIAL.

BISHOP-STORTFORD.—The following is from a correspondent:—

"Miss Amy Perry, the pianist, gave an evening concert on Thursday, 5th inst., in the Assembly Rooms, and before a full audience. Miss Perry played Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 26; Auber's fantasia on "Alice, where art thou?" and a fantasia by Leybach, on a German theme; in all of which she was loudly applauded. Master W. Parker, a young violinist, from the Royal Academy, performed a solo by De Beriot; Mdlle. Elise sang Benedict's "Rock me to sleep;" and Miss A. Dwight, a song by Bevignani. Mr. F. Childerstone sang "Alice, where art thou?" Mr. J. H. Sutcliffe gave Costa's "My soul to God, my heart to thee;" Mr. C. J. Blahenden, a song by Shield, and a new ballad, "Dearer to my soul than art." Mr. S. Lansdowne Cottell accompanied the whole of the music on the pianoforte."

SIGNOR PADILLA, who lately married Mdlle. Désirée Artôt, is engaged at the French Opera.

THE PRODIGAL SON AT GLASGOW.

(*From the "Glasgow Daily Herald," May 7th.*)

Mr. Sullivan's name is already well known and esteemed by all lovers of good music in Glasgow. Our young English composer has entered on a career singularly auspicious and successful. Already he has written works which have placed him in the foremost rank of living composers. In noticing the production of his *Tempest* music during the late orchestral concert season, we took occasion to mention that Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan was elected to the first Mendelssohn scholarship, which conferred upon him the privilege of receiving in Leipsic the highest musical education. The chief result of his studies there was his *Tempest* music, which he brought to England with him while quite a youth. This companion picture to Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, was for the first time performed in Scotland three years ago, and we believe only then with stage accessories, in Dunlop Street Theatre Royal. It was again performed at the Orchestral Concerts last season, when Mrs. Stirling read the text illustrating it. From the time of writing the *Tempest* music till the production of his latest work—*The Prodigal Son*—Mr. Sullivan has not been idle. He has composed, in particular, a symphony, a cantata entitled *Kenilworth*, many fugitive pieces, and an amusing adaptation of *Box and Cox*, in the form of an operetta, containing much charmiog music—light, sparkling, and serio-comic.*

The Prodigal Son was first performed at the Worcester Musical Festival on the 8th September last, since which time it has been performed in London and many places in England. Mr. Sullivan, in selecting and arranging the words for his oratorio, has made of it a didactic work, which, from the shortness of the story, is obviously the best course. The composer, in a few introductory remarks, printed at the beginning of the work, explains his idea of the Prodigal himself as a young man at first not naturally depraved, but possessing a restless desire to see the world outside, and afterwards gradually led into excesses to which, in all likelihood, he originally had the greatest and most heartfelt repugnance. We cannot here enter into a minute description of the music number by number. For the most part it breathes a thoughtful and devotional spirit. Mr. Sullivan possesses, in an eminent degree, the power of giving expression in music to sacred and contrite feelings. The wonderfully-powerful scena, "How many hired servants," forms a page of sacred music the equal of which has seldom been written. In its unusual simplicity lies its greatest strength. No cunning of the art of composition is here resorted to—it contains nothing but pure devotional and suggestive expression. We cannot concur in the exception which has been taken to the introduction of the much-discussed "Revel" chorus—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." In an artistic point of view it greatly enhances the contrasting features of the work; but, furthermore, we consider its introduction correct, even when regarded from a religious stand-point. Mr. Sullivan, in this movement, has put forth his greatest strength. The composer's art is powerfully and ingeniously shown, whilst the general treatment is alike novel and admirable. The reckless jollity of the revellers is depicted by music restless and boisterous. There is no expression of calm, peaceful hope in the future; the revellers feel that they must endeavour to be happy to-day, for "to-morrow we die." There is not even "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," but a fear of death that must be drowned by eating and drinking. The whole work exhibits what Mr. Sullivan is now well known to possess—the gift of real melody, combined with a thorough command of instrumentation. To this young composer the country hopefully looks for efforts even greater than he has yet made, great though these have already been.

The oratorio was produced for the first time in Scotland on Thursday evening at the Queen's Park Church. It was certainly a bold step on the part of Mr. Donaldson and his little choir to undertake such an important novelty. Those concerned must have confidently felt their power, their success fully atoning for this boldness. The execution was, on the whole, thoroughly enjoyable and successful. This is saying much when we remember that the work was performed entirely by amateurs. Where so much was creditable, it is almost invidious to particularize. On account, however, of the large share of the work devolving upon the solo tenor voice, we may point out how admirably the gentleman who undertook this important task gave the music, especially in the great scene, "How many hired servants," perhaps the most artistically-executed number of the whole evening. The singer made one or two deviations from the printed score; these, however, have been approved of by the composer. Mr. Berger, as pianist, and Mr. Charles Ferguson, as organist, discharged their duties carefully and satisfactorily. Mr. Donaldson, as conductor, and all concerned, must be

* To these might have been added the burlesque-opera (libretto by Mr. Burnand), entitled *La Contrabandista*—produced at St. George's Hall.—ED. *M. W.*

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congratulated on the success of the concert, which was attended to overflowing. The want of the orchestral accompaniments deteriorated much from the effect of the performance. Mr. Sullivan's instrumentation is always so perfect, and in most cases so essential, that it is somewhat dangerous to attempt any of his works without it. It says much for the intrinsic merit of the music when, even without this, so much pleasure was given.

We are glad to learn that the Glasgow Choral Union has arranged to produce *The Prodigal Son*, with full orchestral accompaniments, in November next, when the composer has kindly consented to conduct in person. The directors of that society expect also to secure the services of Mr. Sims Reeves, for whom the tenor part was expressly written. This, we doubt not, will prove one of the most attractive musical festivals of next season.

PRESBYTERS AND ORGANS.

The sittings of the English Presbyterian Synod were held the week before last, and on Thursday the Synod proceeded to consider the vexed question of instrumental music in churches belonging to the denomination. In consequence of the special interest generally felt in this subject the attendance was very large, and it included many ladies. Mr. C. Lewis, an elder, introduced the question by proposing the following:—

"The Synod having taken into consideration the overtures of the Presbyteries of Berwick, Lancashire, and London, on the subject of the use of instrumental music in public worship, and having regard to the unsatisfactory position in which the question has been left by the previous deliverances of Synods, and being of opinion that the church ought not, by any general resolution, to fetter the action of sessions and congregations in this matter, hereby rescinds the several resolutions of Synod passed on the subject in the years 1856, 1857, 1858, 1861, and 1862, but urges congregations to continue their efforts for the better cultivation of vocal praise, and enjoins Presbyteries to take order that the substantial prosperity and harmony of congregations be regarded."

He said, what he asked the Synod to do was to declare in favour of liberty, and he denied that there was any Scriptural authority for a contrary course in reference to instrumental music. It might have been necessary in the Reformation times to protest against the use of such music, but it could not be needful for them to shackle themselves now. The real objection to his proposal was that instrumental music was an innovation, and many considered that quite sufficient. In what department of life had there not been innovation? Where would they be now if there had not been innovation both in Church and State—innovation in science and art, in agriculture and commerce, in laws, and in everything else? The use of hymns in churches was an innovation. He asked the Synod to adopt his proposal—first, because there was that which he advocated was in itself Scriptural; secondly, because it would be beneficial in the service of God by praise; and thirdly, because it would remove a substantial hindrance to the prosperity of the Church. The Rev. R. H. Lundie, in seconding the motion, disclaimed any wish to see organs introduced into all Presbyterian Churches, as he believed that the finest music was, after all, that of the human voice, when properly cultivated, an illustration of which he had witnessed in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome, when the music was entirely vocal; but he seconded the resolution because he was in favour of Christian liberty with regard to music, and he hoped the majority of the Synod would vindicate the liberty of the congregations. Mr. Alexander Gillespie, an elder, in supporting the resolution, expressed regret at the inconsistent deliverances of the Synod on the question, and urged the necessity of such a decision as would finally settle the question. The Rev. G. Wallace moved an amendment, referring the matter to a committee for consideration, in connection with the whole subject of the laws and usages of the Church and the present practice of the congregations in regard to public worship, and also in connection with its bearings on the relations of that Church with other Presbyterian Churches; and enjoining congregations for the present year to maintain the basis settled by the Synod's last act of legislation. He doubted whether instrumental music was conducive to the real worship of God. If the letter of the Holy Scripture were not opposed to the use, the spirit of it was, and he deprecated a departure in that matter from the usage of their ancestors. In urging the importance of congregational harmony the speaker created considerable merriment by saying that he thought every member of a congregation who did not join the singing ought to give some reason why he or she did not sing. The Rev. Mr. Johnstone, of Warrington, having seconded the amendment, the Rev. W. Raitt moved another amendment, enacting that instrumental music should at once cease in all the congregations, and enjoining all the Presbyteries to use diligence to secure that result; and in expressing his views he remarked that when he left a quiet Scotch manse some time ago, he never dreamed that he was going to join an organ-playing community in England. He should rather expect the blessing of God in connection with the use of the bagpipes—played with all the intelligent energy and natural enthusiasm of the Highlanders—than in connection with the use of mechanical contrivances played by professional musicians. After the amendment had been seconded the Rev. T. Alexander, of Chelsea, insisted that the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian religion shut out the use not merely of organ, but of all other forms of instrumental music. Up to almost yesterday there was not a scrap of such innovations in this country outside the Church of England. As to the cry of congregational liberty, he warned the Synod against yielding to it, for in such matters the appetite for liberty "grew by what it fed upon." The discussion was then adjourned till the next sitting.

In the evening it was renewed. After some further debate Mr. Raitt's amendment was withdrawn. A show of hands was then taken as between Mr. Wallace's amendment and Mr. Alexander, and the latter was negatived. After this there was a division upon Mr. Lewis's motion and Mr. Wallace's amendment, when the numbers were—for the motion, 121; for the amendment, 49; majority for the motion, 72. The result was, therefore, *pro tanto*, a triumph for the Presbyterian party in favour of the use of instrumental music in public worship.

A REVIEWER'S WAIL.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I write in the name of the public, and not upon my isolated opinion, but upon the concurring opinions of many, and I say—Do you believe *anyone* accepts the ——letter of your Reviewer? I have studied a week to see whether the many expressions of opinion I have heard would find vent.

* * * * * * * *

My wail is this—What we want in the journalism of the present day is manliness; a manliness which is above favouritism, monetary or clique interests, and which has the *power* and ability to *see* when a thing is good, *or bad*, and say so; not with fulsome praise, *nor* with withering, ruinous, and killing censure. Charity and mercy in *all* things—but praise where praise is due, even though our own friends' fame may be a little shaded thereby.

I have admired much in the character of your journal or I should not have been so long a persistent subscriber; so you must take my remarks lovingly.

One word more—I entirely agreed with the writer, "P. M. G.," in the *Musical World*, of the 23rd ult., as to the over-painting of Mr. Manns' analysis of Hiller's symphony. Do, in mercy, offer some check to the growth of this presumed faculty for pretended soul-reading. I am quite sure that not one of the most imaginative, poetic, and talented composers, whose writings have come down to us, neither in the study previous to his composition, nor in the process of writing down his composition thought or conceived in his brain, mind, or soul, or other supposed and undefined medium through which music is developed, half nor one hundredth part of the imaginative and highly-painted nonsense one receives at the hands of reviewers and sundry persons, whose passion or profit it may be to "write" these sensational "paintings" of *their* soul-readings of departed geniuses.—Muchly and truly yours,

Mail 11th, 1870. (In another School.) ASCRUM REVIEWER.

[We have shown this letter to our Reviewer, who as it happens is the very "P. M. G." enlogized by "Another Reviewer;" and his answer was similar to that of the late Duke of Wellington in reply to a threatening letter from the late Harriet Wilson—"Print and be d——d." We print but hope the other thing.—ED. *M. W.*]

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

A concert was given in St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening in aid of the funds of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, Clewer, when a new oratorio, *The Prodigal's Return*, composed by the Rev. H. F. Limpus, Minor Canon of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor, was produced. The work is written in imitation of Handel—than whom certainly no grander model could be found, and the composer has evidently studied largely and diligently in that direction. An efficient band and chorus assisted, and the solo singers were Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The work was favourably received, and the composer called for at the close. We shall give further particulars in our next.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The artists engaged for the Musical Festival at Whitsuntide are Mdlle. Orgeni, Mdme. Joachim, Herr Vogl (from Munich), Herr Bletzacher (from Hanover), and, last, not least, Herr Joachim. The programme is settled as follows:—First day: *Sinfonia Eroica* and *Missa Solemnis*, Beethoven (in the second work Herr Joachim will play the violin *obbligato* in the "Benedictus"). Second day: "Leonore" Overture—Beethoven; and *Deborah*—Handel. Third day: a miscellaneous concert, in which one of the pieces will be Beethoven's Violin Concerto, performed, of course, by Herr Joachim.

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WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.*

The immortal Joh. Seb. Bach left as an inheritance to the musical world ten sons, all of them more or less great artists and celebrated composers. His eldest and favourite son, Wilhelm Friedemann, was the only one who had the desire, till his melancholy death, to emulate his distinguished father. Wilhelm Friedemann was born in 1710 at Weimar, and died in 1784 at Berlin. Instructed by his father, he developed in earlier years his great abilities and talents as a performer on the piano and organ, and also in the theory of music, to such a degree that everybody admired him, and Father Bach himself, who was not so easily satisfied, looked forward to the highest results of his favourite son. His compositions were vigorous and profound, and he executed his musical inspirations on both instruments with a mastery which took everyone by surprise. His diligence in the sciences, also, which he pursued at the "Thomas-Schule" at Leipsic were cherished by his tutors with great expectations. After leaving the college he studied the law and mathematics —the latter science he preferred, and adhered to it under all circumstances to the end of his life. In 1733 he received a vocation as organist at the Church of St. Sophia at Dresden. In 1747 he was appointed director of music and organist at the church of St. Mary at Halle, on the Saale. After this appointment he was known and called "The Head of Halle," "Der Hallesche Bach." But this, also, proved no place of abiding for him; he resigned it in 1767, and returned to Leipsic without an engagement. His life at this period became a restless and fugitive one. Notwithstanding he was nominated Chapelmaster to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, he never obtained an active appointment at the Court. Living as a private individual, sometimes at Brunswick, Göttingen, and Berlin, he died at the last named town, on the 1st of July, 1784, in poverty and total debility.

In looking at his character we cannot be surprised to learn his sad fate. All distress he brought upon himself by his rudeness of mind, his inflexible and artistic pride, his prodigious absence of mind, and his peevish and quarrelsome disposition. Given to drinking, he violated as a civil citizen all order, and broke those privileges very often. With all these defects the greatest genius could not prosper. His father's unassuming and modest mind turned in him to pride, and instead of improving his talent with efficacy he relapsed, and when inspiration failed he tried to replace it by strong drink. Altogether he presented the picture of a modern proletarian artist; and highly endowed as he was, yet the grand hopes and great expectations his father and brothers cherished in him, alas, perished. His contemporaries have acknowledged him to have been one of the greatest organ performers and fugnists, and also one of the profoundest literati in the science of music in Germany. His excellent brother, Philipp Emanuel, asserts of him that only he alone was able to replace his father, Joh. Seb. Bach—the highest praise that could be bestowed upon him; but nevertheless he was despised by the public in general, entirely through his own faults. From his earliest days he gave signs of absence of mind, which he would have been excused for in later years, under the plea of being absorbed in his art, if he would have restricted himself, which he never made any attempt to do. The consequence was the circulation of a great number of very amusing anecdotes, which, however turned out very seriously for him. During my residence in Berlin to study under Professor Zeltzer, who was personally acquainted with the brothers Wilh. Friedemann and Phil. Emanuel Bach, the professor often spoke of their fine compositions and exquisite performances on the piano and the organ, to which he has listened, and when in good humour related traits of Wilh. Friedemann's absence of mind. Some of the following anecdotes I relate as told by Professor Zeltzer:—Friedemann being obliged to go out on business, and expecting during his absence the visit of a friend, wrote with chalk in large letters on his door that he would be at home at such and such a time. Returning earlier than he anticipated he knocked at his door, read his own handwriting, and went away to abide the fixed time. He called in the evening on his friend, Joh. Fried. Agricola, and not finding him at home sat down and ate his supper, which stood on the table, and put the knives and forks afterwards in his pockets. His friend coming home later, and seeing his repast gone said to him that he hoped he had enjoyed the supper. He seriously denied it till convinced through the knives and forks peeping out of his pocket. As organist in Halle he very often forgot to go to church, and when his landlady reminded him that it was time, as the church bells were already ringing a long time, he went, entered the church at one door and left it by another to go home again to resume his fantasias on the piano. Once on Whitsunday he made up his mind not to be behindhand with his duties, and went early to church and seated himself in one of the pews, with the keys of the organ in his pocket. In the meantime the congregation assembled, but he remained there sitting long after the church was filled, and everyone was expecting the organ prelude; at last the congregation became impatient, looking up to the organ; he did the same, and tossing up his head exclaimed, "I wonder who will play the organ to-day." Sometimes, when in good spirits, he played on the organ very long during Divine service, and once, being reprimanded for it by the elders of the church, threw up his appointment, preferring to live in the greatest poverty. Leaving Leipsic with a small bundle under his arm, containing all he possessed, he fell in with a merry company of strolling musicians from Prague, and became one of the party. Near Brunswick they made a call upon a rich proprietor of an estate, who was a lover of music and an admirer of Ph. Em. Bach. The major dome told them to perform in their best style as his master had a celebrated artist as a visitor. Having played some pieces, Friedemann sat himself at the piano and played magnificently. At once a voice called out, "this must be my brother Friedemann or the devil." The brothers embraced, and Friedemann cried like a child for joy that his brother had recognized him by his playing. Notwithstanding the high estimation he held his brother Emanuel in, they disagreed, Friedemann's morose behaviour estranging from him his best and sincerest friends. Both brothers remained strangers till death. His brother Christian, called "the Bach of London" ("Der Londoner Bach"), hated and despised him. Stubbornness and drunkenness made his great and superior abilities unserviceable. When drunk he did nothing at all, and when sober he disliked composing, and preferred to extemporize on the piano, or to indulge in useless and sophistic disquisitions. This is the reason that only a small number of his works are known. Those published are—a sonata in F flat major, Halle, 1739; Sei Sonate per Cembalo—the first in D major, Dresden, 1745. The other five remained unpublished. He advertised many of his compositions, but the public, who did not like him, gave no support to his undertakings. Other works composed by him are—a Treatise on the Harmonic Chord; 14 Polonaises; 8 Fughettes; Music to the Advent Season; 5 Concertos for the Piano; 4 Fugues for the Organ with two Man. and Ped.; two Sonatas for two Pianoforte Concertante; Music for Whitsuntide; Lasset uns obliegen. with Hautboys, Trompets, and Cimbales. His published and unpublished works are exceedingly scarce, and the musical public is greatly indebted to Mr. J. D. Davison for his spirited undertaking, in having edited, under the title, "Revivals," two beautiful fantasias of Wilh. Friedemann Bach, works which speak for themselves, and which will not only advance the refinement of the divine art of music, but also restore our great ancient masters to the stage they must occupy if the better taste for music should predominate. Mr. Duncan Davison has published them in a superior and elegant style, giving homage to the great composer. Lastly, we cannot bestow enough praise upon Madame Goddard, our unrivalled English performer on the piano, for the rendering and conception she has devoted to these two compositions, worthy her interpretation, which will give her the satisfaction of being the first to bring this distinguished composer (after having been so long a time nearly forgotten) again before the public.

April, 1870. Dr. Ferdinand Rahlfs.

* Sketches of Composers and Musical Writers of the Earlier Centuries.—No. II.

WAIFS.

Charleston, S. C., has just dedicated a new Academy of Music.

A German band recently played "Up in a Balloon" at a funeral in New York.

A Boston organist recently imitated a storm, at a concert at Tremont Temple. The illusion was so complete that one of the auditors raised an umbrella.

Boston has appropriated 32,000 dols. to have music taught in the public schools.

A Maine lady desires her daughter to "play the fashionable *melody* she got in Boston last week."

Madame Viardot has accepted an invitation from the Grand Duke to give a series of performances at Weimar.

Owing to domestic affliction Mr. Goldberg will pass the season in Vienna with his family, instead of remaining in London.

A music-seller was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady, who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's song of an under-garment."

Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, is announced for performance, with full orchestra and chorus, at Cambridge, Oxford, and Cheltenham.

At Trinity Church, New York, the organist treated Prince Arthur to "God Save the Queen." The lesson for the day was "Put not your trust in Princes," etc.—which the choir-boys intoned with ill-suppressed mirth.

A new cantata, written by Mr. F. Enoch, and composed by Mr. Ignace Gibsone, for solo female voices and chorus, entitled *The Elfin Knight*, will be produced, for the first time, at Mr. Gibsone's third pianoforte recital, at St. George's Hall.

The Glasgow Choral Union has arranged to produce Mr. Sullivan's oratorio, with full orchestral accompaniments, in November next, the composer to conduct in person. The directors expect also to secure the services of Mr. Sims Reeves, for whom the tenor part was expressly written.

The Rev. C. T. Procter, vicar of Richmond, who would not allow a fire escape to be placed in the churchyard in consequence of its being consecrated ground, has since refused to allow the choir-boys of the parish church to sing at a concert in aid of the Richmond Infirmary, on the ground that they might be required to sing secular music.

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Mr. Henry Smart has composed a new *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* for the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, which will be performed on the 18th inst.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, announces their twelfth annual series of concerts to commence on the 19th inst., at St. James's Hall. We need not add a word to this statement; but for our own personal gratification, we will say that concerts more enjoyable, and, in their way, more useful, the London season cannot produce.

The last *rêve* at the Théâtre Déjazet was deprived of one of its best scenes—a duet between a cocotte and a monkey. No one objected to the cocotte; but the monkey was a reflection upon "Jocko," the ape brought by the Empress from Egypt. The monkey has passed the censorship; but the inspector of theatres cut him out at last rehearsal, on the ground that this pari "contained personal allusions."

Mr. German Reed has secured the services of Mr. Corney Grain, the vocal and pianoforte humorist, whose refined delineations have been received with great relish in private circles. Mr. Grain will appear on Monday in a musical sketch written by himself, entitled *The School Feast. Ages Ago*, now approaching its 160th representation, will be almost immediately withdrawn, to make way for a new entertainment by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

A French paper gives the following account of the origin of the expression, "To make a complete *fiasco*." A German seeing a glass-blower at his occupation, and thinking nothing could be easier than glassblowing, commenced operations by blowing vigorously, but only produced a spear-shaped balloon or little flask (*fiasco*). The second attempt had a similar result, and so on—*fiasco* after *fiasco*. Hence the expression not unfrequently used describing the result of our private and public undertakings.

Signor Botte-ini's little opera, *Vinciguerra*, originally produced at Monaco, and just performed for the first time at Paris, is said by the French critics to contain some capital music, a waltz sung by the heroine being among the best numbers in the work. The composer has had a very fair chance of gauging the capacities of the ordinary musical public during his world-wide tours, and as his unquestionable knowledge of his art is thus tempered by experience there is every prospect that his opera will attain a general success. The libretto relates the romantic adventures of a Parisian "belle" among the brigands, and the music is said to be remarkably bright and lively.—*Choir*.

NEW MUSIC.

I Puritani. Morceau elegant for Piano. By JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THE selected themes from Bellini's opera are treated with considerable taste and skill. We can commend the piece as brilliant and effective, without being difficult. By the way, what a polyglot title it has—Italian, French, English, and German!

Apollo and the Nymphs. Morceau elegant for Piano. Composed by JOHANNES WINKELHAUS. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

PERCHANCE of this pretty drawing-room piece had better not trouble themselves about its connection with the title. They will hardly be able to discover what, in the music, is meant for Apollo, and what for the nymphs. Passing this by as immaterial, a good deal remains to admire. There are no difficulties in the work which amateurs of moderate capacity may not easily surmount; and when surmounted, the result is pleasant enough.

The May Blossom. Valse. By W. C. LEVEY. [Dublin: M. GUNN & SONS.]

THIS waltz, which has a gorgeous title page, if not characterised by any very special merit, is melodious, and therefore pleasing. It is vain, we suppose, to look for any originality in waltzes now-a-days. At any rate, we seldom meet with it.

When sunset sheds its reddening glow. Song. Poetry by N. NETTLETON. Music by W. FRIEDRICH. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

We have nothing to say against this song, and nothing to say for it. It is one of those ordinary effusions which the musical press pours forth so copiously, for no purpose save that of loading publisher's shelves.

Marche Funèbre. Composed in memory of the late George Peabody. Arranged for the Piano by LUIGI CARLINO. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THERE is much merit in this work, and merit of an uncommon sort. The broken character of some phrases expresses admirably the agitation of grief, while excellent contrasts are secured by the smooth and pathetic characters. We are able to commend the march as worthy the occasion which called it forth.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Marche Funèbre," by Luigi Carlino; "A Summer Song," by Henry Walton; "The Brides of Enderby," and "The Spadewell," songs, by E. M. J. Edwardes. "Bella qual rosa Aurora," melodia, composta da Giovanni Marastrilla. "They named her name before me," ballad composed by Frederic Penna.

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This Day (Saturday), "FAUST." Mephistopheles, Mons. Faure (his first appearance in London these four years); Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentine, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor—Signor Arditi.

On Monday Next, Second Performance of Weber's "ABU HASSAN." The Libretto translated by Signor Marchesi, and the dialogue set to recitative by Signor Arditi, expressly for the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. Hassan, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Omar, Signor Castelli; Il Califo, Signor Ragani; Mesrur, Signor Trevers; Zenarod, Madame Cord; Zobaida, Mdlle. Briani; and Fatima, Madame Monbelli. To be followed by Mozart's posthumous Opera-buffa, in two acts, "I GOCA DEL CAIRO" (second time in England). The poem adapted by M. Victor Wilder. The Italian translation by Signor Zaffira. The dialogue set to recitative-parlando by Signor Bottesini. Fatima, Signor Gardoni; Don Beltrame, Signor Casaboni; Pasquale, Signor Trevers; Lo Schiraz, Mr. Lyall; Giacinta, Madame Cord; Oretta, Madame Nantier; and Isabella, Mdlle. Emilie Lavitsky (her second appearance).

Tuesday, May 24, Meyerbeer's Opera, "DINORAH." Corentine, Signor Gardoni; Hoel, Mr. Santley; Un Chasseur, Mr. Randall; Un Carelatore, Signor Ragney; Dea Capeul, Mdlle. Vista and Mdlle. Briani; Fan Capraia, Madame Cord; Un Capraia, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

Thursday, 26th, "FAUST" (second performance). Characters as before.

Saturday, 28th, Mozart's LE NOZZE DI FIGARO. Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Mons. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Cord; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky (her first appearance in that character in London); and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character).

Monday, May 30, a favourite Opera.

Tuesday, May 31, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Characters as before.

Acting Manager .. .. MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening, Saturday, May 21 (first time these two years), Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, "L'AFRICAINE." Pauline Lucca, Vanzini, Graziani, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Tagliafico, and Nandin. On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

Next Week there will be Five Performances.

On Monday, May 23, "DON GIOVANNI"; Adelina Patti, Vanzini, Wachtel, Graziani, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Capponi, and Tietjens.

On Tuesday, May 24, "LA FAVORITA." Mdlle. Lucca, Graziani, Bagagiolo, and Mario.

On Thursday, May 26, "I LA SONNAMBULA." Adelina Patti, Bagagiolo, and Wachtel.

A Grand Morning concert will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 18, supported by all the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera.

MR. SIMS REEVES. The First Appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, after his return from Italy, will take place at Mr. Henry Leslie's Grand Concert, on WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT, May 25th, at St. James's Hall. Handel's Oratorio, "THE MESSIAH."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

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The Next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers and Associates, will take place at the Institution on Thursday Evening Next, the 26th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET.

MR. AUSTIN has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT will take place on Friday, May 27th, 1870. To commence at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mdlle. Tietjens and Mdlle. Sessi; Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Fenwick, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Gratiani and Mr. Sims Reeves (his First Appearance at an Evening Concert on his return from Italy). Clarionet—Mr. Lazarus. Pianoforte, Miss Kate Roberts. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor—Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Family Ticket (to admit Five) £2 2s.; Area Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and of all Musicsellers.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and Beethoven's" Choral Symphony," Wednesday, May 25th, at St. James's Hall. Principal Lancaster-Sherrington, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Cummings, Herr Carl Stepan. Band and Chorus of 350. Conductor—Mr. Barnby. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony and Area (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Admission, 3s., 2s. 1s.; at Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; the principal Musicsellers, and Austin's St. James's Hall.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor—Mr. W. G. Cusins. Monday Evening, May 23rd, St. James's Hall, Eight o'clock. "The Power of Sound," symphony, Spohr; and Beethoven, No. 2 in D; overtures, "Struensee" (*Meyerbeer*), "Il Seraglio" (*Mozart*); Concerto in E flat. Pianoforte, Herr Pauer, Weber. Vocalists—Mdlle. Orgeni and Mr. Santley. Stalls, 10s. 6d. Balcony, 5s.; Tickets, 3s. and 2s. 6d. Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Chappell's; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Mitchell's; Olliver's; Keith, Prowse's & Co.'s; and A. May's.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S SECOND GRAND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT, May 25th. Handel's "MESSIAH." Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Full band. Organist—Mr. John C. Ward. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s and 10s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Gallery, 3s. 6d. Commencing at Half-past Two. Tickets at Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street; all Music publishers; and Austin's Office, 2e, Piccadilly.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she will give a MORNING CONCERT at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Saturday, May 28th, to commence at Three o'clock, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Madame Monbelli, Miss Elizabeth Philp, Signor Foli, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists—Madame Alice Mangold and Herr Van Biene. Accompanist—Herr Carl Rosa. Tickets at One Guinea and Five Shillings, to be had of Mdme. Mangold, 34, Leighton Grove, N.W., and at the Rooms.

THIS DAY.

MDLLE. BONDY begs to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place This Day (Saturday), May 21st, at Hanover Square Rooms. Commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Instrumentalists—Violin, Herr Ludwig Straus; Violoncello, Mons. Paque; Pianoforte, Mdlle. Bondy. Conductor—Mr. W. Ganz. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. Tickets at Miss Bondy's, 17, South Molton Street, Hanover Square, and at the Rooms.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Conductor—Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc. LISZT'S Cantata, entitled "DIE LEGENDE DER HEILIGEN ELISABETH" will be performed at the Public Rehearsal, Saturday Afternoon June 11th, and at the Last Concert of the Season, Wednesday, June 15th. The character of St. Elisabeth, by Mdlle. Tietjens. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; at the Hall and principal Music Shops.
W. GRANVE NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—SIX SCHOLARSHIPS of the Value of Fifteen Guineas each, entitling the holder to one year's free Instruction, are open to PUBLIC COMPETITION—Two for Singing; two for Pianoforte, one for Violin, and one for Violoncello.
Candidates, who must intend making Music a Profession, and not exceed 16 years of age, except for Singing, are requested to send their names, on or before 1st of June to Mr. G. H. WILKINSON, Secretary, London Academy of Music, St. George's Hall, Langham Place, of whom further particulars may be obtained.

GLASGOW CITY HALL.—SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—Conducted by the Directors of the Glasgow Abstainers' Union. Mr. James Airlie, Secretary; Mr. H. A. Lambeth, Organist; Mr. Emile Berger, Solo Pianist and Conductor. The Seventeenth Season commences next September, and will extend over the succeeding Eight Months, to make arrangements for which Mr. Airlie is now in London, and may be communicated with at Angus's Hotel, 33, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.
JAMES AIRLIE, Secretary.

MR. E. M. DELABORDE, from Paris, will introduce his celebrated PEDAL PIANOFORTE at his FIRST MATINEE MUSICALE, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY NEXT, the 23rd Inst., at Three o'clock. He will perform Selections from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, at Robert W. Olliviers, 19, Old Bond Street, and at the Office of the Room.

MR. ALFRED CAINK will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN'S popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Highbury, May 31st.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at St. James's Hall, June 4th.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in Town for the Season. Address, 5, Beaumont Street, Portland Place.

MR. IGNACE GIBSONE has the honour to announce that he will give THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS at St. Gibson's Hall, May 25th, June 8th and 22nd. Vocalist, at first recital, Miss Katherine Poyntz. Tickets and full particulars to be obtained of Messrs. Ashdown & Parry, Hanover Square; and Hutchings & Romer, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at Mr. Alfred Baylis's First Matinée, 30th May.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to 10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., where she requests all communications may be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Greville Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing DUGGAN'S great baritone song, "SAMSON," at his principal Engagements—City, 25th May; Hanover Square, 26th; St. George's Hall, June 8th. Address, 28, Old Bond Street.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME GURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD (Soprano) has arrived in London and is open to Engagements for Operas, Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S CONCERTS:—Store Street, June 4th, July 16th; Hanover Square, June 25th. Communications addressed Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) may be engaged for Concerts, Operettas, and Oratorios. Address, 10, Duke Street, Portland Place, W.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing KATE WARD'S admired song, "THE WEAVER," on May 26th, at Windsor; and May 30th, at Mr. Lahee's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms.

"O FATIMA! ETEREA DONO," sung by Madame TREBELLI-BETTINI in Weber's Opera, "ABU HASSAN." Price 3s. LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street

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"LITTLE WILLIE," by JULES BENEDICT. This charming new song (by the popular composer of "Rock me to Sleep") is now being sung with distinguished success by Miss EMMA WYBRA. Price 3s., and may be obtained for 19 stamps from the publisher, DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Auyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

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"THEY NAMED HER NAME BEFORE ME,"

BALLAD,

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Price 3s.

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MR. ROBERT BERINGER will play his admired "VALSE DE BRAVOURE," at Greenwich, on Monday next, 23rd May.

Published This Day,

"HOPE ON,"

BALLAD.

The Words and Music by Mr. and Mrs. ST. LEGER.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ROBERT COCKS & CO.'S PIANOFORTES. Prices varying from £24 10s. to £66. Lists and drawings gratis and postage free. Purchasers are charged most reasonably for sound and durable workmanship, without an additional charge for a name, or, as is usual, for the risk incident to credit transactions.—New Burlington Street.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE.—124th Edition; 70 large folio pages, 4s. "This work has had an enormous run, its circulation being something wonderful, whilst the encomiums passed upon it have raised its reputation beyond all ordinary criticism. We cannot for a moment hesitate in giving it the very warmest recommendation."—Vide *South Australian Advertiser*, March 2.—London: Published only by ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street. May be had every where.

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BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.*

Bach, according to the statements of Mizler and Forkel, wrote five *Passions-Musiken* so-called. These probably stood in connection with those *five full-year courses* of Church Music, which altogether like an encyclopædia of Church music, which left behind him by the great composer. Of these five *Passions* two only have come down to us: 1. *The St. John Passion*, and 2. *The Passion according to the Gospel of Saint Matthew.* A third *Passions-Oratorium*, according to the Gospel of St. Luke, of which a copy written in Bach's own hand exists in Munich, and a transcript at Berlin, the latter bearing the mark "*J. S. Bach to Leipsic,*" is open to most reasonable doubts regarding its authenticity. . . .

I. THE PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.

This is probably the older of the two. But the date of its composition cannot be positively ascertained. We only know that Bach submitted the work to repeated revision, and that he set out to work it over again after the completion of the Matthew Passion, which was performed in 1729. The poem seems to have sprung essentially from himself, at least to have been prepared after his express designs. It leans upon the text to the Passion-Music, which Brocke had written in Hamburg, which had been composed by Handel, Telemann, Keiser, and Mattheson, and to which Bach was no stranger, since he had himself copied off the score of Handel's composition. But this text did not reproduce the Gospel simply, but translated into (partly) very wretched verses. The epic tone of St. John's Gospel, and the mystical element in the apostle's conception of Christianity, conspicuous also in the text to Bach's composition, may have been the occasion of Bach's following, in the putting together of the work, a more dogmatic philosophical direction, than was the case later in the Matthew-Passion, which passes more into the sphere of immediate life and moves in a more lyrical mood.

On the whole, the poetic structure of the St. John Passion is very simple. The 18th and 19th chapters of the Evangelist, beginning with the arrest of Jesus, form the groundwork. Numerous chorales, two choruses (for the introduction and conclusion), and eight airs for single voices, with various in part very abstract reflections on the sufferings of the Lord, are interpolated amid the Bible words. In the narrative of Peter's denial the composer has supplied from other Gospels what is wanting in St. John: "And he went out and wept bitterly." So too, for greater completeness, he has included the words near the end of the 27th chapter of St. Matthew: "And behold! the veil of the temple was rent," &c. The ideal Christian Church, which takes so prominent a part in the action in the *Matthew-Passion*, we do not find here characterized as such. The great drama, which depicts the end of the Lord and Saviour, passes before us in essentially the simple form which the Evangelist has given it. It is simply *the Gospel*, which it is the object of this Church music to announce to us.

But the great master, who wrote his sacred works from the point of view of a believing, pious Christian heart, may well have considered, that on the one hand the long drawn Gospel recitatives might have a wearisome effect on the listening congregation, while, on the other hand, the occasional choruses and arias, with all the splendour of instrumental effect and the declamation of the singers, might easily give to the Church music too much of a concert character. To avoid monotony the connected musical pieces between the recitatives were necessary. But, at the same time, to secure the church-like character of the work, and to bring the entire music belonging to the liturgical part of the service of that time nearer to the congregation present, he made use of the chorale. The listening congregation was also to have an opportunity to join in the song. Unfortunately we have no information as to how far this purpose of the composer was carried out in practice. When we read in the work of Rochlitz *Für Freunde der Tonkunst* (Vol. 4, page 448), that Bach's way of treating the Passion *found a strong participation in the congregation, so that the performance of such an oratorio always became really an edifying Art Feast for the town*, we may take it for granted as certain that he reached this end especially through the co-operation of the choral song. This semi-dramatic way of treating a religious subject was no invention of Bach's only. Apart from the fact that such performances were known in the churches of Italy, from the very first beginning of the opera, and were even presented in costume (for example the religious drama, *L'anima e corpo*, by Emilio del Cavaliere, performed in the year 1600 in the Church della Valicella, at Rome), apart, too, from the Passion processions and Passion plays, which were introduced in many parts of Germany at a very early period, and which are still customary in certain places showing the old traditional tendency to dramatize the sufferings of the Lord at Easter time,—various attempts had been made by Bach himself to bring the Passion virtually before us in this half dramatic manner through the aid of song. There the acting persons, the choruses, and the ideal church or congregation were treated in a matter altogether like that which we find in Bach, and even the employment of the chorale had found its place in precisely the same way as with him. This Passion-musica, like the Church cantatas, formed a part of the liturgy of the Lutheran Divine service. On Good Friday, even in the smallest church, the history of the Passion of Christ was represented musico-dramatically, or oratorically, according to the means at hand.

* From the German of C. H. Bitter.

In Leipsic the performance, at the time of Bach, alternated between the St. Thomas and the St. Nicolai Church, which does not seem to have been the case before. Moreover these performances were made known to the public by printed announcements. Bach had found the general form of this great art work, essentially, ready to his hands. To him it was reserved to ennoble it, to develop it to the highest perfection. * * * The division of the work into two parts indicates that it was designed to be performed one part before, one after the preaching on Good Friday. The Gospel narrative itself is treated in a simple recitative form and assigned to the tenor. The persons there introduced as speaking (Christ, Peter, Pilate, his maid, the servants of the High Priest) are placed directly in the action. So too we find the choruses of the Jews and Priests, as they occur in the Gospel, charactized in characteristic manner. In all these respects there is a certain corresponding treatment between this work and the *Matthew-Passion*. But here all is simpler, more easily comprehended. Neither in length of time nor in the general intentions of the whole are certain limits of organic form exceeded. This shows itself not merely in the arrangement of the poem, but also in its musical treatment. We know of comparative estimates of the two works, in which the simpler character of the *St. John-Passion* and the richer moulding of the music to the St. Matthew are set in contrast on the ground of the internal characteristics of the two Evangelists. To declare such a supposition unconditionally wrong in a man like Bach, would certainly be very bold.

Yet it can hardly be assumed that the great outward difference between the two works is to be ascribed to this inward difference of character. Eminent as Bach's gift of conception and power of presentation were, he had not, we may well believe, when he wrote the *St. John Passion*, yet attained to the height, in the great combination of all the means, by which he could excite our admiration, nay astonishment in the later, so much greater work. But this anticipatory judgment is not meant to take from the just appreciation of the work now before us. It begins with a chorus executed in grand style.

a. THE INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

This chorus, founded on the words of the Psalmist: "Lord, our God, whose glory is in all the lands, show us by Thy Passion," &c., forms an introduction of a general, religious, Christian purport. It is the prayer for a true faith, which would fain be strengthened and confirmed by a realization of the sufferings of the Lord. In its place stood formerly the chorale, "O man, bewail thy sins so great." Bach, in his last revision of the work, has taken this away from here, and transferred it to the close of the first part of the *Matthew-Passion*, where it produces such a sublime effect. In its place we have here the present chorus. In it, besides that perfect contrapuntal and harmonic treatment, such as always flows from Bach's pen, that intrinsic worth which becomes the serious grandeur of the solemnity, we also find the fine traits of symbolical meaning not despised, by which the great master thought to make the beginning of the history of the Lord's suffering present to our minds. Above the bass moving in short connected notes upon an organ point, and an orchestra of stringed instruments preparing in an earnest figure for the choral song of praise and thanks, rises a mournful melody. Long, sustained tones of flutes and oboes meet above the heaving basses of tone. They begin their mournful song anew with the entrance of the chorus, which, after three brief and strongly marked exclamations of "Lord, Lord," proceeds in a brilliant, but thoroughly earnest figure to extol the majesty of the Lord. Unlimited and infinite, it seems to swell and roar around us, and lift us on the rising flood. The praise of the Lord resounds in strains which mirror the glowing character of the approaching action. Above them that funeral hymn of flutes and oboes sounds once, twice, and the words, "That Thou the true Son of God," do the lamenting instruments take up for a moment the figured movement of the stringed quartet. It is impossible to hear this chorus without deeply feeling in one's inmost soul, how mightily the eventful, the wrestling of the majesty of the Son of God with the sufferings ordained to him, is prepared; how under the superb structure of this hymn of praise the serious tragedy begins, of which the master will bring before our eyes the full development.

As in the orchestra Bach carries the antitheses through to the very limits of the attainable, so also in the treatment of the chorus we remark traits of individual mastery, such as are only found in Bach. We know that he wrote this chorus after the *Matthew-Passion* was finished, and after he had transferred to that the chorale originally intended for the introduction to this. The theme of the hymn of praise breaks off after twelve measures, to pass over into another theme, fugue-like in its treatment, which repeats itself later in the words, "before us through Thy Passion." No one, who knows the two *Passions* of Bach, will hear this theme without being at once reminded, with all the difference of melody and contrapuntal working, of the "Let Him be crucified" in the *Matthew-Passion*. Bach certainly has not set these words just to a note, not otherwise without a definite purpose. As the peculiar structure of the whole work, to which he afterwards prefixed this chorus, did not allow the use of other more extensive means of preparing the hearers in a right earnest, vivid manner for the history of our Lord's sufferings, he was obliged to let the image of the cross appear before the eyes of the multitude at once, beforehand, through the character he lent to this theme. He has taken from the work a masterpiece in withdrawing the chorale. But in this chorus he has known how to replace it by another masterpiece which surely is its peer.

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5. THE RECITATION OF THE GOSPEL.

After the introductory chorus, begins at once the recitation of the Gospel. The recitations throughout are simple, accompanied only by the organ and the fundamental bass. In the noblest style, declaimed in strict observance of the word sound, its *cantilena* seldom, and only at some marked suggestion of the text, passes into the *arioso* element, and into that sort of musical painting so peculiar to Bach. For example, at the repetition of the words of Jesus, "The cup which my Father hath given me, Shall I not drink it?" So too in the long-drawn mournful melodic phrases of the twice repeated words of Peter, "And wept bitterly?" then at the words of Christ, "Then would my servants fight;" but above all, at the marvellous of the Evangelist, "Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him," in which Bach gives free play to his pictorial bent in a long drawn figure over the sharply marked bass. The musical rendering of our Lord's words is not distinguished from the rest of the recitative. It remains all the time in pure, simple recitative style.

[The second part of this article was inadvertently printed before the first, which, however, will now not be read with less interest. For the translation we are indebted to J. S. Dwight's admirable *Journal of Music*, published at Boston, Massachussets.—Ed. *M. W.*

FROM CADIZ.

No. VII.

The Holy Week and its supplementary festivities being over, the life of Seville becomes monotonous enough, and people who come to study Spanish manners are obliged, perforce, to go to the Italian opera, which is performed at the only theatre worthy the name in the city. Of course there are the permanent "lions"—the Cathedral; the Museum, with its collection of "Murillos;" the Moorish Palace, called the "Alcazar," and the Palace and gardens of the Duke of Montpensier, which, although occupied by their Royal owner, are opened daily to the public. A review of these would lie beyond my limits; but in connection with "Spanish Recreations," some of my readers may be interested to learn that in a nook of the Duke's garden are placed the sepulchres of three persons whose tale has been so often told on the dramatic and lyrical stage—namely, the noted libertine, Don Juan; Tenorio, the Commandant who perished by his hand; and Donna Anna, who is here, however, called "Ines." There is likewise a street in Seville, the name of which, "El Hombre de Piedra" (the Man of Stone), refers to the Don's terrific guest. The figures in the garden are in a very mutilated condition, having not so much as one face among them.

Of the genuine Spanish living nothing can be learnt at the principal hotels, where the diners are imperfect copies of the French model, regulated by an invincible desire to avoid the piquant and the savoury. It must not be inferred from these genteel resorts that the unsophisticated Spaniard eats, as a decided flavour in his food. On the contrary he has a predilection for those robust luxuries which may be matched in England by the sturdy epicures who covet speats and black-puddings. I partook of two homely meals, given at the house of a private family of the aristocratic class, the chief elements in which were small, dried sausages, containing whole layers of fat, and strongly flavoured with garlic; other sausages preserved in an earthen pot, with yellow-coloured lard, which is eaten with them to facilitate their passage down the swallow; snails, boiled and fried, and new potatoes in lieu of a pigeon's egg. One could not pause over ordinary repasts after the precedent of this "sensational" bill of fare, but any change was welcome after the monotony of the hotel. In their drinks, the Spaniards are not decidedly disposed to the insipid, and those innocent beverages which correspond to the gingerbeer and lemonade of London are remarkable for the faint sickly taste and their lukewarm condition. A really acid lemonade is not to be found, and there is nothing that bites coldly on the palate among the various drinks that are vended in the ornamental kiosks with which the principal squares are dotted, and which are very pretty objects, with the large earthen vases of water ranged on a shelf at the back, and the bottles containing the less primitive beverages placed on the counter. Many of these kiosks are kept by Moors, who wear their native costumes. The same people also carry on a trade as vendors of slippers. Beer-drinking has of late become rather popular in Seville, where a brewery, with a room for the entertainment of retail purchasers, is much frequented. The brewer is a German, and the produce of his industry is of that "lager-bier" kind which, under one name or another, is so familiar to Europe and America. There is, however, a way of dealing with it, which is not, I think, common out of Spain. A small bottle, with an equal quantity of lemonade, is poured into a bowl, and then served into glasses as a mixture. The mixture is on the same principle as that composed of ale and ginger-beer, on which cookeyes confer the appellation of "shandy-gaff," but the use of the ladle and bowl constitute a marked difference. After all, these little dissipations are exceptional. The general beverage with the people is water, and the painter of Spanish life who could represent a square in Seville without the figure of a man bearing a huge vase filled with the drink of pristine man, and in the act of shouting "*Agua!*" to the passers-by, would be guilty of a heavy sin of omission. Hence I was not a little surprised to see in a kiosk at Cadiz, erected for the sale of Protestant tracts, &c., our well-known teetotal publication, the *British Workman*, translated into Spanish, and converted into *El Obrero*—so as to appeal in a cosmopolitan spirit to the workman in general, as distinguished from the workman British. It struck me that to preach total abstinence to a people already drinking nothing but water was rather an odd direction of missionary enterprise. Some publication of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would more directly hit a blot in the Spanish character; but I would advise not be the keeper of a kiosk in Andalusia where a tract against bull-fighting was sold.

Having come back to the irrepressible bull fight, I may repeat an anecdote that I heard, *apropos* of a pair of stupendous horns that decorated the room of a private family. It is the general rule of the "Plaza de Toros" to terminate the combat with the death of the bull; but the original owner of these particular horns distinguished himself, I was told, by prowess so exceptional that the spectators insisted on a pardon, the refusal of which would have subjected the "matador" to the fate of John de Witt. Because he did not fight and run away, the bull was allowed to live and fight another day. When the other day arrived he displayed even more valour than before, but on this occasion the people thought that he was becoming old and useless, and he was accordingly killed according to routine. Accounts differ as to the nature of his first grand exploit. Some say that he ripped up no fewer than eleven horses; others that he performed the rare achievement of tossing a priest. As Cardinal Richelieu remembered that before he was a priest he was a Frenchman, so it seems, this unfortunate ecclesiastic bethought himself that before he had taken orders he was an Andalusian. However, I prefer the story of the horses to the other legend, which I would assign to the inventive power of some Protestant propagandist, whose zeal exceeded his veracity.

The practice of bull-fighting has an immense effect on the manners of the people. As every lad at an English public school is, in his way, an amateur pugilist, so every Andalusian is a sort of amateur bull-fighter, and I have heard of bull bulls in the streets of Seville have been attacked by small boys and despatched with short knives. And yet there is not a kinder or more obliging people in the world than the people who inhabit the city associated with the names of Don Juan and Figaro. N. D.

Cadiz, April 30.

CARLOTTA PATTI IN *IL FLAUTO MAGICO*.

(From the "Philadelphia Inquirer," May 3, 1870.)

The first performance of *Il Flauto Magico* by Max Strakosch's new company was, in many respects, quite successful. The house was very full and very enthusiastic, especially when Carlotta Patti appeared, which, however, was so seldom that the applause was naturally great, if only from its condensation.

Miss Patti sang her two *arias* as she does everything, faultlessly, in an artistic sense: and when we add that the manner was soulless, we must bear in mind that the greatest lovers of music have not been able to find any soul in these two compositions. They are intended for show, and a wonderful exhibition of vocal capacity Miss Patti gave us. The first one, "Non paventar," is full of endeavors enough to set a music master distracted, and after an unpardonable run of fourteen measures it glides up to the high F and drops suddenly to C natural on the staff; an interval of eleven notes, holding a trill on the C for a whole measure. The more celebrated "Gli angui de Inferno," in the third act, has a more regular theme, and is of much greater interest. Her success in this was most remarkable, and the applause was tremendous. In this *aria* she not only reaches the *altissimo* F three or four times; but, what is far more wearing on the voice, she strikes the high C eight successive times, *staccato*, before gliding up to the F. Both feats, however, seem alike easy to Miss Patti, and the public in the minds of the hearers is the same one that used to agitate musical circles during Thalberg's piano performances, "How does she do it?"

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

A slight entertainment, offered by a new candidate for the place left vacant by Mr. John Parry, now fills up the short interval occurring between the musical legend of *Ages Ago* and the operatic duologue of *Beggar My Neighbour*. Mr. Corney Grain, who thus comes before the public to display his ability as a humourist, has evidently studied with considerable profit in the school which his predecessor founded. Sufficiently youthful to permit the hope that his powers may be capable of greater development, he manifests an amount of confidence which suggests the notion that he has been long favoured with the admiration of young ladies at evening parties. Mr. Corney Grain provides, under the title of *The School Feast* a musical sketch framed on a familiar model, which enables him to introduce a few vocal imitations and to indicate, with more or less distinctness, different peculiarities of manner. In the course of the fifteen minutes thus occupied, he shows he has a flexible voice, a ready command over the piano, and a vivid remembrance of all that has been done by the gifted artist who preceded him. The result is generally satisfactory to the audience, but no justification of the indiscreet enthusiasm evinced by over-zealous friends. Those who have never seen Mr. John Parry are, however, in possession of such a claim to commiseration that it would be ungenerous not to feel some sympathy with them.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Although still not quite recovered from the indisposition which prevented her from appearing, as had been announced, on Saturday night last, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson came forward on Tuesday (the 9th inst.) as the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and was welcomed with an enthusiasm too real to be mistaken. Few artists have so speedily attained the very highest professional rank as this gifted and accomplished lady; and at the same time it must be admitted that few have been able to bring forward credentials of equal value. A voice brighter, richer, or more "sympathetic" to tone, more flexible and amenable to every shade and variety of expression than hers has not been listened to in our time. Then comes the personal charm in her singing, which may in some measure be attributed to its spontaneity or, in plainer language, its entire want of effort. Mdlle. Nilsson, if we may be allowed to quote the phrase, "sings like a bird"—as though sing she must, and could not help it. But we need not again dwell upon the qualities that here, as all over the Continent, have won unanimous recognition. Nor is it requisite that we should give a new account in detail of her impersonation of Walter Scott's unhappy heroine, or her execution of Donizetti's familiar music. Enough that, from the cavatina in the opening scene to the touching incident of the madness—in which last she reaches the highest degree of dramatic impressiveness and vocal perfection—Mdlle. Nilsson, though evidently suffering, succeeded in enrapturing the audience. How frequently she was called forward we don't care to remember; and, indeed, such compliments are in these days so indiscriminately bestowed as to be scarcely worth the consideration of a genuine artist.

On Thursday night (the 12th) the two operas by Weber and Mozart, which had unavoidably been held back for ten days, in consequence of the severe indisposition of that versatile, useful, and always ready artist, Signor Gassier, who was cast for a leading character in the longest and most important of the two, were produced, to the great and unanimous satisfaction of an audience among whom were a larger number of musical connoisseurs than are accustomed, except on exceptional occasions, to congregate at the Italian Opera. About these works, the production of which does the utmost credit to the management of the Italian Opera at Drury Lane, and the admirable performance of which is no less creditable to Signor Arditi and those who act under his direction, we shall take another occasion of speaking. Meanwhile, we merely say that *Abu Hassan* (the overture to which has long been familiar in our concert rooms) is the freshest, most tuneful, and most sparkling of the early dramatic works of the composer of *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon*; and that the *Oca del Cairo*, about the manufacture of which we cannot speak now, is entirely made up of music written when Mozart's genius was at its zenith—that is, between the periods of *Il Seraglio* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* were produced. It contains masterpiece after masterpiece, the worth of which those who believe that form and symmetry are no less essential to music than to other arts will not fail to appreciate. About the performance generally we can say no more at present than that, in *Abu Hassan*, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who, in male attire, represented the hero, obtained an extraordinary success, and that *L'Oca del Cairo* introduced Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky, a new singer, Russian by birth, pupil of M. Wartel (to whom we are also indebted for Mdlle. Nilsson and Madame Trebelli), with a young, fresh, and beautiful soprano voice, a method of vocalization already remarkable, an expression unstrained and natural, an intonation beyond reproach, and, her qualities, both dramatic and vocal, which, or we are much mistaken, are destined to make their mark. But to Mdlle. Lewitzky, as to *Abu Hassan* and *L'Oca del Cairo*, we hope again to refer at no long date.

Robert le Diable was given, according to promise, on Saturday. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal box, and the house was crowded to the roof; the audience, in fact, was the most brilliant of the season. That the excitement should be great to see Mdlle. Christine Nilsson in a part which had made another Swedish songstress, whose name will at once occur to our readers, known to England is not astonishing; nor can any amateur acquainted with Mdlle. Nilsson's talent feel surprised at hearing that her success more than came up to general expectation. We have had many representatives of Alice in English, German, French, and Italian, but not one who has embodied the character more poetically or sung the music in greater perfection. How Mdlle. Nilsson has grown from a somewhat cold and studied actress into a really great and impassioned one, those who, from the beginning—and that dates but three years back—have watched her career know full well. The transformation is as complete as it has been rapid. No more convincing proof need be adduced than her performance on Saturday night. Old frequenters of the Opera must have been reminded of what used to be called that "glorious 4th of May," when, three-and-twenty years ago, the fortunes of Mr. Lumley, who, after years of prosperous management, saw himself confronted with an opposition the strength of which could hardly be over-estimated, were suddenly restored by the triumph of a young Scandinavian songstress, who became famous in a night, and, for years afterwards, was the topic of musical circles. We have no wish to institute comparisons, the Alice of Mdlle. Nilsson possessing merits which entitle it to admiration on its own account, without reference to anything that has gone before. That certain endowments necessary to realize the character of the interesting Norman peasant as it naturally offers itself to the imagination are possessed by Mdlle. Nilsson we need hardly say. In these, perhaps, no Alice since *Robert le Diable* was first produced in London—at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Monck Mason, in 1832—has surpassed, if any, indeed, has equalled her. Alice must be young—that is a *sine qua non*; Alice should be more or less prepossessing in appearance; Alice should have a voice capable of the highest vocal displays, as no one familiar with Meyerbeer's music will deny; and Alice must be an actress—or else what becomes of the great scene with Bertram before the Cross, and the greater trio at the conclusion of the opera, in which the simple earnestness of the single-hearted maiden saves Robert from all the persuasive eloquence of Bertram? These indispensable qualifications are concentrated in Mdlle. Nilsson; and hence the success she achieved on Saturday night —a success which has raised her higher than ever she stood before in the estimation of connoisseurs. We need not enter scene by scene into details. Enough that it was in the most striking situations that Mdlle. Nilsson most completely satisfied expectation. Space will not allow us to say more at present than that the new Alice was received with enthusiasm, and has added fresh laurels to a brow already overcharged.

Signor Rongini was Robert; Signor Foli played Bertram; Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, as the Princess Isabella, created the never-failing impression by her truly impassioned delivery of the air most familiarly known as "Robert, toi que j'aime;" Mdlle. Fioretti, now the best and most graceful dancer in Paris, was Elena, in the scene of the "Resuscitation of the Nuns;" the picture of the ruined Abbey (by Mr. W. Beverley, we believe) showed the hand of a practised master; the costumes were fresh and characteristic; the *mise-en-scène*, by the veteran, Mr. Stirling, was all that could be wished; and the orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Signor Arditi, were in most respects singularly efficient. But on another occasion we hope to return to this performance of *Robert le Diable*, which, if in some respects not altogether perfect, was on the whole in the highest degree creditable to the Drury Lane Opera.

About the highly successful performance of Madame Volpini, as the heroine of *Martha*; Monday night, we shall speak in our next. *Martha* is repeated on Tuesday and Thursday. The opera to-night is *Faust* —Mdlle. Nilsson as Margaret, and M. Faure (his first appearance) as Mephistopheles.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

This society's fourth concert was given in St. James's Hall on Monday, May 9, the Prince and Princess of Wales being present. Haydn's symphony in D, one of the works which show most fully the master's pleasant characteristics, opened the programme, and was capitally played. That it was much enjoyed, we need scarcely add, for whenever Haydn speaks, enjoyment follows, as a matter of course. The second symphony was Beethoven's "Pastoral," which noble composition has a place in every Philharmonic season. Music so well known to the performers must be expected to be rendered satisfactorily, and we find no fault with its interpretation by Mr. Cusins and his subordinates. The concerto (Schumann's) for piano, in A minor, brought forward as soloist Madame Anguissola-Kolar, who sustained the reputation she acquired by her recent performance at the Crystal Palace. Madame Kolar was applauded after each movement, and recalled at the end. The official programme contained an almost passionate plea for Schumann in connection with his work. We refer to this, not for the purpose of contesting Mr. Macfarren's statements, with which we may or may not agree, but simply to point out that a "book of words" is no place for an exhibition of partisanship. The overtures to *Oberon* and *Le Siége de Corinth* may be passed with the remark that both were well played, and, though in very different styles, much relished by the audience. Mdlle. di Murska was the vocalist. She sang, first, "Che pur segno" (*Il Seraglio*), one of the airs written by Mozart for an exceptional voice, and which, therefore, legitimately belongs to the clever Hungarian lady. She next gave her favourite "Ombra leggiera" from *Dinorah*, and finished with the charming Hungarian airs she has made so welcome in concert-rooms. It will be assumed that long and loud applause rewarded each effort.

At the next concert Spohr's *Power of Sound* will be performed, the second symphony being the No. 2 of Beethoven.

A NEW symphony, by Herr Joachim Raff, entitled *In the Forest*, has been played at Weimar with, it is said, great success.

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OPERA IN AUSTRALIA.

(From the "Melbourne Argus," Feb. 14th)

It may be accepted as an axiom that speculators do not, as a rule, engage in commercial enterprises merely with a view of conferring a benefit on their fellow creatures. They have, it may be presumed, invariably a keen eye to their own interests. Speculations are, however, of various kinds, some detrimental and some beneficial to the community operated upon, and those which come prominently within the latter category are deserving of public recognition.

The introducer of a good opera company is essentially a speculator of the beneficent type, and has claims upon a community not to be comprised within the ordinary rules of commercial transactions. Music is universally recognised by educated minds as one of the most powerful of civilising agents, and men who seek to make money by importing music are worthy of superior recognition to those who make their living by importing brandy. The laws of supply and demand are doubtless the most potent authorities in commercial pursuits, but the moralist cannot altogether ignore the effects produced by special developments of the code in question. Regarded from this point of view it is not too much to say that Messrs. Lyster and Smith have, by the pursuit of their private interests, conferred a boon upon Australia by bringing to these shores the excellent singers and organizing the admirable opera company at present delighting the ears and elevating the tastes of the frequenters of the Melbourne Theatre Royal. Actors of burlesque, dancers of breakdowns, conjurors, and "nigger" melodists are capital things in their way. As sources of amusement—one of the necessities of healthy human existence—they are not to be despised, but they can scarcely be regarded in the light of public educators. Of the lyric drama, as it is now being rendered in this city, it may be affirmed that it is something more than a recreation—it is an instrument of art development. There are persons, of course, to whom this assertion will seem ridiculous—good pachydermatous souls, who are no more moved by a strain of Donizetti or a chorus of Meyerbeer than by the rattle of mill machinery or the thunder of quarts-stampers. We are happy to knowing, however, that there are many thousands in this colony whose spirits are capable of elevation under the influence of musical interpretation, and who regard it as no slight privilege to have the opportunity presented to them of further lyrical culture. To these Messrs. Lyster and Smith's speculation will commend itself as a public boon, and its success will be regarded as a desideratum of importance to others besides the firm personally interested.

In appraising the value of the musical artists Mr. Lyster has brought amongst us, it must not be forgotten that we are necessitated to use as Australian, and not a European standard. For us this is the day of comparatively small things. We cannot hope to tempt to a voyage round the world a Patti or a Tietjens, a Gioglini or a Reeves. Our seven-and-sixpence, grudgingly given, cannot compete with the guineas of London, Paris, and St. Petersburgh. But, considering our resources, and the out over liberal manner in which our local impresarios are disposed to patronise such enterprises, the general verdict, which has been pronounced highly laudatory of the opera *troupe* now before the public, must be regarded as a just one. There will be additional cause for gratulation should the speculation prove a commercial success. We must recollect not only what this enterprise is in itself, but what, if successful, it promises for the future. These artists have been engaged for their world-round venture in the central operatic market of Europe, and through the medium of the most famous musical contractor.

To their brethren in Italy they are reliable pioneers. Impresarios of music are not famous for their possession of general information, and doubtless to the operatic *alumni* of Milan, Australia is as much a *terra incognita* as are the northernmost steppes of Russia to ourselves. How much, then, depends on their good or ill report of us—how much, that is to say, to these genuine lovers of the divine art who hope to see opera an annual and not an occasional institution in this city! Australia may be declared to be a civilized land, containing towns not altogether undesirable as places of residence; but, after all, the money result will be the vital test, both to the home friends of the artists, and to the astute Donatelli, through whose agency they contracted the engagement. Let them be in a position to inform their friends that their money claims have all been promptly settled, and Australia will come to be regarded by the musicians of Italy as within the circle of speculative possibilities. There will be no need for further voyages of discovery, like that which Mr. Lyster has so happily concluded. The Italian market will be open to us, and the musical current will set this way as long as we can offer auriferous attraction.

We trust, then, there is no occasion for us to commend these melodious missionaries to the good graces of the public here or elsewhere in Australasia, but that everywhere they will be received in a manner worthy of the art they elucidate and the skill they undoubtedly possess. There is no description of public amusement so acceptable to refined minds as that which they offer, and it will be a reproach to the taste and the cultivation of these colonies if it fail to secure a warm welcome and substantial recognition.

C. H.

By way of "improving the occasion" of the *plébiscite*, M. Schott has published a *Valse de Salon*, entitled "Oui ou Non."

WHAT IS NEW MUST BE GOOD.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Not in a complaining spirit, but merely as a reminder, would I put in my humble protest against the apparent neglect which has befallen the two new oratorios produced for the first time last week. Call them cantatas if the name suits better, that matters nothing. Perfectly new works have a claim to something more than an ambiguous notice, *en passant*, of five or ten lines.

What would be said of a sporting journal, such as the *Era* or *Bell's Life*, coming out on the Saturday after the Derby and Oaks had been run on the preceding Tuesday, Wednesday, or even Thursday, with a meagre ambiguous two-and-one paragraph of ten lines. Ask journals of that kind what would you think of such a procedure in contemporary journalism. Of course the reporter was otherwise engaged. The golden locks of some thousand-and-first Amina or Traviata had charms for him which a new sacred work could not for a moment countenance. And, besides, after the weekly newspapers proper had given extended notices of the oratorios it would be so easy to dish up an article on the following week. In calling your attention to the almost total neglect, and provoking the barest possible notices of Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*, and Mr. Limpus's *Prodigal's Return*, of new extensive works of a thoughtful cast, I feel that such remonstrance is, even at the grave peril of calling down from your dread editorial throne vengeance on any unhappy interloper who may have the temerity to expostulate, imperatively thrust upon me. Surely a journal devoted to music should record new events of such importance and rarity as the first performance, with adequate talent, of a new oratorio—the very highest order of composition. No, on the contrary, after lavesting his subscription in the *Musical World* one habitual reader has to seek such news in perchance the *Weekly Dispatch*, which happened last Sunday to give a very intelligent account of both these new and important works. Of course there were three or four columns of abuse about Wagner, and the customary warm and impolite adjective, that would become the utterances neither of barbarian nor civilian, cast at the head of some unfortunate correspondent who perchance had something to say not altogether in unison with editorial infallibility; but, at the risk of coming in for a share of your disapprobation I humbly ask whether such an oversight is not worth, for the *World's* own sake, some revision. The executant is placed too frequently in advance of the original writer; and too often the musical reporter appears to imagine that he is called upon to utter a strong opinion *pro* or con., when his vocation would be magnified by the more simple record of actual facts.—Yours, very truly. GEORGE TOLHURST.

Maidstone, May 17th, 1870.

[We are thoroughly charmed with the letter of Mr. Tolhurst, whose fellow-feeling makes him wondrous kind. We only wish that we had more correspondents of such spirit. We are aware that every man who writes an oratorio must be a genius. Mr. Tolhurst himself once wrote an oratorio. For our own parts we are generally thankful to men who don't write oratorios. We wish there were more of them.—A. S. S.]

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The first concert of the interesting series announced by Mr. Henry Leslie took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday week, and attracted a large and distinguished audience. Mdlle. Nilsson was advertised to take a prominent part, but, unfortunately, illness kept her at home, and Madame Sinico did her best to fill the Diva's place. As a matter of course some disappointment was felt, but it gradually wore off under the influence of a capital performance. The concert opened with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, solos by Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley. This favourite and always attractive work had an excellent rendering, the choruses being equal to the solos in point of effect. It is easy to imagine how the two ladies above-named acquitted themselves in music so purely vocal and melodious. Signor Mongini was also effective in the solos, "Cujus est homo," which made a great impression. Signor Mongini was loudly applauded for a striking performance of "Cujus animam," and Mr. Santley's "Pro peccatis" proved not less excellent than heretofore. Most prominent in the second part of the concert was Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor played by Madame Arabella Goddard. The distinguished pianist was very warmly received, and after going through her work in a style we must in justice call unequalled, she was summoned back to the platform with marked unanimity. Rarely has any artist obtained a more genuine success. Other features in the selection were "Maggari," sung by Signor Mongini and encored, and "Home, sweet home," charmingly given by Madame Sinico. T. E.

KONIGSBERG.—The hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth will be celebrated here, on the 7th, 8th, and 9th, June. The great features of the festival will be the performance, on an imposing scale, of the *Missa solemnis* and the Ninth Symphony.

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MARTA AT DRURY LANE.

Marta was given, for the first time this season, on Monday night, and was received with as much favour as ever. We are not the arbitrators of conflicting opinions about M. Flotow's opera, and need only point out that for fifteen years it has kept a position before the public; being, perhaps, more firmly established now than at any previous time. Were this the case only among ourselves, "The Last Rose of Summer"—of which popular air such large use is made—would, in some degree, explain it. But *Marta* is not less a favourite where the Irish melody appeals to no old associations and excites no special feeling. Fifteen years of general esteem on its own merits has, therefore, been the good fortune of *Marta*, and the fact signifies much that needs no expression.

The Lady Enrichetta of Monday night was Madame Volpini, who made her *entrée* in the character. Madame Volpini will be remembered as having appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre a few years ago, and as having been, only last season, one of the many attractions of London concert-rooms. Her merits, therefore, are pretty well known to the musical public, and the degree of her success in *Marta* was scarcely doubtful. We may say at once that Madame Volpini was in high favour with the audience throughout the evening. Gifted with a light and flexible soprano voice, of sympathetic quality and being in many respects a finished singer—endowed, moreover, with the *sine qui non* of "first ladies" a pleasing appearance—this result was the most natural in the world. A dramatic artist, whatever Madame Volpini does is done in a graceful and unaffected style which can hardly fail to please. The action of presenting Tristano with the bouquet, furnished a striking case in point, and was accompanied by a "shake" which, for closeness and brilliancy, could not easily be surpassed. Without entering into the details of singing which we may describe as almost uniformly good, it will suffice to mention that "Qui sola, vergin' rosa" (The Last Rose) was received with acclamation, and encored by an audience well qualified to judge the manner of its delivery. Madame Volpini was frequently and heartily applauded, but her success in Flotow's adapted melody contributed more than anything else to a satisfactory *début*.

Madame Trebelli-Bettini sang and acted with her customary effect as Nancy. The part could scarcely be in better hands; while assuredly no other could sing the music in better style. "Il tuo stral nel lanciar" again afforded the popular contralto an opportunity, of which she availed herself to the utmost. Signor Bettini sang carefully as Lionello, and obtained an encore for "M'appari." To praise Mr. Santley's Plumkette is as needless as to mention that a repetition of the "Beer song" was demanded. Signor Zoboli made as funny and ridiculous a Tristano as could be desired. Of course his efforts to make the audience laugh were much aided by the extraordinary costume which operatic tradition assigns to English noblemen in the reign of Anne. *Apropos* of this matter, however, "Sir Tristan di Mickleford, d'Inghilterra pari e lord baronetto e gran scudiero," must have been an extraordinary personage. We have only to add that the chorus and orchestra did well.

THADDEUS EGG.

MARTA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Marta at Drury Lane, on Monday, was followed by *Marta* at Covent Garden, on Tuesday. In the latter case no new soprano made her *début*, the *prima donna* of the evening being, however, one whom lovers of Flotow's opera would hardly change for ever so great a novelty.

That the Lady Enrichetta of Madame Patti is among her most attractive impersonations few require to be told. The character of the part and the predominant lightsomeness of the music are exactly suited to Madame Patti's genius. Hence the uniform success of *Marta* when given with her co-operation, so far as success depends on a well-nigh perfect representation of the chief personage concerned. To say that Madame Patti sang from first to last with all needful vivacity or all needful sentiment, as the case might be, is superfluous. She has too often asserted her great command of varied styles to make the result of an appearance in *Marta* for a moment doubtful. The special success of the evening was, of course, obtained in "Qui sola, vergin rosa," than which nothing could be given with greater propriety of expression, or greater charm of delivery. Answering to a demand for its repetition, Madame Patti sang the melody to Moore's beautiful verses with, if possible, still greater effect. She must be mainly credited, moreover, with the encore awarded to the "Spinning-wheel" quartet, in which her brilliant vocalization was very conspicuous.

In some respects Mdlle. Scalchi did good service as Nancy. Her acting was intelligent if not striking, and in such parts of the music as suited her style—notably in the soliloquy, "Esser mesto il mio cor"—she made a legitimate success. On the other hand there were passages which required greater vivacity of manner and agility of voice. Lionello was represented by Signor Urio, an artist well known to frequenters of last year's summer concerts at the Crystal Palace. Judging by the applause of Tuesday night's audience, and by the encore awarded to "M'appari," this gentleman may be a serviceable addition to the Covent Garden tenors. His voice, while somewhat hard in quality, is sufficiently powerful, and of extensive compass the upper notes, moreover, being delivered with resonance and ease. Upon the precise claims of Signor Urio as a dramatic singer, we would rather not pronounce after one hearing. That he will shortly appear again admits of little doubt. Signor Graziani's Plumkette was in no respect other than what we have known it on former occasions. The part suits him well and he sings the music with care. His rendering of the "Beer song" obtained the encore to which, by this time, it has acquired a prescriptive right. Signor Tagliafico was a demonstrative Tristano, and is an artist with thoroughly independent notions, his independence extending even to matters of costume. For example, he appeared as an English nobleman of 160 years ago, wearing "tights," borrowed, we should say, from the wardrobe of Rigoletto the Jester.

THADDEUS EGG.

THERE is a rumour that the director of the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie intends to take his company to Paris for the purpose of playing *Lohengrin* at the Italiens.

PAREPA-ROSA AT CHICAGO.

(*From the "Chicago Tribune," April* 20.)

If Parepa-Rosa had never done anything more for music in Chicago than to introduce Weber's *Oberon*, she would have merited the lasting gratitude of all lovers of music. Any music from the man who wrote *Der Freischütz*, and *Precioso* must always be warmly welcomed, and in producing this she has set the seal upon her great success, and in closing her season crowns it with the best representation of her musical genius. Parepa has, in past seasons, made unmistakable successes in the *Traviatore*, the *Marriage of Figaro*, *Martha*, and other operas, and especially in her matchless oratorio vocalization; but we think she will be longest remembered in her personation of Reiza, and that more pleasant memories will cluster around the efforts of all the artists in Weber's romantic opera than in any other. We must not forget Mr. Carl Rosa. During the comparatively short time in which he has held the operatic baton he has rapidly risen, and, by his untiring zeal and industry, his quick and accurate musical perceptions, now occupies a commanding position as an orchestral conductor of opera. This was manifest in his production of the *Marriage of Figaro*. It is more palpably manifest in *Oberon*. The manner in which he controls his players, giving spirit and shading to the instrumentation and enthusiasm and life to the artists, shows that he possesses analytical powers, joined to imagination, entitling him to conduct any operatic work. It is no child's play to prepare and conduct such operas as the *Marriage of Figaro* and *Oberon*, and the tact and skill of a man who proves himself competent to do it successfully deserves hearty recognition.

* * * * * * *

"Ocean, thou mighty Monster," thoroughly descriptive, and in keeping with the subject, was a fitting theme for Parepa to illustrate with her boundless resources. She herself is a theme of magnitude, and never rises to her full height and to the perfect exercise of her powers until singing of oceans, rocks, and mountains, or in such works as the *Creation* and the *Messiah*. For once, therefore, we have had an opportunity of hearing her at her best, and her singing was almost like an inspiration. It was never grander, never more in earnest, than when she recited this apostrophe to ocean, with the richness and purity of her voice, and all the resources of her finished *technique*.

The opera was mounted beautifully, and some of the scenery, especially the vision of Reiza, the view of Bagdad and the port of Ascalon, admirable in spectacular effect. The costuming, also, was very rich, and the opera may be set down as a great success. This evening *Martha* will be given.

ABBÉ LISZT will remain at Weimar till the end of June, in order to assist at the model representations of Wagner's operas. Among the works decided upon are *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Meistersänger*. Dr. Gunz is engaged to take part, and Herr Wagner himself is expected to be present.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.
1870.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his TENTH SERIES of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

Friday, May 27, | Friday, June 17,
Friday, June 3, | Friday, June 24,
Friday, June 10,
To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

This year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, who came into the world, at Bonn, on the Rhine, December 17, 1770, Mr. Hallé has considered it becoming and appropriate to devote his series of Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé is assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN,

who will sing Schubert's collection of songs entitled "The Fair Maid of the Mill," accompanied by Mr. Hallé.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas will, as on previous occasions, accompany the programmes.

THE FOURTH RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 27TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, quasi Fantasia, Op. 27, No. 1 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Morgengruss" (Morning Greeting) / "Des Müllers Blumen" (The Miller's Flowers) } .. .. *Schubert.*
Herr STOCKHAUSEN.
SONATA, quasi Fantasia, Op. 27 No. 2 .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

GRAND SONATA (The Pastoral), Op. 28 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Mein" (Mine) / "Pause" (A pause) } —Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, Op. 29 (31), No. 1 .. .. *Beethoven.*

Prices of Admission (for the Series).—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s. Balcony, £1.

For One Recital—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

DEATHS.

On May 6, JULIA, the beloved wife of J. REDI, Esq., of 28, Bloomsbury Street—aged 48.

On May 13, ELIZABETH, widow of Dr. CAMIDGE, of York—aged 75.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—A paragraph has appeared in several papers, said to be copied from the *Musical World*, respecting the Vicar of Richmond, and containing statements calculated to do injury, as they mention facts contrary to the truth. The Vicar did *not*, as stated, refuse permission for the fire-escape to be placed in the churchyard solely on account of its being "consecrated ground," but by the wish of a large number of his parishioners, who objected to the site for many reasons, and chiefly on account of its being almost inaccessible. With regard to the choir-boys, the concert referred it was *not* given in aid of the Richmond Infirmary, or for any other charity. I am sorry to trouble you with this matter. Whoever your informant may have been, the case has been misrepresented, and I trust you will not object to contradicting the statement.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

* * *

Richmond, Surrey, May 19th, 1870.

[We have, we need hardly say, the greatest pleasure in inserting the foregoing letter, and in giving it the most conspicuous place in our columns.—ED. *M. W.*]

THE Committee of the Vienna Beethoven Centenary have issued the following address or manifesto:—

"To celebrate Beethoven's hundredth birthday in a manner becoming the importance of the Master himself, and corresponding to the position occupied by Vienna in the world of music, the representatives of the various artistic and scientific bodies of that capital have combined to form a Festival Committee, who have drawn up a programme, which has been sanctioned in the proper quarter. The Beethoven Centenary Festival will be held on the four days, from the 23d to the 26th October, 1870. In the morning of the 23d, there will be a musical solemnity in a provisional 'Monumental Square,' preceded by a procession to that spot. In the evening there will be a festival performance of *Fidelio* in the Imperial Operahouse. On the 24th, a performance of the *Missa solemnis*, in the large Hall of the Society of the Friends of Music. On the 25th, a grand banquet in the same locality. On the 26th, at noon, a grand concert, consisting of chamber-music, vocal compositions, and the Ninth Symphony, also in the same locality. In the evening, a performance of *Egmont*, by the artists of the Imperial Burg Theater, and the orchestra of the Imperial Operahouse. The leading musicians of Germany will be invited to attend the concerts, and the most highly esteemed masters have offered to act as Festival Conductors. To give the Festival a grand representative character by large numbers of the great composer's admirers participating in the proceedings, the Festival Committee have determined on establishing a special Festival Association the members of which, assisted by the undersigned Festival Committee, shall arrange all the proceedings. The members of the Association, in addition to receiving the Festival Badge and the Festival Medal, will be entitled to take part in the grand procession, or to a seat in the stand erected in the 'Monument Square.' They will, also, enjoy the right of securing places for the concerts and performances before any one else, according to the date of their admission into the Association, and the space available. The fee for membership is ten florins; receipts will be given for any additional contributions. The net proceeds of the Festival are to be devoted to forming a Beethoven Fund,—for assisting musicians in necessitous circumstances—and a Beethoven Monument Fund. The Festival Committee, therefore, invite all admirers of Beethoven to belong to the Association. Promises of contributions, and payments, will be received at the offices of the Society of the Friends of Music, Vienna."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT ("Otto Beard") writes to suggest that, considering the thousands upon thousands of pounds which Rossini's *Barbiere* has, in the course of twenty years and upwards, brought to Covent Garden, Dr. Bartolo might be provided with a new house, and Rossini with a better furnished drawing-room. Mr. Beard should state his grievance to Mr. Augustus Harris.

ACCORDING to report from Munich, the fire-effects in Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* are accompanied by an amount of danger that would fully justify the attendance at the doors of the theatre of all the fire engines and all the firemen in the Bavarian capital, whenever there is a performance or even a rehearsal of the aforesaid masterpiece. We should think that no assurance company would like to grant a policy on the building. But what does that matter to Herr Wagner? He has

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enough assurance himself alone for all the companies that ever even issued a prospectus.—Herr Nachbaur, the Wagnerian vocalist, has just been highly distinguished. His Bavarian Majesty granted him a long audience, in which he was pleased to congratulate the fortunate son of song on having been honoured by the Grand Duke of Hesse with the large medal for Art and Science.

The following is from the *Echo* of Wednesday the 18th inst:—

"The *Musical World* is responsible for the almost incredible statement that the Rev. C. T. Procter, Vicar of Richmond, has refused to allow the choir-boys of the parish church to sing at a concert in aid of the Richmond Infirmary, on the ground that they might be required to sing secular music. Is not this the same gentleman that refused to allow a fire-escape to stand in his churchyard, because he would not have such a thing in 'consecrated' ground? We have heard people object to *sacred* music at a concert, and the objection is at least intelligible, but an objection to secular music, in the abstract, is worthy of the worst days of Puritanism. Does Mr. Procter take fright at the word 'secular' which has been so badly used in the Education controversy, or does he consider that a choir-boy is devoted to the exclusive service of the Church? In any case we should advise him in future to give his decisions without furnishing his reasons. It is always possible to imagine that there is a good reason for a plain 'No,' and no man is bound to make public his own intellectual aberrations."

The *Musical World* is no more responsible than all the rest of the London and provincial press.

THE two conductors of the Theatre at Leipsic, who went to Berlin for the purpose of witnessing the performance of the *Meistersinger*, have returned full of enthusiasm for that specimen of Herr R. Wagner's Muse. They state that the opposition manifested by *Judaism in Music* in the Prussian capital is directed against the composer personally. On which the Berlin *Echo* very properly remarks:—

"And we beg to state that the view taken by the worthy conductors is utterly erroneous: Judaism has nothing in the world to do with the Berlin opposition. On the contrary, since the appearance of the celebrated pamphlet, Judaism has preserved a most becoming neutrality at all the performances of Herr Wagner's works, from *Rienzi* to *Die Meistersinger*."

The *chef-d'œuvre* is to be produced at Leipsic, but, as it requires so much time to get up, it cannot be ready before the middle of next winter. This is a fact which will, doubtless, not be overlooked by theatre-goers whose subscriptions expire on the 31st of January. "Forewarned, forearmed." At any rate, people cannot be compelled to hear Herr Wagner's operas. They are not yet what military service is in Prussia —an ordeal through which every one *must* pass.

PROFESSOR LUDWIG VON BRENNER, Imperial Russian Conductor at St. Petersburgh, composed, some time since, a St. George's March for grand orchestra, on the occasion of the centenary jubilee of the Imperial Russian Military Order of the said warlike saint. For this march, the various sovereigns who are knights of the Order appear to be unusually grateful, if we may judge by the unanimity—as wonderful as that of the personages in *The Critic*—with which they have showered marks of their favour on the lucky composer. From the Emperor of Russia, Professor von Brenner received a gold snuff-box, set with brilliants and displaying the Imperial miniature and initials; from the King of Prussia, the Order of the Crown; from the ex-King Francis II. of Naples, the Order of Merit (first class) for Art and Science, of Francisca I.; from the Grand Princess Constantine, Nicholaus, and Michael, diamond breast-pins; from Prince Albert of Prussia, a gold snuff-box set with diamonds; from Prince Friedrich Carl of Prussia, his portrait in a rich gold frame; and from Prince Alexander of Hesse, the Hessian Order of Merit.

SINCE the seventeenth century there has existed in Russia a society of singers, destined for the religious ceremonies of the Court. The members of the society came from Kiew, and followed the Court from Moscow to St. Petersburgh. At present there are fifty singers, basses, tenors, contraltos, sopranos (young boys). Most of them are younger sons of Russian priests, the eldest sons succeeding to their fathers in the ministry. The boys are received into the society from the age of nine, the Emperor providing for their maintenance and elementary education, until they are seventeen, the period at which the voice changes. If at the end of these studies they have no vocation for singing, they are at liberty to follow other callings. A director is at the head of the establishment, besides whom there are professors, singing masters, choir masters, and an inspector-general. The Imperial choir is employed solely in Divine service celebrated at Court, and it is an exceptional case when its members are permitted to take part in concerts for charitable purposes.

THE Théâtre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, is closed for the season, the last opera given being *Lohengrin*, which was played on the occasion for the twentieth time. But though Herr R. Wagner certainly shut up the theatre in one sense, candour requires us to state that it was not because his *Lohengrin* proved a failure. On the contrary, it was such a hit that, according to the local papers, it enabled the manager to prolong the season beyond its ordinary limits. Well, it is no more use disputing *de gustibus*, than *cum gustibus*, as the gentleman observed—or might have observed—when a sudden puff of wind blew his hat into the sea, as we were walking on the Margate jetty. And, after all, what *is* taste? In the case of the *braves Belges* and *Lohengrin*, it might fairly be asserted—by our Irish contributor—that taste is want of taste.

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF SIX YOUNG ORPHANS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—May I be permitted through the medium of your columns to make an earnest appeal on behalf of the six orphan children of the late Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of 12, Gillies Street, Kentish Town, whose sudden death—both having recently died within three weeks of each other—have left them totally unprovided for, and, with the exception of an aunt, without a relation in the world. Mr. Evans was a professional tenor vocalist, who first appeared before the public at the oratorios conducted by Mr. John Hullah, and since occasionally at those of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The aunt (Miss Shaw), with true woman's feelings, has determined nobly to act the part of a mother to these two poor children—the youngest of whom is not three years old—and endeavour to support them by keeping a school. It is for the purpose of assisting her in such efforts that this appeal is made. The Committee of the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society and several kind friends have promised contributions; but the extent of the need demands a larger measure of help than can be thus obtained. The case is strongly recommended, and contributions will be most thankfully received, by the Rev. C. Lee, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Haverstock Hill; the Rev. W. Calvert, M.A., F.S.A., St. John's Parsonage, Kentish Town; W. Slyman, Esq., M.R.C.S., Caversham Road, N.W.; Mr. Cox, 14, Gillies Street, Kentish Town; at the London and Westminster Bank, St. James's Square, S.W.; and by yours, &c.,

J. F. PUTTICK.

26, *King Street, Covent Garden, May* 16.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SELECT CONCERT.—A few days since a fashionable company assembled at a concert given by Mrs. Henry Davies, of George Street, Hanover Square. This was the first appearance of Mrs. Davies in the London musical world since her protracted sojourn on the Continent. She was assisted by Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Angela, Mr. John Thomas, and Herr Carl Reinecke. Several compositions of the gentlemen named were performed. The pianoforte and harp performances of Mrs. Davies were warmly appreciated.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Operas after operas succeed each other with such rapidity at this part of the season that it is necessary to "take time by the forelock," and say what is to be said of them as early as possible. The performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, the other night, may be described in a sentence or two. It was a success for Mdlle. Tietjens and a success for Mdlle. Adelina Patti, who represented two of the principal characters—Donna Anna and Zerlina. These artists, each inimitable in her line, were over more admirable than on the occasion under notice. In the great recitative and air ("Or che sai qui l'indegno"), when Donna Anna recounts to the placid Don Ottavio the story of her wrongs, Mdlle. Tietjens displayed all her wonted excellence as a practised lyric declaimer; while in those personally fresh and charming airs allotted to the volatile Zerlina—"Batti batti bel Masetto," and "Vedrai Carino,"

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Madame Patti exhibited all her well-known perfection as singer and actress, winning unanimous encores. "La ci darem," the love duet with Don Giovanni, earned a similar compliment for the popular songstress, who never more convincingly proved herself the best Zerlina the present generation has witnessed. The other characters were sustained by Signor Graziani (Don Giovanni), Madame Vanzini (Donna Elvira), Signor Ciampi (Leporello), Signor Tagliafico (Masetto), and Signor Casaboni (the Commandant). Apart from the points we have referred to, this performance of Mozart's dramatic masterpiece was hardly fitted to sustain the high repute of the Covent Garden Opera. But, as it was on what is termed an "off-night," it should not, perhaps, be scrutinized too closely. Anything more original than Herr Wachtel's singing in "Dalla sua pace," and "Il mio tesoro," we have not, for a long time, heard.

About Mdlle. Pauline Lucca's first appearance for the season a line or so may equally suffice. The work selected for her was the very familiar opera of *Faust e Margherita*. Of the Margherita of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca we have spoken so frequently that to enter into a fresh analysis of it would either be to charge our musical readers with a defect of memory, or to assume that what was written has never been read. The impulsive little Teutonic songstress was completely mistress of her means, and rarely has her splendid soprano voice been in more splendid order; rarely has she sung with more power, or acted with more feeling and intensity. To single out once again, from so much that is excellent, what is still best of all—the scene where the repentant Margherita, missal in hand, vainly endeavours to pray in the cathedral, was fully as impressive as of old. Mdlle. Lucca conceives and renders out this interesting situation in a manner as individual as it is natural and effective. We do not quite appreciate her delivery of the "Jewel song" in the Garden scene (although here we are at variance with the audience, who heartily encored it); but we can imagine nothing more impassioned and tender than the love duet with Faust, in which Mdlle. Lucca enjoyed the co-operation of Signor Mario, of all the Fausts we have been introduced to in this country still the Faust who reigns supreme. No wonder that this duet, given with such consummate feeling on both sides, brought down the curtain amid loud and unanimous applause. Mdlle. Lucca could hardly have returned to us, after her brief absence, under more favourable auspices. Her performances throughout was a genuine success—and, what is better, a deserved one. The other characters were sustained by Mdlle. Scalchi (Siebel), M. Petit (Mephistophiles), Signor Graziani (Valentine), Mdlle. Anese (Martha), and Signor Tagliafico (Wagner)—in each instance we need hardly add, with efficiency. The orchestra and chorus were all that could be wished; and the picturesque *mise-en-scène*, which so greatly enhances the effect of M. Gounod's opera at Coveut Garden, met with its accustomed recognition.

Thursday week was the *Sonnambula*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Amina, the character which, nine years since, first made her known to the English public, and a new word about her performance of which would be superfluous. Enough that, from "Care compagne," in the opening scene, to "Ah non giunge," in the last, she was received with the old enthusiasm. Among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Wales. Herr Wachtel was an obstreperous Elvino, and Signor Bagaglio (who must not be confounded with King Bagaglio, of *Morte Arthur*) a mild Rodolpho. Lisa was impersonated by Mdlle. Bauermeister, and Teresa by Mdlle. Anese.

About the *Favorita*, which was played on the following evening, with Mdlle. Lucca as Leonora, and Signor Mario as Ferdinando, we need say no more than that Mdlle. Lucca's impersonation presented all its old characteristics, being, as usual, most intensely interesting in the scene of the cloisters (Donizetti's serious masterpiece); and that Signor Mario's acting, where Ferdinando rejects Leonora indignantly at the *entrevue* projected for him by the King, whom he has served too well, was as magnificent as ever, creating in the house one of those sensations as rare as the exhibitions of consummate dramatic art of which they are but the just recognition. The other characters were sustained by Signor Graziani (Alphonso XI.), Signor Bagaglio (Baldassare), and Mdlle. Bauermeister (Inez).

Faust was repeated on Monday, and the *Barbiere* last night. About *Martha* (with Madame Patti and the new tenor, Signor Urio), and about *Hamlet*, with Mdlle. Sessi as Ophelia, Mdlle. Tietjens as the Queen, and Signor Cotogni as Hamlet, we must speak in our next. *Martha* was played on Tuesday, and *Hamlet* on Thursday.

"MADLE. NILSSON," says the *New York Weekly Review*, "has been secured by Mr. Strakosch. This is the latest news which stirs the passions of our musical community. Whether she receives 1,500, 1,200, or 1,000 dollars in gold for every appearance, is of very little consequence to us, although it seems to be made the chief topic of the conversation about her. Enough, that she will come to us next autumn and give us an opportunity to judge for ourselves of her merits as a vocalist.

TWO NEW WORKS.

We are fond of condoling one with the other upon the scarcity of native musical talent; and of wondering whether in the revolution of all things, it will ever come to the turn of England to distinguish herself as a mother of musical genius. At the same time, there are composers among us who, if they were asked, would say that we take a pessimist view of the case, and who prove the sincerity of their opinion by giving proof practical that they consider themselves able to do the highest and most exacting musical feat. Hence the oratorios and cantatas which succeed each other with tolerable rapidity; and hence those—a far greater number—which we may reasonably assume to be lying in obscurity, waiting a favourable moment to see the light. An oratorio and a cantata have been produced during the week just ended; and it becomes our duty to assess their merits as well as we can with—be it added—every disposition to find merit and to rejoice over it.

Mr. Limpus was, no doubt, placed in a somewhat awkward position when he discovered that Mr. A. S. Sullivan had taken the same subject and had got the start of him in treating it. There is room, however, for both works, especially as their have very little in common. The Rebecca of the *Prodigal's Return* differs from that of the *Prodigal Son*, and the music runs in altogether a separate groove. Mr. Sullivan follows Mendelssohn; Mr. Limpus follows a master who flourished long before the composer of *St. Paul*, and their paths lead them widely apart. Frankly, we do not like Mr. Limpus's book. It rigidly avoids anything approaching to dramatic interest, and is not only didactic, but didactic with a vengeance. As in Mr. Sullivan's case, the incident of the elder brother is ignored, and the story thus maimed is broken up into texts, upon each of which a sermon is preached. Take one example:—

Text.—"And when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want." Sermon.—"Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered; let those that hate Him flee before Him. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt Thou drive them away; like as the wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish."

"Father, scorned and slighted
Dost Thou see Thy child?" &c.

"Terrors are turned upon me; they pursue my soul as the wind. My welfare passeth away as a cloud." "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

We will not enlarge upon the doubtful taste which calls upon God to "arise" against a poor miserable swineherd, and which indulges wishes for his "enemies" worthy of David in his most ferocious mood. Rather let us point out that a libretto so constructed scarcely brings the work under the head of oratorio. There is nothing of the religious drama about it; it is simply a musical preachment; natural, perhaps, to Mr. Limpus, who is a musical clergyman, but none the less misnamed an oratorio.

As regards the music there is a good deal to be said in favour of the reverend composer. Mr. Limpus has evidently been industrious at the work of cultivating and developing his natural gifts. He can write, for example, fluent and thoroughly vocal melodies, which, though not remarkable for originality or beauty, are, at all events, pleasing. Added to this is the result of careful theoretical study. In his choruses—most of them treated fugally—there is clear and correct writing only possible to a man who has real aptitude, and who has made the best use of his opportunities. We could cite numerous examples as showing how, in a perfectly legitimate fashion, Mr. Limpus secures genuine effects. This is enough to prove the composer a good musician; likely, within a certain limit, to do creditable things. But it by no means establishes his pretensions as a writer of oratorio, who must, above all, have imagination and creative power. Mr. Limpus seems to have felt his weakness in this matter; and to have resolved upon doing nothing on his own account with regard to it. We have known composers less modest; those who, crediting themselves with qualifications really like the proverbial *chateau en Espagne*, have come forward with music perfectly original, but from the presence of which all men flee at the earliest moment. Mr. Limpus has shown himself wiser, and at the outset, we opine, resolved not to split upon the rock of originality. The model he selected does credit to his taste. Few young composers think of copying Handel now-a-days. The fashion is to look upon the old master as "played out" with all but the multitude who run after him, because it is according to precedent so to do. They look with a sort of lofty compassion upon the great man's characteristics, and no more think of adopting them than of wearing full-bottomed wigs and rubies. Here again Mr. Limpus has been wiser than his composers. Recognizing the true master of oratorio, the man who wrote religious music of the grandest and most exalted order, he has put himself in close communion with that great genius; and the result is such as we see it in the *Prodigal's Return*. For the most part, Mr. Limpus has

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followed his model with conscientious care; only departing from it in certain of the airs which suggest other reminiscences. We are bound to say, however, that he has followed it a little too closely, and given us, what we do not want, a kind of modified Handel. Physiologists point out that, in certain instances, where two persons have been living together many years in intimate communion and sympathy, their features gradually assimilate, and, out of the two original faces, comes one type for both. Something of the sort appears—on one side at least—to have resulted from the communion of Mr. Limpus with Handel. He has not only caught the more prominent characteristics of the master, but he has reproduced him with the exactness an Academy student might be expected to show in a copy of Rubens. Occasionally this exactness becomes ludicrous, and makes us wonder if Mr. Limpus has so absorbed Handel into himself as not to know whether he utters his own ideas or those of his familiar spirit. Having said so much we reach the point whence the *Prodigal's Return* must be chiefly considered. It is, beyond doubt, a clever imitation, showing much facility, much knowledge of the subject, and many gifts we should like to see associated with a greater amount of independent thought.

The performances in St. James's Hall on Tuesday week was conducted by Mr. Benedict, and the solos were confided to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr. Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, who each and all did entire justice to their respective parts. Several pieces were encored, and at the close Mr. Limpus was "called" to receive the ovation usual in such cases.

Mr. Joseph Barnby's *Rebekah* is entitled "A Sacred idyll in two scenes." The libretto, by Mr. Arthur Matthison, confines itself entirely to the business of Eliezer and Rebekah at the well, and to the meeting of Isaac and his bride, as the latter drew near to the patriarchal camp. Hence there is great unity about the narrative, the thread of which, if it have a thread, can hardly be lost. Mr. Matthison has treated his subject in a imaginative and poetical fashion, idealising actual facts, as he had a perfect right, and was, in some sort, bound to do. Take, as an example, the conduct attributed to Rebekah on hearing the object of Eliezer's mission. Mr. Matthison puts these words into the young girl's mouth:—"My soul this day hath been in joyous tumult, and my heart foretold me ere the night should come, glad tidings would be brought unto me. Oftimes in sleep have visions of thine image blessed me, O beloved? Oftimes hath fancy pictured to my soul thy hand enclasped in mine, thy loving kiss upon my brow! And freely, gladly, to thy love I come." This is very pretty, we grant, and confirms the romantic notion that "marriages are made in heaven." Nevertheless the fact was that when Eliezer presented Rebekah with a golden earring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold (*vide* Genesis xxiv. 22), the damsel, like a natural and unsophisticated damsel, ran home to tell her mother, thinking no more of Isaac than her parents thought of consulting herself when they made up their minds as they should go. This however, by the way; and we have only to add that Mr. Matthison has produced a libretto which answered Mr. Barnby's purpose very well by giving all needful scope for effect. Addressing ourselves to a study of the music we expected to note the influence of M. Gounod more or less apparent. Former works by Mr. Barnby clearly revealed his predilection for that showy and shallow French composer, and we are glad to find that it is in this case considerably diminished. As a matter of fact, Mr. Barnby has deserted Gounod for Spohr. Some may declare that the change merely involves looking at the same ideal through a German instead of a French medium; but, at any rate, we congratulate Mr. Barnby on having made it. Spohr, with all his faults, was a master who founded a school of his own, fascinating enough at one time to bid highly for predominance. The influence of Spohr upon the music of *Rebekah* cannot be mistaken. Mr. Barnby has produced melodies full of sentiment, often full of beauty also; and to these he has wedded harmonies so ornate that the decorations seem to jostle each other for notice. Moreover, he has adopted the thoroughly Spohrish device of incessant modulation and of unexpected progressions, which unfrequently make one uneasy as to whither they will lead. We may take the liberty of counselling Mr. Barnby to go no farther in this direction. There are passages in *Rebekah* which can only pass muster by courtesy; and any further development of the restless search for effect out of which they spring would be certain to do the clever composer harm. We have no space left for a notice of the music in detail, and must be content to point out those numbers which are most characteristic. The two fugues, at the beginning and end respectively, are worked with freedom and boldness enough to secure for Mr. Barnby no little esteem as a scholastic writer. A chorus of damsels (with solo), "Who shall be fleetest and first," has a charming effect due to pretty melody and elegant treatment; this number was encored at the performance in St. James's Hall on Wednesday week, as was a "Bride's March," which promises to meet with favour apart from its connection. One or two of the airs may also be cited as examples of Mr. Barnby's best style—that for Eliezer, "The Daughters of the city come," and that for Isaac, "The soft southern breeze plays around me," respectively well sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Vernon Rigby. The scoring is throughout admirably done—so far, indeed, nothing could easily be better.

We can praise the performance almost without reserve. The choruses were given excellently well, the accompaniments were played with taste, and the soloists—Madame Sherrington, Messrs. Rigby and Thomas—sang their very best. Mr. Barnby was applauded to the echo at the close of his work.

THADDEUS EGO.

—o—

WAIFS.

Antwerp is raising funds for a statue to the late Albert Grisar.

Napoleon III. has presented M. Capoul with two superb Sèvres vases.

Mr. Max Maretzek has returned to America from his trip to London, Paris, Milan, and Vienna.

Mrs. C. A. Barry, whose vocalism has attracted so much attention of late in American concert-rooms, is coming to Europe.

A Philadelphia musician, named Thunder, is about to bring out Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*.

Mr. Ole Bull left America for Europe a fortnight ago after having been presented with a flag by the New York Philharmonic Society.

Signor Bottesini is writing an operetta for the opening, under new management, of the Théâtre Déjazet.

A National Academy of Music, for teaching sacred and secular music, is to be established at Quito, capital of Ecuador.

M. Rubinstein gave his last concert in Paris on Wednesday week. The Ocean Symphony was performed.

M. Guédéonoff has ceased to be director of the Russian Imperial theatres. His successor is not yet named.

M. Felicien David is writing a new grand opera, the soprano part for Madame Sass.

M. Pasdeloup is at Brussels organising a series of grand concerts in the principal towns of Belgium.

A company of eighty artists is now forming in Paris for the operas of Santiago and Valparaiso. Among the sopranos is Mdlle. Nau, late of the Royal Italian Opera.

The Abbate Franz Liszt was at Leipsic recently to make arrangements with the local musical celebrities about their taking part in the approaching Beethoven Festival at Weimar.

A "popular theatre" to seat 2350 persons will shortly be erected in St. Petersburg. One thousand places are to be available at a cost of from fourpence to eightpence each.

Mrs. Howard Paul has been singing and acting with much success in Boston. She returns to London, we hear, under an engagement for two years at the Gaiety Theatre.

The reconstruction of the Tuileries Theatre is under discussion. The building has not been used since Louis Philippe, otherwise, John Smith, Esq., started on his memorable journey to England.

The French critics agree, for the most part, as to the excellence of Mr. Benedict's *St. Cecilia*; they also agree that the Grand Opéra was by no means the place best fitted for its production.

Don, the name of M. Coben's new work just produced at the Opéra Comique, is said to have been suggested by three of the initial letters of Auber's names: D. (F.) E. A. The point escapes us.

The future directorship of the Théâtre Lyrique still remains undecided. M. Martinet, of the Athenée, is spoken of as likely to take the vacant post.

A season of French opera has commenced in Madrid, under the direction of Las Señor Rivas. M. Thomas' *Mignon* is announced for early performances.

A small opera venture at Chorillos, the watering-place of Lima, has collapsed, after a very short season, and the company has not succeeded in obtaining a footing at Lima.

Mr. William F. Ketch is about to start on a concert tour with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Signor Lotti, Signor Randolfi, Herr Carl Werner, and Mr. S. B. Mills, with Mr. Whitley as accompanist.

The ball recently given at St. George's Hall, for the purpose of raising funds for forming musical scholarships at the London Academy of Music, appears to have been very successful, as six scholarships are announced for competition to students who intend following the musical profession.

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Madame Volpini has received from her St. Petersburgh admirers a jewelled ornament, representing a music-staff with the notes La, Do, Re, followed by the words *du public*—a not unhappy mode of describing the singer as *l'adorée du public*.

Mr. Francesco Berger's part song, "Night, lovely night," is among the music selected for performance by the 5000 voices of the Metropolitan Charity Schools, at the choral festival in the Crystal Palace next month.

La France Musicale criticises somewhat severely the *Jeanne d'Arc* of Mr. Alfred Holmes, which has just been performed at the Italiens. According to our contemporary, Mr. Holmes is a new victim to Wagner. We are sorry to hear it.

A committee, consisting of Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Sir John Pakington, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, the Hon Seymour Egerton, and Mr. Frederick Clay, has been appointed to advise on the use of the Royal Albert Hall for musical performances in the evening. The committee met for the first time on Friday, the 6th of May.

Madame Parepa-Rosa's last appearance in New York was to be on the 14th and 15th of this month. After her departure for Europe Mr. S. D. Hess, who was a co-operator with Mr. Carl Rosa in the management, will retain the *troupe*, strengthened by Mr. and Mrs. Bowler, Mr. Drayton, and Mr. Peakes; and next season he will resume the performances of English opera.

The resignation of Mr. Edward Dicey as editor of the *Daily News* has taken his friends by surprise. The appointment was kept open for him several weeks during his tour in the East, at the opening of the Suez Canal; he was appointed on his own terms—a very liberal salary, complete control of the editorial department, and a twelvemonth's notice on either side. That he should have left his post in three months seems strange. There was, however, good reason for his doing so. The *Daily News* belongs to twelve proprietors, who look upon the paper not merely as an investment for their money, but also as an organ of their individual opinions. Each of them had a hobby which he wished to ride; each of them had a *bête noire* which he tabooed. The consequence was that when Mr. Dicey proceeded to put down the hobby horses and to write up the black beasts there were storms. The result is known. Mr. Dicey has left Bouverie Street amid the regrets of all his colleagues. To this I may add that Mr. Frank Hill, who has for a long time been chief leader-writer of the *Daily News*, has succeeded Mr. Dicey. I trust that he will induce the twelve proprietors to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the first verse of the third chapter of the Epistle of St. James.—*Western News*.

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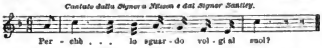
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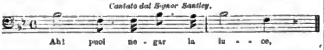
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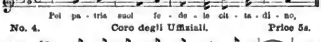

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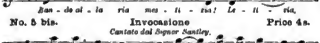

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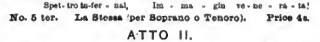

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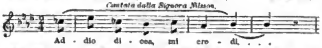
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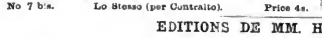

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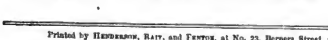

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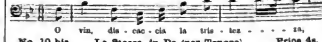

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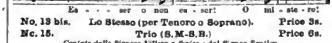

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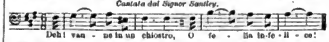

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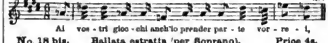

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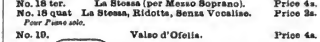

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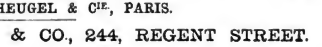

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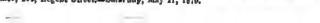

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VOL. 48—NO. 22. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870. PRICE { 1. Unstamped. 2. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (Saturday). QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—Combined Attractions.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT. Fashionable Promenade, and Great Display of 3,000 Roses in pots. Artists in Concert: Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Orgeni, Signor Verger, Signor Costelli, Signor Ragues, and Signor Mongini. Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

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PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening (Saturday), Mozart's "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, M. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca; (her first appearance in that character); Susanna, Mdme. Volpini (her first appearance in that character in London); and La Contessa, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character). Conductor—Signor Arditi.

On Monday, "MARTHA." Lionello, Signor Mongini; Plunkitto, Mr. Santley; Lord Tristano, Signor Zoboli; Un Sheriffo, Mr. Lyall; Un Servo, Signor Archiati; Nancy, Mdlle. Carl (her first appearance at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane); and Martha, Madame Volpini.

On Tuesday, May 31, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertrame, Signor Foli; Un Paggio, Signor Lassere; Alberti, Signor Ragues; Un Eremita, Signor Rinaldini; Cavalieri, Signor Archiati, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevers; Elena, Mdlle. Fioretti; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Marie Battu.

On Thursday, June 2, "FAUST." Mephistopheles, Mons. Faure; Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentino, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Acting Manager . . . . . MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY, June 10th, supported by all the principal artists. Band and Chorus of the Italian Opera, Drury Lane.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, May 28, Rossini's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SVIGLIA." Rosina Madame Adelina Patti; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

Next Week there will be Five Performances, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

EXTRA NIGHT.—On MONDAY NEXT, May 30 (first time this season), Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Cherubino, Madame Pauline Lucca; Susanna, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character); Antonio, Signor Tagliafico; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Thiljens. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

On Tuesday Next, May 31, Meyerbeer's Opera, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme. Adelina Patti; and Hoel, Signor Graziani.

EXTRA NIGHT.—On THURSDAY NEXT, June 2, "FAUST E MEGHERITA." Madame Pauline Lucca, Signor Graziani, Signor Tagliafico, and Signor Mario.

EXTRA NIGHT.—On FRIDAY NEXT, June 3, "DON GIOVANNI," Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti; Don Ottavio, Signor Mario (his first appearance in that character these three years; Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Thiljens.

On SATURDAY, June 4, "HAMLET." Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi; Hamlet, Signor Ordogni; and the Queen, Mdlle. Thiljens.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

A Grand Morning Concert will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, on Saturday, June 18, supported by all the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera. To commence at Two o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s.

MADAME PATEY will sing RANDEGGER'S admired song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Herr Kuhe's Concert, St. James's Hall, May 30th.

PUBLIC HALL, CROYDON.—Programme of Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL'S RECITAL of Classical and Modern Pianoforte Music, on MONDAY Evening, May 30th, 1870, assisted by Madame Florence Lancia and M. Paque. Part I.—Sonata (in), for Pianoforte and Violoncello, Mr. George Russell and M. Paque.—W. S. Bennett, Mus. Doc.; Song, "Voiche Sapete," Madame Florence Lancia.—Mozart; Solos, Moorese Musicus, Mr. George Russell (first time in Croydon).—Schubert; New song, "Good night, sweet mother," wrote from the Poet Laureate's "May Queen," composed for Madame Florence Lancia.—Diodonato; Sonata (quasi Fantasia, "The Moonlight Sonata," Mr. George Russell (first time in Croydon).—Beethoven. Part II.—Fantasia sur Violoncello, M. Paque.—Paque; Grand Aria (Lorla), Madame Florence Lancia.—Bonvetti; Fantasia (by desire), "The Recollections of Ireland," Mr. George Russell.—Moscheles; Sonata duo (in D major), for Pianoforte and Violoncello.—Mr. George Russell and M. Paque.—Mendelssohn. Prices of Admission.—Reserved Seats, 3s.; Unreserved Seats in the Body of the Hall, 2s.; Balcony and Back Seats, 1s. Tickets and Programmes to be had of Mr. Warren, Bookseller, High Street, Croydon; Plan of the Seats may be seen; and of Messrs. Webb, Musicsellers, North End, Croydon.

MDME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that her QUITAR RECITAL will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 15th, 1870, at Three o'clock, at 21, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, when she will be assisted by Eminent Artists, whose names will be duly announced. Madame Pratten will play Selections from the Compositions of her, Giuliani, Leonard Schulz, and her own; and two Grand Duets for two Guitars, Giuliani's two Rondos, and "Di tanti palpiti," accompanied by a Pupil of hers, an Amateur, who has kindly consented to do so for this occasion. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s. To be had at Madame Pratten's Residence, 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

WALTER MACFARREN'S new Pianoforte Solos, "LA PENSEROSA," Nocturne, "GOLDEN SLUMBERS." Berceuse, will be played by the Composer at the Matinée Musicale, This Day, at the Hanover Square Rooms.—LAMBORN COCK & CO., 63, New Bond Street.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing WALTER MACFARREN'S new sacred songs, "LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH," "O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG," at Mr. Walter Macfarren's Third Matinée, This Day.—LAMBORN COCK & CO., 63, New Bond Street.

MISS MARIE D'ETIENNE and Mr. HENRY GORDON, will sing NICOLAI'S Duet, "ONE WORD," at Herr Lehmeyer's Concert, Store Street, June 1st.

MISS MARION SEVERN will sing HENRY SMART'S popular song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Miss ida Henry's Concert, This Day, at the Bechtoven Rooms.

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F. WEBB, Sec.

MONS. PAQUE has the honour to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on TUESDAY, 31st of June, at Three o'clock, by the kind permission of the Most Noble the Marquis of Downshire, at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE. Tickets to be obtained only at M. Paque's, 138, Great Portland Street, W.

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MR. ALFRED CAINK will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN'S popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Highbury, May 31st.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at St. James's Hall, June 4th.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in Town for the Season. Address, 5, Beaumont Street, Portland Place.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at Mr. Alfred Baylis's First Matinée, 30th May.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to 16, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., where she requests all communications may be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Greville Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing DUGGAN'S great baritone song, "SAMSON," at his principal Engagements—St. George's Hall, June 8th. Address, 20, Old Bond Street.

THIS DAY.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD will play "MADAME OURY'S WALTZ," composed by CHOPIN, at her Recital of Pianoforte Music.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD (Soprano) has arrived in London and is open to Engagements for Operas, Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

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THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The 216th Anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was held under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of the 18th inst. when, as usual, there was the full choral service which, time out of mind, has added to the importance of the occasion. Upon the origin and purport of this excellent charity it would be superfluous now again to dwell, so universally familiar are they to all who take an interest in the subject. Instituted as far back as 1665, and established in 1678, by Royal Charter (under Charles II.), the "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy" has been largely instrumental for good. Originally designed chiefly, if not exclusively, to give needful assistance to the widows and orphans of clergymen endowed with less worldly riches than devotional zeal, its influence has been from time to time considerably enlarged. Take, for example, the following from the latest report (1869):—

"The charitable operations of the corporation are directed to the following purposes:—To afford continuous or occasional assistance to clergymen of the Established Church in England and Wales, when in need, from mental or bodily infirmity, the reverses of fortune, or the heavy expenses incidental to large families, or from any other cause of improvidence beyond their own control. To grant pensions to widows of clergymen, and donations to widows in temporary difficulties, ineligible for pensions. To grant pensions to maiden daughters of deceased clergymen upon attaining the age of 45 years, and donations to unsuccessful candidates and others under the age of 45, who are incapacitated by want of health from earning their own maintenance. To apprentice clergymen's children, orphans or not, to schools, professions, and trades; to assist in their education at schools or colleges, and to provide outfits for them on being placed out in the world."

Clergymen in full orders, residing in England and Wales, and having been licensed to a cure of souls, are entitled to the benefits of the charity; and during the last year (1869) as many as 241 clergymen, rectors, vicars, perpetual curates, chaplains, &c., were thus assisted with a sum of no less than £4,923. But further to promote the objects of so praiseworthy a cause we are happy to publish an exhaustive paragraph from the printed appeal of the Governors in reference to the "Special Proceedings" of 1869:—

"In 1853 very few of the pensions, 712 in number, exceeded £10 per annum, whereas now the great majority are £20 per annum, and a few are £25. This has been effected by the Minor Canonries, improved values on the corporation estates, and increased receipts from donations and subscriptions. The result is encouraging, and the Governors, earnestly trusting the support given by the clergy and laity to this corporation for so many generations may be continued and enlarged, look forward to the time when the society will be in a position to secure to all widows and aged single daughters of the poorer clergy a sufficient provision. . . . Additional assistance is also needed for sick and infirm clergymen in all parts of the kingdom, who, incapable of doing duty, have little or no other resource than the funds of the corporation. The Governors would also rejoice to find their means enlarged for educating and placing out the children of poor clergymen, this being a branch of the society's operations which is found by experience to offer an almost unlimited field for the contributions of the benevolent and to effect great and unmixed good."

The foregoing extracts will answer all purposes.

Among the foremost attractions of the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy is, and must always be, the cathedral choral service. On this occasion even a larger congregation than usual was assembled, not merely filling the choir and the space under the dome, but extending almost as far as the west door. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrived, in semi-State, received by the choir and clergy, who conducted them up the nave, in a procession including the Bishop of London, the committee and stewards of the Festival, with others more or less directly interested. Prayers were intoned by the Rev. Minor Canon Simpson, and Lessons read by the Rev. Minor Canon Milman. The musical part of the service was again noticeable for the improvement which has of recent years been slowly going on. Mr. Winn was conductor, and the surpliced choir under his control was made up from the choirs of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Temple, and Lincoln's Inn, strengthened by delegates from Canterbury, Winchester, Rochester, &c. That the "suffrages" were sung to Tallis's "Festival no" it is scarcely necessary to say. The time is long distant when that custom will be changed. The solemn and majestic effect of these, from so large a body of well-trained voices, may be easily imagined. Passing over the chanting of the Psalms, with a word of acknowledgment for the obvious results of a uniform system of "pointing," we should make special mention of a new Service, in B flat, by Mr. Henry Smart (selections from whose noble Service in F made the music of the Canticles in 1868). Mr. Smart's setting of the "*Magnificat*" is one of the finest examples of modern English church music with which we are acquainted. The opening, for full choir, at once arrests attention; and the interest thus created at the outset is sustained to the end by writing which is everywhere as masterly and scholastic as it is beautiful. The "*Nunc Dimittis*" is not unworthy to associate with the "*Magnificat*;" and, in short, the whole offers a fresh instance of that kind of thoughtful church music which is gradually superseding the vapid pedantry of bygone times. Three anthems were sung—"O Saviour of the world," by Mr. John Goss, organist of the Cathedral (composed for the Good Friday Service of last year), the expressive beauty of which is worthy of Mendelssohn himself; Dr. S. S. Wesley's "Blessed be the Lord," a recognized masterpiece in its school; and (more ancient) Dr. Greene's "O clap your hands together." All were extremely well given, and, indeed, the musical service was worthy the place and the occasion.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. P. Liddon, M.A. (Canon of St. Paul's), whose text was Galatians vi. 10—"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." At most our space could merely allow an abstract of the rev. gentleman's appeal, and an abstract could by no means do it justice. Perhaps the best commentary on its eloquence lies in the fact that the collection at the doors of the Cathedral (for it only amounted to more than double the ordinary sum of contributions on any previous occasion. The dinner was held, as of old, in Merchant Taylors' Hall. President, the Lord Mayor. Among the company were a more than usual number of distinguished persons. After the usual conventional toasts, the Lord Mayor, in practical language, proposed "the President of the Sons of the Clergy," and the Lord Bishop of London, in reply, advocated the pressing claims of the Corporation. Other toasts followed, and a collection was made on behalf of the charity. The musical arrangements, directed by Mr. Francis, were as efficient as usual.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas represented since our last notice of the performances at this theatre have been *Faust e Margherita*, *Martha*, *Hamlet*, the *Barbiere*, the *Africaine*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Favorita*. About the first, fourth, sixth, and seventh of these we have already spoken. *Martha* too, might pass with the simple recognition of the fact of its having been produced, but that a tenor, new to our stage, took the part of Lionel. Signor Urio is not literally a stranger, inasmuch as he has been heard at the Crystal Palace Concerts—most frequently in the great orchestra of the middle transept, for which his sonorous voice and emphatic delivery render him best fitted. Whether he is destined to take a position at the Italian Opera must remain an open question until further opportunities have been given of discussing his pretensions. Lionel, with some very pretty music to sing, is, at the best, an insipid personage, whose ebullitions of sentiment can possess but small interest for any but the lady to whom they are especially addressed, and such a part, judging from a single experience, does not appear to us well suited to Signor Urio's peculiar gifts. The encore he obtained in "M'appari tutt' amor" forms no criterion; for that famous apostrophe to the absent fair one is invariably asked for again, no matter who may be the lack-a-dasical utterer.

About Madame Adelina Patti's lively and fascinating impersonation of Lady Enrichetta (Martha), we shall say no more than that it was as lively and as fascinating as on former occasions, and that the accomplished lady's delivery of the romance, "Qui sola vergin rosa," first in Italian, then, after a rapturous encore, in the familiar language of the Irish poet, reached the ideal perfection of ballad singing. What more need be said about Signor Graziani (Plunkett) than that he was, as a matter of course, compelled to repeat the song in praise of beer, which he gives with such apparently sympathetic heartiness? Surely nothing. Mdlle. Scalchi acted Nancy well, and sang the music for the most part fairly; while Signor Tagliafico played the amorous Lord Tristan with his ordinary humour, and in a costume somewhat extraordinary for a peer of England, no matter of what date. Besides the encores we have named, there was another for the quartet at the Spinning-wheel—chiefly attributable to the wonderfully piquant execution of the soprano part by Madame Patti, whose "*staccato*" embellishments in the last verse never fail to create a sensation. How full of bustling life is the *mise en scène* of M. Flotow's opera at Covent Garden all are aware.

So much was written last season about the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas—one of the most successful contemporary lyric dramas of French manufacture since the time that Meyerbeer, followed by Halévy, &c., showed how operatic representations might, without risk, be interminably spun out—that a word or two about the performance will suffice. There was a new Ophelia, in Mdlle. Seed; a new Queen, in Mdlle. Tietjens; and a new Hamlet, in Signor Cotogni—all three successful. The gain accruing to the opera by the fact of such an artist as Mdlle. Tietjens undertaking the part of Gertrude is incalculable. The vocal and dramatic skill—the scene of the portraits and of Hamlet's

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solemn admonition to his mother—now, for the first time, had its due importance. In this Mdlle. Tietjens was so impressive as to cause those who know what a perilous venture is that of using one of Shakspere's tragedies as a vehicle for music to think more highly of the composer than they had thought before. It was a rare exhibition of vocal and dramatic power combined. Whatever Mdlle. Tietjens had to do was thoroughly well done; her declamation was superb; her acting subtle, and at the same intensely real throughout, and—thanks to her—the foremost character of the opera is now incontestably that of the Queen. Mdlle. Sessi afforded fresh proof of her remarkable versatility by the manner in which she represented Ophelia. Nothing seems beyond the range of this artist's powers. This is the best achieved greatness in any part she has yet essayed it would be untrue to assert, but that in everyone she has displayed a certain degree of excellence is unquestionable. As a piece of acting, Mdlle. Sessi's Ophelia may rank with her preceding assumptions. It is not, however, as an actress, and particularly as an actress in serious opera, that this lady shines, but as a singer—each new part she tries further exhibits the agreeable tone, wide range, and flexibility of her voice, added to a more than common profiency in the vocal art. Her Ophelia in this respect was almost everywhere good. In the last *finale*—where M. Thomas has made as happy a use of a melody not his own as M. Flotow has done in *Martha*—Mdlle. Sessi sang with equal taste and fluency, mastering the most difficult passages with ease. The Hamlet of Signor Cotogni was a surprise. Few, even among those who admire this gentleman in comedy, expected that he would equit himself so well in a part which one might have imagined to be altogether out of his sphere. Signor Cotogni nevertheless, exhibited both dramatic intelligence and a self-reserve for which his earlier assumptions had not prepared us. In the great scene between Hamlet and Gertrude, Signor Cotogni seemed inspired by the example of his accomplished partner. In the scene after his spirited delivery of the drinking song (Part 3), and frequently applauded during the performance. Signor Bagaglioli's King Claudius was a king with a deep bass voice, and Signor Capponi's Ghost was a ghost with a deeper. Signor Larocca played Laertes. Of the opera itself, the performance of which was directed by Signor Bevignani, we have not another word to say. That under any circumstances it can achieve an extended popularity in this country is, we think, out of the question.

With Mdlle. Pauline Lucca at hand, that the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer would be one of the productions of the season might have been taken for granted. We have no more to say about the last great work of one of the greatest operatic composers of our time. Its wealth of melody, its picturesque colouring, and its dramatic power are now universally admitted. Despite Herr Richard Wagner, the *Africaine* lives and is likely to live—the moral and physical absurdities of its libretto, together with its excessive length, notwithstanding. Mdlle. Lucca's Selika is more than ever instinct with poetic feeling. To single out one situation from many others, each full of interest, the final scene, where the unhappy African Queen, like Dido of old, is abandoned by her fickle lover, is exquisite in its pathos and unaffected pathos. The death from the insidious poison of the mancanilla tree, under the shadow of whose branches Selika laments her bereavement, and slowly expires, is depicted with a power that makes itself felt. The tremulously failing tones of voice impart to her last utterances a tenderness which it is hard to evoke sympathy true art would commt for nothing. The other characters of importance in the *Africaine* are sustained by Mdlle. Vanzini a fairly acceptable Inez; Signor Graziani, with whose earnest and demonstrative Nelusko we are familiar; and Signor Naudin, Meyerbeer's own Vasco di Gama—as yet the very best that has been seen and heard. About the gorgeous ballet and *mise-en-scène* which recommend the *Africaine* to the sympathies of those whom the music alone has supported would have, perhaps, less abiding charm, we need not speak.

La Sonnambula, with Signor Naudin instead of Herr Wachtel as Elvino—a change manifestly for the better—was given on Thursday; *L'Africaine* was repeated last night; and the *Barbiere* is promised for this evening.

COPENHAGEN.—Herr Richard Wagner's Muses have at last found their way to this northern capital, *Lohengrin* has been produced at the Royal Operahouse, and, as it appears, with such satisfactory results, that *Tannhäuser* will shortly follow. By the way, the date selected by the management for introducing *Lohengrin* to the Danish public was the birthnish of April. Would not the first have been a more appropriate day?

MUNICH.—At length a conductor has been found for Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*. This *rara avis* is Herr Marpurg, hitherto second conductor at Darmstadt. It is to be hoped he has duly studied Herr R. Wagner's pamphlet on "Conducting." If not, he had better have remained at Darmstadt, than run the risk of exciting the somewhat ready rage, and consequent vituperation of the modest Hermit of Lucerne.

REVIEWER'S WAIL.—No. 2.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I had no idea that you would hand me up to your devil (printer's), and still less did I imagine that you would hand me down to the real gentleman; or even be riled at my temerity in writing to tell you what you must have assured yourselves would have been the opinion of all people not entirely obfuscated, had either of you given the matter a moment's serious thought.

As a young man I was called Abraham the Placid (Abraham Smooth was another man); and if the allusion to the late Duke of Wellington and Harriet Wilson was meant to designate me an old woman, I don't at all object to being likened to one in my settled maturity. Old women are generally sensible, often clever, and always better and "truer hearted" than men. That I may possess this latter attribute is what I heartily desire. As a reviewer (not of music) I had but one object—to help the crushed, the weak, and the powerless, and to give talent its due.

The gentleman who so generously votes me damnation has cast upon himself a reflector, by which he enlightens and enables me to estimate him and his reviewership by a standard not hitherto accessible to me. When he dies may his soul rest—*not* with the damned.

Pleased as I was with his paper upon the Manns-Heller subject, I am infinitely more charmed with Mr. Tolhurst's letter in your last number; and I am thankful that some one has the moral resolution to write what he thinks, and so endeavour to put some check upon the monopolizing publishers and down-writing reviewers, who, when to write "down" would be too flagrant, or, for special reasons, impolitic, are eloquently *silent*. A broader and more generous spirit is needed in London journalism. Journals (*vide* extracts from the *Economist* and *Echo*, which I enclose); and I am truly gratified to find that you have been largely-minded enough to insert Mr. Tolhurst's letter.

Assuredly, the question is, not whether a composer or author is new, *but* whether his productions bear the impress of talent. I fear, though, that this is a view which vested interests and the jealousy of a certain class of established authors will not recognise.

Agreeing, still further, with Mr. Tolhurst, I would add that I subscribe to three musical papers, and I have been frequently inclined to ask—"What do we pay our money for?" Certainly, up to a given point. my family, reading the stereotyped advertisements and fulsome panegyrics which these papers contained, have expended many pounds in purchasing the lauded publications of the monopolizing publishers and the eloquented, only to find them utter trash, while compositions that have been avoided on account of the severity of condemning reviewers in these papers, have, when accidentally met with, turned out to be gems.

I hope the success which has hitherto attended the practice of thrusting rubbish upon us by means of forced advertisements, reviews, and notices, is receiving the result it deserves. I wish the public would decide for themselves, and not be guided by press leading-strings and criticisms.

With many sincere apologies for my extreme tediousness, believe me much more than ever and always,—Yours,

ANOTHER REVIEWER

(*In another School*).

May 24th, 1870.

["Another Reviewer" ought now to be satisfied. He has hit upon a method by which all chance of being taken in for the future is prevented. Let him purchase the publications, analyse them—that are abused in the papers he refers to, and carefully eschew the new pieces, oratorios included, that are praised. He will then be spared the "utter strain," and find himself possessor of countless "gems." "Another Reviewer" need not apologize for his "extreme tediousness," inasmuch as were he "tedious as a king," the fact of his being "much more than ever" *ours*, whereas two weeks since he was no more than "somebody" ours, would reconcile us to his short—or rather long-comings. We cannot hear from him too often, and, provided he has not composed an oratorio, we shall be glad to make his acquaintance. We apprehend, however, that it is six to four the other way. He is *so* tender on the point.—A. S. S.]

ST. PETERSBURGH.—A subscription is being got up to erect at Smolensk a monument to the well-known Russian composer, Michael Nicholajewitch Glinka, born at the village of Nowospask, in the Jelna district of the Smolensk Government, and died the 3rd February, 1857, at Berlin. His opera, *Life for the Czar*, was produced for the first time at St Peterburgh, on the 27th November, 1836, and his other opera, *Russlan and Ludmilla*, on the 27th November, 1842.

FLORENCE.—Herr Hans von Bulow has returned from Berlin. He will shortly carry out a project he has long cherished, namely—the formation of a permanent "*Sinfonie-Capelle*," for the purpose of giving popular orchestral concerts. The first of such concerts will be given in the Teatro Principe Umberto, and the programme thus constituted: "Jubel Ouvertüre," C. M. von Weber; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Pianoforte Concerto, Beethoven; Overture to *Struensee*, Meyerbeer; "Reapers chorus," from *Prometheus*, Liszt; and Symphony in C minor, Beethoven.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Two more performances of *Robert le Diable* have confirmed the success of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and strengthened the conviction that Alice is destined to become one of her most popular, as it is assuredly one of her most finished, parts. A word or two about the other characters, which want of space prevented us from giving last week, may not be out of place. The Robert of Signor Mongini shows decided improvement. He has now made himself so familiar with the music that his splendid voice has full play, and it is only in the last act that occasional criticism is called for. No one ought to sustain this arduous character better, for no one has more ample means at disposal. Signor Foli, too, has every requisite for a Bertram if not equal to the Bertram of Formes and the Bertram of Marini, in days gone by, at least equal to any now easily met with. As it is, Signor Foli leaves little to desire, except in the last act, which he has not yet completely mastered. By no means the least commendable feature in this performance of *Robert le Diable* is the Raimbaud of Signor Gardoni. Many years ago Signor Mario "condescended" (we use an expression of the time) to represent this character, representing it as effectively that the "condescension" was lost sight of, and Raimbaud became a personage of as comparatively great importance as Robert or Bertram, while psychologically more agreeable than either. Signor Gardoni—an artist if there ever was one—is now doing what Signor Mario did years ago (when Signor Tamberlik played Robert); and it is but just to say that in the general performances his Raimbaud ranks only second to the Alice of Mdlle. Nilsson. If singers of ability feel inclined to yield more in this direction, composers would be manifold gainers. No artist loses *status* by playing a small part well, and thereby enhancing the efficiency of the "cast;" and Signor Gardoni, recognized at the very outset of his career in England as an artist of high pretensions, was always received, when his turn came to assume a leading part, with the same favour as if he had never "condescended" to strengthen an opera by undertaking a subordinate one. Thus, he succeeded in winning the gratitude of managers, the esteem of composers, and the favour of the public. A more admirable Princess Isabella than Mdlle. di Murska could not be named; nor, probably, has there in our time been an Elena superior to Mdlle. Fioretti, whose exquisitely refined (and modest) art might almost create a renewed taste for the now so entirely neglected ballad.

Martha, the irrepressible *Martha*, brought with it a new attraction. Many will remember Madame Volpini, who six years ago made so favourable an impression with the small character of a "Shepherd Boy," in M. Gounod's *Mireille*, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Since then she has played at some of the chief theatres of the Continent, and is now not merely a singer but an actress of real distinction. The audience of Drury Lane had possibly forgotten her, though connoisseurs had not. Her reception was far from cordial; but she speedily carried the house with her. Madame Volpini looks now much as Madame Volpini looked in 1864; but she is a more thorough mistress of her art. As an example of facility in making a great deal out of little, her performance of Lady Enriched was to the point. Other Marthas (instance Madame Boski) were contented to look like ladies and sing like nightingales; but Madame Volpini, like her famous contemporary, Madame Adelina Patti, seasoned the dramatic with the character, and her impersonation is both natural and graceful—half comedy, half sentiment, altogether genuine and true. The earlier scenes, before Lady Enrichetta changes her name and Martha becomes love-sick, are not less well conceived and carried out than what follow. But we really cannot enter into a new description of *Martha*. Enough that Madame Volpini's performance was dramatically irreproachable, and that the well-known air, "Qui sola vergin rosa," was sung with such genuine expression as to call forth a loud and unanimous encore. Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Nancy, and Mr. Santley, as Plumkett, have no superiors. Signor Bettini, as Lionel, gave the usual sentimental tone to "M'apparì tutt' amor," and obtained the usual 'encore.' A similar honour was conferred upon Mr. Santley, in the apostrophe to "Alice," and also upon the "Spinning-wheel" quartet. Signor Zoboli was a quaint Lord Tristan. We hope shortly to judge of Madame Volpini's progress in an opera less hackneyed than that which has made the reputation of M. Flotow, and to which we have ceased to listen so often.

On Saturday night there was an enormous house, not merely to see Mdlle. Nilsson as Margaret in *Faust*, but to welcome back a very popular and distinguished artist, after an absence of four years. That Mephistopheles was one of M. Faure's most characteristic and successful impersonations when he was last among us all our opera-going readers know. But since then he has played the part at the Grand Opéra in Paris (with Mdlle. Nilsson) so often, and with such success, that it is not surprising he should have brought it to a high degree of perfection. In short, the Mephistopheles of the renowned French singer may now, without hesitation, be pronounced the best on the stage, whether judged from a musical or a dramatic point of view. M. Faure—whose costume is similar to that so frequently adopted at German theatres, and, though hardly appropriate to the "*Jahrender Scholastiva*" of Goethe, still, we may presume, acceptable to the German mind—had no sooner made the sudden apparition which astonishes Faust than he was received with acclamation. His performance of Mephistopheles is so well known as to absolve us from the task of detailed criticism. Each of the salient features—from the first dialogue with Faust to the animated duet which ensues; from the characteristic song about the "Calf of Gold" to the crouching of the Evil Spirit incarnate before the semblance of the Cross, and so on up to the mock-serenade (uttered with that quiet irony of which M. Faure is so admirable a master), and the final scene, where the unswerving religious faith of the stricken but repentant Margaret prevails over all the artful persuasions of her enemy—was brought out with the skill and effect of former years, and, as may be imagined from what we have already stated, with even more elaborate refinement. M. Faure, indeed, well repaid an enthusiastic reception by a performance of singular merit.

The Margaret of Mdlle. Nilsson, it need hardly be said, is one of the chastest and most touching delineations of the character ever witnessed. In looking at the performance of this consummate artist from first to last, we are above all impressed with the idea of that absolute purity of innocence which, before the severest tribunal, would acquit Margaret of any witting sin. Never was unconscious victim of remorseless fate more strikingly portrayed. That such was the ideal of the poet none who have read him can dispute. Of Mdlle. Nilsson's execution of the music we have spoken on several occasions, and we need only add here that it remains in a technical sense as pure as in a dramatic sense is her conception of the personage—a personage than even the often doubted "cynical" Goethe, worldliest of inspired poets, could do no less than send to heaven. But except to add that Mr. Santley made the death scene of Valentine as he never fails to do, one of the most impressive and striking passages in the opera, that Madame Trebelli-Bettini was a Siebel beyond reproach, and Signor Gardoni the earnest and artistic representative of Faust we have recognized so long, we shall be expected to say no more about so familiar an opera—a performance of which, moreover, has already once this season been recorded.

On Monday, the operas of *Abu Hassan* and *L'Ora del Cairo* (of which we have more to say) were repeated, and on Tuesday, Meyerbeer's charming pastoral opera, *Dinorah*, was given for the first time, with Mdlle. Rina di Murska, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Bettini, and Mr. Santley—one of the best performances of the season, and altogether too remarkable to be dismissed in a sentence. The opera for Thursday evening was *Faust* (second time); and to-night we are promised the *Nozze di Figaro* (first time), with Mdlle. Nilsson and Lewitzky, Madame Volpini, Mr. Santley, and M. Faure in the principal characters.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Athenæum* speaks thus of Mr. Limpus's oratorio, *The Prodigal's Return*:—

"The composer is an amateur clergyman, who holds the post of Minor Canon at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We will not counsel the Rev. H. F. Limpus at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. We will not counsel the Rev. H. F. Limpus to inwardly digest the proverb, 'Ne sutor,' &c., because it is evident that he has ability enough to warrant a use of the pen. But there is music and music—psalm-tunes and oratorios for example; and our advice to Mr. Limpus is—avoid the latter, since it can only result in much wasted labour, and more disappointment. It is hardly worth while to dwell upon the libretto of a work not likely to occupy much attention; but we may say that the story is treated in a clumsy fashion. Certain verses are taken from the parable; and upon each is hung a string of reflections. The narrative itself is meanwhile rendered the load of moralising, and becomes, at best, of secondary concern. Whether such an arrangement be right or wrong the reader may safely be left to decide for himself. The music is for the most part correctly and agreeably written, and shows an easy predilection of commonplace melody. This is merely all we can urge in its favour. In the matter of original invention and independant thought the work is sadly wanting. We may even go so far as to say that Mr. Limpus appears to have copied Handel assiduously, only drawing a line at the actual reproduction of the great master's themes. If it were worth while, we could bring forward example upon example of this; but it is not worth while, and we refrain. Let us, however, ask what is the use of producing such tame and colourless music in the days when the great masters are known and admired by everybody. Compositions like *The Prodigal's Return* have not the ghost of a chance; and their sure fate is speedy forgetfulness—a fate the composers should look upon as merciful."

HAMBURGH.—Herr Niemann has been singing with great success in a round of characters. He concluded his engagement by appearing as Masaniello in *La Muette*.—Certain leading men here, considering the size, wealth, and taste for art of this old city, have set on foot a project for the establishment of a Conservatory of Music.

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THE DRURY LANE NOVELTIES.

It is much to be desired that some competent hand would do for Weber what Jahn did for Mozart and what Thayer is doing for Beethoven—write an exhaustive account of his life and works. Such biographies of the composer as now exist, not excepting that by his son, Baron Max von Weber, are very unsatisfactory, and hence the few particulars which can be obtained with regard to *Abu Hassan*. Only the simplest facts being available, if our notice of the work be meagre, the fault lies elsewhere. *Abu Hassan* is Weber's second opera, and closely followed *Sylvana*. The third, *Der Freischütz*, was written ten years after, so that *Abu Hassan* may be said to have ended the first period of Weber's career as a dramatic composer. It will be assumed that a material difference is observable between the style of Weber at 24 and 34. In point of fact *Abu Hassan* and *Der Freischütz* have very little in common. When writing the earlier opera, Weber had not found his proper *metier*. He was, above all, a composer of the romantic school, and must have felt as little at home with comic music as can be imagined. A man of genius, however, can touch nothing without adorning it; and in *Abu Hassan* we have comic opera face to face with which that now passing as such may well blush for shame. But we must return to the few historical details of which mention has been made. The libretto was written by Herr Heiner, a friend of the composer, and is based upon the well-known story in the *Arabian Nights*. About August 1810, Weber had the work in hand, beginning when on a visit to Mannheim; and, we should say, getting on very slowly, for in December it was not completed. What happened between December and June, 1811, history saveth not; at all events, *Abu Hassan* was brought out in the Munich Theatre at the latter date, and, according to Weber himself, "played twice with great applause." Other representations followed, in various parts of Germany, and the little work was soon accepted as an honour to contemporary act. It was first heard in England at Drury Lane Theatre; a comic drama in two acts, called *Abu Hassan*, being produced in 1825, with Weber's music as an illustrative and incidental accessory. Since then it has lain neglected, and only exceptional knowledge and enterprise such as now directs the Drury Lane operas could have determined upon its production. Lightness and grace are characteristic of the music from beginning to end. Here and there, indeed, the inspiration is feeble, becomes apparent to a degree nobody can overlook, and by no means, we need scarcely say, to the disadvantage of the work. If the question be asked—Was it worth while to revive *Abu Hassan?* our answer is emphatically—Yes. It presents to us a phase of the composer's genius not otherwise apparent. The author of *Der Freischütz* has long been familiar, but what Weber was as a dramatic musician, ten years earlier, *Abu Hassan* alone can show.

The story of *L'Oca del Cairo* is better known. It was begun in 1783, one year after the production of *Il Seraglio*, and three years before that of *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The work is, therefore, an outcome of Mozart's genius when in its prime, and not, as some have supposed, a youthful effusion he was only too glad to leave in manuscript. The fact the illustrious master left *L'Oca del Cairo* unfinished is true, but the explanation can be found apart from any question of its merit. Readers of musical biography know that Mozart had more than one quarrel with the Abbé Varesco, court chaplain at Salzburg, who dabbled largely in libretti. This reverend gentleman prepared the book of *Idomeneo*, and in connection with it a rupture took place between composer and *librettore*. Varesco was an obstinate man, with supreme confidence in his own ability, and a disinclination to see himself right, every body else wrong. Mozart, however, gave him another trial, with a result even more unfortunate. The composer's letters show with what difficulty the two worked together so long as they did. At last the time came when Mozart could stand it no longer, and he quietly laid the opera aside never to resume work upon it. At his death, therefore, *L'Oca del Cairo* consisted of only six, or at most seven 'numbers, more or less incomplete as regards scoring for the orchestra. These were the "Air de la Déclaration" (doubtful), the "Ariette de la Soubrette," the "Duo du Dépit Amoreux," the "Quatuor du Balcon," the "Duetto des Cadeux," the "Ariette de Basse," and the *Finale*. In this condition the MS. passed from Mozart's widow to Herr André of Offenbach, whose descendant, the music publisher of that town, printed it nine years ago. As so printed the work was, of course, unfitted for stage use, and would have remained in that condition but for an ingenious and clever Frenchman, M. Victor Wilder, to whom occurred the happy thought of completing it. M. Wilder's plan was to re-write the libretto with the assistance of such indications of Varesco's plot as were available; to expand the music by adding other of Mozart's pieces not generally known and to have scored for orchestra those parts left incomplete by the composer. The first portion of this triple task he did well; though it must be said that the story is very absurd and silly. In the second portion he displayed judgment which the result proves to be sound. We translate his own account of the procedure:—"Mozart had written neither overture nor introduction, but just when he busied himself with *L'Oca del Cairo* he had begun to set music to an old opera, *Le Sposo Deluso*. He soon gave up the idea, though not before the overture and introductory quartet which, by a curious chance, presented a complete analogy with the first scene of *L'Oca del Cairo*, were completed and scored for the orchestra. This overture and quartet naturally, therefore, take the place of the absent introduction. I find the rondo of Isabel also instrumented in a score of the master of which title and words are lost. (Here M. Wilder is wrong. The rondo is part of the opera of *Zaide*, as any one can see by looking into the thematic catalogue of Mozart's works.) As regards the final trio, it completes the first act of Bianchi's opera, *La Villanella Rapita*, played at Vienna in 1785, for which Mozart, that grand prodigal, wrote this admirable *chef d'œuvre*." All the music in *L'Oca del Cairo*, as now performed, is, therefore, not only Mozart's, but was written about the time when the opera was in hand. This accounts for the singular unity there is about it; a unity so complete that one can scarcely regard the work as a *pasticcio*. We shall not enter upon a critical examination of its merits for reasons of space. Enough that not a bar is unworthy to be connected with an illustrious name.

T. E.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth of these entertainments took place in St. James's Hall last Wednesday week, when the following selection of music was performed:—

PART I.

Overture, "Der Wasserträger" ...	...	...	...	...	Cherubini.
Aria, "O mio Fernando" (*La Favorita*)	...	...	...	...	Donizetti.
Concerto in A minor, Violin ...	...	...	...	...	Spohr.
Aria, "In qui lo vedo" (*L'Africaine*) ...	...	...	...	...	Meyerbeer.
Symphony, in B flat ...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven.

PART II.

Rondo. Pianoforte and Orchestra, "Le Retour de Londres"	...	...	...	...	Hummel.
Aria, "Vedrai carino" ...	...	...	...	...	Mozart.
Variations, Violin ...	...	...	...	...	Paganini.
Aria, "Le Vallon" ...	...	...	...	...	Gounod.
Symphony, "Finale of the Jupiter" ...	...	...	...	...	Mozart.

The vocalists were Madame Pauline Lucca and M. Waldeck, the solo violinist, Herr de Grahn, and the pianist, Miss Kate Roberts. The *pièce de résistance* was the symphony in B flat by Beethoven. In the *adagio* the excellent playing of Mr. Radcliff (flute), Mr. Barret (oboe), Mr. Lazarus (clarionet), and Mr. Butcher (bassoon) was heard to the best advantage. Spohr's dramatic concerto served to introduce Herr de Grahn to a New Philharmonic audience. With his style, intonation, execution, and expression, Herr de Grahn is entitled to be considered one of the players of the day. He was applauded and recalled. The pianist, Miss Kate Roberts, is an established favourite at the New Philharmonic Concerts. Her playing of Hummel's "Retour de Londres" was characterized by those charming qualities which early brought her into notice as a pianist. The audience were enthusiastic in their applause. Instead of detailing how Madame Lucca was applauded and encored, it is simpler to say she met with the same success in the concert-room as always attends her appearance at Covent Garden Operahouse. M. Waldeck, in Gounod's "Le Vallon," made a favourable impression, and sang with much taste and refinement. Dr. Wylde conducted the orchestral works. Signor Bevignani and M. Zerbini accompanied the vocal music.

At the next concert, June 15th, Liszt's *Legend of St. Elisabeth* is announced for performance. Mdlle. Thetjens has undertaken the character of St. Elisabeth.

CARLSRUHE.—The Theatre will be closed at the end of the present month. Herr Niemann, and Mdlle. Schneider (from the latter from Leipsic, will, however, previously sing a few nights. From all accounts, it appears that the retirement of the late stage-manager, Herr Devrient, is severely felt, and that the operas are not produced with anything like the completeness for which they used to be distinguished in his time.

VIENNA.—The ex-King of Hanover continues to distribute his orders right and left. He is as lavish in that respect as certain London managers. He has just conferred the Guelph Order upon Herren O. Dessoff, Hellmesberger, L. A. Zellner, and Mosenthal.—Mr. Adams leaves the Imperial Operahouse at the end of June. He wished to get a higher salary, and so did the management—wish he might get it. It is his intention to return to America.—A juvenile Italian Opera company is announced to appear at the Vaudeville Theater. They will perform in costume *Il Barbiere, Il Trovatore, La Sonnambula, &c.* Every real lover of art will assuredly hope that the success of the undertaking may be as small, in proportion, as the size of the artiste.

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PROVINCIAL.

GREENOCK.—A local paper of May 21st says:—

"The fourteenth session of the Choral Society was brought to a close last night by a private concert in the Town Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. D. Middleton—Mr. A. L. Peace being accompanist and organ soloist. After a brief prelude on the organ by Mr. Peace came a sacred cantata, *Supplication*, by Mr. Middleton. The soloists and choristers did ample justice to Mr. Middleton's work, and if that gentleman was as contented as the audience were delighted with their efforts, he has every cause for gratification. Next came Meyerbeer's grand march, composed for the coronation of the present King of Prussia. Mr. Peace was thoroughly at home in its rendering, and passed through it with completest success. Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm followed, the orchestral accompaniments to which were played by Mr. Peace upon the organ. Dr. Bennett's ever-welcome *May Queen* formed the second part of the concert. Thus a rich treat was provided, and the society earned at once the thanks and the applause of those who were privileged with an invitation to be present."

EXETER.—*Jephtha* was performed on the 16th inst., in the Victoria Hall, by the Exeter Choral Society. With regard to it we read as follows in the *Western Morning News*:—

"The solos were taken by Miss Banks (Iphis), Mrs. Patey-Whytock (Storge), Mr. Vernon Rigby (*Jeptha*), and Mr. Patey (*Zebul*). Miss Banks, in 'Tha smiling dawn of happy daya,' was warmly applauded, and 'Happy they' would have been re-demanded but for the lateness of the hour. 'Let other creatures die,' was given with impassioned earnestness by Mrs. Patey, who sang magnificently her husband's music in artistic effort, the recitative, 'But Jephtha comes,' Mr. Rigby, in 'O Zebul,' and 'Hide thou thy hated beams,' won most applause. We must mention an amusing incident nearly at the close. Miss Banks was singing her very best in the air 'Farewell, ye limpid streams,' when a railway engine, passing close at the back of the hall, gave a discordant screech three or four notes above the singer's voice; a minute after the break whistle sounded the exact pitch of the note Miss Banks was at the instant holding out; had it been the silver flute itself the effect could not have been more harmonious."

DINORAH AT DRURY LANE.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph" May* 26.)

Whether Mr. Wood's acting manager produced *Dinorah* on Tuesday night for its own sake, or for the sake of the artists who took part in it, is a matter of no consequence. Anyhow, the performance was adequate; but, if moved solely by admiration for Meyerbeer's most charming opera, the services of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley, gave admiration the quality of special timeliness.

It will be remembered that, when *Dinorah* was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Mapleson, the artists just named were acknowledged on all hands as thoroughly efficient in their respective parts. Mdlle. di Murska does most things well—those things most well which give scope for a somewhat erratic genius; and hence the success of her Dinorah has, perhaps, exceeded that of any other character in which she appears. Signor Gardoni is admittedly the best Torentino on the stage; and Mr. Santley's Hoel, from what it was in the days of the Tyrer-Harrison *régime*, has come to rank among the most striking of vocal and dramatic achievements. The conjunction of three such artists gave a special value to Tuesday's performance, and when we say that the subordinate parts were, without exception, well filled, it is evident that a treat of no ordinary kind was afforded. There is hardly need to travel once more over ground so well trodden, and to point out in detail the merits of a very familiar representation. Enough that Mdlle. di Murska asserted her old superiority, and that her execution of the "Shadow Song"—most fanciful of operatic conceits — roused the house to enthusiasm, and elicited the noisiest of encores. Not the least effective part of Mdlle. di Murska's work, let us add, was done in the last act, after the "cold water cure" brought about by Dinorah's immersion. The gradual comprehension of actual facts was shown in the simplest, most unaffected, and most natural way conceivable. Signor Gardoni once more acted the cowardly Breton peasant to the life; that he sang very unlike a Breton or any other peasant we need not assert. With regard to Mr. Santley, who was perfect from first to last, it must be mentioned that his touching delivery of Hoel's lament over the senseless form of Dinorah obtained a thoroughly deserved encore. The charming pastoral which succeeds the storm, and comes with such welcome brightness, had its beauty heightened by the singing of Mdlle. Vinta and Madame Trebelli (shepherds), Signor Rinaldini (reaper), and Signor Ragnier (hunter); and the choral music has not often been given with greater effect. The principal artists were "called" after each act.

EDINBURGH.—The Grand Baden Vocal Festival, to be held here after Whitsuntide, bids fair to be exceedingly good. About 2,000 singers are expected to take part in it.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Spohr's symphony, *The Power of Sound*, to adopt a misnomer even more expressive than the rightful title—was played at this society's fifth concert on Monday last, and again asserted itself as the composer's masterpiece. There are reasons in plenty why the symphony should be popular. It is full of melody, and of the charm arising from refined treatment; moreover it illustrates a theme that appeals to every heart. The work was heard on Monday with unflagging attention, and a generally good performance presented it under favourable, if not the most favourable, conditions. Beethoven's second symphony (in *D*) is too well known even for such general remarks as the foregoing. There was room for improvement in the execution of certain passages; but this is usually the case with one or other of the symphonies at the Philharmonic concerts, and it arises, we presume, from want of adequate rehearsal.

The concerto was Weber's in E flat for piano, a work rarely heard, owing, perhaps, to the overshadowing popularity of the *Concert-stück*, which seems to monopolise all the attention pianists are able to give its author. The concerto in E flat is Weber's second, and was written at various times during the years 1811-12. It ranks, therefore, in chronological order soon after *Abu Hassan*, and, like that pleasant little opera, illustrates the master's less characteristic style. That it is a work of great merit we cannot say; at the same time its claims to an occasional hearing are undeniable. The pianist was Herr Pauer, who suggested the thought that, amid the incessant demands made by a London season upon artists of eminence, it is barely possible for them to do justice to their fame when the work in hand requires careful preparation. Under all circumstances, however, Herr Pauer shows himself a genuine artist, and the recall he obtained was a due recognition of merit. The overtures were Meyerbeer's *Struensee* and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, widely-contrasted examples of composers who had very little in common. That the audience heard Mozart with delight, and Meyerbeer with curious interest, need not be said. As regards *Struensee*, however, we may question if it appears to advantage out of the place assigned to it by the composer. Mdlle. Orgeni, who sang the concert-aria, is remembered as one of the Royal Italian Opera company some time ago, sang the great scena from *Der Freischütz*, and Donizetti's "Ardon gl'incensi" (flute *obbligato* espitally played by Herr Svensden) so as to obtain considerable applause. Mr. Santley also appeared, his selections being Spohr's "Di militari onori" (*Jessonda*) and "Non più andrai," both given perfectly.

THADDEUS EGG.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The second of the summer series of four performances took place on Wednesday afternoon at St. James Hall. It will be remembered that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson was unable to sing at the first in consequence of indisposition. On Wednesday, however, the accomplished Swedish vocalist duly appeared, and again created a profound impression by her admirable delivery of the principal soprano solos in the *Messiah*. She was encored in "I know that my Redeemer." We have before dilated on the high qualities, executive and intellectual, which Mdlle. Nilsson brings to the interpretation of this sublime music; and therefore need only now say that the effect produced was fully as great as in previous instances. "Rejoice greatly," was brilliantly sung by Madame Sinclair, and the other solos were sufficiently rendered by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. G. Perren, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli. As on some former occasions, Mr Perren was a ready and well-prepared substitute for Mr. Sims Reeves, who was to have made his re-appearance at this concert after his recent sojourn in Italy; but was prevented by an attack of hoarseness, for which an apology was made Mr. Leslie, who stated that he had received but short notice of the disappointment. Some slight expressions of dissatisfaction were changed to general applause at Mr. Leslie's temperate self-justification in a matter wherein he is himself much more injured than his audience, and quite as little to blame as they.

ORATORIO CONCERTS.

The ninth and closing concert of the season took place on Wednesday, when the programme included Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The association of two such masterpieces is peculiarly appropriate, and formed a grand climax to an interesting series. The performance was generally efficient, especially in the *Lobgesang*, which appeared to have had the advantage of more preparation and rehearsal than the symphony. The solo vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Cummings, and Herr Carl Stepan. Mr. Barnby conducted with his usual judgment and care; and his capital choir did good service in the choral movements of both works.

The series of concerts just terminated commenced on December 8 with Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Acis and Galatea*—both for the first time with Mendelssohn's additional accompaniments—which were followed by the *Messiah*, the *Seasons*, *Jephtha*, Beethoven's *Mass Solemnis*, Bach's *Passion Music*, *Elijah*, Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*, and *Alexander's Feast*.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

This year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. Hallé has considered it appropriate to devote his Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.
The programmes, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.
Mr. Hallé is assisted at all the Recitals by
HERR STOCKHAUSEN.
Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas, accompany the programmes.

THE FIFTH RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 3RD, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

SONATA, Op. 29, No. 2	.. .. ..	*Beethoven.*
RECIT. and AIR, "Tyrannic love"—Herr STOCKHAUSEN.	.. ..	*Handel.*
GRAND SONATA, Op. 28, No. 3	.. .. ..	*Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Mit dem grünen Laubenkranz" (With the green ribbon. / "Der Jager" (The Hunter.	.. .. ..	*Schubert.*
	Herr STOCKHAUSEN.	
ADDANTE, Op. 35	.. .. ..	*Beethoven.*
TRIZTY-TWO VARIATIONS on an Original Theme	.. .. ..	*Beethoven.*
SONGS, { "Ellenschi und Stolz" (Jealousy and Pride) / "Die liebe Farbe" (The dear Colour)	.. ..	*Schubert.*
	Herr STOCKHAUSEN.	
GRAND SONATA, Op. 53 (Dedicated to Count Waldstein)	.. ..	*Beethoven.*

The LAST FOUR RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—
Friday, June 3, | Friday, June 17,
Friday, June 10, | Friday, June 24,
To commence each day at Three o'clock precisely.

Prices of Admission (for the Series)—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s. Balcony, £1.
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DEATHS.

On May 15th, at Londonderry, HENRY, eldest son of the late J. B. LOUDER (author of *Logier's System*).
On May 24th, CHARLOTTE JACKSON, for many years known in the musical profession as Miss CURTIT.
On May 25th, ELLEN, daughter of Mr. FREDERICK WHITE, musicseller, of Oxford Street—aged 20 months.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday; otherwise they will be too late for insertion.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

COSTUMES AT COVENT GARDEN.

A REFRESHING breeze has sprung up around Covent Garden, and is likely to ventilate the obscure places where questions of operatic dress are determined. We hail it, as another evidence of the movement which gathers force year by year in the direction of stage realism. Let us not be understood to believe that realism in opera is of equal importance with realism in the spoken drama. The dramatic stage assumes to illustrate life as it is; the lyric stage claims, and does so of necessity, a certain degree of license. We may illustrate these positions by reference to the prose writer and the poet. The former is held strictly to the rules of grammar; the latter may, if he pleases, violate those rules, where they stand in the way of effect. But though realism in opera has limits which, from the very nature of the case, cannot be overstepped, there is no excuse whatever for falling short of them. Even the lyric drama is life-like to a certain point; and so far realism has claims that deserve attention. With this preface we revert to the Covent Garden incident—a history of which may be thus told.

At a recent performance of *Marta*, Signor D. Tagliafico played the English nobleman, Lord Tristan di Mickleford, &c., &c., and did so in bi-coloured "tights," whereof one leg was green and the other white. As the incidents of the opera are supposed to take place at Richmond ("Star and Garter," Richmond), in the reign of the late Queen Anne (whose death is by this time generally known and lamented), and as the other costumes, though not historically correct, could fairly be brought under the ægis of poetic license, our contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, took note of Signor D. Tagliafico's "tights," and suggested that they were, perhaps, borrowed for the nonce from the wardrobe of "Rigoletto the Jester." The critic, however, did not know that Signor D. Tagliafico (according to his own account) is a severely historical artist, prepared to go any lengths and wear any "tights" that may become a connoisseur. Being this, we can imagine how the ire of Signor D. Tagliafico was kindled when he saw himself accused of an anachronism in the columns of our widely-circulating contemporary. His first impulse was, no doubt, to "write to the Editor"—most dangerous of rash thoughts—and upon it he acted. This is how Signor D. Tagliafico appeared in print:—

"MONSIEUR,—Accusez-moi d'avoir voulu renverser la Colonne de Trafalgar Square, si tel est votre bon plaisir; mais ne m'accusez pas d'une erreur historique comme celle que le *Daily Telegraph* me reproche aujourd'hui à propos de la *Martha* d'hier à Covent Garden. Tout le monde sait que bien qu'il repose sur un fait due 17e siècle, l'opéra de *Martha* se joue depuis 20 ans en Angleterre et partout avec des costumes du 18e. Me voyez-vous venant faire ma cour à Mdlle. Patti costumée en Agnès Sorel, avec des chausses du temps de la Reine Anne et une perruque à la Louis XIV? Si votre reproche était fondé, il s'adresserait non pas à moi seulement, mais à tous les personnages de la pièce. Que voulez-vous? Tout ça c'est la faute à Mario, qui n'a jamais voulu couper sa barbe, et qui nous a fait aussi jouer *La Dame aux Camélias* avec des costumes Rebelais! Je vous en prie, Monsieur, relevez-moi d'une pareille accusation d'ignorance. Chacun a son faible! Le mien c'est de me croire assez bon connaisseur en fait de choses d'art et d'histoire.—Votre tout dévoué, "D. TAGLIAFICO.

"*Covent Garden Théâtre, Mercredi*, 11 *Mai*."

The first part of this letter is somewhat evasive. With regard to the costumes of Henrietta, Nancy, and the peasants, in *Marta*, we have only to say that they are not glaring anachronisms which at once offend every intelligent observer. The dress of Lord Tristan, as worn by Signor D. Tagliafico, is very different. It is an anachronism that not only irritates as such, but irritates all the more because there is no beauty to extenuate its defiance of chronology. An English nobleman of Anne's time, with one leg green and the other white, ought to be hissed off the stage. Signor D. Tagliafico's reference to Signor Mario was hardly called for. Either Lord Tristan's costume was right or it was wrong. If right, why say "Tout ça c'est la faute à Mario?" No wonder that the distinguished tenor's friends took up his quarrel, or that one of them wrote as thus to the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"SIR,—With reference to Monsieur Tagliafico's letter in yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*, about the costumes of *Martha* and the *Traviata* at Covent Garden, I beg to observe that it is not fair to saddle Signor Mario with the responsibility for those costumes. In the case of the *Traviata* the question of 'dress' had been settled, and the opera had been sung in London and elsewhere for some

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years, before Signor Mario undertook the part of Alfredo; and no change of costume was introduced by him. As regards *Marta*, I need only remark that, as 'a well-to-do peasant,' it could signify very little to Signor Mario, or his beard, whether the scene were laid in 1300 or 1700. Monsieur Tagliafico might inquire of Messieurs St. Georges and Flotow why they selected the former period.—I am, Sir, &c.,

"*May* 21." "J. W.

The *Traviata* question thus settled—on, no doubt, the best authority—Signor D. Tagliafico has no more to say about it; but he returns to the charge *à propos* of *Marta*, in the following letter, also addressed to the *D. T.*:—

"MONSIEUR,—Je vous prie d'avertir, avec le plus de ménagement possible, mon honorable contradicteur que les paysans ne portaient pas plus de barbe au 17e Siècle que n'en portaient les policemen de Londres il y a deux ans. J'ai du reste suivi son avis en écrivant à M. de St. Georges et en lui demandant en même temps pourquoi dans *Un Ballo in Maschera*, dont le sujet est l'assassinat de Gustave de Suède par Ankastroem, les artistes ne sont pas tous coiffés avec le poudre à la Maréchale?—Votre tout devoué,

"*Londres*, 24 *Mai*, 1870. D. TAGLIAFICO."

Mark, here, the reverential accuracy of Signor D. Tagliafico. He has found out that the English peasantry of the "17e Siècle" (Signor D. Tagliafico should have said the 18th) used razors, and as Signor Mario will not use razors, he is, of course, disqualified from playing Lionello unless the period be thrown further back. The writer should have been satisfied with this retort; but, instead thereof, he chooses to plunge still further *in medias res*, after an argument based on the accepted costumes of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Here Signor D. Tagliafico comes to very conspicuous grief. He asks why the assassination of Gustavus is not represented by bewigged and bepowdered actors—forgetting that *Un Ballo in Maschera* has nothing at all to do with Sweden or its king. At Covent Garden, the scene of the opera is laid in Naples, and the victim is a supposititous Duke Richard, who may have lived at any age, and worn any dress.* Had Signor D. Tagliafico remembered this it would have been much better for his case, which sorely needs all the strength available.

The upshot of the matter must be a new standard of judgment with regard to Signor Tagliafico's Lord Tristan. There now remains to be discovered whether English noblemen, who wore green and white "tights," were also buffoons; whether they had no sense of dignity even in the presence of a high-born lady; and whether, when compelled against their will to take a lesson in country dances, they stood on one leg and aped the tricks of modern ballet girls. These things, we repeat, are now matters for inquiry; and it is possible that Signor D. Tagliafico will learn the result of the investigations made. We have said nothing of the Tristan at the other house, because the only difference between the two (apart from costume) is that the Covent Garden Lord stands on one leg, and he of Drury Lane stands on both. *Va pour* ZOBOLI!

* At the Lyceum, and Her Majesty's Theatre, the scene was laid in Massachusetts; and Gustave became a "Governor of Boston." How would Sig. Tagliafico dress this?—A.S.S.

MARK LEMON.

Our readers will learn with sincere regret the death of Mr. Mark Lemon, which happened on Monday morning, at his residence at Crawley, Surrey. He had occupied the editorial chair of *Punch* (the enormous responsibility of which position may be easily imagined) for nearly thirty years. Mr. Lemon was born in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street on the 30th of November, 1809, so that he had only got halfway through the 61st year of his age. His kindly and genial disposition was well known to a large circle of authors and literary men. He was married and has left a family of sons and daughters.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Der Freischütz was to be given in Paris, on Monday, in the Opéra Impériale, with Mdlle. Ilisson as Agatha, and M. Villaret as Max. A ballet was to be played on the same evening, which necessitated sundry ugly cuts in the masterpiece of Weber. This recalls to the *Ménestrel* an action once brought against the director of the Opéra by a gentleman who had purchased a stall, as he alleged, to hear *Der Freischütz*, and especially certain pieces in *Der Freischütz* which were his favourites. The pieces in question were precisely those omitted; the action was brought by the indignant admirer of Weber—and *gained*. Who will bring an action about a still greater opera—Rossini's *Tell*!

VERILY American criticism is a wonder. It sounds the depths, soars to the heights, and embraces the length and breadth of what is known over the water as "high-falutin." Ole Bull is not a great man; he is not even a great fiddler, but he can touch the hidden springs of the poetry in an American critic to some purpose. The very name of him sent our reporting friend to a study of Scandinavian mythology, and here is the result:—

"When Ole Bull appeared upon the stage, we thought that the mighty shades of Thor and Odin moved behind him, who should have been a minstrel demi-god of Eld—who should have wielded the brand in the battle, and struck the harp in the banquet hall—a warrior and a bard combined, owning mighty sway in both. No artist who ever trod the stage conveyed so marked a sense of strength as Ole Bull does. He seems as though he could tear the heart out of the Nemean lion, even while the sweet music exhales from his fingers; and it is possible it is the contrast between his grand physical strength, and the exquisite sentiment, and delicacy of his manipulations that heightens the effect of his marvellous playing!"

If thus about Ole Bull, what when the Scandinavian Nilsson appears? Good friends, reserve some eloquence for that advent.

PANSERON was a friend of Berlioz, and, likewise, his constant butt. But one fine day he revenged himself upon his tormentor. At a concert given in the Operahouse by Berlioz, when the programme contained music by no other composer, the band played a funeral march which seemed as if it would never end. The entire audience began gaping and stamping with impatience; still the band went on, and some of the audience fell off to sleep. Berlioz, of course, was conducting. Catching hold of him by the tail of his coat, Panseron hallooed out in a loud voice: "I say, my dear colleague, it strikes me the churchyard is a very long way off." The house rang with uncontrollable laughter, which did not stop as quickly as the funeral march.—The worm will, &c., when, &c.

M. VACHOT, the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, has just written to invite his colleagues, the French managers, to hold a Congress next month in Paris, for the purpose of adopting some measures calculated to stop the continually increasing terms of lyric artists. "Such a measure can only be," says the *Guide Musical*, "an agreement of the managers never to give more than a fixed maximum for certain lines of business." "Perhaps," the same paper goes on to observe, "some result, which we do not perceive, may spring from the Congress. This is highly desirable, for it cannot be denied that the evil imperiously demands a remedy, and that the ridiculously large amount of the salaries paid to singers causes the ruin of most managers of lyrical theatres. While they are assembled, the managers would do well to see whether they might not derive advantage from forming associations which would enable them to establish an interchange of virtuosos. Singers might then be engaged by the associated managers to sing three or four months in one town, and as long in another. The company would thus be renewed at each theatre three or four times a year. This would infuse variety into the performances, and stimulate the curiosity of the public. The idea might prove not to be bad; at any rate, we do not think that its realization would be attended with such serious obstacles that a trial should not be made. What would not have been possible formerly has now become easy, thanks to our rapid modes of communication." True, respected *Guide*, our modes of communication are changed, but man's nature remains pretty much what it used to be. To put only one question: Do you suppose managers would ever agree among themselves? If you do, you are of a sanguine temperament, to say the least of it.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Saturday last Mrs. Roney gave her annual *matinée d'invitation*, when amongst the artists who appeared was the young pianist, Miss Amy Weddle, who played Ascher's "Chant des Naiades," to the evident gratification of the audience.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Amongst our musical associations none is more worthy notice than the London Glee and Madrigal Union (established 1859), so ably conducted by Mr. Landon—consisting of Miss Jane Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Lawler. On Thursday last the society commenced its twelfth annual series of five "afternoon concerts" at St. James's Hall, when a varied and interesting selection of part music was sung with the old charm—the charm of precision, grace, and taste. The applause was enthusiastic; the audience large and fashionable. Mr. Sydney Smith was the solo pianist.

MISS JULIA SYDNEY, from New South Wales, gave an evening concert on Wednesday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was well attended. She possesses a mezzo-soprano voice, which she displayed to advantage in Arditi's "Reminiscences in omagio del Bosio" (accompanied by the composer), "Voi che sapete," "The birds were telling one another" (Smart), and "La Dove Prende" (with Signor Ragueri). She was assisted by Mesdames Florence Lancia, Osborne, Williams, Drasdil, Montserrat, Patti Laverne, and Miss Marie Arthur (who possesses a charming voice), Messrs. J. H. Ratcliffe, F. Elmore, Harley Vinning, and Castelli. Miss Marie Strindberg played Pfeiffer's "Quatrième Mazurka" in a brilliant manner on the pianoforte. Signor Arditi, Messrs. Frank Mori and Van Noorden were the accompanists.

MR. LOUIS GISSONE gave his first pianoforte recital on Wednesday, at St. George's Hall, which was crowded. Mr. Gibsone has an expressive style and fluent execution, which he displayed with great effect in several of his own compositions, among which "Song of Spring," "Arabian Lay," and "Dans le rangue" were most applauded. His *Meditations*, Book 1., consisting of six pieces, were listened to with much pleasure, each number being received with favour. The recital ended with a brilliant solo, "Thème militaire," a highly characteristic piece. Mr. Gibsone was excellently assisted by Miss Poynte, who gave several songs, and Mr. Boleyne Reeves, the well-known harpist. Mr. Henry R. Eyers (Royal Academy) presided as accompanist.

THE third of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Alfred Gilbert's chamber concerts took place at 9, Cendnit Street, on the 11th inst., when an excellent selection of classical music was performed. The instrumental pieces comprised two movements of Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, Op. 66 (Messrs. Gilbert, Holmes, and Reeve); Boccherini's sonata in A for violoncello (Sig. Pezze); Beethoven's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte, Op. 81 (Mr. Gilbert); the same composer's sonata in G, for piano and violin (Messrs. Gilbert and Holmes); and his trio in B flat, Op. 97, for piano, violin, and violoncello (Messrs. Gilbert, Holmes, and Pezze). All these were played in excellent style. Madame Gilbert, Mr. Perren, and Mr. F. F. Reilly supplied the vocal music; the lady being especially successful in Handel's "Where'er you walk," and Haydn's duet from *The Seasons*, "Ye gay and painted flowers," sung with Mr. Reilly.

MDLLE. BONDY'S annual morning concert took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday last. A numerous and fashionable audience attended, and the programme—a capital example of what such a thing should be—gave entire satisfaction. Mdlle. Bondy first joined Herr Straus and M. Paque in Hummel's trio in E major (Op. 83); after which she gained the heartiest applause by her rendering of three small pieces respectively by Schumann, Moscheles, and Weber. The concert-giver was not less successful in performing (with Herr Straus), the "Kreutzer" Sonata, and Beethoven's excellent fantasia on *Der Freischutz*. To say that each display elicited hearty applause, would be superfluous. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Cummings, the latter obtaining an encore by a charming delivery of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's charming "Lord of Arnd."

AN amateur concert, in aid of the Maternity Institution connected with University College, took place in Hanover Square Rooms, on the 16th inst., presided over by Mr. W. G. Cusins. The first part began with Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, the solos in which were ably sustained by Miss Sophie Ferrari, Mrs. Glenelg, Miss Burt, Mr. W. F. Mills, and Mr. Lloyd. A word of special praise is due to Miss Ferrari, who also sang Mozart's "Non più di fiori" in a style which promises a large share of future success. Schumann's duet, in B flat, for two pianos, was capitally played by Lady Thompson and Mr. Cusins; the latter, moreover, earning great applause in Thalberg's fantasia on *Moïse*. A new duet for piano and clarionet, the work of Mrs. F. M. White (Alice Mary Smith), was ably rendered by the composer and Mr. Lazarus; and, not to particularize other things, the concert, generally, was a success.

HERREN LEOPOLD and GERARD BRASSIN (pianist and violinist), by kind permission of Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons, played Bach's sonata, for piano and violin, in E major, and a *cadenza*, for violin solo, as well as Chopin's *scherzo* in B minor, for piano solo, at Great Pulteney Street, last week, before a select number of connoisseurs, who expressed themselves much pleased.

MDME. E. DELABORDE gave a *matinée musicale* at the Queen's Concert Rooms on Monday, when he introduced the Playel Wolff Pedal Pianoforte to a London audience. The instrument has three octaves of pedals (with independent strings), in the same manner as those of an organ. How much the addition increases the capacity of the piano must be apparent. MDME. Delaborde performed a selection of music ranging from fugues by Bach, to ballads and romances; not only exhibiting with extraordinary effect the resources of his instrument, but proving himself an excellent artist.

MISS PHILP gave a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 18th inst., assisted by Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Carola, Miss Poole, Miss Fairman, Mdme. Patey, with Mdme. Alice Mangold, Herr Carl Rosa, and Herr van Biene as Instrumentalists. A good deal of the programme was devoted to the concert-giver's own songs, among which were several novelties:—"The Story of a Year," sung by Miss Philp herself; "The Knight's Reveille," an animated effusion to which Mr. Patey did ample justice; "Sad, soft, wind," to which Miss Philp was again heard to advantage; and, "Lillie's Good Night," which, aided by the charming singing of Mdme. Patey, obtained an encore. Mr. Cummings was much applauded in a pretty song by Miss Amy Coyne, entitled "Maddalena;" and Mdme. Rudersdorff made a great effect with Miss Philp's "La Pazza" (MS.). The admirable pianoforte playing of Mdme. Alice Mangold was a striking feature in the concert, and, as a matter of course, Herr Reinecke appeared in the capacity of "lion."

MISS LILY SHEWTEN'S annual evening concert took place at the Marlborough Rooms, Hackney, on the 10th instant, and attracted a crowded audience. The lady was assisted by Miss Lucy Franklein, Miss Kate Gordon, Messrs. Perren, Stedman, Fox, J. B. Chatterton, Regondi, and Schuberth; but her own doings naturally claim most attention here. Miss Shewten sang in excellent style Gounod's "Ave Maria" (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth), took part with Mr. Perren in Nicolai's popular duet, "One Word," with Messrs. Perren and Fox in Randegger's "I Naviganti," sang with "Voce di quest' anima," joined Miss Franklein in Bishops "As it fell upon a day," obtained an encore for Benedict's "Bird that came in Spring," and, finally, joined Miss Franklein, Messrs. Perren and Fox, in Costa's "Honour and Glory." This was a pretty good evening's work, but Miss Shewten went through it with uniform success, and deserved all the honours awarded to her by an appreciative audience. Messrs. Lehmeyer and W. Miller, jun., acted as accompanists.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL was crowded last Wednesday week with an audience, attracted by the programme which Mr. Ridley Prentice had issued, on the occasion of his annual concert. The principal works were Beethoven's quintet in E flat for pianoforte, oboe, clarionet, horn, and bassoon, and the same composer's sonata in C, Op. 50, dedicated to Count Waldstein, besides Weber's sonata in F minor for pianoforte and clarionet. In all Mr. Prentice not only showed classical taste and refined style, but also admirable skill, executing them with a precision and brilliancy which called forth repeated expressions of approval. The shorter pieces which Mr. Ridley Prentice introduced consisted of the prelude and fugue in E by Bach, and Mendelssohn's caprice in E major. In the rendering of these he was no less successful than in the concerted music. Mr. Ridley Prentice's efforts to establish in one of the environs of London a regular succession of classical chamber concerts merits encouragement, and the display of his talents on this occasion was so satisfactory that it is likely to strengthen his hands in the good work he has undertaken.

MISS EMMA BOWYER'S morning concert took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday week and attracted an appreciative audience by a programme of more than average merit. Miss Bushy herself did an important share of the work, playing (with Mr. Carrodus and Signor Pezze) Beethoven's familiar trio in C minor; Schubert's sonata in A minor—the most beautiful of that master's pianoforte compositions, not even excepting his so-called sonata-fantasia in G major; Schumann's "Stucke im Volkston," for piano and violoncello (with Signor Pezze); and, lastly, Haydn's adagio and Rondo all'Ungarese, in which the concert-giver enjoyed the able co-operation of the gentlemen already named. The best testimony to Miss Bushy's playing may be found in the unmistakable satisfaction of an audience well able to appreciate the talent she possesses, and the skill displayed. Mr. Carodus rendered Ernst's solo, "Il Pirata," in masterly fashion, and Signor Pezze exhibited his powers to great advantage in Boccherini's somewhat weak, if pretty, sonata in A major. The vocalists were Mdlle. Angelina Salvi and Miss Jewell, the latter of whom sang in good style the charming romance from *L'Oca del Cairo*. The accompanists were Messrs. Deacon and Callcott.

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THE fourth concert of the Schubert Society took place on Friday, 20th May, the second part of the programme being devoted to Benedict's vocal and instrumental compositions. Mr. Benedict himself played his charming sonata for pianoforte and violin (with Herr Hugo Hermann), which was received with great applause. Miss Lucy McManus introduced the fantasia on *Der Freischütz*; and the vocal part included "Ange adoré," sung by M. Waldeck; "The Bird that came in Spring" (Miss Lily Sinesteer); "The Maiden's Dream" (Mdlle. d'Etienne); and "Rock me to sleep" (Miss Amy Strangways). The other part of the programme was, as usual, miscellaneous, including—Trio, Mendelssohn; solo, violin, Ernst; solo, pianoforte, Herr Hermann; solo, violoncello, air, J. S. Bach, Herr Schuberth; solo pianoforte, sonata (Mozart) and impromptu and waltz, Herr Schrattenholz. Smart's "Wake, Mary, Wake" (Miss Strangways); cavatina, Donizetti (Miss Sinesteer); canzonet, Haydn (Mdlle. d'Etienne); and "Thaddy O'Flin" were the vocal selections. Mr. Benedict, Herr Schrattenholz, and Herr Schuberth were accompanists. The rooms were crowded. The last concert of the present season is to take place on Thursday, 16th June, when the director will take his benefit.

On Saturday last the large room at Hanover Square was crowded by a fashionable audience; the announcement of a new pianist (member of Mr. Cottell's Academy) having created no little interest in the musical world. Miss Amy Perry, notwithstanding evident nervousness, which was natural in one so young, in presence of so large an assembly, proved herself a pianist of excellence. She was unanimously recalled after "Woelfl's *Ne plus ultra*, and gave much satisfaction in Ascher's "Alice." Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria sang to perfection a new duet by Francesco Berger, entitled "Love and Flowers," accompanied by the composer. In their solos these ladies also showed themselves artists of the first rank. Miss Alexandrina Dwight does credit to her master, Mr. Cottell. She was encored in the "Nightingale's Trill." Mdlle. D'Elise, vocalista, was recalled after "Hero's Waiata," a new song. Madame Muntserrat was encored in Berger's "Night Bird," Mr. Fred. Childerstone obtaining a like honour in Ascher's "Alice." Mr. Sutcliffe (from New York) sang well, and possesses a voice of quality and power. Mr. W. C. Bell, who was also encored in "Hybrias the Cretan." He has a fine bass voice Mr. Walter Reeves gave "The Vagabond" with much expression; and Mr. Blohendorn's "Dearer to my soul" was in his well-known style. The concerted music was satisfactorily, as did also Mr. Cottell's singing. The other artists were Miss Agnes Sutcliffe and Miss Andromeda Oxley; the conductors were Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, Mr. C. F. Weber, Herr Lehmeyer, and Mr. Francesco Berger. Praise is due to Mr. Cottell for the admirable direction of the whole arrangements, and congratulations to Miss Amy Perry on the genuine success of this, her first London probation.

MADAME ROSALIE LONSDALE-THEMAR gave an evening concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, the 18th instant. The vocalists were Mesdames Edith Wynne, Wells, Lucy Franklein, and Cantelo; Messrs. George Smith, Winn, and Trelawny Cobham. Miss Edith Wynne was encored in Madame Sainton-Dolby's "How said you wouldn't"—a song requiring the particular sprightliness and archness it received. Mr. Lodet's "Diver" Mr. George Smith was eminently successful, while Mr. Cobham was much applauded in "The Violet" of Mozart. Mr. Winn sang a new song, "The Flight of Time," in his approved and well-known style. Mdlle. Cerrah made her first appearance in this country, and gave promise of becoming a valuable addition to our concert singers. She rendered well a canzonetta-polka by Badia, called "Bel Moretto." The instrumentalists began with Mayseder's trio in A flat (Op. 52). They were Herr Ludwig (violin), M. Vieuxtemps (violoncello), and the *bénéficiaire* herself (pianoforte). Madame Lonsdale-Themar exhibited a clear light touch, skilful fingering, and judicious phrasing, aiding much the very good playing of the gentlemen. M. Vieuxtemps was much applauded for his fine tone and expressive rendering of the *andante* movement. Madame Lonsdale-Themar also contributed a vigorous composition of her own, on themes from *La Sonnambula*, and two minor compositions of Dohler and Litolff. She was recalled after each performance and loudly applauded. Herr Sjöden contributed two solos for the harp, playing them carefully and correctly, but with *pianissimo* effects, more suitable to a drawing-room than to the Queen's Concert Rooms. Altogether, the concert gave satisfaction.—H. L.

BONN.—The erection of the grand hall for the approaching Beethoven Festival is being actively carried on. The outer walls are already run up higher than the first gallery.

A NEW lyrical opera, entitled *Die Bettlerin*, has been produced at Würzburg. The music is by Herr Vincent. The great feature is the grand air and scene of the third act, during which the first tenor endeavours to put an end to his existence by—coal damp! Of a truth, a strange, and fanciful means of suicide. However, variety is charming.

WAIFS.

Gottschalk began his professional career in Boston receiving his first encouragement from the late Mr. Jonas Chickering.

Signor Tito Mattei has just completed a new Italian opera, the libretto written by Signor Cimino, entitled *Maria di Gant*.

Watts composed 697 hymns, and Wesley 600; and about a tenth part of them live to this day, and are sung in every Christian church where the language is used.

A reader of the *Buffalo Commercial* submits the following:—"Why is one of Chopin's compositions like a battered coffee pot?" "Because it is a nocturne" ("Knocked-urn").

An Indiana young lady, attending a private party, excused herself when asked to sing, saying, "You must excuse me, for I never attempt to sing except to warble a few wild notes for pa at evenitide."

The *Figaro* proposes that three representations shall be given each week at the Grand Opéra, with "popular prices," and with artists, band, and choruses, made up of every available source. The *Figaro* dreams.

We understand that Messrs. R. Cocks & Co. purpose erecting a suitable organ in the Hanover Square Rooms. The need for such a step has long existed, and the result will be, no doubt, satisfactory in all respects.

A minister in Pittfield, Mass., at whose church congregational singing is practised, gave out a hymn of six verses on a recent Sunday, remarking that if the congregation sang it well the entire hymn might be sung; but if it was to be poorly performed, one or two verses would be enough.

A little boy of Provincetown, four years old, very anxious for a drum, on going to bed made the following prayer:—"Now I lay me down to sleep, *I want a drum*, I pray the Lord, *I want a drum*, my soul to keep, And if I should die before I wake, *I want a drum.*" His prayer was answered.

A major in the United States Army was crossing from England in one of the Cunard steamers, when one afternoon a band on deck played "Yankee Doodle." A gruff Englishman who stood by inquired whether that was the tune the old cow died of. "Not at all"—retorted the major—"that is the tune the old Bull died of!"

According to *L'Art Musical*, the programme of Mdlle. Nilsson is complete up to the point of her retirement from the profession. After the present London season she goes to America, remaining there thirteen months. Returning, she takes the place of Madame Patti at St. Petersburgh, and then bids farewell to the Lyric stage.

Music is to be introduced as a curative treatment for insanity, hypochondriasis, and other chronic diseases of the mind, in some of the great asylums of Paris. Several of the greatest physicians have stated that, in their opinion, music, if well and skilfully applied, will cure, or at least moderate, or check insanity and kindred diseases.

A young and pretty lady in New Orleans has undertaken a novel missionary work, which is likely to expose her to criticism, though she is evidently in earnest. She is visiting the concert saloons in that city for the purpose of reforming the *habitués* of those establishments. Her method is to sing a few hymns at each place accompanying herself on the piano.

The committee who have conducted the musical performances in Victoria Park during the past fourteen years are again at their post, and commenced their fifteenth season on Sunday week. The First Chief Commissioner, trustee for the people, having communicated to the committee his desire that dance music should be discontinued, they have made arrangements with their musical director to that effect, and sacred and operatic selections will henceforth be performed. It should be observed that the band is supported by voluntary contributions.

The inauguration of the statue of Ponsard the dramatist, took place on Sunday at his native town of Vienne, on the Rhone. The fete brought strangers enough to fill all the hotels to overflowing. M. Emile Augier was principal speaker at the banquet, which was attended by a great many Parisian dramatists and journalists. In the evening scenes from Ponsard's principal plays—*Charlotte Corday, Honor and Lydia*, and *Lucrece*—were performed, some of the characters being taken by actors who had originally represented them at the Théâtre Français.

A work of considerable interest to musical antiquarians is about to be published by M. J. B. Labat, the veteran organist of the cathedral of Montauban, consisting of the fourth book of the organ music of Claude Merulo, a Venetian organist, the original of which, three hundred years old, exists in the library of the Augustine Convent at Toulouse. The book contains no less than three complete Masses and three *Credos*. M. Labat has devoted much time in its editing and to the somewhat arduous task of transcribing it in our modern notation.—*Choir*.

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At the fourth sitting of the Commission now engaged in remodelling the Paris Conservatoire, M. Edmond About suggested that the pupils should go through a course of elementary instruction, including reading and writing, is being notorious that a tenor engaged at one of the largest theatres in the capital could not sign his name. Taking higher ground, M. Gonnod proposed the addition of a course of philosophy, to include Cicero and the Bible. Eventually it was decided that candidates should be examined as to their general knowledge, and not passed unless properly qualified.

Some of our French contemporaries appear to be imitating their *confrères* of the New York Press in the practice of slightly departing from the truth in their efforts to convey to the world a forcible account of the success of favourite artists. Thus in a recent issue we are assured that after a concert at Milan M. and Mdme. Jaell were recalled twenty times! Verily, as the reporter adds, the audience must have applauded "*con furia*;" but as far as the pianists were concerned (if endowed with the smallest grain of modesty), we should imagine that they would have preferred a less enthusiastic reception.

After a tolerably successful effort on the part of the New World concert directors to keep the "Music of the Future" out of their programmes, it is at last making itself heard, and at Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestral concerts at Boston, the works of Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt, have recently been performed. Up to the present, however, the composers of modern Germany have not made many friends, and the critics tell us that they "turn with a joyful, restful feeling" from one of these astonishing modern efforts to "the music of the sane old fellow madmen," to a movement from one of Beethoven's symphonies.

The will of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the pianist, who died at Rio Janeiro lately, was recently admitted to probate in Philadelphia City. The will was made in Philadelphia as far back as January 14, 1856. All the property, real and personal, is left to the mother as a life estate. After her death it reverts to the brothers and sisters of deceased. These are the provisions, and as Mrs. Gottschalk died before her son, the surviving children come into immediate possession. Mr. Charles Verin, merchant, of Philadelphia, is appointed executor under the will. The value of the estate is estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars.

The coming season at Baden-Baden bids fair to be no less full of attraction than it usually is. Italian opera will be the order of the day, from the middle to the end of this month. A new will be chiefly taken up by concerts, MM. Seligmann and Rubinstein being among the performers; in July the Palais Royal company will appear, and—strange juxtaposition—the International Chess Congress will take place; the Théâtre Français actors, including Mdlle. Favart, MM. Delaunay and Coquelin, will amuse the August visitors; and they will be followed by a second instalment of Italian singers. Lastly, there is to be an important musical festival on the 14th of September.

Recently we recorded the christening of a new ship after the celebrated Rimini, and suggested that Children the advisability of adopting a similar course in naming the new Ironclads in the British Navy. This week we have to announce the wise resolution of the Belgian municipal authorities to introduce a similar fashion in street nomenclature the name of De Beriot, the late violinist, having been given to a new thoroughfare in Brussels. As the members of our own Metropolitan Board of Works are fond of changing street names, perhaps they might consider this example worthy of imitation, instead of perpetuating the anything but euphonious titles to which we are accustomed.—*Choir*.

A pianoforte duel has actually occurred at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The challenge was offered by a Mr. Mathieson and accepted by a Mr. Rooney. Gottschalk's "Last Hope" was played by Mr. Mathieson in six minutes and a half, while Mr. Rooney got through it in five minutes and a half. In a piece called "The Rivulet," Mr. Rooney walked right away from his competitor, beating him by just four minutes and fifty-nine seconds. The umpires on this occasion were ladies, and their decision was quite in accordance with the artistic spirit of the contest. They awarded the laurels to Mr. Rooney, "not because Mr. Mathieson proved himself less skilful, but because Mr. Rooney displayed superior skill." This strikes us as about the richest Hibernicism of the present century.

Gottschalk was very proud of his nativity, and on all his bills could be seen "Le pianista Americain;" he was as generous as talented, and gave away much money to needy Americans who had gone to Rio all after the late war, and had been deceived regarding the country, without the means of returning home, yet unable to make a living there. Don Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, invited him to Court, while his good wife, a deformed lady, beloved by all, fairly worshipped his genius, and while at Tijuco sent often inquiring about his health. Gottschalk would rise in the morning about nine o'clock, and after having partaken of a cup of coffee, run his fingers over the keys of the piano until two; this rule he never varied from. Should any friends call to see him during those hours he would converse with them while he continued his practising. He was a master of seven languages, and was as fluent in one as another. At the time of his death his pecuniary affairs were worth about fifty thousand dollars in gold, while his property in all amounted to about two hundred thousand dollars. He supported his sisters and mother up to her death. Had he not been lavish, he would have left one million in money, but at all times his purse was open to a friend.

The coldness of the reception accorded to English composers in Paris forms a striking contrast to the heartiness with which even the most trivial and worthless of French music is greeted in London. Mr. Benedict's *St. Cecilia* having been performed in the cause of charity, and the success of the cantata having been duly recorded by our contemporary, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale* it is difficult to see there is a single good point in the composition of the English violinist. Mr. Holmes, we trust, will not be disappointed, but rather will retaliate on the Frenchman with his own proverb, "Chacun à son goût," for there can be very little question that in this as in too many other cases the pen of the critic is far from impartial, and that the nationality of the composer lies at the root of a good deal of the severity of criticism.—*Choir*.

A correspondent of *Church Opinion* gives the following account of a visit to the great French cathedral:—

"I got down to the Isle de la Cité, and safe within the walls of Notre Dame, some minutes before nine o'clock a m. on Sunday morning. I subsequently learned from the magnificent huissier in command, that Service would not begin for an hour; but I determined to abide with patience the eagerly expected moment. By ten o'clock not a hundred people were in the nave of the cathedral (though it was much fuller afterwards), and a very few choristers made their appearance. The Service, instead of being grand, thrilling, nay, overwhelming even, was the tamest and most unmusical (I say it with regret) that could possibly be conceived. Being within the octave of the Festival of the Annunciation of our Lady, I naturally supposed that the service in the cathedral specially dedicated to her, and bearing her name, would be, to say the least, somewhat ornate. But I was miserably disappointed. The whole Office was sung to the dismallest of Gregorian tones in unison; and how dismal they are to one whose mind craves for harmony in music as much as colour in painting, I can safely leave you to guess. The organ accompaniment was harmonized, and two violoncellos helped to break the harsh monotony of the Service; but the whole thing was as hard and dull and blank as an elementary singing-class going through their scales."

One morning, says the *New York Tribune*, the secretary of the board of managers, Mr. John W. Chambers, was having his boots blacked at the entrance of the Fair of the American Institute, by a small boy, shoe-less and stockingless. The secretary inquired of that if he would wash himself and come the next day he would admit him to the Exhibition. The next morning, a young lad, with his face polished, appeared in the office, and asked to be admitted, as he had been promised. Half an hour afterwards, while the secretary was passing one of the pianos, he noticed a crowd surrounding the instrument, and, to his surprise, found the young bootblack delighting the audience by the brilliant tones he was drawing from the instrument. It is a pleasure to record that this young lad has been taken into the store of the manufacturers whose piano he was then playing. These gentlemen have furnished him with a new suit of clothes, and every evening he has been heard at the Exhibition playing equally well on the piano or electric organ. The boy is an orphan. His father, a German musician, taught his infant son to play; but after the former's death, his son was thrown unprotected upon the world, and, finding nothing to do, earned a precarious living by blacking boots. His name is Charles Knubel; he is now fourteen years of age, and we have no doubt that he will be heard of in the future.

A correspondent, whose veracity is unquestionable, calls our attention to a fact which, at first sight, seems almost incredible—the *Te Deum* is sung at the parish church of Whitechapel, by the desire of the Rector, the Rev. J. Cohen. A more extraordinary evidence of the vast love of priestly dominati n which still exists among those who profess to be most sterly Protestant, could scarcely be found, and we should be curious to hear the arguments by which the worthy cleric would sustain his inconsistent practice. Of all the sacred hymns in our Prayer Book, that of St. Ambrose seems pre-eminently to call for musical treatment of the most elaborate character, and the man who would condemn a congregation to repeat

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its inspiring words in the colloquial tone of voice almost deserves to be described in the words of Scott as possessing "a dead soul." In the church of this ancient parish, hideous though it is, there is one of Harris's organs, rebuilt some years ago by Hill, while the presence of a good peal of bells completes the instrumental resources; and yet, in the face of this provision for music making, at the fiat of an individual, the people are silenced in one of the noblest portions of their worship. O ur advice to the congregation—if the state of affairs remains the same as at the date of our correspondent's letter—is to memorialize the Bishop and request his Lordship to use his influence with the Rector.—*Choir*.

BADEN.—At the first performance given by the company from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Carlsruhe, the programme included two operas. Of these, one, entitled *Carlouska*, was a novelty. It is in three acts. The words are by Herr Falkenhner, and the music by Herr Heinrich Hoffmann. Both words and music were much liked.—Herr Johann Strauss is to receive from the Administration of the Kurhaus, for conducting a series of twelve concerts in August, the highly respectable sum of 24,000 francs for his own particular share. The Viennese papers make it 24,000 florins. But supposing Herr Strauss receives only the former amount, he will not have made such a bad haul. It is to be hoped he will be satisfied, and not try his luck at the celebrated green table. This, we know requires a great deal of resolution, for, though 24,000 francs is a "lot" of money, do we not recollect Horace's assertion, enclosed in a question to his friend:—

> "Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
> Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
> Contentus vivat?"

and why should we expect Herr Strauss to be more contented with his "lot" than other men with theirs?

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VOL. 48.—No. 24. SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SECOND and LAST GREAT FLOWER SHOW and DISPLAY of TABLE DECORATIONS.

The general features of this Show will be the same as on the 21st ult., the principal classes being stove and greenhouse plants, exotic Orchids, Azaleas, Cape Heaths, Pelargoniums, Roses, cut flowers, &c., for Nurserymen and Amateurs.

The interesting exhibition of Dinner Table Decorations which was held last year will be fresh in the memory of all present, in this competition exhibitors may either decorate a table laid out for dinner à la Russe, or may send a single vase, épergne, or basket, to show their skill in floral arrangement. A number of Prizes competed on the last occasion, and from the interest taken in the exhibition it is anticipated that the number of entries in this special class will be greatly augmented.

Full Band of the Royal Artillery (Mr. J. Smyth) and the Orchestral Band of the Company during the day. Organ performances at intervals.

Admission 2s. Guinea Season Tickets free. Admission on June Guinea Season Tickets, admitting to the great fêtes of the next few months, and generally to 31st May, 1871, at the Palace, 7 Exeter Hall, and usual agents.

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This Evening (SATURDAY), "RIGOLETTO." Duke, Signor Mongini; Rigoletto Mr. Santley; Sparafucile, Signor Foli; Monterone, Signor Ragnar; Marullo, Signor Zoboli; Horns, Signor Archilei; Ciprano, Signor Trevere; La Contessa, Mdlle. Brisa; Giovanna, Madame Corsi; Maddalena, Madame Tre-belli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

On MONDAY, June 13, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Gardoni; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Un Prete, Signor Gastier; Alberti, Signor Ranzer; Un Araldo, Signor Rinaldini; Carathert, Signor Arabini, Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevere; Elena, Mdlle. Fiorelli; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Rebonx.

On TUESDAY, June 14, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Acting Manager ..... MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from 10 till 5. Private boxes, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

JUNE 20TH.—GREAT COMBINED ATTRACTION.—Mr. GANZ'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall.—Artists—Mdme. Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Madigan, and Mdlle. Scalchi; Sig. Bagagiolo and Sig. Graziani; Mdme. Monbelli and Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Sig. Bettini and Sig. Foli; Mdlle. Liebhart, and Mdlle. Enequist; Mdlle. Carola, Mdlle. Leon Duval, and Mdlle. Orgeni; Mme Edith Wynne and Mdme. Patey; Herr Reichardt and Mr. George Perren; M. Jules Lefort and Mr. Patey. Pianos—Mr. Ganz and Chevalier de Kontski. Violoncello—M. Paque. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Randegger, Lehmeyer, and Wilhelm Ganz. Commence at Two o'clock. 8-th Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Tickets at the principal Musicsellers; at Austin's Ticket Office; and of Mr. Ganz, 13, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22, at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the immediate patronage of the Royal Family. Artists already engaged—Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Volpini, Sinico, Monbelli, Lewitzky, Rebaux, Carola, Orgeni, Doval, Enderssdorff, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, and Ilma di Murska; Mademoiselles Carl, Drasdil, Patey, E. Angèle, Wells, Osborne Williams, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini.—The doors will be open at 12.30, to commence at 1.30 precisely, and terminate at 5 o'clock.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22.—MM. Mongini, Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Faure, Foli, Verger, Jules Stockhausen, Bossi, G. Garcia, Jules Lefort, Waldeck, Patey, and Santley.—Tickets at the principal Libraries and Musicsellers; and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22nd.—Instrumentalists—Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, F. H. Cowen, M. Rendano, Osborne; Herr Ander, and Mdlle. Castellan; Sig. Piatti and M. Paque; Mr. John Thomas, Chevalier de Kontski, W. J. Cusins, Howell, Benedict, Sullivan, E. Berger, W. Carter, and Randegger. Tickets of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W.

UNDER the PATRONAGE of H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. the PRINCESS MARY OF TECK, &c.—Mr. CHARLES FOWLER (of Torquay) will give his EIGHTH ANNUAL CONCERT, on FRIDAY, June 17th, at 1, Stratton Street, Piccadilly (by the kind permission of Miss Burdett Coutts), at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Alice Royal, Mdme. Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings, M. Lemmens, Mr. Charles Fowler. Tickets—Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; at Messrs. Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 63, New Bond Street; or of Mr. Fowler, 36, Bedford Place, Bloomsbury Square.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—President, Mr. BENEDICT. Director, Herr SCHUBERTH. FOURTH SEASON, 1870. The LAST CONCERT of the SEASON (Director's Benefit) will take place on TUESDAY NEXT, June 14th. The programme will include Schubert's Elegie for two Violoncellos; "La Carita," Rossini, sung by the Ladies of the Society; a new song by Reichardt, sung by the Composer, &c. Tickets at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS EMMA WILDISH'S (Pupil of Madame Eleanor Ward) FIRST EVENING CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, June 15th, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Harley Street, W. Artists—Mme. Montenegro, Miss Orridge, Miss L. Sinnetar, Mdlle. Angelina Saint, Miss M. Galloway, and Miss A. Fairman; M. Kœter and M. Waldeck. Piano—Madame Eleanor Ward and Miss Emma Wildish. Violin—M. Chandeau Lane. Violoncello—M. Albert. Conductors—Herr Lehmeyer, Mr. E. Berger, and Mr. Benedict. To commence at Half-past Eight. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Admission, 2s. Tickets at Nimmo's, 3, Wigmore Street; and of Miss Emma Wildish, Vine Cottage, Park Village East, Regent's Park, N.W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—"ELIJAH," FRIDAY Next, June 17th.—Band and Chorus of the National Choral Society. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Mr. Santley, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and other artists. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., to be had at 14, 15, Exeter Hall, where also may be had Mr. Martin's new song, "Lothair," post free, 26 stamps.

JUNE 22ND.—Mr. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT at the ST. JAMES'S HALL. Under the immediate Patronage of the Royal Family. Artists already engaged—Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Volpini, Sinico, Monbelli, Lewitzky, Rebaux, Carola, Orgeni, Doval, Enderssdorff, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, and Ilma di Murska; Mdlles. Carl, Drasdil, Patey, E. Angèle, Wells, Osborne Williams, and Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini. Mdlle. Enequist, Mdlle. Leon Duval, Mdlle. Orgeni, Mdlle. Carola, Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Rebaux, Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Monbelli, Mdlle. Lewitzky, Mdlle. Volpini, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Madigan, and Mdlle. Scalchi; Sig. Bagagiolo and Sig. Graziani; Mdme. Monbelli and Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Sig. Bettini and Sig. Foli; Mdlle. Liebhart, and Mdlle. Enequist; Mdlle. Carola, Mdlle. Leon Duval, and Mdlle. Orgeni; Mme Edith Wynne and Mdme. Patey; Herr Reichardt and Mr. George Perren; M. Jules Lefort and Mr. Patey. Pianos—Mr. Ganz and Chevalier de Kontski. Violoncello—M. Paque. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Randegger, Lehmeyer, and Wilhelm Ganz. Commence at Two o'clock. 8-th Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Tickets at the principal Musicsellers; at Austin's Ticket Office; and of Mr. Ganz, 13, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S EVENING CONCERT, June 17th, HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, when a Selection from his Compositions will be given, including some new morceaux de salon, and his Welsh National Songs, "The Cambrian War Song" and "The Cambrian Flume," with a Select Choir of Twenty Voices. Mr. Brinley Richards will play (with Mons. Pente) a duet composed expressly for him by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and solos by Scarlatti and Heinelt. His will also play, for the first time, "The Morgan-March" (Welsh National Air) as a Fantasia for the Pianoforte. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Edmonds, and Madame Patey; Mr. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Calicott, and Ryan. Tickets, 7s., and 3s.; at the Musicsellers, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 6, St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington.

MDME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to announce to her Friends and Pupils that her GUITAR RECITAL will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 15th, 1870, at Three o'clock, at 21, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, when she will be assisted by Eminent Artists, whose names will be duly announced. Madame Pratten will play Selections from the Compositions of Sor, Giuliani, Leonard Schulz, and her own Grand Duett for the Guitars, Giuliani's two Rondos, and "Di tanti palpiti," accompanied by a Pupil of hers, an Amateur, who has kindly consented to do so for this occasion. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 15s. To be had at Madame Pratten's Residence, 3c, Walbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE. DRASDIL will sing "HE IS UPON THE LONELY DEEP" (new song by the composer of "The Weaver") on June 15th, 20th, 21st, William Carter's Concert; and on the following dates:—June 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 27th; July 7th.

MISS BANKS will sing "AH! MY HEART IS WEARY" (by the composer of "The Weaver"), at Miss Walton's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, June 27th.—Weekes, & Co., 14, Hanover Street.

COMMUNICATIONS for MISS FENNELL respecting Concerts and other Musical Engagements may be addressed for her to Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, or to Miss Fennell's Residence, 92, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. Miss Fennell hopes to be in London on the 20th of June, and will remain for one month.

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JUNE 17TH.—"THE CAMBRIAN WAR SONG" will be sung by Mr. Lewis Thomas and a Choir of Seventy Voices at Mr. Brinley Richards's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

JUNE 17TH.—"THE CAMBRIAN PLUME" will be sung for the first time in London by Mr. Cummings and a Choir of Seventy Voices at Mr. Brinley Richards's Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MISS MARIAN ROCK will play E. SAUERBREY's new transcription of "LORELEY," at Barnsbury Hall, Islington, on Friday, June 17th.

NEW SACRED CANTATA, by ALEXANDER ROWLAND, performed at Southampton, June 2nd. The words from the 79th Psalm. The following Pieces published separately :—

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MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL's new song, "THE CHARM," at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 24th; St. George's Hall, 25th. Address, 28, Old Bond Street.

MISS BANKS will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S romance, "A SUMMER EVE," at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Miss Elizabeth Walton's Grand Concert, June 27th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th, Miss E. Walton's Matinée.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" BENEDICT'S "NULLA DA TE BEL ANGELO," and the tenor part of RANDEGGER'S trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th.

CONCERTS, Bazaars, Hebrew Weddings, Readings, Meetings, and Balls.—The QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square. Early application is invited for securing available days. Apply to Mr. Hall.
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MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce to her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to 16, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., where she requests all communications may be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Grevtlle Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

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A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 28, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

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FERDINAND HILLER ON RICHARD WAGNER.*

(*Continued from page* 330.)

With regard to the style in which the members of the new community compose, their great principle, according to Wagner (which principle, also, is said to emanate from Mendelssohn), is never to aim at producing an "impression or effect."† Wagner places these words sophistically enough side by side, as synonymous. He knows very well, however, that no one aims at not producing an impression, while the notion of producing an effect has obtained in Germany an unfavourable secondary signification. But when we see that the desire for effect has led a man like Wagner to absolute ostgelling in the *Meistersinger*, to the most violent outrage ever known upon art, good taste, music and poetry, some slight anxiety on the subject is very natural. "But this repugnance for effect sways this school even when performing classical music. A tribute is here paid Liszt as a pianist; as though it had ever entered the head of the partisans of any school in existence to doubt his enormous geniality in rendering any kind of music whatever, a geniality of which Mendelssohn himself spoke as of something marvellous. Hans von Bulow, also, Liszt's *einzig berufenster*‡ successor is so supremely fortunate as to be praised. But why does not Wagner say a single word about Liszt's compositions? Why does he not mention Bülow as a conductor? The fact is, there is but one God, who is his own Prophet, and his name is Richard Wagner.

"The principal ingredient of this new school," the god goes on to say, "is a certain circumspectly reflective cautiousness of what it cannot do, with defamation of what it would like to do." That it was possible to "entangle so sterling a nature as Schumann in this," he finds, "above everything sorrowful." From what has been said concerning Schumann, who is described as "amiable and thoroughly charming," but of whom it is also asserted that the "narrowness of his natural gifts was displayed, and he became bombastic and unnatural," we are completely incapable of gathering what Wagner really likes, and what he dislikes in him. This, however, is a matter of supreme indifference.

"But, under the power of these musical eunuchs, what becomes of our great and unspeakably magnificent German music?" exclaims Wagner, and his astonishment, cannot be got in the way of his anxiety for the wondrous inheritance of German genius. We do not find the answer to the question before we reach a subsequent page, after going through some long dissertations, which enter minutely into details, on the way in which his *Meistersinger* has been performed. He is supported "by the eminently consultatory conviction, that, despite the very unintelligent way in which this work has been handled, its *effective power* is not to be destroyed—the fatal gift of effectiveness, against which the Leipsic Conservatory so zealously warns us, and which, as a punishment, cannot be got in the way of destruction." Wagner, however, will strike him as the more marvellous, as he can no longer prevail on himself to be present at a performance of his works, and he therefore "draws, wonderful to say" (very wonderful) "from their said almost incomprehensibly effective power, a conclusion, peculiarly gratifying to him, respecting the talents of musicians conducting such compositions to our great classical music, the continuing existence of which, ever warning us anew, despite the stunting cultivation of such individuals, is, by this very thing, rendered intelligible to him. That does not cannot destroy it—and this conviction gives me almost more strangely enough, to be growing into a sort of consolatory dogma for the Genius of Germany, with which dogma it tranquillizes itself on the one hand, believingly and comfortably, while, on the other, it goes on cresting in its own way." (Let us take breath.) ||

"But what we should think of the wondrous conductors" (everything and everyone is wondrous!) with a celebrated name, considered as musicians, remains to be asked," Wagner goes on to say. He tells us that: "The assumption of their excellence is firmly established—though he does not know one to whom he should consider himself justified in trusting with confidence a single *tempo* in his operas." (How terrible for the conductors!) He doubts their being "real musicians, for it is incontestable that they exhibit no musical feeling." Mozart explains it to him by his enormous aptitude for arithmetic; "they are musical arithmeticians, but deficient in everything else, men to whom "the correct *tempo* of our music must be explained according to the *regula de tri*, since nothing can be imparted to them by the instrumentality of feeling"!

* From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

† "*Wirkung oder Effect*."

‡ "Solely most-having-a-call," a pretty specimen of Wagnerian style. Despite a fearful martyrdom while learning the German language, and the works of the Lucerne Anchorite, I am not even yet *quite* perfect in the language invented by him, to supply the place of German. As in the previous instance, therefore, I leave to those of our readers who possess a peculiar taste for riddles the task of saying what "solely most-having-a-call" signifies. It may be wisdom clothed in mystic garb, but, to the uninitiated, it resembles exceedingly unmitigated nonsense. Disbelievers in Herr R. Wagner's profundity may be persuaded if they sometimes feel tempted to accept the theory that the Musician of the Future puts his sentences with grand words, to make believe that beneath them lurks a finely developed thought, just as some beauties call in the aid of cotton-wool to supply the place of certain charms which would otherwise be prominent only by their absence.—*Translator*.

‡ You! requested Dr. Hiller. With all my heart! The slightest respite to a book.—*Translator*.

The battle-field is strewn with corpses—we breathe death and corruption. But the tyrant now experiences a human emotion, and, on the last page, flings our admirable Joachim a half encouraging greeting. He has not heard him himself, but he has heard others speak of him—and he is glad to believe that in his playing we "recognise the beneficial result of a many years' intimate intercourse with Liszt." However, "the conductor's stick is said not to have obeyed him well; composing, too, appears to have embittered him more than it has delighted others." Wagner is rendered, moreover, suspicious by having been informed that: "Joachim is expecting a fresh Messiah for music." But: "Bravely, forwards!" he exclaims to him. "If he himself should happen to be the Messiah, he might at least hope not to be crucified by the Jews!" And with this delicate, cheerful, and clever turn, Wagner concludes.

But what can have impelled Wagner to indulge in these outrageous diatribes? Above aught else, anxiety for his works. Whenever anything in them does not please, the fault is attributed to the bad execution, and if they strike many persons as too long, it is because they have been cut too much. For "Cut. Cut — is the *ultima ratio* of our worthy *Capellmeister*." There can be no question that a great deal too much is done in this way, yet it is a "wonderful" fact that this violent system of curtailment was never applied to such operas as *Figaro*, *Die Vestalin*, *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, *Jessonda*, etc. The system was first adopted in Germany for grand French operas, which had been composed for a public who do not sup; they were, therefore, in their original length insupportable to persons who are hungry when they come into the theatre. Why has not the German Wagner accommodated himself to the German custom? He must have been familiar with his cousins, Shakspere and Schiller, with whom very different liberties are taken than with him, but whose pieces may very well be witnessed even after his "Musicdrama."—Another reason why Wagner attacks every mortal thing in the way of music is that as yet all German mortals have not sworn allegiance to his standard. If we reflect how short was the active public career of Mendelssohn, and what a comprehensive influence Wagner ascribes to it, though, it is true, only in a bad sense, even now, twenty-three years after Mendelssohn's death, it seems indeed "wonderful" how insignificant, and how superficial is Wagner's influence on the majority of his artistic contemporaries, after a very noisy, and, to some extent, successful career of thirty years.—According to Wagner himself there is only one way of explaining this—his contemporaries are too narrow-minded, too "solemn," too deficient in character; "their love, their belief, their hope, all is artificial." In Wagner, it must be confessed, all these qualities are in the highest degree natural: he is his own love, his own belief, his own hope, his own all.

This jealous and tender anxiety for the prosperity of our "unspeakably magnificent music," can, therefore, merely conjure up an incredulous smile. Not that he is incapable of appreciating Beethoven's or Weber's music—the former master, according even to the assertions of Wagner's own apostles, stands on a line with "materials" for his musicdrama, and the other, in *Euryanthe*, had at least a "presentiment" of him. But whether Bach, Handel, Haydn, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn, are ever performed is to him a matter of utter indifference, and, when they are performed, the effect on him is rather disagreeable than otherwise.

The most outrageous thing, however, is that Wagner speaks about subjects, men, and works, of which his knowledge is most superficial. Living, for the last two-and-twenty years, in Switzerland, devoted to his labours and his pleasures, he has interrupted his seclusion only on rare occasions, to direct performances of some of his own works—and now and then to conduct a symphony or two. He lives so completely in a sphere peculiarly his own, that, as we know, he does not care about hearing any more music than that which converts his attention, impels and excites him. He never was present at the performance of any great work, or at one of our Musical Festivals, and nearly all our modern concert institutions, the musical blossom of Germany, are strange to him. Does he know aught of the compositions of recent times? We should hardly say so. Brahms once played him some variations, from which he saw "that he does not understand joking"—but, except this, he appears to have seen only his most trivial work—his "Waltzes with Song." Max Bruch is not mentioned—perhaps because he succeeds in producing an "impression or effect." Does Wagner know Bargiel's Overtures, which could certainly not fail to interest him? With what, Joachim has done, he is acquainted only by hearsay. And thus he throws everything, indiscriminately, like a lot of vegetables, simultaneously, into one pot.

The majority of our "Music-Bankers" may be deficient in any great productive power—they may not all be admirable conductors—but, completely as they differ from each other in disposition, talent, and everything that constitutes individuality, we find in Germany, fortunately, at the present day, a common trait in innumerable instances: earnestness, and love of what is done. That these qualities frequently do not suffice, when the industrial, financial, and executive resources on which our art depends, are too small, is a matter of course. But it is touching to find that there are often in the smallest town conductors who show no labour, no sacrifice, to do their part towards the propagation and advancement of our great German music, and who succeed in obtaining most splendid results. In *this* respect, Mendelssohn's example has indeed produced its fruits. Notwithstanding the vast amount he did as a

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composer, he always managed to find time for devoting his talent, his energy, and his love to the works of our masters. If Wagner does not know of a single conductor but himself, and if he is so tortured by anxiety for our "unspeakably beautiful music," why does he not allow the light of his own example to shine upon us? He has in Munich the most magnificent means at his disposal; he possesses an amount of influence, such as, probably, no composer ever possessed before him—why does he not give model performances in the Bavarian capital, and thus form a new school of conductors? The attendance would certainly be numerous—for if a man has only confidence in himself, the rest of the world also will have confidence in him.

What tricks Wagner plays with musical history wherever it does not suit his purpose. I took an opportunity of showing on a former occasion. This latest work, also, swarms with similiar instances. Each instance, must characterise entire epochs, and, in consequence, it characterises them falsely. But I leave these things to more learned colleagues, as there is reason to fear I have already run to too great a length, and I hate the morning-knife no less than does the autocrat of the Lake of Lucerne.

That I am mentioned and, also, even when not mentioned, duly put down, in the pamphlet, is a matter of course. I do not, however, experience any impulse either to defend myself or to sound my own praises, but merely exclaim with Goethe's painter: "What I have painted, I have painted."

As a cheerful finish let me give one more short quotation: "The assumption of the excellence of the wonderful conductors is so firmly established," Wagner writes at page 82, "that the entire musical community does not feel the slightest hesitation as to who, when the nation determines to have something played (as, for instance, at grand Musical Festivals) shall beat time. It can be only Herr Hiller, Herr Rietz, or Herr Lachner. It would be utterly impossible for the hundredth anniversary of Beethoven's birth to be celebrated if these three gentlemen were suddenly to sprain their hands." Quite correct! And since the great happiness and honour have devolved upon me of having to conduct at the said splendid Festival, I will treat my hands with as much attention, and take as much care of them up to then, as though I were the most lovely Parisian coquette. Let me, therefore, quickly lay down the pen—and not be in too great a hurry to dip it again in the ink for another such fatiguing effort as the present.

—o—

RETURN FROM SPAIN.

No. IX.

From the trite quotation, "Facilis decensus Averni," we learn that the infernal regions of classical paganism had at least one advantage over Gibraltar,—namely, that they were easy of access, whereas the British possession is hard to enter and hard to quit. Having fought your way over by main force from Algeciras, you soon begin to reflect and to entertain serious misgivings that you might as well have remained at (say) Cadiz, or any other interesting Spanish town. The Rock, of course, is admirably picturesque object, and the galleries are wonderful works of military art. But these may be "done" in a day, and, these done, what is to be done next? "Go away," answers some unsophisticated reader. That is all very well, but how? Here you are in a town which no railroad approaches, and where diligences are unknown; a town whither and whence the mails are carried on the backs of mules. Nurtured in an atmosphere of railroads, you are always forgetting your situation, and asking yourself when the next train will start. Then, remembering that trains are not, you walk into the hall of your hotel, and your heart beats high if you read on a placard that in about three days hence the P. and O. steamer will call at Gibraltar on her way from Malta, for you flatter yourself that you will be conveyed to Southampton.

Battening on hope, you brace up your nerves to endure three days more, although each proves more intolerable than the one preceding. Of Spanish life there is scarcely a trace, save in the shape of one wretched water-carrier, who wastes his lungs in the national "cry" "*Agua*," and a sprinkling of melancholy Moors, who glide about in pairs, and seem to discourse seriously about nothing. English life is represented by the garrison and the friends of the garrison; that is to say, by a set of gallant gentlemen who are perfectly satisfied with each other, and have a desire for the society of strangers. At first, indeed, there is something exciting in the signal gun, which, first from the summit of the Rock, shakes the whole town, and in the military music by which it is followed. You may likewise feel enthusiastic when, at a late hour, the National Anthem is played. But all this becomes terribly monotonous in a short time. The gun that startled you on the first evening has ceased to be lulling influence on the third; the tunes that the band has borrowed from the music-halls and from Offenbach begin to acquire a funeral ring, and even the dulcet strains of the Scottish bagpipes grow unpleasing to the ear. But your greatest horror is the sentinel, who all through the night, at short intervals, is shouting, "Who's there?" to some inoffensive wanderer, and is sure to receive some satisfactory answer. You almost begin to wish that somebody may be shot, by way of creating a little variety, but your wish is even more vain than wicked. Everything is dreadfully secure. The impregnability of the fort extends to the whole population. Strict preservation of order, without the slightest fear of an attack, is the rule of the day. The lively knife of Andalusia is unknown in Gibraltar. However, the third day is waning, and the hour of deliverance is at hand. The approach of the P. and O. is announced, and you prepare to take leave of Gibraltar with a parting benediction. But a horrible telegram arrives, and you learn that, the steamer being completely full, a berth is not to be had for love or money. The information that another P. and O. will call a week hence is far from reassuring. In the course of the week you will be sorely tempted to commit some outrage that will induce the indefatigable sentinel to end your miserable existence, and if you conquer the temptation you are by no means sure that P. and O. the second will not be as full as P. and O. the first.

I myself have gone through all the misery which I have inflicted on the impersonal "you." Delighted, therefore, was I to learn that on the day after the departure of the English vessel the noble Spanish steamship (say) Cid Rodrigo, coming down the Guadalquivir, from Seville, will stop at Algeciras, and proceed to Marseilles, calling by the way at Malaga, Almeria, Carthagena, Valencia, and Barcelona. At each of these places a good part of a day would be lost, and therefore the journey would be long; but all trivial considerations vanished before the intense desire to quit Gibraltar. And I must own that, long as it was, the journey, preceded of course by a long, strong pull to Algeciras, fully repaid the expenditure of much time and a little money. There were very few first-class passengers on board, and as we all knew that we had to form a compact family for about a week, we each of us put our best sides forward, determined to make ourselves mutually agreeable. Like perfect gentlemen we were without history, the recurrence of breakfast and dinner being the only events of our day. But the dinner was racy of the Spanish soil, the chief dish being a kind of "olla podrida" (called a "Corsido"), composed of bacon, broad beans, chick-peas, and sausages, red and coal-black, strongly flavoured with garlic, the whole arranged in a condiment to the *vanilli* of the soup. Moreover, our opportunities for observation were abundant.

I was stupid enough to get out at Malaga, where I saw nothing worth seeing, and only had the privilege of returning to the Cid Rodrigo for my pains. But I was thereby let into an unwritten page in the book reflected in the desire of seeing too many Spanish towns. They are terribly like each other, especially those on the eastern coast. A high mountain, which faintly repeats the Rock of Gibraltar, a row of trees, which at Barcelona is called the "Rambla," and everywhere else the "Alameda," are the principal objects in view. We had been brought all the way from Seville, and had been removed from the hold to make way for other commodities. The deck between the bridge and the forecastle was occupied by a herd of pigs, whose sweet music resounded throughout the night.

On the following morning we reached Almeria, where the chief article of import was lead, taken from the neighbouring mines, and brought in the form of pigs, which were slowly craned into the hold in bundles of seven. At the moment when the position of some of the miners rendered them visible by the appearance of chimneys on the hilly coast. The lead was intended for Marseilles, where, I was informed, the silver it contained would be extracted. This operation, to which the Spaniards are unequal, having been duly performed, the baser metal was to be taken back to Spain. The people who inhabited the cork mountains now became strongly varied by the appearance, of uncouth male figures dressed in a style with which we are not familiar The English reader may easily bring this custume before his mind's eye by imagining a gentleman wearing his shirt, his white stockings, a black waistcoat, a broadish hat, and—nothing else. As to the vocation of these strangers accounts differed. Some said that they were miners, others that they were types of the Murcian peasant. At all events, they differed entirely from the normal Andalusians, always to be distinguished by their broad seat, their loose jacket, and the hat, with its brim turned up to a level with the crown. This hat, however, is of no ancient date. Of old the crown rose in a peak high above the brim, and the reduction of the former denotes a compliance with modern fashion. The picture also gained diversity from the attire of some Catalan Republicans, who were returning from exile, and were rendered most conspicuous by their red shirts, Magenta bands, and high crimson caps.

At Carthagena, which we reached on the following day, a new interest arose. We got rid of our (living) pigs, which numbered 200, but we took in nearly 600 African sheep, which had been sent to Carthagena from Oran, the corresponding port. Part of the cork was returned to the hold, to make way for these wretched animals, who covered almost the whole of the deck from the quarter-deck to the forecastle, the other part of the cork being chiefly formed into a barricade, so as to prevent an ovine invasion of the principal cabins. The manner in which the sheep were crushed together and knocked about was worthy of a bull-fighting people. One choice spirit even used them as means of transit, rolling himself over their backs from one end of the deck to the other. As the cook-house was situated by the chimney, our copious meals had to be brought every day across the mass of vegetable and live

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animal matter which the spirit of commerce had huddled together, the stewards, heavily laden with plates and dishes, bestowing incessant curses on the sheep Nearly the whole eastern coast of Spain consists of a series of barren rocks, but this barrenness is perhaps the most conspicuous at Carthagena, the memorable peculiarities of which ancient town were celebrated of old by some local Martial, in the following epigram :—

"*Monte in lena.—Mar sin pescado,—Muger sin vergüenza.—Vino mal criado.*" (Mountain without wood; sea without fish; women without shame; children badly educated.) The epigram was composed in the good old orthodox days; but of late some eminent person has increased—certainly not improved it—by the addition of this line, "*Y los curas locos.*" This would be, literally translated, "and the priests mad;" but the word "locos" is held to refer less to mental derangement than to the vow of celibacy.

At Valencia, our next port, we landed several barrels of a salted fish called "tun"—I don't vouch for the spelling—which had come from Cadiz, and probably, in the first instance, from Portugal. The fish is of enormous size, and is cut into pieces before it is salted. In our English dictionaries will be found, I think, the word "tunny," which possibly corresponds to the Spanish "tun," but on this subject I speak from the depths of my ignorance. Of our fellow-passengers, the sheep, we took a most unpathetic leave at Barcelona. The miserable creatures had had nothing to eat or to drink since we left Genoa, their acquaintance at Carthagena, and new with their shrunken flanks they made a most dismal figure. At first they had attempted to satisfy the cravings of hunger by nibbling at the cork, and plucking at each other's wool; and in the course of a certain night, two, more spirited than the rest, had committed suicide by leaping overboard. But for the most part they had displayed a mournful resignation, and, abandoning all hope of sustenance, had even refused to notice some vegetable matter which a kind-hearted wight flung among them. They were, of course, dead without difficulty. One thing I omitted into the boat, the others followed naturally, after the immortal precedent of "*Les Brebis du Panurge.*"

Waking in the morning after our departure from Barcelona we find ourselves at Palomos, having previously made a stoppage at another small port. The inhabitants of these places are chiefly cork-cutters, so to them we transferred our raw material, receiving in return several bags filled with corks cut and ready for use. Our ship now presented an appearance strangely clean and unpicturesque. Gone were our mountains of cork; gone were our mountaineers, and gone were our sheep. But the mountains became more and more green as we approached the territory of France, and we felt that we had bounded into civilisation when we entered the port of Marseilles.

Marseilles, May 23. N. D.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Our opera season rarely passes without the occurrence of events which attract public attention to the exciting atmosphere of the lyric stage, and the excitable nature of those who breathe it. Artists of all sorts are famous for their sensitiveness, their readiness to fancy intended wrong, their quickness to resent it; and, generally, their entire unsuitableness to be members of any "happy family" whatever. Why this should be we need not stop to enquire; nor are we under obligation to explain why the phenomenon is specially obvious in connection with operatic artists. Enough that these sons and daughters of harmony have a sort of natural affinity with discord, and gravitate thereto as by the action of a natural law. An occurrence at Covent Garden has just come to hand in illustration of the foregoing, and may so be used because one version of the story has become public property. The facts may be thus stated :—At a recent performance of *Don Giovanni* in which Madame Adeline Patti and Herr Wachtel participated, the former imagined herself to be insulted by the latter, and felt the insult so keenly that she formally expressed her intension never to sing with the German tenor again. So far the incident had been talked of among operatic gossips for several days. It was reserved for Herr Wachtel to complete the case, and put it before the public in a definite form, which he did by writing as thus to the public journals. (The letter appeared in our last number.)

* * * * * * *

The public being thus appealed to, we make no apology for whatever comments seem fairly called for by the merits of the case. Herr Wachtel gives no clue to the nature of the fancied insult, and, therefore we cannot say whether Madame Patti was or was not entitled to resent it in the strong manner she did. Undoubtedly, there are insults one artist may offer another which would fully justify extreme resentment. If, for example, a gentleman were, in coarse terms, to bid a lady cease to sing while he sang a solo, we should fully expect the lady to decline any further relations with him. Herr Wachtel, however, could hardly be supposed capable of such behaviour even if we had not his public disclaimer in this particular case. It must be assumed, therefore, that he unconsciously simulated an insult, and that Madame Patti resented it in mistake for the real article. What followed was equally unfortunate. Herr Wachtel explained to the lady the error into which she had fallen; and did it clearly enough to convince her that it was an error. In ordinary life, this would have settled the matter, and restored harmony. But artists are not ordinary folk; and it did nothing of the kind. The offender having proved that he meant no offence, and the quarrel having been made up, Herr Wachtel feels it his turn to be hurt at the suspicion which had attached to him, and to be even more indignant than Madame Patti. The lady simply declined to sing any more with Herr Wachtel; Herr Wachtel went further and declined to sing any more in the theatre, preparatory to shaking the dust of London off his feet and bidding us all adieu. Of course we are sorry to lose Herr Wachtel under such circumstances, particularly as they reflect little credit on anybody concerned. On the one hand we cannot but suspect that Madame Patti was too quick in her resentment, and too severe in her punishment, of an imaginary offence; on the other we feel sure that Herr Wachtel is too sensitive about his "reputation as an artist" and his "personal honour," neither of which was in question when once Madame Patti accepted his statement. The whole matter is suggestive of the irritable-ness which makes its home behind the scenes of lyric theatres, and transforms those regions into anything but abodes of the blessed. May we say, also, that Herr Wachtel's letter was scarcely called for. Had he left without writing it, nobody would have inquired why he left. London is big, its inhabitants are busy, and there are operatic tenors enough for all who care about the article. Hence Herr Wachtel may have silently taken his departure without giving rise to gossip possibly injurious to his interests.

Another incident of a less personal character deserves a word of comment before it drops out of sight, and is forgotten. The subject of realism in the matter of operatic costume was brought forward a week or two ago by some remarks in the *Daily Telegraph*, having reference to the parti-coloured "tights" worn by Signor Tagliafico in his character as Lord Tristan (*Martha*). These remarks led to the writing of several letters, the drift of which would profit us nothing if we discussed them. They served to show, however, in what a very loose way matters of costume are regulated. According to Signor Tagliafico, the story of *Martha* is thrown back four or five hundred years because Signor Mario objected to show his legs in a modern dress. At the same time noblemen, ladies, and peasants of Queen Anne's time dressed in the clothes of their forefathers and exposed to the ridicule of an observant audience. Signor Tagliafico as being the most ridiculous—he appeared with one leg white the other green—was the most unfortunate. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Does it not seem as though a dictator were needed on all such matters, who, knowing the right, should be able to enforce it, who, for example, should look sharply after the anachronisms and absurdities to which artists are prone where real or imaginary effect can be secured; and who, therefore, would stop Lindas from wearing sapphire bracelets, and peasant farmers from appearing in silken hose.

THADDEUS'S EGG.

LE NOZZE WITHOUT NILSSON.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

Mdlle. Nilsson again disappointed the public on Saturday night, when she should have played the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. But as hoarseness was the cause, quiet submission was a duty—one, let us say, made tolerably easy to those who could appreciate Mozart's music and the merit of an *ensemble* not often surpassed. We recently pointed out the aggregation of talent made necessary by Mozart's great operas; and now an obvious remark is that they are very little affected by the accidents to which *prime donne* are liable. A favourite lady may fall ill, but even though her place be taken by one less competent, *Le Nozze* or *Don Giovanni* or *Il Flauto* goes on all the same, and with scarcely diminished pleasure to those real connoisseurs who are devoted to art rather than to the reigning soprano. An illustration of this was afforded on Saturday night, when with Mdlle. Rebonx as the Countess, Madame Volpini as Susannah, Mdlle. Lewitzky as Cherubino, M. Faure as Figaro, and Mr. Santley as the Count—not to mention minor parts equally well filled—a most enjoyable performance was given. Having already discussed the representation at some length, we are absolved from entering upon details now. Enough that, under the the charm of Mozart's divine music adequately interpreted, the absence even of Mdlle. Nilsson, however regrettable, could not be looked upon as an eminently serious misfortune.

WIENER.—The grand Musical Festival has been duly held, with tolerable success. As most of the artists belonging to the operatic company were engaged in it, the Theatre was closed from the 24th to the 31st May.

VIENNA.—Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged for one season, beginning the 1st September, at the Imperial Operahouse. She is to receive 300 florins an evening, and the manager binds himself that she shall appear at least six times a month.—Herr Grau, the manager of the German Theatre, New York, is negotiating with Mdme. Wilt, of the Imperial Operahouse. He wishes to engage her for the summer season of 1871. He offers her 40,000 dollars, besides an additional sum for costumes, etc.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* is to be produced during the present month, with a magnificent *mise-en-scène*, at the new Imperial Operahouse.

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PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The following is condensed from the *Morning Mail* of Tuesday, May 31st:—

"Professor Glover's concert, at the Antient Concert Rooms, in aid of Mercer's Hospital, was under distinguished patronage, and fashionably attended. The feature of the programme was the first performance of the Professor's cantata, *St. Patrick at Tara*, for which several leading artists were engaged, with a numerous and efficient orchestra and chorus. The argument is founded upon St. Patrick's visit to Tara, with a few Christian followers, in the fifth century, while the King and Court were celebrating the great Beltina Festival of the Druids, and the subsequent introduction of Christianity into Ireland. Of the music there can be but one opinion—that it is sweet and expressive throughout, devotional and effective in many passages, and admirably arranged. The composer has evidently taken special pains with the instrumentation. The overture is of a high order, and, played as it was last evening, must ever be listened to with pleasure. 'The March of the Heralds' is also full of melody, and was warmly encored. The music allotted to the Saint, the best in the work, was sung by Mr. Richard Smith, who was in capital voice, and gave the recitative passages, as well as the beautiful sacred song, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' with great judgment, especially the latter, which he had to repeat. Miss Pennell interpreted the part of the King's daughter, Fethlema, with a skill worthy of a finished artist, singing with charming taste and expression. Miss Lina Glover also gave the music of Ethnea, another daughter of the King, in a manner to please all present. The other characters—the King, and Dufa, a bard—were represented by Mr. Peele and Mr. Hemsley. The former was not in good voice; but Mr. Hemsley acquitted himself with skill, and amongst his other solos, the alto air, 'I often wish this trembling lyre,' was warmly applauded. The chorus had evidently not been well rehearsed; nevertheless, two or three of the choruses were executed in creditable style. On the whole, the cantata passed off most successfully, and the majority of those present will doubtless avail themselves of the next opportunity afforded of hearing it. The effect produced by the skilful harp accompaniments played by Miss Emilie Glover. The composer conducted with his usual skill, while the direction of the orchestra was entrusted to Mr. R. M. Levey. The remainder of the entertainment included operatic selections, all well executed."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The concert given by Mr. Alexander Rowland, the well-known double-bass player, at the Hartley Hall, on Thursday, the 2nd inst., was attended by the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood, who listened with great attention and evident pleasure to a sacred cantata (the text taken from the 103rd Psalm) composed by Mr. Rowland. The cantata had already been given at Southampton (June 2, 1869), when it was received with favour. Some excellent solo singers were engaged for the present occasion. Miss Sophia Vinta, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, were the principals; Mr. Weist Hill led the band. A well trained chorus sang "Haste Thee, O God," and "Thou art my helper and Redeemer," with precision and effect. Among the most admired of the solo pieces were the airs, "Let them be confounded" (Mr. Lloyd), "Let all those that delight in thy Salvation" (Miss Vinta), and "As for me I am poor and in misery" (Miss Severn). The unaccompanied quartet, "Let them for their reward," by the vocalists just named, was one of the gems of the cantata, and was remarkably well sung. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous, including a duet for piano and double-bass, played by Mr. Rowland and a young lady pupil. Mr. Rowland's command over his ponderous instrument is great and the playing of his pupil showed he was a good pianoforte instructor. Mr. Weist Hill played a solo on some well-known operatic airs in the style of an accomplished violinist, and was deservedly applauded and recalled. Miss Marion Severn did ample justice to a song by Signor Randegger (violoncello *obbligato*, Mr. Gould). Miss Vinta gave "Una voce poco fa," from Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, in finished style and was recalled. The same compliment was also deservedly paid to Mr. Lewis Thomas after "When time has beset thee," and to Mr. Lloyd after "Good-night, beloved" (Balfe). Miss Vinta was compelled to repeat a Scotch ballad, and Miss Severn, Balfe's popular song, "I'm not in love, remember." The concert altogether gave complete satisfaction, indeed we can justly say it was one of the best ever given in Southampton.

DUBLIN.—Herr Elsner gave a grand concert on the 4th of June, in Molesworth Hall, and was favoured with an excellent attendance. Herr Elsner played with his daughter, Mdlle. Pauline Elsner, a *duo concertante* for piano and violoncello; a duet for harp and violoncello, with Herr Oberthür (the "Ave Maria" of Schubert); three movements (*andante, cantabile*, and *scherzo*) from a trio by Schubert; the *adagio* and *rondo* from Beethoven's sonata (Op. 69) for piano and violoncello, with Mr. Sproule; and a solo by Romberg, "Alla Riva del Lago." In all these performances Herr Elsner showed himself a master of his instrument, and was rewarded after each with genuine and deserved applause The harp performance of Herr Oberthür met with marked approbation, the talented artist being encored after his grand fantasia, "Souvenir de Londres," when he gave his charming "Cascade," and was recalled and warmly applauded after his fine execution of Parish Alvars' difficult solo on airs from *Monteschi e Capuleti*. The vocalists were Miss Beasie Craig, Mr. Stickley, and "An Amateur," the last exhibiting excellent vocal capacity, especially in Mr. Wilford Morgan's song, "My Sweetheart was a Boy." Mdlle. Pauline Elsner, besides joining in the duet with her father, played Benedict's "Where the bee sucks" in a way that showed she possesses considerable mechanical skill. A grand duet, by Herr Oberthür, for piano and harp, "Les Huguenots," capitally played by the composer and Mr. Sproule, brought the concert to a satisfactory conclusion.

NORMA AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

There are not a few people who hold that *Norma* has been played out, that its melodies have been heard *ad nauseam*, and that, even with an adequate heroine, its performance is mainly conducive to weariness. Without discussing the truth of this opinion, we may gratify those who cherish it by the reminder that, to all appearance, the last Norma is Mdlle. Tietjens. From the time when Madame Pasta first won honours in the *rôle* of the Druid priestess, artists worthy to succeed her have not been wanting. Now, however the supply threatens to run short, as though there could no more be a continuous succession of great Normas than of great composers. Those, therefore who wish the retirement of Bellini's too familiar music, may possibly get help out of the very "nature of things;" but, for the present at all events, *Norma* is safe, and its appearance in the bills, with Mdlle. Tietjens in the company, amounts only to a question of time. The well-worn opera was played on Saturday night, in conjunction with the last act of *Hamlet*. How many of the tolerably large audience were attracted by Bellini, and how many by M. Ambroise Thomas we cannot tell; but it is certain that much of *Norma* was received with unanimous approval, thanks to the very fine performance of Mdlle. Tietjens, whose representation of the principal character gathers force as time runs on. To point out in what her excellence consists would be superfluous, and we do all that is necessary when we remark that each well-known point was made to the satisfaction of an audience which knew perfectly well where to look for it. As on all previous occasions, the wrathful address to Pollio on the discovery of his treachery was given with magnificent emphasis and encored. Mdlle. Olma, as Adalgisa, demonstrated that she has much to learn both vocally and dramatically before the success can be obtained at which she aims, and for the gaining of which she is not without important qualifications. Considerable allowance, however, must be made when, for the first time, a young artist plays so prominent a part on a strange stage and before a strange public. Signor Naudin filled the ungracious *rôle* of Pollio in his accustomed and sufficiently effective manner; and the fine voice of Signor Bagagiolo gave dignity to the utterances of Oroveso. With music so familiar to execute, neither band nor chorus could easily go wrong. We can add nothing to former remarks upon the Ophelia of Mdlle. Sessi, unless it be a statement that, while remaining impressed with its cleverness, we are no nearer accepting it as an adequate impersonation.

THADDEUS EGG.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. Schneider made her first appearance in London this season on Monday evening, in *La Grande Duchesse*. On Mdlle. Schneider's eccentric impersonation of the Duchess we have commented more than once, and it is sufficient to say that all the points were effectively marked, and that the same spirit was infused which has rendered the actress's name identical with the character. We may regret the disappearance of the goodly company of French players, and marvel at the increase of prices which has followed its departure, but Mdlle. Schneider draws a fuller house than M. Lafont, one being "the rage," while the other is only a genius.

Mdlle. Schneider has not lost any of her courage or vivacity, and plays throughout with immense spirit. She is admirably supported by M. Carrier, who replaces M. Dupuis as Fritz; by Mdlle. Vizentini, as Wanda; by M. Beckers, as General Boum; and by M. Schey, as Baron Grog. The musical arrangements are under the able direction of M. Vizentini. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince (of course) and Princess (alas!) of Wales honoured the first performance with their presence.

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THE CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

On Thursday afternoon, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the charity children of our Metropolitan schools assembled to celebrate their annual festival under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This anniversary is of its kind unique; nothing at all approaching to it, indeed, can be witnessed either in London or any other European capital. The children, some 5,000 in number, alone form a spectacle which once to behold is never to forget; while the thousands attracted to the church help to make up a *coup d'œil* wholly unparalleled. The arrangements for the accommodation of the host of young singers, prepared, as usual, by Mr. Arthur S. Newman, architect of the festival, who, for nearly a quarter of a century has undertaken the same very responsible task, without the occurrence of a single accident, were yesterday as picturesque, imposing, and in all respects satisfactory as on any previous occasion. The indefatigable representative of the Committee of "Patrons" who ordinarily superintends these proceedings (Mr. F. J. Fuller, if we are not mistaken) was again at his post, attending to the requirements of the choir and performing his other duties with the zeal and activity for which, time out of mind, he has been recognized. The children were placed with military order, and, once all seated, wherever the eye could travel the sight was one easier to remember than to describe.

Considerable interest had been excited outside by the appearance of the children and the officials of the various schools, as, gay with banners and bouquets, they paraded the streets leading to the church. St. Paul's Churchyard was made impassible by an eager crowd. It is to the praise of the multitude that much greater curiosity seemed to attach to the children, as they filed past, than to the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and other civic dignitaries, who attended in demi-state, and were received by Dean Mansel, Canon Melvil, and other of the Cathedral authorities.

The full musical service, accompanied on the organ, with trumpets and drums to strengthen and enforce the full passages, was, as it has never failed to be, wonderfully impressive. The important part which the children take in this was, of course, as always, the most striking feature. They had previously enjoyed the advantage of some twenty rehearsals, under the direction of Vicar-Choral James Shoubridge, assisted by Mr. George Cooper, organist of the Chapel Royal and St. Sepulchre's, and deputy-organist at St. Paul's. Mr. Shoubridge again proved himself an excellent conductor, able to make his best thoroughly intelligible to the army of young executants under his charge. The choir, numbering about 100 voices more than the accustomed one, was more than usually efficient, though naturally weak in contrast with the children. The organ, still—*proh pudor!*—caseless, was, nevertheless, in excellent order, and could not possibly have been in abler hands than those of Mr. John Goss, organist to the Cathedral, and one of England's most learned and admirable musicians, assisted, too, as he was, by Mr. George Cooper, his inseparable associate at these anniversaries.

There was nothing new in the musical part of the service, which consisted of precisely the same materials as last year and some years previous. We need hardly say that prayers were preceded by the unsurpassable "Old Hundredth" ("All people that on earth do dwell"), with the singing of which, in unison, by the children, so many great foreign musicians, from Haydn downwards, have been enchanted beyond measure. This, indeed, which has never been more impressively given, and the verses, equally well sung, from the 104th Psalm ("My soul, praise the Lord"), to the music of Dr. Croft ("Hanover" tune), now nearly 170 years old, yet still vigorous and fresh, were really the conspicuous musical points of the service; for in them the children's voices had full play, with nothing to perplex or hinder. Dr. Croft's psalm, which followed the sermon, was the *omega*, as the "Old Hundredth" was the *alpha*.

Prayers were intoned by the Rev. J. Coward, and the Lessons were read by the Rev. J. V. Povah—both minor canons of the Cathedral. That the "responses" were given to the music of Queen Elizabeth's famous organist, Thomas Tallis, it is hardly requisite to state. As we have said more than once, these could no more be dispensed with than the "Old Hundredth"—and for the best of reasons, they could not be improved upon, if indeed, without a doubtful, they could be equalled. The psalms for the day were chanted by the gentlemen and boys of the choir to Dr. Crotch's "slow chant" in C, which has effectively put aside "Jones's in D"—admired by Haydn, and, if tradition may be credited, altered and improved by that great master. We are bold enough to say that we like neither one nor the other—neither Jones nor Crotch. Mr. Goss himself could supply from his own pen a chant far superior to either, something simpler, and something, in short, more like a genuine chant and less like a rambling tune, with wide intervals and exceptional range, such as that of Dr. Crotch—which not to speak irreverently, is vulgar no less than rambling. According to custom, the children added their fresh voices, "*fortissimo*," to the "Gloria Patri" at the end of each psalm, accompanied by trumpets and drums.

The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were again sung to Mr. Goss's beautiful and truly devotional service in A major, which, composed for the festivals in 1865 and 1866—the *Te Deum* being the earliest contribution—has since then replaced Dr. Boyce's in the same key, and it is to be hoped may continue to replace it until Mr. Goss thinks proper to provide something new for the same office. What is most precious in this admirable music of the St. Paul's organist is the opportunity it affords the children of taking part in the execution. The voice parts are written in unison; and thus, as was remarked when the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were first produced—we have an exemplification of genuine congregational worship—a thing often talked about, but rarely put in practice. That the voice parts may be throughout in unison and yet the composition be artistically interesting, is clear; but to effect this demands a facility only possessed by erudite musicians. For the most part the execution of the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* yesterday was remarkably effective.

As of old, the prayer for the Queen was uttered in by "Zadok the Priest and Nathan the Prophet anointed Solomon king"—the anthem written by Handel in 1727, for the coronation of George II. The children performed their part in this anthem, so simple in its harmonies and yet so broad and grand, to perfection—so well, indeed, as once more to suggest the advisability, at some future period, of their joining in the opening sentence, a preamble which in stately dignity has not been surpassed even by Handel himself. The time is surely ripe for the innovation. It would, moreover, be an evident advantage; for what with the vast space and the powerful chorus, and of the organ, when the keys of which, if we are not mistaken, both principal and suborganist were engaged in the accompaniment, the voices of the choir were scarcely audible.

Once more, and once more happily, the musical preface to the sermon was Mendelssohn's sublime *chorale*, "Sleepers wake, a voice is calling," from the oratorio of *St. Paul*; and once again, and not less happily, the magnificent "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah* was the last and culminating piece. Of this chorus, and of the organ, which the children take in it, we have spoken so often that we have not another word to say. Those who have not heard the "Hallelujah" under such exceptional conditions have still to learn something of which it is capable.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester who took for his text 18th of Matthew, 4th verse—"It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." On the whole this festival may be pronounced one of the most successful of recent years.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The sixth concert of the season took place on Monday, when the following selection was performed:—

PART 1.—Overture, *In Memoriam*—A. S. Sullivan. Scena, *Infelice*—Mendelssohn. Concerto, in B flat, MS., violoncello—Piatti. Romanza, "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*)—Gounod. Rondo in B minor, pianoforte—Mendelssohn. Overture, *Athalie*—Mendelssohn.

PART 2.—Symphony, *Eroica*—Beethoven. Ode, "I wish to tune my quiv'ring Lyre"—Sullivan. Overture, *Zauberflöte*—Mozart.

The programme contained but one symphony—three overtures and two instrumental solos, however, making up a sufficient quantity to satisfy all but the unreasonable. Of Beethoven's great orchestral work it is not necessary now to speak. Signor Piatti's clever concerto and his own inimitable execution were noticed when it was first performed by him at the Crystal Palace Concert, of November 20, 1869, since when the composer has substituted a new "Larghetto" for the former "Largo" movement, with improved effect. The work again drew forth strong demonstrations of approval. Mr. Cowen, too, was greatly applauded for his animated playing of Mendelssohn's *Rondo*; and, like Signor Piatti, he was recalled. Of Mr. Sullivan's impressive and skilfully instrumented overture we have several times spoken. The overtures of Mendelssohn and Mozart and the symphony were effectively played by Mr. Cusins's orchestra. That Madame Sinico did full justice to Mendelssohn's *Scena* and Gounod's *Romance*, and Mr. Santley the same to Mr. Sullivan's ode, scarcely needs assertion.

BONN.—According to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the Committee of the Beethoven Centenary Festival wrote to request Herr Richard Wagner to conduct the Ninth Symphony. Herr Richard Wagner declined.

RÜDESHEIM.—Mdme. Mallinger was engaged to "star" here for a limited number of nights, but suddenly broke off her engagement, and left the town. The reason of her unexpected departure is said to be an unpleasant fracas between her husband and the manager, Herr Woltersdorff. The latter has already commenced legal proceedings.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

THIS year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. Hallé has considered it appropriate to devote his Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m.

Mr. Hallé is assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas, accompany the programmes.

THE SEVENTH RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 17TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SONATA, Op. 81, "Les Adieux, L'Absence, et le Retour" .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, Op. 90 .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, Op. 101 .. .. *Beethoven.*
GRAND SONATA, Op. 106 .. .. *Beethoven.*

The LAST TWO RECITALS will take place on Friday, June 17, and Friday, June 24.

Prices of Admission—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.
Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 26, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

NOTICE.

It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor).*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1870.

HERR WAGNER'S LATEST DELIVERANCE.

THERE are certain Parliamentary proceedings which are not what they seem, but which, nevertheless work very well. Let us suppose that A. is a cabinet minister who desires to make an important communication to the country; and that B. is a rank-and-file M.P. who asks A. a question, the answer to which embodies the communication aforesaid. On the face of matters, B. is burning for information, and drinks in the words of A. as a thirsty dog laps water. Really B. has been in collusion with A. from the outset; A. having engaged to ask B. the question, and the two going through a solemn but, possibly, not unuseful farce. We suspect something of this kind between Herr H. Esser and Herr R. Wagner, who have been playing at question and answer in the columns of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

The Prophet of the Future is given to issuing manifestoes and writing epistles; he delights to flaunt his paper banner before the eyes of the Peoples; and to sound a trumpet in the place which stands to him for Zion. But there are limits to the prerogatives of a prophet. He is not a god, who can "thunder when he pleases," and amuse his leisure hours by promulgating decalogues from the top of a Sinai. Hence there are times when Herr Wagner does love to speak, but needs that somebody should open to him what, in Puritanic circles, is called "a door of utterance." This good service Herr Esser has done. He wrote to Herr Wagner: "O Prophet, speak in the ears of thy servants, and say whether the *Walküre* is to be produced at Munich, and when; whether, also, the light of thy countenance will shine upon the performance, and thy 'Benedicite' consecrate it." Then opened the floodgates of Wagnerian eloquence, and the following streamed forth to delight the faithful:—

TRIEBSCHEN, NEAR LUCERNE,
16*th May*, 1870.

RESPECTED FRIEND.—The question which has been addressed to me by yourself, regarding the character of the projected performance of my *Walküre* in Munich, has also been recently addressed to me from the most various quarters. I should like to answer it once for all, and, therefore, should be much pleased if, using your own discretion, you would give further publicity to this my reply to the said question.

I am indebted to my high patron, King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, not only for the fact that—as, by the way, may easily be surmised—my efforts for art have not entirely sunk into oblivion, and that attention is still directed to my later works following *Lohengrin*, but more especially for the circumstance that, after an interruption of eleven years, I can resume the musical realization of my *Ring der Nibelungen*, and, in the course of next year, I shall succeed in bringing to an end the very fatiguing task of setting the last part to music, and, consequently, as far as I am concerned, there will probably be nothing to prevent the whole from being represented in the year 1872.

As I was obliged, in order to carry out, very much to my request, above all things, the necessary time, and freedom from all pressure in this respect, I considered myself bound to merit this favour, by proving myself anxious to gratify, to the best of my ability, the wish of my high patron, to become acquainted at once with separate portions of my work. As, about two years ago, there appeared a probability that I should obtain satisfactory influence upon the artistic efforts of the Theatre Royal, Munich, I was entitled to hope that, by fulfilling the desire, by which I was so highly honoured, of my illustrious patron, I should not be unfaithful to my artistic principles, but rather be advancing them, by gradually preparing the ground for the development of my tendencies.

As you have already, no doubt, heard from others, I was very soon compelled to renounce the hope of maintaining a profitable understanding with the management of the Theatre Royal; consequently, there was nothing left for me to do but to allow the Theatre Royal, Munich, to go on just as it is, without any interference on my part, but, on the other hand, from this very necessity, to oppose no obstacle to the production of detailed portions of my work, since the wish to hear them still existed with him who had to decide.

My request having been graciously granted, I am freed from any necessity of co-operating in these partial performances, and thus find myself relieved of a very painful pretension. Whether the performance which it is proposed to give shortly of the *Walküre* can really take place, is at the present moment, as much unknown to me, as it is difficult for me to guess whether, if it does take place, it will prove successful. But, however this may be, the wish which gave rise to these performances, is for me, as it always has been, worthy of respect, and, at the same time, a happy sign of the life-long duration of the extraordinarily magnanimous interest for which I am indebted not only for being enabled to complete my work, but for most certainly seeing it some day or other produced in the noblest way.

Only then will I once more take part in a public performance; but never will I again produce a work for our operatic theatres, or deliver it into their hands; with the *Meistersinger*, I had dealings with those theatres for the last time.

So much on this head! At present receive my congratulations on

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my knowing that you have now reached an asylum which protects you from further contact with the German Operatic Stage and its singers.

With cordial good wishes, your devoted

RICHARD WAGNER.

There is in average human nature a strong desire to peep into the future, and especially to know the times and seasons when blessings may be expected. From this arises the eager reading of Millennial literature, and its not less eager writing by persons whose object is much more tangible and definite. Happy Wagnerians, who know that, in 1872, the apotheosis of their master will come, and the era of his glory will begin! Between now and then an irreverent Munich may do as it pleases; but, then, with King Louis as a nursing father, the religion of the one true Prophet shall be established. There shall be set up, on the Bavarian plains, a triple-headed idol, at sight of which Shadrach, Meshek, and Abednego will cheerfully bow down, forgetful of *Judaism in Music*, and not needing the stimulus of the burning fiery furnace of Herr Wagner's wrath.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A WRITER in *Le France Musicale*, signing himself "Jacoby," puts forth a grandiloquent "Jugement sur Richard Wagner," which contains certain very remarkable statements. On the whole, it is unfavourable to the Prophet of the Future; but "Jacoby" can hurt nobody. Here are the words which demonstrate the particular ears that adorn Jacoby's head:—"Richard Wagner is beyond doubt a very great musician, the greatest, it appears to me, of living artists. He has profoundly studied that legislator of his art, old Bach——" (!!!) *Adieu, "Jacoby," c'est assez.*

A RECENT act of unsurpassed magnanimity ought not to be passed over. The chief support of one opera (Mdlle. Nilsson) being unable to sing at a certain concert, the *prima donna* of another (Mdlle. Tietjens) comes forward and "gives her services" as substitute. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? "Messieurs," said the French Guards to their English antagonists at Fontenoy or somewhere else, "be pleased to fire first." This was pretty fair; but what shall be said when a warrior snatches up the sword of a foe placed *hors de combat*, and wields it vigorously in the name of chivalry against his own party?

THE officials of the Prussian post-office, considering themselves insulted by the appearance of a character in their uniform on the stage of Wagner's *Meistersänger*, have memorialized the chief of police to interfere for their protection. The answer contained a declaration of powerlessness to interfere, but promised that care should be taken to prevent such an occurrence for the future. After this, we may expect the exemplary Metropolitan police to agitate against the pantomimic "Bobby" of next Christmas.

LET nobody take up with Richard Wagner and his works who would escape a lunatic asylum. The latest victim is Herr Eberle, who was sent by the Prophet to conduct the *Meistersänger* at Berlin. Moreover, we learn that a dog, having caught sight of a page of the opera just named, immediately bit twenty people, and was knocked on the head.

MANAGERIAL energies may find plenty of room in Italy and elsewhere just now. Among the theatres open to the highest bidder for the next season, are those of Milan, Naples, Venice, Palermo, Bologna, Messina, Verona, Mantua, Vicenza, Treviso, Cremona, Lucca, Lugo, Urbino, Cento, Rovigo, and Lodi. Out of Italy the "empties" are Madrid, Valencia, Lisbon, Oporto, Constantinople, and Alexandria.

THE Emperor of Russia, says *Le Ménéstrel*, intended to give 16,000 francs per annum for division among the French dramatists whose works are played at the Michel Theatre. On second thoughts, however, he resolved to go on applauding the pieces and keeping his money.

THE *Musician* is dead. *Requiescat in pace!* (What will Richard Wagner do? Was the editor of our late-respected contemporary also driven mad?)

A NEW five-act play, *Maurice de Saxe*, was produced at the Français on Thursday week. MM. Jules Amignes and Marcelin Daboulins, have dramatized a disgraceful episode in the life of the hero of Fontenoy. Saxe persecuted with dishonourable intentions Justine Favart, wife of a comedian, who, like Susanna in *Figaro*, tricked her lover and remained faithful to her husband. Marshal Saxe was a brutal Count Almaviva, using the power of the State in furtherance of his unlawful love, imprisoning and otherwise persecuting husband and wife. The piece, a bad imitation of Beaumarchais, drags heavily through the first three acts. It afterwards takes a tragic turn. Saxe is killed by the Prince de Conti, who has challenged him in consequence of information given by Justine that the Marshal had dishonoured his mother. M. Got, who played Favart (the Figaro of the piece), acquitted himself admirably. Mdlle. Victoria Lafontaine (the Susanna or Justine) is not in her element; while M. Maubant (Marshal Saxe) did not succeed in making much of the part. M. Ollivier, a personal friend of M. Jules Amignes, attended on the first night, and in the course of the evening left his box to sit for a long while with his brother Academician, the great critic, Jules Janin. *Maurice de Saxe* is hardly destined for a long run.

HERR CARL LEVI, musical director at the Grand Ducal Theatre at Carlsruhe, was asked by Herr von Perfall, Intendant of the Theatre Royal, Munich, to conduct Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*. Herr Levi stated that he was very willing to oblige Herr von Perfall, provided that Herr R. Wagner, of whom he—Herr Levi, not, most decidedly, Herr von Perfall—is an enthusiastic admirer, gave his sanction to the negotiations. In consequence, however, of the hostile position assumed by the Composer of the Future towards Herr von Perfall, it was as impossible to come to an understanding *with* him, as it is, generally, of course, to an understanding *of* him. So Herr Carl Levi gracefully retired from the scene, and Herr Wüllner was elected to conduct *Die Walküre*, just as, some time since, he was chosen to perform the same office for *Rheingold*. The first representation of the said *Walküre* will take place some time in the second half of the present month. According to report, Herr Vogl will be the Sigmund; Herr Betz, Hunding; Herr Kindermann, Wotan; Mdme. Vogl, Sieglinde; and Mdlle. Stahle, Brünnhilde.

DEATH OF CHARLES DICKENS.

We feel sure that a thrill of sorrow as well as of surprise will be felt by our readers when they hear of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Dickens. On Wednesday evening he was seized with a fit, at his residence, Gad's Hill Place, Higham, near Rochester, between six and seven o'clock, while at dinner. Mr. Stephen Steele, a surgeon at Strood, was sent for, and promptly arrived. He found Mr. Dickens in a very dangerous state, and remained with him for some hours. A physician was summoned from London on Thursday morning, and Mr. Steele was also in attendance. Unfortunately, there was no improvement in the patient. In the afternoon Mr. Steele was again summoned from Strood. The reports in the after part of the day were discouraging, and shortly after six o'clock the great novelist expired.

CARLSRUHE.—Mdlle. Schneider, from the Leipsic Stadttheater, appeared here in *Fidelio* and the *Huguenots* with such success that she has been permanently engaged.—The St. Cecilia Association continues to display the most laudable activity. The programme of its fourth concert was particularly good, including the Ode to St. Cecilia (Handel); the second act from Gluck's *Orpheus*; and Mendelssohn's setting of the 98th Psalm.—A fair young singer Mdlle. Josephine Shefzky, who was sent, some time since, at the King's expense, to conclude her musical studies in Vienna, has just made a successful first appearance here as Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*.—The Action-Theater (theatre built by a joint-stock company) has been purchased by the King for 125,000 florins. It will be a kind of branch establishment of the Theatre Royal.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mons. Delaborde gave a second morning concert in St. James's Hall on Tuesday, the programme being chiefly made up of ordinary pianoforte music, or pieces for the piano à *clavier de pédales*. Among the former were Chopin's second grand sonata, Beethoven's fantasia (Op. 77), and smaller works by Schumann and Mendelssohn. The latter comprised a prelude by Alkan, Bach's fugue in C minor and prelude and fugue in D. Herr Stockhausen was the vocalist.

Mr. Walter Macfarren's third *matinée* took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Saturday last, when he played (with Herr Daubert) Beethoven's sonata in G minor (Op. 5); (with MM. Sainton and Daubert) Mendelssohn's trio in C minor (Op. 66); (with Miss Josephine Williams) Schumann's *andante* and variations (Op. 46); (with M. Sainton) the Kreutzer Sonata; and, as solos, four of his own drawing-room pieces. Mr. Cummings sang two new sacred songs by the concertgiver, in addition to Pinsuti's "I heard a voice." The character of the entertainment can be inferred from these particulars with all desirable ease.

Miss Kate Roberts gave a recital of classical pianoforte music in St. George's Hall yesterday evening week, to a moderately large audience. The young artist played first (with Mr. Edward Howell) Hummel's sonata in A for piano and violoncello, following this work up with Heller's "Dornen Stücke" and Chopin's "Fantasia Impromptu," the latter of which she rendered so well as to obtain an encore. The first part ended with Schumann's piano and violin sonata in A minor, well executed by Miss Roberts and Herr Pollitzer, and the second began with Bach's *Bourée*, and one of Mendelssohn's seven characteristic pieces (Op. 7). The *Bourée* was encored by acclamation, and deservedly so. Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, played by the three artists above named concluded the programme of a capital recital. The vocalist was Miss Katherine Poyntz, who sang Benedict's charming "Rock me to sleep," and Sullivan's "Where the bee sucks."

M. Paque, the eminent Belgian violoncellist, upon whom has fallen the mantle of Servais, gave his annual *matinée* on Thursday, the 2nd instant, at the residence of the Marchioness of Down-hire, 24, Belgrave Square, and was honoured by the attendance of a large and fashionable audience. M. Paque selected for performance a *polonoise* by Chopin for violoncello and piano, which he was ably assisted by Herr Wilhelm Coenen; a fantasia of his own composition on airs from *Don Giovanni*, calculated to display his executive powers as well as the quality of the tone he can produce from his instrument; and two graceful *bagatelles*—a romance and a *tarantella*, also of his own composition. All these were evidently to the taste of his audience, who honoured M. Paque with flattering marks of approval. He also played the *obbligato* violoncello accompaniment to Spontini's "Hymne de Milton," in which the voice and style of M. Jules Lefort had ample scope. M. Paque must be praised for his moderation in providing himself at his own concert with so few opportunities of exhibiting his command of the violoncello. Mdlle. and H. Heerman, played solos respectively on the harp and violin; Herr Coenen, introduced some clever pianoforte pieces of his own; Madame Florence Lancia, sang vocal arrangements of two mazurkas by Chopin; Miss Alice Fairman, Signor Tagliafico, and Mr. George Perren sang various pieces; and M. Jules Lefort, introduced, with genuine effect, a new song, entitled "J'aime," which is sung almé," the composition of Herr Reichardt, famed for his *lied*, "Thou art so near and yet so far." Among the accompanists were MM. Benedict, Ganz, and Vianesi.

The *soirée musicale* of the New Philharmonic Society, on Thursday evening week, in St. George's Hall, was numerously attended. Conspicuous amongst the performers were Mdlle. Heerman, harpist, and Herr Heerman, violinist, M. L. Brassin, pianist, and M. Brasin, violinist, besides a new aspirant for public favour, Mdlle. Borland, pianist, from the Brussels Conservatoire. The selections of pieces consisted of Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, a *chaconne* by Bach, a duet by Spohr for violin and harp, a *scherzo* by Chopin, a violin solo by Vieuxtemps, &c. Mdlle. Heerman was heard to advantage in Godefroid's *Danse des Sylphes*, and Spohr's duo. The manner in which this young artist executed the most difficult passages elicited enthusiastic applause. Herr Heerman, in Vieuxtemps' solo, established himself as a *virtuoso* of the first rank. Herr L. Brassin, the pianist, and his brother, the violinist, are, like the Heerman's, strangers to London audiences. Herr L. Brassin is a first-rate executant, and an excellent musician. His rendering of Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata was characterized by a broad style, accurate phrasing, and perfect execution. He was ably seconded by his brother, the violinist, who also displayed his talents in Bach's *chaconne*. Mdlle. Borland created a favourable impression in two pianoforte pieces, one by M. Dupont, another by Herr Alfred Jaell. Two violoncello solos written and performed by M. Paque were heard with the greatest interest. The *Tarantelle*, played as the second *morceau*, was encored, and listened to for the second time with increased pleasure. The vocal music was well selected. Miss Eleanor Armstrong's "Dove sono" was much admired and applauded. Miss Jenny Robinson displayed a pleasing voice and good style. Signor Romani (a French baritone) and Mr. Dudley Thomas were both heard to advantage. In a selection from Spohr's *Jessonda* the amateur members of the society took part, under the direction of Mr. W. Beavan. The solos were assigned to Miss Ganthony (soprano), an amateur contralto, Mr. Wake (tenor), and Mr. Beavan (bass). Herr Ganz, assisted by Mr. John Beavan, accompanied the vocal music.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

Although Mdlle. Nilsson again disappointed Mr. Leslie's patrons on the occasion of his third concert in St. James's Hall, last Wednesday, the audience had no reason to complain; Mdlle. Tietjens being to the fore as a substitute, and a capital programme being gone through in an adequate style. The *Stabat* of Rossini constituted Part 1; solos by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Monbelli, Mdme. Trebelli, and M. Faure. "Quis est homo" was beautifully sung, and encored; Mdme. Trebelli was re-called after "Fac ut portem;" and a like honour fell to Mdlle. Tietjens for her superb singing in the "Inflammatus." M. Faure, also, made a great effect with "Pro peccatis." Among the notable features of Part 2, were Mr. Charles Hallé's performance of Mendelssohn's concerto in D minor; Mdme. Volpini's delivery of "Bel raggio;" Mr. Santley's "O, Huddier than the Cherry" (two re-calls); Mdlle. Tietjens's "Ocean, thou mighty Monster," and Mdme. Monbelli's "Come per me;" M. Faure obtained an encore for his hymn, "Les Rameaux," to which his own fine singing, aided by that of the choir, helped as much as the excellence of the music. The overture to *Zampa* brought the concert to a close.

[*Private and strictly confidential.*]

REVIEWER'S WAIL.—No. IV.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—*Guerre à l'outrance* is evidently your cry, and so let it be. In my last, promises should have been printed premises, as in my letter written. I have, in an agony of gout (donkeys *do* have the gout) scribbled to you at length, but I will not irritate you with my gouty ee-haws; and, therefore, will only say, in an ecstacy of ee-haw, ee-haw, that you must allow me, from this time, hence, and for evermore, to remain your Double,

Another Reviewer

June 9, 1870. (*In a different School*).

P. S.—There are plenty of points for your "last word," and I promise you you shall have it, so, let it be short, *and a stinger*.

[In his last letter "Another Reviewer" wrote himself down a quadruped, but without stating precisely of what species. He is now more explicit; and we are satisfied.—A. S. S.]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Observing in your account of some recent lectures on music by Mr. A. S. Sullivan that the old exploded familiar "saw" about the high musical education of our great-great-grandmothers was again trotted out, let me once more rehearse the "other side" of the case. It is stated, on the one hand, that in the days of good Queen Anne no English lady's education was thought complete unless to various other accomplishments was united a thorough knowledge of the art and practice of music. Very true, no doubt. Then we are told "it was the custom," upon the removal of the cloth, to bring in the music-books, and for the amateur ladies and gentlemen to read from notes and sing various charming and learnedly composed madrigals in three, four, or five parts. From hence it is asserted music must have been in a high state of culture, wonderfully flourishing in the reign of Queen Anne. Now, on the other side it has been gravely asked—What proportion of "*usage*" constitutes a "*custom*"? History always has two sides; every event, the most simple as well as the most portentous, may be told in two ways. No surprise need be manifested if this scrap of ancient intelligence is no exception to the general rule. Therefore, if in a population of twenty millions twenty amateurs could be found capable of reading at sight the works of our great madrigal writers, it is humbly submitted that "one in a million" is not sufficient to found a "custom," howbeit ample for proof positive that the practice cited was not the "custom," but the exception. But to descend a little from these figures, to give the "other side" the fairest possible ground. If these families where the singing was so perfect were so numerous, how were they taught? Where were the teachers? There were probably not more than three or four "learned" sets of madrigal singers in London at that time. There were no

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Hullah's classes, no Tonic-Sol-fa gatherings, no opera chorus (worth naming), no Sacred Harmonic Associations, no Sunday schools, no infant schools, no Orpheus Unions; the part-song itself had no existence. Where did they learn? Who were their teachers? Let us suppose the men at the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, spent all their "filling-up" time in communicating knowledge by the orthodox notation. How many pupils could they "do?" Like Bobadil's twenty, or Falstaff's "score" in buckram, or the boy's "thousand" cats of proverbial notoriety—which eventually diminished down to "our old tabby and another"—this universal custom of every lady and gentleman singing "from note" has at last followed in the wake of the story of the Three Black Crows—something "very like a crow" at *last* doing duty for the whole "three." Let the benefit be given to the "other side" of the supposition, that the people of those days had exceptional natural ability, and that they were born "readers,"—that might account for the success of their musical meetings. But yet it must in fairness be said that they could not sing without copies, and where were the copies? Hundreds of singers, or thousands of singers, would have required hundreds or thousands of copies. Where did they come from? Were they in manuscript? Who wrote them? Were they printed? Who printed them? Did they exist in sufficient numbers? Where are they now? Were they committed to memory by one family, and the book that contained them then lent to a second, and afterwards passed on to a third, and so on? This could not be, for are we not told that they sung "from books." Printing music by types was unknown; even lithography was not invented. From the plates engraved how many copies could have been printed? Certainly not sufficient to make the use of the books a "custom," though every subscriber were supposed to be a singer. Probably seven or eight hundred of each book were issued, and perhaps *one-fourth* of the purchasers could sing them; and further, of this *one-fourth* at least *half were* in the profession; and if there were six or eight or ten families or musical circles where the madrigals of the day were sung with anything like accuracy, it is as much as can be said. Figures are ignored and history persistently perused backwards by those who would state again the fallacy about the superior knowledge and more extended prevalence of musical taste over our sons and daughters amongst our ancestors two centuries ago. Statistics can be made to prove many fallacies, but not that. Consider that in our day the best sacred and secular compositions are sung by *thousands of groups* from *five to five thousand* strong; and they circulate, like the penny press, by *millions*. Would that our teachers were less prodigal of sweeping unauthenticated statements.—Yours very truly,

June 6, 1870. IDEALIZER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I have been shown a paragraph in your issue of March 12th last stating that I am the teacher of a lady about to make her *début* at the annual concert of Miss Berry Greening. Permit me to say that neither *at the present*, or any *previous* time, have I had a pupil *of any kind*. My reason for wishing this paragraph contradicted, is that I am much annoyed by persons addressing me upon professional matters, to which I have neither the time nor the disposition to attend.—Yours respectfully, WILLIE B. M. PAPE.

63, *Chayne Walk, Chelsea.*

[We do not remember the paragraph.—ED.]

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA IN NEW YORK.

(*From "Watson's Art Journal," May* 21.)

Strange as it may appear, for disappointments are not the order of the day with the Parepa-Rosa Opera Company, when we reached the Academy on Friday evening, May 13th, a placard announced a change of opera. Mr. Nordblom was sick, and for *Don Giovanni*, *Martha* was to be substituted. Three-fourths of the audience, we are compelled to say, seemed very much rejoiced at the change, preferring to be amused rather than to be instructed—such is the perverseness of our obstinate public. So *Martha* was sung in a manner so generally excellent that little was left to be desired. The chorus was unusually excellent; the voices good and fresh, spirited and prompt to the time, and well up in the action of the scene. The orchestra, under the skilful and careful direction of Carl Rosa, executed the light and graceful accompaniments with much grace, and exhibited more than the usual refinement in the development of artistic shading. It was a most pleasant feature in the performance. It would be impossible to pass over an opera in which Madame Parepa-Rosa sang without paying just tribute to her most admirable singing, and to her most exquisite voice. Of course we feel it very difficult to speak of her in set terms of praise, for we believe that we have exhausted our vocabulary of eulogistic terms, and should, consequently, have to fall into the deadly sin of repetition—not that we are by profession a "repeater." Still the charm of her singing and her voice seems to give eloquence to a barren pen, and language to thoughts exhausted. Her spontaneity seems as involuntary as the bursting of the buds into blossoms in the happy spring time, and, like them, she scatters fragrance, which in her is melody. Her notes flow, they are not made; they come, they are not sought for. They are as pure and bright as the falling drops of crystal water, and as they drop in their purity they form a chain of perfect cyrsoliten, whose value cannot be estimated. To indicate any special excellence would be like time wasted in choosing between two bright stars of equal magnitude. One beauty is but sequential to another, which owns no degree of lesser excellence, so that indeed we know not where to choose. We are, truly, embarrassed with riches, so prodigally does Parepa-Rosa scatter on the expectant air the flashing jewels of her song. Perhaps "The Last Rose of Summer" was never given with such a full sense of rounded beauty as it was by Parepa-Rosa last night. Each note was perfect, and melted one into the other with a blending so delicate that the transitions were imperceptible, and still each note was instinct with sonorous resonance. In addition to this rare and exquisite vocalism, she sang the simple, touching ballad in a manner so unpretentious, with so expression so pure and earnest, and so free from the appearance of artificiality, that it literally brought the house down to her feet. Madame Rosa never won a triumph more complete than upon this occasion, and she may feel proud when she reflects that it was accomplished by pure and chastely impassioned singing, and not by meretricious aids, and that it was sympathy, and not wonder, that held spell-bound the heart and judgment of the audience.

The other artists, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Messrs. Castle and Campbell, sustained Madame Parepa-Rosa in their usual efficient and agreeable manner, and justly shared in the approbation bestowed upon the performance.

Mark Lemon.

(*From "Punch," June* 4, 1870.)

He had been absent: but was with us still
In letters, messages of wonted cheer;
We drank a quick recovery from the sick;
Asked, and were answered, "He will soon be here."

His kindly eyes looked on us from the wall:
In spirit at our board he seemed to sit,
Back into bounds too reckless mirth to call,
To quicken seemly fun and decent wit.

Little we thought the time was near at hand,
When we no more should meet the honest eyes:
Return no more that welcome blithe and bland,
Take counsel of that spirit, kind and wise!

Death has been frequent in our fellowship:
Where is A'Beckett's Babelasian style;
Where Jerrold's wrath 'gainst wrong and lightning quip;
Where Thackeray's half-sad, half sunny smile;

Where Leech's facile hand and faithful brain,
The truest, truest, abstract of the time?
All memories! And he that linked the chain,
Now theme of our obituary rhyme!

Never did brethren of the pen owe more
To elder brother than we owed to him:
Still his wit's weapon like a Knight he bore—
Would never poison point, nor polish dim:

And 'twas his pride to teach us so to bear
Our blades as he bore his—keep the edge keen,
But strike above the belt: and ever wear
The armour of a conscience clear and clean.*

The while he sat among us there was none
But felt the kindlier for his kindliness:
Jealousy resmed his genial smile to shun;
Failure was soothed; more modest grew success.

Never self-seeking, keen for others' rise
And gain, before his own, he loved to see
Young wrestlers of his training win the prize,
Nor asked what *his* part of the prize should be.

His memory will not die out of ours
For many a year to come: the thought of him,
Erewhile associate with our merriest hours,
Will be a sad one, till all thought grows dim.

But what our loss to theirs, who with sick hearts
Sit in the darkened house, whence he has past:
Till new life shall unite whom death disparts,
Where tears are dried, and grief turns joy at last!

* "Sotto l'usbergo del sentirsi puro."—DANTE.

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OPERATIC WRITING AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN RUSSIA.*

THE DEMON:

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS, BY BORIS SCHEEL, FOUNDED ON THE POEM OF THE SAME NAME, BY LERMONTOFF.

(*Continued from page* 279).

The merits of the opera, *William Redcliff*, by S. Kwi, performed last winter, were duly appreciated in these columns; and the work has now disappeared. We must mention, also, S. Kaschperow's opera, *The Thunder Storm*. What dramatic interest can there be in the circumstance that, during the absence of a merchant upon a business journey, his wife becomes faithless to him with another merchant, and then, stung by remorse, flings herself into the Volga? The book is founded upon the romance called *The Kingdom of Darkness*, by the popular folk's author, Ostrowski, and over it S. Kaschperow poured fourth his Italian music. The composer is a little Verdi bidden beyond Moscow who has mixed up Italian motives with Italian forms, and Italian treatment of the voice. This typical specimen of mediocrity is not superior to Werstowski's efforts, and has vanished from the repertory.

A very different kind of personage is M. Alexander Seroff, the ruler for the moment, of Russian opera. Seroff composed *Rusalca*, and did not merely turn national Rossian motives to account. Possessing a profoundly *synthetical* intelligence, he penetrated more deeply into things. He composed in the *spirit* of Sclavonic music, which is based upon a scale (upon another musical alphabet) differing materially from that of the music of Western Europe. Sclavonic music is based, to state the fact concisely (as is appropriate in these columns), upon the ecclesiastical modes, or Gregorian Tonalities. Upon the peculiarities of these do the characteristic features of national Russian melody depend as much as a man's growth upon his backbone. These ecclesiastical modes are the *spina dorsalis* of the grand subject selected for Seroff's opera, *Rogneda*, which embraces no less than the introduction of Christianity into Russia, in the 10th century, by the Prince of Kiew, the Prince Sun (as he is called), subsequently the *holy apostle-like* Grand Prince Wladimir (the Christian name of the Sun of Kiew). The Pagan Prince is led to adopt Christianity, by the self-sacrifice of a Christian for him, because the Christian sees nothing to affright him in death. We perceive, at once, how organically the old Gregorian tonalities take their place in such a subject. It is from national elements, which, transplanted through the Greek Church into Russia, passed into the very soul of Russian feeling and Russian thought—it was from this deep stratum of musical ideas, a stratum not merely lying upon the surface of Russian middle-class society, that Seroff drew his *Rogneda*, which has become a stock-piece, and always commands a full house wherever it is played. Whether Seroff's genially musical, and philosophical speculations have succeeded in creating, in a *synthetic* manner, an opera, whether the attainment of the ideal does not always recede as the artist approaches it, inasmuch as realism (the fusion of words with music) is prejudicial to idealism, or inspiration—this is a question that cannot be discussed here, and for the answer to which we must await with growing interest Seroff's third opera; or, as he himself styles it, his third musical drama, treating a drama of the people, which is to be produced next winter.

In his public lectures, just concluded: *On the historical development of the Ideal in Opera as a Musical Drama*, M. Seroff called all operas with dialogue—"*Singspiele*." † and *Der Freischütz* a *modest Singspiel—Der Freischütz*, in which a nation and not merely a libretto is set to music! *Euryanthe* he calls a grand lyrical opera; *Oberon*, a step *backwards*, and, also, a "*Singspiel*," *because* (sic) *no drama!*

We think that with such a step backwards as *Oberon*, opera made a great step forwards over the whole world, and another step backwards of the same description would be exceedingly desirable, though it will not be made, probably in a hurry in Russia!

We place the Ideal of Opera in our own way over the heart through the feelings, which does not exclude our way over the understanding, as Mozart and Weber teach us. We find that we are better on leaving an opera by Weber; but that, after hearing a musical drama by Wagner, we go away in a more egotistical and material (realistic) mood than when we entered. We find that the path from Weber's *Agathe* leads us to the sanctity of the domestic hearth, but that from a Wagnerian drama into the Orpheum.

Mozart and Weber created types, melodically painted in melody, like Don Juan, Donna Anna, the Commander, Zerline, Leporello—Max, Agathe, Aennchen, and Caspar.

It is not by the musical idea, the incorporation of which constitutes *melodic* invention, that, in musical drama, the dramatic sensations are to be excited in the hearer; these sensations are to be henceforth impressed upon the ear by the material (real) means of sonority, of the power of sound, without clothing the idea in the conditions of musical speech, of melody indispensable to it.

A production as important as gratifying is the opera, *The Demon*, by Boris Scheel, a work corresponding to the object of opera, namely: to work upon the heart and feelings (without excluding the understanding); a work which sprang from inspiration—and not from any system.

The composer displays complete mastery over all mechanical resources in the management of the voices, in the polyphony, and in the judicious employment of the orchestra. Such a style of melody as *this* penetrates to the heart, because it comes from the heart, and not from a system. To give the reader a notion of the work, without drawing any comparison, we say: "The style of melody operates here like Weber's, it lives and moves like Weber's; the facture, on the contrary, the breadth of style, and the tonal impression, are like Meyerbeer's. The progressions arise naturally; the composer is very economical with his modulations, which he employs as a necessity, while other composers at the present day force us to receive them as the *meal itself*."

The romantic, and, we might almost say, sky-blue tone-colours, B major, and E flat major, which have an affinity with the subject, the composer places in the foreground, and represents his personages by thematic modulations of their musical individuality. There is inspiration at work here. The whole is one piece; the whole is one fancy, in which the details aid the entirety. With respect to what is done, and necessarily so at the present day, by technical skill, reflection, and brooding intelligence—there is no leaden hand clapped upon our shoulders with the words: "See how clever, how learned I am!" This is merged in the impression produced upon our feelings: it works as a whole towards the creation of a poetic picture before our inward eye.

The subject, borrowed from Lermontoff's poem, *The Demon*, already mentioned, has been arranged as a libretto by the skilful hand of Count Solobuh, the well-known Russian author. The composer has had the libretto put into German verse, and thinks of presenting his work in this garb to the Berlin public.

We compared Glinka to Pushkin, and Seroff to Gogel; but Scheel, as a composer, and Lermontoff, as a poet, appear to us to represent pure poetical inspiration, charming import, and elegant mastery over form. The subject runs (*summa sequar vestigia*) as follows. Scene: The Caucasus. Nature in her Asiatic splendour. Two betrothed lovers, of princely Caucasian blood, a Prince and a Princess. The Demon, from love for the Prin ess Tamara, swears to destroy the Prince, and conquer the Princess. The Prince is suddenly attacked by a band of mountaineers, with the Demon at their head.

The Prince mortally wounded, promises the Princess, when he is dying, to appear to her at all important conjunctures of her life. Tamara enters a cloister. The Demon, who has long borne in his heart the barb of despising love and contemning, overwhelms her appearance before her. He is the wicked spirit who has tormented her, and avows such to be the case. He informs her that, by returning his love, she can change the evil spirit into a good one. The Princess's womanly heart cannot resist quite without a struggle, the temptation of causing good to triumph over Evil. She revolves the matter in her mind, for the Demon is handsome, and she now loves no one. At the moment she is about to succumb, her dead lover appears before her. Tamara dies from the shock, and her death drives the Demon from the field.—In addition to the three principal factors: the Prince (tenor); the Princess (soprano); and the Demon (bass), the Princess's Father and her Confidante play each a musical part; while a very important one, perhaps the most important, is assumed by the choruses of Angels and Demons, opposed to one another in the plot. The Demon, too, from the very beginning, takes an invisible share in the actions of the other personages.

The story is founded upon a very old Caucasian legend of the dualism between Heaven and Hell, which it dramatically effective. Tamara and the Demon are contrasted with each other like Ormus and Ahriman in the neighbouring land of Persia, whence the legend, no doubt, formerly found its way into the Caucasus.

The score has a *West European* character as regards our ideas of *Opera*, without the slightest Sclavonic pretensions, without any nationality save the universal human nationality of the feelings. The work, as a work, dramatically conceived and dramatically represented, is free from Italian whims; it makes no concessions to the virtuosity of the executants; it is offered them as a work of inspiration, before which the means of execution must give way. Among the most prominent features may be mentioned the introduction in G, with a most charming episode in D, between the choruses representing the principle of Good and that of Evil; the Trio in the descending scale between

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† "*Singspiel*" means a piece generally of no great importance, interspersed with songs.

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Tamara, the Prince, and the Demon, who, though not seen, is not unfelt by them; the well-conceived storm, during which the Prince perishes; the apparition of the Demon in the convent, and his duel with Tamara, which, in a naturally dramatic situation, calls forth his declaration of love and the vacillating emotions of her soul; and the double chorus which concludes the work. A pleasing piece of composition is the ideal ballet-music in the house of the Princess's Father, accompanying the action of the ballet, whilst the characters are expecting the Prince, whom death has meanwhile overtaken; highly original, and based upon chords of the second, is the march-like, demonical motive preceding the apparition of the Evil One, when he tempts Tamara, and lays the treasures of the world at her feet, with the brilliant background of his redemption through her love and through her fall.

The composer, who is of Courlandish descent, is a Russian with a German name, born and bred in Russia. His education, in German books, under great German masters, was German.

W. VON LENZ.

WAIFS.

One artist mortally wounded another in the Turin Theatre Alfieri, during a rehearsal of *La Favorita*. The cause was jealousy.

M. Martinet, of the Athenée, has been definitively accepted as the new director of the Théâtre Lyrique.

It is proposed to revive Auber's *Philtre* at the Grand Opéra, with Mdme. Carvalho as *Térésina*.

Miss Minnie Hauck has been re-engaged at the Vienna opera, and will resume her performances in September next.

M. Bagier's *troupe* have closed their Baden representations with a performance of *Il Trovatore*.

A new opera, called *The Three Musketeers*, but having nothing to do with M. Alexandre Dumas, has been brought out at Milan.

Two young lady violinists have arrived in London, Mdlle. Marie Tayau and Mdlle. Liebé.

On Monday, June 20th, a new piece, *Our Island Home*, will be produced at the Gallery of Illustration; the libretto is by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, music by Mr. German Reed.

Herr Oberthür, the accomplished harpist, has returned to London after fulfilling engagements at the Philharmonic and other concerts in Dublin.

The marriage of Signor Polonini with Mdlle. Lelia Ricci is contradicted by *Le Ménestrel*, though it appears that the lady has formed a connection with a base whose fine is comic.

M. Vogt, the celebrated French hautboist, has just died, aged ninety years. He was a Conservatoire student in the year VI. of the Republic.

According to the *Paris Journal*, four financiers have agreed to supply M. Carvalho with a new theatre, wherein he may try to stem the tide of ill-luck which has so long set against him.

M. Vachot, director of the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie, has given up his intention to produce *Lohengrin* at the Paris Italiens. *Tant mieux pour M. Vachot.*

M. Offenbach has been seriously ill of late; but is now sufficiently recovered to make arrangements for six weeks' rest and relaxation, at Ems and Wiesbaden.

Madame Nadine Dunord, the Russian vocalist, who has lately arrived from Italy, made a favourable *début* at the Crystal Palace Concert, on Saturday. She sang "Robert toi que j'aime" with such power and feeling as to elicit well merited applause. Madame Dunord also joined M. Urio and chorus in the "Miserere," from *Il Trovatore*.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, *Ages Ago* and *Happy my Neighbour*, is advertised for the last performance on Saturday, June 18, when the former piece will have reached its 202nd representation. On the following Monday a novelty, from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, entitled *Our Island Home*, will be produced. Mr. German Reed has composed the music. The plot, we hear, is of novel construction, enabling every member of the company to appear *in propriâ personâ*.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The performance of Lord Lytton's drama of *The Rightful Heir*, in which Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN, Sir Charles Young, and several distinguished amateurs were to have taken parts, on the 16th instant, has been postponed until Wednesday, July 13th, in consequence of serious illness in the families of two of the principal performers. The proceeds will be contributed to to "The Working Mens' Club and Institute Union."

We read as follows in the *Dublin Express*:—

"It will be a source of gratification to Dr. Stewart's friends and admirers to learn that a high compliment has just been paid him from the other side of the Channel. Dr. Stewart's *Ode on Shakspere* has been selected for performance at the Birmingham Festival. This speaks well for the merits of Dr. Stewart's cantata. Indeed few could compete with Dr. Stewart in some departments of his noble art, as his numerous prizes in composition testify. His cantata will now take its place at Birmingham beside the works of some of the most elevated composers of the world. Such a fact, of course, enhances the distinction shown towards this gifted Irishman, and is in Professor Stewart's case a graceful recognition of real genius."

Party feeling runs high in our English Convocation, but in the Scotch Synods there is a general tendency to repress demonstrations. On some occasions, however, it is impossible to curb the spirit, and an amusing instance of the length to which the feeling against the use of "human" hymns is carried in the Free Church was given a few nights ago, when a member of the Assembly made a speech against the introduction of an authorized hymnal. Waxing mightier in his wrath, he was at last heard to mutter, "And Judas went and hanged himself"—a remark naturally felt to be a reflection on the probable end of all those who use "human" hymns. Taking this view of the question, a Mr. Kidston approached the speaker, and tapped him on the shoulder, to caution him to restrain his feelings; but this added fuel to the fire, and Mr. Walters turned round on the intruder, amid the laughter of the Assembly, with the forcible piece of advice—"Go thou and do likewise."

We have more than once adverted to the cruelty of certain public amusements, and from week to week our views are confirmed by accidental mishaps. A few days ago an acrobat was killed while having a stone slab broken with a sledge on his chest. In London we had some pretty and perilous spectacles for the recreation of our holiday-folk and visitors in Derby week. Little children played prominent parts. In one establishment a lady clothed as a street tumbler tossed a couple of infants in the air with a confiding belief in her skill in catching them. She balanced on her head a male gymnast, who had also a turn at the young clowns, making them trundle over the stage in imitation of hoops, and perform a series of monkey tricks which were loudly applauded. Perhaps the most disagreeable sight, however, was that of a female comic performer of about eight years of age. Cruelty to animals is being put down; something has been done for sweeps; why not an effort for the reclamation from torture of baby singers, dancers, and "phenomena" generally? There are no people so attached to children as the English. We make our artists paint nursery pets, and yet we promote the exhibition of boys and girls in degrading and dangerous performances. The worst of it is that these performances are increased in difficulty and hazard through competition, and the taste for them becomes stronger and stronger.

There will be a musical festival in Rostock in July. Both Mdme. Joachim and her husband will take part in it.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

G. W. MARTIN.—"Lothair," song, composed by G. W. Martin.
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VOL. 48—No. 25. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870. Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND SUMMER CONCERT and FASHIONABLE PROMENADE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).—Madame Ilma di Murska, Madame Volpini, Madame Sinico, Madame Monbelli, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Verger, Ragoer, and Castelli. The Crystal Palace Choir. The Company's Saturday Orchestral Band. Conductor—Mr. Manns.

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PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening (SATURDAY), "FAUST." Mephistopheles, M. Faure; Faust, Signor Gardoni; Valentine, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

MONDAY, June 20, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Fernando, Signor Ragoer; Ruiz, Signor Archinti; Un Zingaro, Signor Tagliafico; Inez, Madame Corsi; Azucena, Mdlle. Curi; and Leonora, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska (her second appearance in that character in London).

TUESDAY, June 21, Rossini's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodorigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his first appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Curi; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character).

THURSDAY, June 23rd, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul di Nesgis, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di Sti. Bris, M. Faure; Il Conte di Nevers, Mr. Santley; Marcello, Signor Foli; Huguenot Soldier, Signor Rinaldini; Tavannes, Signor Archinti; De Coss, Mr. Lyall; Du Retz, Signor Treviso; Bevs, Signor Castelli; Maurevert, Signor Zoboli; Coprifuoco, Signor Tagliafico; Dame d'Oneve, Madame Corsi; Bohemienne, Mdlle. Fiorelli; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Valentine de Rosier, Madame Barbot (her first appearance in London).

On SATURDAY, June 25, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

Acting Manager ... ... MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF has the honour to announce that she will give a MATINÉE MUSICALE, on TUESDAY, June 21st, 1870, at Three o'Clock, at 34, Dover Street, by kind permission of Mrs. Washington Hibbert, under the immediate Patronage of their R.H. the Prince and Princess Christian, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cleveland, H.R.H. the Princess May Adelaide, His Serene Highness the Prince of Teck, the Duchess of Buccleuch, Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, Duchess of Richmond, &c., &c. Artists—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Volpini, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Signor Bettini, and Signor Gardoni (by kind permission of G. Wood, Esq.); Madame Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Miss Margaret Fairman, Mrs. Sunderland; Miss Edith Wynne; Mr. Osborne-Goodall; Mr. Lefort, Mr. Arthur Byron, Mr. Patey, and Signor Rossi. Pianos—The Misses Kinloch, and Signor Randegger. Violoncello—Signor Bazzini. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Fiori, and A. Randegger. Tickets, 15s. each; to be had of Madame Rudersdorff, at her Residence, 34, Dover Street, Piccadilly; 1, Hanover Road, St. John's Wood; and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS'S MATINEE MUSICALE, on the 23rd, at his Residence, under Distinguished Patronage. Miss K. Poyntz and Mdlle. Colnaghi; MM. Lewis Thomas, H. Thomas, Paque, and Benedict. Mr Baylis will sing, "The Death of General Wolfe," and "Sir Ralph Abercrombie" (Braham). Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had at 18, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S FOURTH and LAST GRAND CONCERT this Season, MONDAY Evening, June 20th, at St. James's Hall, commencing at Half-past Two. Soloists—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Gardoni, Signor Foli, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who will make his only appearance in Sacred Music during the London Season. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. Reserved Sofa Stalls, £1 1s.; Area Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls (front row), 10s.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 5s.; Upper Balcony, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street, City; Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Mr. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor — Mr. W. G. Cusins. LAST CONCERT but ONE, MONDAY Evening, June 20th, St. James's Hall, Eight o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d.—Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Chappell's; Mitchell's; R. Olivier's; Keith, Prowse's; A. Hays; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

THE CHEVALIER ANTOINE DE KONTSKI, Pianist, has the honour to announce his GRAND CONCERT, at St. James's Hall, on FRIDAY Evening, June 24th. Vocalists—Mdlle. Lichtnert and Madame Patey (Pupils of Benedict); Madame Nailini Dewert, Madame Doni, Mdlle. Lani, and Madame Cruelle-Fyne; Herr Reichardt and Mr. Trelawny Cobham; Signor Monteilli and Signor Chiabrin; Mons. Waldeck, Herr Daak, and Mons. Jules Lefort. Instrumentalists: Violin—M. Sainton; Violoncello—M. Alberti; Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattei and Chevalier de Kontski. A Selection of Part Songs will be sung by a German Choral Society. Conductors—Mr. Benedict, Herr Ganz, Signor Catalani, and Herr Lehmeyer. Fauteuils, £1 1s.; Stalls (No. 8a), 10s. 6d.; Area and Balcony, 5s.; Tickets, 3s. Tickets of Austin, St. James's Hall; Mr. Mowey & Co., Holles Street; and the Chevalier de Kontski, 56, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. OBERTHÜR'S MATINÉE.

UNDER the Immediate Patronage of HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON. MR. OBERTHÜR'S MATINEE MUSICALE, on WEDNESDAY, June 29th, at his Residence, 74, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park. Artists—Mdlle. Orgeni, Miss E. Armstrong, Miss. Osborne Williams, M. J. Lefort, Chevalier A. de Kontski, Herr L. Straus, M. Albert, Mr. Hallett Sheppard, Herr Lehmeyer, Mr. Oberthür. Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had at Lonsdale's, Schott's, or of Mr. Oberthür.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, JUNE 22, at the St. James's Hall, under the immediate patronage of the Royal Family. Artists already engaged—Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Volpini, Lucombe, Mitchell, Lewitzky, Reboux, Carola, Orgeni, Duval, Rudersdorff, Liebhart, Edith Wynne, Ilma di Murska, and Patey; Mdlle. Marie Krebs; Mr. Cummings, Osborne Williams, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini.—Doors open at 12.30; to commence at 1.30 precisely, and terminate at 6 o'clock.

JUNE 22ND.—MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—MM. Mongini, Gardoni, Bettini, Reichardt, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Faure, Foli, Verger, Bossi, G. Garcia, Jules Lefort, Waldeck, Patey, and Santley.—Tickets at the principal Libraries and Musicsellers; and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, WEDNESDAY Next, June 22nd.—Instrumentalists—Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Lindsay Sloper, Benedict, F. H. Cowen, Sig. Randegger, Pezzi, Herr Aug. Wolff, Mdlle. Castellan; Sig. Piatti and M. Paque; Mr. John Thomas and Mdlle. Volckmann. Conductors—MM. Costa, Benedict, Sullivan, Emile Berger, W. Carter, and Randegger. Tickets of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square, W.

MONDAY NEXT.—MR. GANZ'S ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, at St. James's Hall. Doors open at One; commence at Two o'Clock. Artists—Mesdames Adelina Patti, Madigan, Scalchi, Monbelli, Trebelli-Bettini, Liebhart, Enequist, Carola, Leon Duval, Orgeni, Edith Wynne, Patey; MM. Reichardt, G. Perren, Rosiaud, Bagshaw, Bettini, Foli, Lefort, Patey, De Kontski, Paque, Bertgrand, Randegger, Lehmeyer. Mattei, Ganz. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Balcony Stalls and Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Area and Orchestra, 5s.; Admission, 2s. Tickets at the principal Musicsellers; and at Austin's Ticket Office; and of Mr. Ganz, 15, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. IGNACE GIBSONE begs to announce that his THIRD RECITAL will take place at St. George's Hall, on WEDNESDAY, June 22nd, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Pontroost, and Miss Poole. Conductor—Signor Tito Mattei. Mr. Gibsone will play Book 3 of his Meditations for Piano. Tickets of Mesars. Ashdown & Parry, 18, Hanover Square; Hutchings & Romer, 9, Conduit Street; and the Hall.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, under the patronage of Lady Marian Alford, and Lady Elizabeth Cust, will take place at St. George's Hall, July 5th. Full particulars and names of Artists will be duly announced.—10, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W.

MDLLE. DRASDIL was encored in singing (First Time) "HE IS UPON THE LONELY DEEP" (new song by the composer of "The Weaver"), at St. James's Hall, 23rd inst., and will repeat it on the following dates:—June 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 27th; July 7th.

MISS BANKS will sing "AH! MY HEART IS WEARY" (new song by the composer of "The Weaver"), at Miss Walton's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, June 21th.

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MR. JULES LEFORT will sing OBERTHUR'S admired song, "JE VOUDRAIS ETRE" (accompanied on the Harp by the composer), at Mr. Oberthür's Matinée Musicale, June 20th.

MDME. MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, etc For Terms, and Lessons, Address, 16, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD will sing at the Concert of Le Chevalier Antoine de Kontski, St. James's Hall, June 24th, the grand air, DU SOMMEIL, from Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," and a new song by Le Chevalier de Kontski, accompanied by the Composer.

MISS MARGARET GALLOWAY (Soprano) will sing in London on the 16th, 21st, 27th, and 30th June; and in Sudbury (Suffolk), at the Agricultural Festival, July 8th. Address, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S Fantaisie-Overture, "PARADISE AND THE PERI," for a Pianoforte Duet. To be performed at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday Next. Just published, price 5s., LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE CHARM," Hanover Square Rooms, 24th; City, 30th; Hanover Square Rooms, July 7th; and at his other principal Engagements. Address' for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., 29, Old Bond Street.

MISS POYNTZ, MR. G. PERREN, and MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing RAVENSCROFT'S popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Mr. F. Arden's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, 24th.

MISS POYNTZ, MR. CUMMINGS, and MR. HARLEY VINNING, will sing RAVENSCROFT'S popular trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at Miss Poyntz's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, July 7th.

COMMUNICATIONS for MISS FENNELL respecting Concerts and other Musical Engagements may be addressed for her to Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, or to Miss Fennell's Residence, 92, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. Miss Fennell hopes to be in London on the 20th of June, and will remain for one month.

MISS BANKS will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON GURNEY'S romance, "A SUMMER EVE," at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Miss Elizabeth Walton's Grand Concert, June 27th.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th (THIS DAY), at Miss E. Walton's Matinée.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS will sing ASCHER'S popular romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" BENEDICT'S "NULLA DA TEL ANGELO," and the tenor part of RAVENSCROFT'S trio, "I NAVIGANTI," at the Beethoven Rooms, June 18th (THIS DAY).

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N.B. All the Afternoons are free up to July. For terms, apply to Mr. Wilkinson, Manager. Office, 4, Langham Place, Regent Street.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA begs to announce his arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 9, Mortimer Road, Greville Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Amateurs of opera owe a good deal to the managerial habit of announcing beforehand exactly what novelties are selected for production. A proof of this has just been supplied by Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, who, if they had played the childish game of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and take what Heaven may send you," would have excited great expectations, and entailed proportionate disappointment. Knowing that some, but not what, novelty was forthcoming, the public might naturally have reasoned after this fashion: "Any work chosen by the managers of one of the chief lyric theatres in the world as an addition to its *répertoire* is bound to have great and distinguished claims." The logic is irrefragable, and it can easily be imagined how the curious anticipator would have passed in review the array of great works never yet heard at Covent Garden, and estimated the pretensions of each—satisfied all the time that, in any case, one would be forthcoming. Not less easy is it to picture the revulsion caused by an ultimate announcement that choice had fallen upon Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, a work the history of which grew only of three representations at St. Petersburgh, some months ago; while his connection with lyric drama in England is represented by *Almina*, an opera played also for three nights at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860. But, happily, Signor Campana's new work was announced in the prospectus of the season, time being thus given to prepare for it, and to investigate the reasons for its choice. We think those reasons hard of discovery. The opera could scarcely have been brought out on account of Signor Campana's reputation, the interest of the story (always a secondary matter in opera) or the unchallengeable merit of the music; and we are driven to conclude that a new part for Madame Patti was the chief, if not the sole, desideratum. Even this is unsatisfactory; because, granting, as we do most readily, that an extension of Madame Patti's *repertoire* was desirable, it by no means follows that *Esmeralda* alone could supply the means. *Esmeralda* has supplied the means, nevertheless; and we may as well quit the field of speculation for that of fact.

Signor Campana has been fortunate in his subject, and in the skill of his literary co-worker. There is no need to discuss here the romantic interest of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, or its special adaptation to purposes connected with the lyric drama. Few who read the novel fail either to appreciate both, or to wonder that operatic success desirable, it by no means follows that *Esmeralda* alone could supply the means. *Esmeralda* has supplied the means, nevertheless; and we may as well quit the field of speculation for that of fact.

Signor Campana has been fortunate in his subject, and in the skill of his literary co-worker. There is no need to discuss here the romantic interest of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, or its special adaptation to purposes connected with the lyric drama. Few who read the novel fail either to appreciate both, or to wonder that operatic success could be achieved by the story in the hands of composers who are not great. So far, fortune has been on the side of Signor Campana, who, in securing the assistance of Signor Cimino as librettist, obtained another advantage of special importance. To dramatise a novel is not a task of ordinary difficulty; but to adapt a complicated story for operatic purposes can hardly be done with other than a remote prospect of success. Signor Cimino may fairly be congratulated upon his treatment of *Notre Dame de Paris*, a work which will render the task of possible respect is due to the original. True, he has suppressed Quasimodo; but who would care to have such a character prominent in opera? True, also, he has magnified Estella into another revenge-ful Ameena; but who will complain, seeing that a contrast, and not dramatic interest has thus been provided? Once admit the operatic adaptation of a story, and it is impossible to overlook the exigencies involved—on which ground Signor Cimino stands acquitted of all treason, high or low, against the majesty of Victor Hugo. *Notre Dame de Paris* is so well known that a recital of the plot of *Esmeralda* may be superfluous; we, nevertheless, insert it as given by the translator of the libretto, Mr. J. P. Williams.

"Esmeralda, a young girl of singular grace and beauty, who has, when a child, been stolen from her parents and brought up by gipsies, is loved with an irrepressible passion by Claude Frollo, the Archdeacon of Notre Dame. The innocent girl is protected from the unrelenting pursuit of the guilty priest by Phœbus de Chateaupers, a handsome young captain in the Scotch Archers, a corps which—as all readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember—was then in the service of the French monarch. For the young Phœbus, Esmeralda conceives an absorbing affection, which the soldier returns with equal ardour. Claude Frollo surprises the lovers during one of their secret interviews; maddened by furious jealousy, he stabs his rival in the back, and escapes unperceived. Esmeralda, who is discovered near the dead body of her lover, is accused of having murdered him, and a variety of circumstances tending to convict her of the crime, the hapless maiden is arrested and condemned to death. Claude Frollo offers her the means of escape, on condition that she shall consent to his guilty proposals—an offer which Esmeralda rejects with scorn. After a brief interview with her mother—whom she has only just discovered, and for whom she has so long and so ardently sought—the unhappy girl is dragged to the scaffold and executed, while Claude Frollo, tortured by grief and remorse, commits suicide, and expires at the foot of the scaffold."

How much a composer of genius might do with this story, we need not say; and there is, consequently, all the more cause for regret that it fell into the hands of Signor Campana, who scarcely rises even once to the height of its argument. As a matter of fact, the libretto was too good for the composer; because, at the lowest estimate, it might have challenged the genius of Signor Verdi, with whom Signor Campana has little in common, save nationality. This being the case, we shall not go through the opera number by number, wasting time and space upon the minute criticism warranted only when works of merit are considered. There are, however, some salient features it may be necessary to point out, *pour encourager les autres*—those, we mean, who are striving to attain Signor Campana's end with no more than Signor Campana's means. To begin, even free-thinkers on questions of harmony may find matter for objection in nearly every page of the work. Signor Campana stands not upon the order of his modulations, but modulates at once; with a disregard of proprieties which would be sublime if it were not something else. The smallest details of grammar, moreover, are so coolly set at defiance that we well-nigh incline to believe grammar has lost its blinding power. This might be pardoned if outweighed by original themes, masterly development, and dramatic force; but for such things we look through the opera almost in vain. In fact, we might apply to *Esmeralda* the familiar remark, "What is good is not new, and what is new is not good." As an example of the former, take the concerted piece immediately following the revelation of Esmeralda's nationality, wherein Signor Campana suggests *La Favorita* and *Lucia* with astonishing fidelity. As regards the latter, we may give a general direction to take the first number that involves no reminiscences, confident in the assurance of its bearing out our remark. Briefly, *Esmeralda* is the work of a composer whose ambition has outgrown his powers and placed him in a false position. If it be asked, Has, then, *Esmeralda* no merit at all? we answer that, however it may appear from a lower stand-point, regarded as a serious attempt at writing serious opera, it must be pronounced the failure we have described.

Forgive, though denying Signor Campana the ability to write a great work, determined, with her usual capriciousness, to indulge him in other ways. Rarely, for example, has any opera been brought out under such advantageous conditions as *Esmeralda*. With Madame Patti as the heroine, supported by Mdlle. Scalchi (Estella), Signor Naudin (Phœbus), and Signor Graziani (Claude), the opera, were it worse than it is, would be endowed for a time with life. No wonder, therefore, that applause was frequent, that the artists were often recalled, and that the audience demanded a sight of the composer. Madame Patti, by virtue of singing which for facility and brilliance challenged comparison, and of acting such as is rarely witnessed on the lyric stage, might alone have produced these results. Her Esmeralda, we fancy, will live, when Signor Campana's music is forgotten, becoming, in fact, the Esmeralda of the enduring romance, rather than of the opera. To enumerate all Madame Patti's successes would be tedious, and it must, therefore, suffice to say that whether as the gay and fantastic, the love-stricken maiden, or the victim of judicial error, she was interesting and attractive to the highest degree. Mdlle. Scalchi, as Estella, appeared laudably anxious to do justice to her part, in which task she succeeded well enough to continually remind us of a better known gipsy mother. Signor Graziani was sufficiently melodramatic as Claude, and sang throughout with as much energy as he acted. Yet higher praise belongs to Signor Naudin, who won an encore for a "soldier's song," doing all his work, moreover, in a fashion as conscientious as it was able. Signor Caravoglia took the small part of Tristan, Signor Fallar that of a priest, and both band and chorus were efficient under Signor Vianesi's direction. The *mise-en-scène*, for the most part familiar, was good enough for a better work.

THADDEUS EGG.

DORNBACHT.—The Society for the Promotion of Musical Art lately gave an exultant performance of Spohr's oratorio, *Die letzten Dinge*, and of Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*.

COLOGNE.—The Association for Male Voices, "Lieder-Kranz"—which carried off the first prize at Brussels—gave, a short time since, its first concert this season, before an audience of above four thousand persons. The pieces most highly applauded were Mendelssohn's setting of the *Festgesang an die Künstler*, and *Deutscher Schwur und deutsches Gebet*, by Möhring.

MONTENEGRO.—It appears that the difference existing between Mdme. Mallinger and the management of the Stadttheater arose from a cause not entirely unknown in operatic circles.

"Hoarse, sirs, or not hoarse?"
—That was all the question."

Mdme. Mallinger says she *was* hoarse; so does Mdme. Mallinger's husband; and so do the medical men called in by them. The management, supported by their own medical man, affirms that she was no such thing. "A very pretty quarrel," as Sir Lucius would have observed.

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Charles Dickens.

While his life's lamp seemed clearest, most intense,
A light of wit and love to great and small,
By the dark angel he is summoned hence,
To solve the mightiest mystery of all!

Hearing that he has passed beyond the veil,
Before the Judge who metes to men their dues,
Men's cheeks, through English-speaking lands, turn pale,
For as the speaking wires can bear the news—

Blanched at this sudden snapping of a life,
That seemed of all our lives to hold a share;
So were our memories with his fancies rife,
So much of *his* thought *our* thoughts seemed to bear.

Charles Dickens dead! It is as if a light
In every English home were quenched to-day;
As if a face all knew had passed from sight,
A hand all loved to press were turned to clay.

Question who will his power, its range, its height,
His wisdom, insight,—this at least we know:
All in his love's warmth and his humour's light
Rejoiced and revelled,—old, young, high or low—

Learnèd, unlearnèd—from the boy at school
To the judge on the bench, none read but owned
The large heart o'er which the large brain held rule,
The fancy by whose side clear sense sat throned.

The observation that made all its own,
The shaping faculty that breathed life's breath
In types, all felt they knew and still had known,
Life-like, except that they are safe from death.

Since Shakspere's, where the pen that so hath lent
Substance to airy nothings of the brain,
His fancies seem with men's experience blent,
Till to take each for other we are fain?

And who that ever wielded such a power
Used it so purely to such Christian end,
Used it to quicken the millennial hour,
When rich to poor shall be as friend to friend?

Who can say how much of that love's pure leaven
That leavens now the lump of this our world,
With influence as of a present Heaven,
Like light athwart chaotic darkness hurled,

May be traced up to springs by him unsealed,
To clods by him stirred round affection's roots
To hearts erst hard, but by his fires annealed
To softness whereof Love's works are the fruits?

Mourn, England, for another great one gone,
To join the great ones who have gone before—
And put a universal mourning on,
Where'er sea breaks on English-speaking shore.

His works survive him, and his works' work too—
Of love and kindness and good will to men,
Hate of the wrong, and reverence of the true,
And war on all that shuns truth's eagle-ken.

Earth's two chief nations mourners at his tomb:
Their memories for his monument: their love
For his reward!—Such is his glorious doom,
Whom mortal praise or blame no more shall move.

Punch.

Opera.—A series of Russian operatic performances will be given here during the months of July and August.

Stockholm.—Mdme. Clara Schumann has been created an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Music.

Barcelona.—Mdme. Blume-Sauter has left Italy and been engaged as *prima donna* at the Teatro del Liceo of this town. She made her first appearance as Elisabeth in Verdi's *Don Carlo*.

Breslau.—A performance of Herr J. Vogl's oratorio, *Die Auferweckung des Lazarus*, was given a short time since, under the direction of Herr R. Thoma, in the church of St. Elisabeth, and afforded great satisfaction.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES DICKENS.

On Tuesday morning, at half-past nine, the remains of Charles Dickens were privately buried in Westminster Abbey. The body left Gadshill Place at six, and was conveyed in special train to the Charing Cross terminus. There the coffin was removed to a hearse, without feathers or trappings. Following were three plain mourning coaches, containing the members of the family and a few friends, as follows:—In the first coach were Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., Mr. Harry Dickens, Miss Dickens, Mrs. Charles Collins. In the second coach, Miss Hogarth, Mrs. Austin (Mr. Dickens's sister), Mrs. Charles Dickens, jun., Mr. John Forster. In the third coach, Mr. Frank Beard, Mr. Charles Collins, Mr Ouvry, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Edmund Dickens. None of the mourners wore bands or scarves, but were simply in plain deep black.

At a quarter past nine the cortège quitted the station, where it attracted little observation; the consent of the family to the interment in Westminster Abbey having only been obtained late on Monday, and then on condition that strict privacy was observed, and the ceremony should take place at a time when no crowd was likely. To these stipulations the Dean instantly consented; in fact, he had proffered them when making his urgent request to the family that the remains should be allowed to rest in Westminster Abbey. A grave had been prepared in the St. Mary's Chapel of Rochester Cathedral; but all will feel glad that Mr. Dickens's relatives, at the last moment, consented to gratify a national desire. The funeral procession reached Dean's Yard at half-past nine. The body was received by Dean Stanley, the canons, and other officials, and was conveyed through the western cloister door along the nave into the Chapel of St. Faith, better known as Poet's Corner. Here, after the Abbey was closed on Monday night, a grave had been dug, simply surrounded by a black cloth border to indicate the narrow opening. The grave is situated at the foot of the coffin of Handel, and at the head of the coffin of Sheridan, and between the coffins of Macready, the great tragedian, and the dramatic poet. Near to the side of Dickens, and towards his feet, lie Johnson and Garrick, while close to them reposes Campbell. The statue of Addison and the bust of Thackeray overlook the grave at its head. Shakspere's monument is not far from its foot; those of Goldsmith and the Duke of Argyll are on the left. The Dean read the Burial Service, which was over by ten, before any visitors were admitted. It was the Prayer Book Service, read, not chanted or intoned. Between prayers the organ played a soft voluntary. When the coffin, in plain oak, was lowered into the grave, and the service was over, it was strewn with wreaths and flowers by the female mourners; one large chaplet of white roses was placed at the head. The brass plate bore the simple inscription—

Charles Dickens,
Born February 7th, 1812.
Died June 9th, 1870.

During the day the grave was left open, and the news of the interment becoming known, thousands came to take a last look on the shell which holds the remains of one whose name will long be held in honour by Englishmen and all English-speaking nations.

PERSONAL OPERA.

We have heard a good deal lately about personal government, about the risk to society when its framework rests on the shoulders of one man, and about many other dangers flowing from the same source. All this has its analogy in opera, where we see what, after their fashion, are great and important enterprises, subject to the vagaries of, or the accidents that may happen to, a single *prima donna*. An illustrative case is immediately at hand, furnished us from Drury Lane Theatre, by means of the hoarseness which has attacked Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Everybody knows that at the very outset of her present season in London the Swedish artist had to disappoint her admirers, and that ever since she has appeared only in fits and starts, not depended upon by the public, and not of much value to a manager. The result can hardly be hidden from those who have eyes to see; Drury Lane Theatre shows conspicuously empty benches; and not all the attraction of an admirable *ensemble* in which admirable artists take part, can atone for the absence of the reigning soprano. This is nothing short of humiliating; and we may well inquire into the case of such a result, that the burden of its responsibility may be laid on

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the right shoulders, and the secret of its removal discovered, if, haply, discovery is possible.

It is obvious, to begin with, that blame cannot attach to managers, who, by engaging favourite *prime donne* on absurdly high terms, do that which, though it may ruin them eventually, alone renders opera at all possible. Without in the least disparaging either and able artists, we may ask what would Covent Garden be in the absence of Mesdames Patti and Lucca more than Drury Lane has been in the absence of Mdlle. Nilsson? The most casual observer of such matters knows that an abandonment of the "star" system, would revolutionize opera altogether, and necessitate appeals (which would find but little response) to another public than that now sustaining the institution. Managers, if they must be managers, have, consequently, no choice but to bid high for favourites, and pay in hard and heavy cash for the pleasure of risking their all upon the delicate throats and yet more tender susceptibilities of foreign song birds. But if we must acquit the managers, who have nothing but Hobson's choice before them, neither can we blame the artists, who naturally improve their position to the utmost, and make prodigious quantities of hay during the possibly short time that their sun may shine. No doubt if these extremely lucky individuals—the artists we mean—were free from the shortcomings natural to humanity, they would use their power with greater regard for the interests of those who pay them so heavily. But they are not thus free; and, moreover, they possess, as a rule, all the illogical impulses which belong to the sex now trying so hard to become our masters. Hence we bear from time to time of capriciousness, thoughtlessness, or selfishness on the part of *prime donne* which are hard to tolerate, much more hard to forgive. Let us suppose, for example, that a favourite singer, in full view of a heavy season likely to make corresponding demands upon her powers, wastes her energies in superfluous work, begins the season in impaired health, and even then spends the strength belonging to her manager for the gratification of private and exalted circles. It is clear that this course lies within the bounds of possibility; and, therefore, we may well complain of a system that enables it to bring close upon ruin such a great art-enterprise as a first-class lyric theatre must necessarily be.

Upon the shoulders of the operatic public, and of the press at large, we fancy that responsibility in the matter of which we write must be placed. The former—those excepted who frequent the upper regions and encore all the best music, but who count least in a manager's estimate—are merely followers of a fashion they themselves, or their journalistic teachers, have made. Music stands for little, and Mozart may pour out his choicest strains in vain if the reigning favourite be absent. The illustration of this at Drury Lane on Saturday was most melancholy; crowds turned their back upon *Le Nozze di Figaro* supported by artists like Valpini, Lewitzky, Faure, and Santley, because one of its characters was not sustained by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. All the more melancholy did this exhibition of bad taste appear as account of the helplessness of an immediate cure. The time will come perhaps—though we are by no means sanguine about it—when those who are the chief support of opera will regard a good *ensemble* as the chief operatic good; no longer looking upon everything as concentrated in the person of a single favourite artist. If this change for the better be possible the press can certainly hasten it by refusing to trumpet forth at enormous length the praises of reigning sopranos, while the just claims of other artists not so fashionable meet with scant attention. We commend this matter to those whom it most concerns, and who are quite intelligent enough to see, without exposition from us, in how a great a measure they ensure the continuance of personal specs.

THADDEUS EGG.

THE ORGAN PEDALIERA—A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Ever since the penny exhibition at the country fairs, a generation ago, of the celebrated Miss Biffin cutting devices in paper and card-board with her toes, and writing, besides, a very fluent current hand, the thought has been in my mind to suggest the possibility of a more economical pedal-board for the organ—economical with regard to expenditure of power and space; saving both time and strength, by adapting the keys to the toes instead of to the feet of the performer. I have been too much afraid of being laughed out of the project at the outset, to even mention my views. But recently what I have always regarded as a certainty has received such ample corroboration by the display of violin fantasias produced through the mediumship of the ten toes only, at one of the London music-halls, by a German musician who was born without arms, that it may be inferred that the time has arrived for giving my suggestion some sort of publicity by mentioning it in your journal.

The organ-builders might enter at my suggestion involving serious modifications of plans already thought to be perfect; but, when the numerous alterations in clavichords, from early times to now, are considered, it will be indeed stranger if some one amongst their number should not be courageous enough to brave prejudice in giving such a modification of the *pedaliera* as will admit of its being played with the toes, at least a trial. The saving of space would be such as to enable the whole key-board compass to be placed within the same space as the ordinary two-and-a-half octaves now in use. More than double the quantity of notes could be easily brought within reach; also two or three sets of pedal-keys, if required, could readily be made available. Then as to ease and comfort in playing, to say nothing of smoothness, grace, and beauty in delivering the music. Such a fugue as Bach's "Giant," and others of a like character, instead of being jolted and chattered out with noisy impetuosity could be presented with as much ease and fluency as the five-finger exercises are now played by the merest tyro on the pianoforte. If we look at the difficulty of the violin as compared with the pianoforte when only the hands are considered, the fact of fantasias being performed on the violin by means of the feet alone places beyond the reach of doubt the practicability of scale passages being performed upon a pedal-board made for the toes, with a very small amount of labour. Indeed I am convinced that it is only for some one to *try* the experiment, and he may very speedily demonstrate it for himself. I am aware that whatever is new is received at first with caution; and in this aspect of the question it would appear to rest with some of our organ-builders to essay the application of a new pedal-board to be played by the toes. I merely throw out the idea, leaving those interested to try it or not, as it may please them to entertain or reject the suggestion. The field that would thus be opened up for new effects appears to my mind almost unbounded.—Yours very truly,

Maidstone, June 1, 1870. GEORGE TOLHURST.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—We read in the *Malvern News* of last Saturday:—

"The musical and literary entertainment which took place at the Concert Hall on Tuesday last was a decided success, the attendance being large and satisfactory. The chorals, 'Let all men praise the Lord,' and 'Incline thine Ear,' solo, sung with great taste by Mr. J. W. Stoyle, were well received and warmly applauded. 'The Fields of Paradise' was effectively rendered by Miss Smith. The second part of the programme consisted of songs, glees, &c. 'Awake, Æolian Lyre,' was sung with much spirit, and 'The Dawn of Day,' was well rendered. Miss Davis, Messrs. Smith and Stoyle were encored in 'Oh, Stranger, lend the gentle Bark,' and other pieces were also sung in an admirable manner. Mr. J. Stoyle played Beethoven's romance in F, and Mr. J. T. Horniblow, of Tewkesbury Abbey Church, conducted the performances. The entertainment proved so far successful as to pay its expenses."

FINGEST (Henley-upon-Thames).—A correspondent writes us that:—

"An evening concert was given on Wednesday, June 8th, under the direction of Mdme. Marie d'Anfreta (towards the funds for placing a stained glass window in Fingest Church), in a 'barn,' kindly lent for the purpose by Mr. T. Hussey. The 'barn' was most tastefully decorated with paintings, flowers, moss banks, wreaths, &c., by Miss A. Swift, sister of Mdme. d'Annetta. Upwards of 400 persons obtained admission, while numbers were unable to get even standing room. The concert opened with the 'Gipsy Chorus' from *Preciosa*, sung with great precision by the Fingest Glee Choir, and followed by the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, capitally executed on the harmonium, by Mdme. d'Annetta. Mr. Greenwood sang 'M'appari' charmingly, although his splendid voice was not heard to advantage as he was suffering from hoarseness. His son, Willie, a little boy two years old, delighted every one present by his sweet clear voice, and his song, 'A Summer Evening,' just suited him. Miss E. Deane gave with great expression Wallace's 'Gentle Troubadour,' and was encored in a *barcarolle* with Mr. F. Greenwood, 'On the Blue Wave.' Miss Deane was recalled after 'Janet's Choice,' when she sang Glover's 'Gipsy Jane,' in capital style. Her sweet voice and unaffected manner greatly pleased the audience. Miss A. Gwit was encored in a very pretty song, 'Heartbroken' (by Marie d'Annetta), which she sang with genuine feeling. Mr. Pestell was enthusiastically encored in both his comic songs. A 'Grande Valse,' by Signor Tito Mattei, was excellently played by Mdme. d'Annetta and greatly applauded. Unfortunately, Count Beiff was not forthcoming, so Mr. Greenwood,

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at a moment's notice, undertook to sing the 'Little Wee Dog,' which he did extremely well, and was vociferously encored. An arrangement of operatic airs, for violin and piano, played by Mdme. d'Annetta and Miss A. Gwilt then followed, and pleased everyone. Mr. Pescud, of Henley, whose name, however, was not in the programme, volunteered a solo, in place of the trio announced. Arditi's 'Stirrup Cup' was encored, when he sang Roche's 'A thousand times good night,' both in his usual artistic manner. The National Anthem followed, and so closed one of the most successful country concerts ever given. We only hope that Mdme. d'Annetta can be prevailed upon shortly to give another. By-the-bye, I had almost omitted to mention Mrs. Hall's very artistic singing of 'The Blue Ribbon,' and Mr. Deane's gallant delivery of 'The Cambrian Plume' (Brinley Richards), an omission I should not have forgiven myself for, as they deserved and obtained the warm applause of the audience."

DUBLIN.—A correspondent writes to us as follows:—

"The Philharmonic Society have given an excellent performance of Mrs. Robinson's cantata, *God is Love* (which met with great success when produced last year). The principal vocalists were the Misses Herbert, Miss Fennell, Mr. R. Smith, and Mr. Peel, assisted by an excellent chorus. The *obbligato* violoncello accompaniments to several of the pieces were beautifully played by Herr Elsner, and the harp accompaniments by Herr Oberthür, to whom the credit of the excellent orchestration of the cantata is due, and of which the *Daily Express* writes:—'The masterly harp playing of Herr Charles Oberthür, that true artist and accomplished musician, constituted a great and legitimate attraction. Herr Oberthür, who had been judiciously retained for the harp *obbligato* of the cantata, played also a solo, accompanied by the orchestra, modestly entitled, "Concertina," abounding in melody and elegant passage writing, and moreover charmingly scored for the band. Herr Oberthür played admirably in Mrs. Robinson's cantata, and, of course, he did equally well in his interpretation of his own thoughts. The Concertina opens in G minor, modulates, among other keys, into G flat, in which there occurs a very graceful six-eight movement. The *finale* is in the tarantella form, with a short *cantabile* episode, and is wound up by a brilliant coda in G major.' The same journal writes also that—'There was one unusual item in the programme—namely, a piece for the organ alone, and more unusual still the piece was re-demanded, and the player, Dr. Stewart, obliged to return. Miss Fennell (the "star" of the Irish Academy of Music), was very successful in the contralto air "Cling to the Crucified," in Mrs. Robinson's cantata, and had to repeat Dr. Stewart's clever setting of "At the dead of night," from Dr. Walker's *The Eve of St. John*. Mr. Russell and Mrs. Robinson were called conductors, and Mr. Levey led the band. Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Spencer were present, and remained until the conclusion of the concert.'"

LEEDS.—The *Yorkshire Post* says:—

"One of the most attractive of the Town Hall Popular Concerts took place on Saturday evening last. There were two vocalists, Miss Grace Armytage and Mr. H. C. Sanders. We sincerely hope the experiment of having the band of the 5th Dragoon Guards to play in conjunction with Dr. Spark at the organ will be repeated. The concert opened by a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, performed by the band and Dr. Spark. No less effective was a Shakspearian overture, arranged by Dr. Spark, introducing 'Come unto these yellow sands,' 'Where the bee sucks,' and Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.' A pastoral fantasia of Lefebvre Wely's was the means of eliciting some marvellous organ effects. The composition was played as a solo by Dr. Spark. A grand fantasia on *Faust* was played with great taste; and at the close the band and organ combined performed the National Anthem and 'Rule, Britannia.' Mr. J. Sydney Jones, the regimental bandmaster, conducted in admirable style. Miss Armytage sang very sweetly and was encored in all her songs. The only song for Mr. Sanders was 'The Guard Ship,' and in this execution he acquitted himself satisfactorily."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Public authority has undertaken to purify our streets of the scandal of men dressed as women. Will the public sense of propriety purify our stage of the other scandal—women dressed as men?—Yours,

—— *Theatre, June* 10. DECENCY.

INNSPRUCK.—Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, which, though so well known in unmusical England—to adopt the language of our foreign friends—is a comparative novelty here, has been lately performed to the great delight of all those Innspruckers who were fortunate enough to be present. The performance, indeed, was such a success that it will shortly be repeated.

CHURCH MUSIC IN LONDON—No. I.

ST. PAUL'S.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—It is with diffidence I approach you on a subject treated with so much unvarying apathy, both by the press and the public, as Church Music; an indifference positively culpable in those, like yourself, who undertake the responsibility of directing the public taste in matters concerning the Divine art. Your columns are, week by week, and year by year, filled with notices of performances that are but illustrations of the vanity of player and singer; but the execution of the music in our national Church, rarely receives recognition. Your critical genius is spent in compositions as ephemeral as the passing fashions of a lady's toilette, whilst our unique school of church music, that has been more or less worthily represented by English musicians for three centuries, is treated with the coldest neglect. Can music, when an adjunct to religion, be considered unworthy your consideration? Is not rather your beloved art more truly Divine when made the vehicle of prayer and praise,—the handmaid of holy Church?

The object of this letter, primarily, is to enlist your critical powers in a survey of the present condition of our ecclesiastical music, to enquire if it is adapted for its high functions, and if it fulfils its heavenly mission. I may be reproached by some for seeking aid and light from the outer musical world, when I may find a Diogenes within the Church's pale, but the rough hands of the present age tear away the garb of sanctity if it hides decay. For illness of body we send not for the priest but for the doctor; and I trust the new batch of "*Mus. Doc.*" Oxford intends making, will be commissioned to vivify the languishing, stagnant, and lifeless choirs of our London churches. Amongst our churches stands first in order St. Paul's Cathedral. For, as the tall pale that lifts its head high above the stunted shrubs of an Eastern plain, so rises its glorious dome high above all in the surrounding wilderness of brick and stone, throwing into shadow the sprawling palaces of commerce. In towering majesty it demands from all observation and artistic homage, and invites all to enter and behold what it contributes, and be that enters may, with justice and bitter disappointment, exclaim:—

> "A pity builder made so thick a wall
> About so poor a treasure"

—for in spite of its dome of vast and harmonious proportions, a sense of coldness and crudeness pervades it—a miserable neglect made more apparent by spasmodic attempts to beautify. I once saw a lunatic whose notions of full dress consisted of a white waistcoat ornamented with brass buttons and soiled postage stamps; in truth some such idea of beauty the builder of our cathedral presents, with its patches of gilt and paint. The large organ over the south entrance is like unto the rest—it lacks a proper case, and looks like a gymnasium erected as a means to increase the organist's salary from the pockets of muscular visitors. The smaller and older organ built by Father Schmidt, that looked so noble when over the screen carved by Gibbon, is now stowed away in an arch of the choir. A few years ago a Japanese philosopher, in speaking to his countrymen of our churches, said, "they always place a huge ugly idol, without head, but with many mouths and voices, in their midst." Have our church authorities felt the justice of this criticism, and is this the cause of the organ being either crammed into a nook or buried in cellars out of sight? But I care not where the organ be placed so long as it answers its purpose of accompanying the choir; that it can better do so when it is placed between the decani and cantoris sides of the choir. The architect, however, has been of late in the ascendant, and has remorselessly sacrificed the ear to the eye. The useful but obtruding organ has been deposed; that, which is, is the *sound* to the worshippers, if the *sight* of columns and arches be uninterrupted to the gazers.

Previously to the removal of the screen the voices of the choir were much more condensed in space than now. Weak and ineffective as they were then, in point of numbers, yet the area was circumscribed to the choir proper, now that barrier is removed, and a much vaster space is supposed to come within the range of their voices, and thus the feebleness of their numbers is made more painfully apparent. Some dozen boys and ten men constitute the full choir, and this ridiculously small force is further weakened by its division into decani and cantoris sides, so that in great part of the service the voices of only six boys and five men can be heard. I need not attempt to describe the pitiable effect of such a number in a building so vast, and crowded, as it often is, by a congregation of many thousands. I would not willingly write a disparaging word concerning the vocal ability of any individual member of the choir. Some are, doubtless, good singers, and all may be considered fairly efficient—it is not the quality, but the quantity that I denounce as utterly incompetent. The efficiency of the choir is further reduced by a total absence of organization, the straggling entrance into Divine service of its members, one by one,

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illustrates its entire looseness and irregularity in all things. There are five vicars-choral, who form, with the organist, a corporate body, the rest are stipendiaries. The policy of the vicars-choral, after being "sworn in," usually is to proclaim entire irresponsibility, refusing subordination to the dean and the chapter, to claim the right to attend service only when they please, and to be subject to no authority how they perform their duties; in fact, for each member to be a dean and chapter unto himself. Surely I need not urge that government, necessary to the well working of any society, to the happiness of any household, should be exerted for the proper conduct of a public choir. I refrain at present from discussing the character of the music in our Cathedral Service; but I cannot withhold acknowledging the gratitude all lovers of the Divine Art must owe to Mr. Goss, the organist of St. Paul's, for the additions he has made to our *repertoire* of ecclesiastical music. Like his many predecessors, he has devoted his life to compositions for our church, and, unlike many of his sotemporaries, who waste their energies in attempts at oratorio, as ambitious as futile, his works, fragmentary as anthems and services necessarily must be, form a worthy sequel to those of Purcel, Blow, and Boyce, and are truly a noble development of our English sacred school. They have learning without crudeness, solidity without heaviness, manliness with tenderness, and power with geniality. Well would it be if our young musicians would take him as a model in their writings, for in his works they would find a natural healthy beauty of form that may lead them from imitating the instrumental draperies of the modern German school, which fantastic draperies they too often use, as "the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan" did his veil, for the purpose of hiding deformity of features. The authorities of St. Paul's may be congratulated upon a servant of such earnest genius as their organist. Twenty now in their plea for not augmenting and improving their choir, but when in the possession of their immense revenues they did nothing, and if those revenues were again restored to them I fear little could be expected from dignitaries so ignored and indifferent to the musical art.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, P. G.

ORGAN NEWS.

The organ erected in St. Mary's Church, Horncastle, by Messrs. Gray & Davison, in 1861, has been rebuilt and enlarged by Mr. T. H. Nicholson, of Lincoln, and is now a very fine instrument. Additionel bellows and wind chests have been supplied, the action has been brushed, every pipe has been revoiced, and several stops added. The increased body of tone is something marvellous, the Bourdons especially adding to the fulness and grandeur of the instrument. The greatest praise is due to Mr. Nicholson for the thoroughness with which every part of the work has been done. The organ was opened by Mr. W. Wakelin, who unites to brilliant execution an exquisite taste in the management of the instrument. The services at the opening were choral throughout, and were in every respect successful. The following is a specification of the organ:—

GREAT ORGAN.

	feet.		feet.
1. Bourdon	16 tone.	7. Principal	4
9. Open Diapason	8	8. Fifteenth	2
3. Gemshorn	8	9. Twelfth	3
4. Stopped Diapason	8 tone.	10. Mixture (4 ranks).	
5. Dulciana	8	11. Trumpet	8
6. Rohr Flute	4	12. Clarionette	8

SWELL ORGAN.

	feet.		feet.
1. Bourdon	16 tone.	6. Mixture (2 ranks).	
2. Open Diapason	8	7. Horn	8
3. Stopped Diapason	8 tone.	8. Oboe	8
4. Principal	4	9. Clarion	4
5. Fifteenth	2		

PEDAL ORGAN.

1. Open Diapason .... 16 feet.

COUPLERS.

1. Swell Octave.
2. Pedal Octave.
3. Pedal to Great.
4. Pedal to Swell.
5. Great to Swell.

N.B.—Soundboard, slides, and action are prepared for a Bourdon (16 feet tone) to be added to the Pedal at some future date.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received a letter from Dr. Ferdinand Hiller in which he requests me to ask you to kindly correct a paragraph which has appeared in the *Musical World*—to the effect that Wagner has been invited to conduct Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at Bonn—the fact being that Wagner is going to conduct at Vienna, Hiller himself, of course, conducting at Bonn.—Yours sincerely,

ALFRED H. LITTLETON.

1, *Berners Street, W., June* 16, 1870.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

"LE NOZZE" WITHOUT NILSSON.

The *Graphic* of June 11th thus refers to late events at Drury Lane:—

"Our readers may accept the official statement with regard to the popular Swedish artist as an absolute fact. Mdlle. Nilsson has overworked herself, and she now suffers the consequence that comes to all alike, be they *prime donne* or scene-shifters. Rest is essential in such a case, and rest Mdlle. Nilsson is taking, sorely against her will, we may be assured; and not less sorely against the interests of her manager. It must be said, however, that the manager suffers more than is creditable to the public. On Saturday last Mdlle. Nilsson was to have played the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and her non-appearance enabled the observant to gauge the extent of prime donne worship among operatic audiences. Remembering that, with Mdlle. Nilsson absent, there yet remained such a group of artists as Volpini, Reboux, Lewitzky, Feure, and Santley—to say nothing of Mezart's unsurpassed music—the number who turned away forced upon us some unpleasant reflections. These defaulters were of all classes, but chiefly of the class well educated enough to know better. Elegant young ladies exclaimed, 'Oh, mamma, Nilsson doesn't sing. What *is* the use of staying?' Severe persons of both sexes waxed angry, and muttered, as they retired, that the conduct of 'These artists,' in being hoarse, was 'simply disgraceful;' while swells let fall their eye-glasses with the familiar 'click' of young Barnacle, and drawled, 'By Jove! you know, heaws a sell.' So Mozart's matchless opera, played after a fashion not to be surpassed in Europe, was given to a partially empty house, and all because one artist fell sick! To what conclusion the logic of this fact brings us we would rather not trust ourselves to say. During the present week Mdlle. Nilsson's name has not appeared in the bills; but the performances of *Il Barbiere*, *Fausta*, and *Robert le Diable* have taken place—Alice in the last-named opera being represented by Mdlle. Reboux, whose usefulness as Mdlle. Nilsson's substitute can hardly be overrated."

CONCERT AT SEA.—The correspondent of the *Musical Bulletin* of New York, a passenger on board the *City of Baltimore*, bound from New York to London, has forwarded us the following particulars:—

"A very interesting and pleasing incident characterized the voyage of the *City of Baltimore* from New York to Liverpool, 31st of May, 1870, in the shape of an amateur concert, embracing vocal music, readings, and recitations by the ladies and gentlemen among the cabin passengers. Mr. R. Turner and Mr. Louis Gerster were prominent in originating and bringing the matter to a happy and successful consummation. It was on Thursday eve, June 9th, after tea, while the good ship was speeding with smooth and rapid pace across the wasta of waters, when the merry ringing of a bell announced the hour for the opening of the concert. The dining-saloon, through the exertions of the committee and the stewards attached to the steamer, was elegantly arranged for the occasion, and the part appropriated to the performers by the simple adjustment of a crimson damask screen was conveniently partitioned off from the section in which the audience was seated. All the ladies on board attended in full dress, and no one was permitted to occupy a seat at the concert, neglected, neither by dread of sea-sickness or weariness, from being present. When the screen was drawn aside the appearance which the saloon presented was particularly attractive. The numerous lights reflected in the gilded mirrors, united to the bright and warm colors in the damask and plush-covered furniture, and the handsome dresses of the ladies, made quite a pretty picture. Mr. Turner opened the proceedings with a few remarks apologizing in advance for any shortcomings which might mark the concert, and hoping for a liberal indulgence from the audience. He stated the entertainment was for the benefit of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphans' Institution, and trusted each one would contribute as much as he could spare. The opening chorus, 'Hail, Columbia,' was sung by the company, all of whom being Americans it is needless to say justice was done to the national anthem. 'Angels Calling,' a pleasing little solo and chorus, was rendered by Messrs. L. Gerster and Moseley. 'The Man in the Moon,' a comic song, given by Dr. Hardy, created much amusement. A reading from *William Tell* by Mr. V. O'Connor followed. Contributed variations by J. Fennell were received with repeated applause. 'Larboard Watch,' duet, sung by Messrs. Turner and Moseley, was well received and applauded. 'Maggie's Secret,' by Miss M. Detterer, and a banjo solo by J. Fennell closed the first part. The collection was then taken up, the performers themselves being the first to contribute, and an unexpectedly large sum realized. The second part opened with 'Softly o'er the rippling Waters,' one of Thomas's beautiful ballads, sung by Mr. Moseley and chorus. 'Marco Bozzaris,' a recitation by Mr. Comley, was very effective, and in response to the call of the audience another ('Clarence's Dream') was given with decided *éclat*. A comic medley, made up of a verse or two from fifteen songs of the period, was given by Johnny Fennell. 'Life's Rosy Hours,' a ballad, the composition of Mr. L. Gerster, was sung by himself, with the company for chorus. It was loudly applauded. 'Charming young Widow,' sung by Dr. Hardy, made the audience laugh considerably. The performance closed with 'God save the Queen,' in which the audience joined. The unanimous expression was that nothing of a similar character was ever before rendered with so much spirit and harmony."

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ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S
Beethoven Recitals.

1870.

This year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. Hallé has considered it appropriate to devote his Recitals exclusively to the music of that illustrious composer.

The programmes, as on previous occasions, consist of as many pieces as may limit the duration of the performance to two hours—from Three o'clock to Five, p.m. Mr. Hallé is assisted at all the Recitals by

HERR STOCKHAUSEN.

Descriptions, analytical and historical, of the sonatas, accompany the programmes

THE EIGHTH RECITAL
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 24TH, 1870,
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

SONATA, in E major, Op. 109 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG,—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. ..
SONATA, in A flat major, Op. 110 .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG,—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. ..
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 111 .. .. *Beethoven.*

Prices of Admission—Sofa Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.
Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870.

THE BURIAL OF CHARLES DICKENS.

IT has passed into a proverb that Death levels all distinctions; but even if this were otherwise, we should offer no apology for making the illustrious author who has just passed from among us the theme of columns usually devoted to matters with which he had little connexion. Our business is not to write a eulogium upon the genius or the virtues of Charles Dickens. No such thing is needed; the keen sense of national and personal bereavement now afflicting the national and personal heart, being a tribute to the dead man's memory, transcending all words. We choose rather to speak in plain language of that which has added to the sharpness of sorrow by restraining its legitimate and honourable expression. On Tuesday morning last, the corpse of Charles Dickens was smuggled into its grave. We want to know why.

Of late years a fashion has sprung up which must have the sympathy of everybody with a soul above childish frippery—stars, garters, and the like—in which, however, so many grown-up men take pleasure. It is now the "correct thing" to ignore the undertaker's paraphernalia—that strange compound of grimness and stupidity—and to go down to the grave unattended by nodding plumes, gilt-headed truncheons, weepers, and red-nosed "mutes." So it should be. Death is far too sacred for hollow mockeries; and, sweeping them away, our generation has honoured itself not less than its departed. Charles Dickens, as was natural to one keenly sensitive on all matters connected with the dignity of human nature (like his illustrious contemporary, intimate friend, and enthusiastic admirer, W. M. Thackeray), set his face like flint against hired semblances of woe; and the unpretending cortège of Tuesday morning put a climax to the teaching of a life-time. So far all was well with the funeral of the best known Englishman of his day. That unadorned hearse, and those three plain coaches were enough;—the majesty of departed genius and the tribute of sorrowing millions did the rest. But why so much secrecy? Why were the mortal remains of our great novelist surreptitiously taken to the grave side, and buried with hurried rites and closed doors, as though he had been the scorn of his race instead of its ornament and pride? This, we fancy, is a very different matter; and with it, let us say at once, we have no sympathy.

That the wishes of the dead should be, as a rule, binding upon the survivors, nobody will dispute. There are times, however, when, out of regard for higher considerations, it is necessary to set them aside. This may easily be the case with illustrious men, whose innate modesty would defraud a nation of the privilege of paying them honour. Therefore, while yielding in none in our reverence for the departed author's wishes, we say that his funeral was a national matter, to be dealt with on national grounds. Public instinct decided thus, so soon as the public ear heard the sad news of death; and every man's imagination pictured Charles Dickens borne to Westminster Abbey through crowded and silent streets, and buried while thousands "made great lamentation over him." There could have been nothing repugnant in this to the deceased. Charles Dickens despised the hideous mockery of woe; but he had no contempt for a profound unaffected sorrow. We regret that any compromise should have been attempted between the conflicting wishes of the dead author and those of a mourning people. Had the remains been buried in the quiet churchyard of "Cloisterham"—Rochester, we mean—there would still have been cause for regret; but to accept Westminster Abbey; and to take possession of that glorious mausoleum by stratagem, was a course quite foreign to the nature of Charles Dickens, and one, we are confident, he would never have approved.

It was the Bishop of Worcester, not the Bishop of Winchester (as misprinted last week) who preached the sermon on behalf of the Charity, at St. Paul's, on Thursday afternoon, the 9th inst.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDLLE. KRAUSS, according to the French papers, is engaged at the Grand Opéra, and will make her *début* there in M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc*, perhaps the worst, certainly the noisiest, opera of modern times. Some hold that Mdlle. Krauss does unwisely to abandon the Italian Opera, where she has won her Parisian laurels; some hold the contrary; we hold off. *On Verra.* (Who's "On"?)

At a concert given four years ago by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a printed apology for the possible absence or lateness of some of the orchestra was circulated. It appeared that many would have to come from "a considerable distance," and that in fear of accidents "by rail or by road" they did not feel sure they would reach St. James's Hall at the appointed hour. On reading this announcement it struck us that we must be at Vienna, and that the musicians had to come from Königgratz by the train which carried Dr. Russell at a mile and half an hour. But no; we were in London, Piccadilly on one hand, and Regent Street on the other. Where the musicians hailed from (who were afraid of reaching St. James's Hall only in time to be too late) was not made

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known. Nevertheless, owing to superhuman efforts, and a fortunate absence of accidents, they contrived to appear at a tolerable hour, and played Mr. Sullivan's symphony in E minor (No. 1—where is No. 2 in D major?).

A NEW theatre has been "inaugurated" at Genoa, under the name of the Politeamo Génovèse. The opera played was Signor Petrella's *Promessi Sposi*. Signor Bonola directed the orchestra. The town of Genoa has been endowed with this new and (it is said) beautiful monument by the brothers Chiarella (whoever they may happen to be). Everything is praised (of course) by the local papers, which declare that so complete and striking a representation had never before been witnessed at Genoa.

THERE is an "*on dit*," sufficiently pleasant to make all lovers of Schubert's music hope that it may turn out to be true. "*On dit*," then, that Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Jules Stockhausen are about to give a concert, in the course of next month, at which the whole of Schubert's twenty songs, entitled *Die Schone Mullerin*, will be introduced. A more interesting performance could scarcely be imagined. The idea of such music, interpreted by two such singers makes one's mouth water. But *who* is to be the accompanist?

A MORNING contemporary in its article on the production of Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, at the Royal Italian Opera, has the following:—

"The work is placed on the stage with that splendour of costume and scenery which is peculiar to this establishment."

The "splendour of costume and scenery" is curious, seeing that there is nothing new in either department—nothing that had not been used for other purposes already.

THE subjoined is the letter about Herr Richard Wagner and his *Walküre*, addressed by Herr Esser to the editor of the *Neue Freie Presse*, at Vienna:—

"SIR,—Having written to ask Herr Richard Wagner whether there was any chance of the *Walküre* being produced at the Theatre Royal, Munich, and, if so, when that event would occur, and, also, whether he would himself take part in getting up his work, I received the following answer, a copy of which I append. As this answer was not intended for me alone, but for all who take an interest in the production of the *Walküre*, and as Herr Wagner not merely gave me the permission to get it published in some paper enjoying a large circulation, but, expressed a wish that it should be so published, I take the liberty of forwarding it to you for insertion. Begging you to fulfil, if possible, Herr Wagner's wish, I remain, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant.

"H. ESSER.

"*Salzburg, 19th May*, 1870."

CHARLES DICKENS lies in Westminster Abbey, with the great chiefs and peers of English literature. It is his proper place. His relatives have known how to unite a becoming regard for the simplicity and humility of mind which expressed itself in his funeral instructions with a recognition of the nation's title to pay him the highest posthumous honour. Dickens belonged to himself and to his family, but he belonged also to the English people, of whose life in the nineteenth century he was the truest interpreter. He painted them as they are, but in doing so showed them what they ought to be. A master in what may be called the realist school in art, his *real* was always on the background of a pure *ideal*. He was the most influential teacher of our day, although his teaching was not purely didactic, but addressed itself to the imagination and the feelings. It is creditable to the English of the nineteenth century, hard and materialistic as we reproach ourselves with being, that our favourite author should have been one whose pages are not more remarkable for genius than for earnest faith, cheerful and genial hope, large and penetrating charity. An age and a people which have understood and loved Dickens have a right to respect themselves. But we will not be betrayed into delivering, over his scarcely closed grave, one of those funeral orations to which he so strongly objected. His eulogy lies in the books which have delighted all readers, while purifying the moral and intellectual atmosphere we breathe. He is the author of far more than he wrote; and his works at once follow and remain behind him, to continue their beneficent influence. *Vale, vale!*

THE programme of the forthcoming Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, to be held this year at Hereford, so far as relates to the sacred performances at the Cathedral, is now arranged as follows:—The Festival opens on Tuesday, the 23rd August, with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which will occupy the whole of the first morning. In the evening, according to a new arrangement, there will be a performance of sacred music at the Cathedral, consisting of Haydn's *Creation* (Parts 1 and 2), and Mr. J. Barnby's *Rebekah*. On Wednesday morning Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* (written for last Worcester Festival), Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Thursday is to be chiefly devoted to Mendelssohn and Handel—Reformation Symphony, the fragments from *Christus*, and 42nd Psalm, of the former; selections from *Judas Maccabæus*, *Solomon*, and *Jephtha*, with the anthem, "Zadok the Priest," and the *Esther* overture, of the latter being included. On the same morning, to make the programme still longer, as if it was not already long enough, a cantata by Mr. (Henry?) Holmes is to be performed. On Friday, as usual, Handel's *Messiah*. There are to be only two secular concerts at the Shire Hall. The programmes for these are not yet fully made out. The engagements include Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, Mesdames Sinico and Patey-Whytock, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Montem Smith, Lewis Thomas, and Santley. Mr. Townshend Smith is (of course) to be conductor.

THOUGH it is a well-established fact that foreign potentates, from the Emperor of Russia down to the tiniest German princelet, are far from chary in distributing their various orders and decorations, the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar eclipses them all in this respect. He stands *facile princeps*; the acknowledged and unrivalled Peabody of decorative munificence. In consideration of the world-wide importance (!) of the late Musical Festival in his pleasant, but small capital, he has conferred the cross of the Order of the Falcon, first class, on Herren Ferdinand David, Friedr. Grützmacher, Joseph Hellmesberger, and Professor Riedel, at one fell swoop.

THE "model" Wagner-performances commence, on the 19th, at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar. The following is the order in which the operas will be given: On the 19th inst., *Der Fliegende Holländer*; on the 22nd, *Tannhäuser*; on the 26th, *Lohengrin*; and on the 27th, *Die Meistersinger*. Herr Niemann will sing the music of Tannhäuser and of Lohengrin; Herr Nachbaur, that of Walther von Stolzing; and Dr. Gunz, that of Eric. Mdme. Mallinger will be the representative of Elisabeth, Elsa, and Eva; Mdlle. Brandt, of the Royal Opernhouse, Berlin, will figure as Ortrud; while Mdlle. Reiss, a local favourite, will undertake the part of Senta. All the bass parts Daland, Landgraf, King Henry, and Pognor, will be sustained by Herr Scaria, of the Royal Opera, Dresden; and all the baritone parts, the Flying Dutchman, Wolfram, Telramund, and Hans Sachs, by Herr von Milde. *Tristan und Isolde* was to have been given, but could not, because some of the artists representing the principal parts are engaged in the *Walküre*, at Munich. Herr Wagner, too, was to have been present, but would not.—By the way, a rage for "model" performances appears to have attacked Baron von Loën, the Intendant of the Grand-Ducal Theatre. He intends giving, in 1871, seven "model" performances of operas by Mozart.

WHEN M. Sainte Beuve, a confirmed invalid, grievously tormented by the malady from which he died, received his appointment to the Senate, he addressed to the Emperor a graceful note of thanks. "You have given me, Sire," he wrote, "the right to be ill." The great critic had previously lived on the modest earnings of his pen, and never known the enjoyment of leisure and repose. The salary of a Senator might have enabled him to rest from literary labour; but his only wish was that it might enable him to bear his sufferings with a constant smile. It would seem that a *prima donna* is as little permitted to be unwell as men who write to live, and as Tom Hood said "find no tonic virtue in a steel pen." Since her arrival here, to fulfil an engagement at the Drury Lane Opera-house, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has been seriously unwell; for a whole fortnight she was sentenced by her doctor to absolute retirement. Even a *prima donna* has a nervous

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system, and the wear and tear of a life of incessant strain will shake nerves of steel. No sooner had Mdlle. Nilsson completed her autumnal concert tour in England last year than she returned to Paris. During the four successive winter months she brought the largest receipts to the Académie Impériale, and besides her unceasing appearances at the Tuileries, the Hotel de Ville, private *salons*, and public concerts, she sang thirteen times for charitable purposes, and gave up the whole receipts of her final benefit at the Opéra to the relief of her poorer brothers and sisters in art. After such a campaign an interval of rest might not have been deemed unreasonable. But there is no rest for a *prima donna* in the maelstrom of her renown. From the last performance in Paris to the first in London was, as novelists say, "the affair of a moment;" and the result of this prodigality of exertion was collapse. A fortnight's silence seems eternal to a *prima donna* and an enthusiastic public, but on Tuesday night the audience at Drury Lane were happily repaid for their disappointment and anxiety by the re-appearance of their favourite in the full enjoyment of her splendid powers. Meanwhile, one Paris journal announces that Mdlle. Nilsson has lost her voice, and will never sing again; another modifies its information by the regret that, although the Swedish nightingale will sing again, her voice has lost—in a fortnight?—all its crystalline clearness and quality of tone, and that she is but a wreck of her former self. Thus the glories of the most brilliant darlings of the lyric stage are not without their shadows, and the envy that pursues them assumes a hundred ingenious disguises of sympathy and commiseration. But if not exempt from persecution, they are bound to know nothing even for a day, of ordinary ailments and infirmities. They must be always in health and spirits, and never unwell ("indisposed" is another thing) until they retire into private life.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr. Frederick Chatterton, the well-known harpist, gave a recital on Wednesday, at St. George's Hall, which was well attended by his friends and admirers. He played in his usual excellent style six harp solos, all of which were much applauded. Madame F. Lancia sang two of Chopin's mazurkas, encored, adapted by Viardot Garcia to Italian words, and also the grand air from *William Tell*, "Sombre Foret." Mdlles. Marie D'Etienne, Di Bletchli, Kate Lester, Messrs. Henry Gordon and Vinning also gave some favourite *morceaux*, and Mr. Frank Mori accompanied.

Mdlle. Annette Zuliani, a young and rising vocalist, gave a concert on Monday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms. She issued an attractive programme, which was performed by Madame Crellin-Pyne, Miss E. Jones, Miss Augusta Manning, Messrs. Perrie, Waldeck, Montelli, Chaplin Henry, Frederick Chatterton, and the young Italian pianist, Enrico Sattolis. Mdlle. Zuliani sang the "Tacea la notte" from *Il Trovatore*, "The Willow Song," from *Otello* (with Mr. Frederick Chatterton's harp *obbligato*), and a song by Bishop, in all of which she acquitted herself artistically. Messrs. Willing and Lehmeyer were the accompanists.

Mrs. Alexander Newton gave her *matinée* at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday week last, when a goodly number of her patrons and friends attended. Mrs. Newton sang "With verdure clad," the *polacca* from *I Puritani*, and a duet, with Signor Nappi, from *Il Barbiere*. Selections from the works of Mozart, Balfe, Shield, Bishop, and Cimarosa were well interpreted by Mesdames Fosbrooke, M. Severn, Arabella Smyth, Laverne, Messrs. E. Osborne, J. C. Ward, G. Smith, and Signor Nappi. Miss Madeline Cronin, the pianist, played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo* and Tito Mattei's fantasia in a brilliant manner, and Mr. John Cheshire one of his harp solos. Messrs. Van Noorden, Frank Mori, and Mr. J. C. Ward were announced as conductors.

Mr. Gibsone gave his second recital on Wednesday at St. George's Hall to an overflowing audience, who fully appreciated his legitimate and excellent pianoforte playing. His second Book of "Meditations," consisting of six *morceaux*, is a charming specimen of pianoforte music. A new sonata for pianoforte and violin, by Mr. Gibsone, in three movements, was played by the composer and Signor Risegari, and heard with much pleasure. Signor Risegari played an *élegie* of his own with much feeling. Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Maybrick were the vocalists. The latter sang a new song by Mr. John Barnett, "The Curfew bell was ringing," with effect. Signor Li Calzi was the accompanist. At Mr. Gibsone's next recital a new vocal cantata for female voices will be given.

Madame Celli (widow of the late Baron Celli), teacher of singing, gave a concert at the Beethoven Rooms last Saturday, and was well supported by her friends and patrons. Madame Celli provided a good programme, and all the pieces were received with more or less favour. Mr. George Perren gave, "Alice, where art thou?" in his usual style. Madame Florence Lancia, Mdlles. Zuhaur, Crellin-Pyne, and Herr Waldeck were the other vocalists. Miss Biagrove (pianoforte), Mr. Frederick Chatterton (harp), and Mr. Richard Blagrove (concertina), each contributed a solo. A young Italian pianist, from Verona, Signor Enrico Scattolis, gave with great precision and brilliancy two solos by Krause and Liszt, which were received with favour. Mr. F. Mori and Herr Lehmeyer conducted.

A MORNING CONCERT was given on Thursday, the 19th instant, at No. 19, Seymour Street, Portman Square, by the permission of Mrs. Owen Lewis, for the benefit of Lady Petre's Crèche or Day Nursery. The Mesdames L. Sherrington, C. and R. Doria, Herren Stockhausen and Waldeck were the vocalists; with Madame Sydney Pratten, Herr Strauss, and Mr. Charles Hallé as instrumentalists, the whole being conducted by M. Francesco Berger. The artists gave their services. Several popular and classical pieces by Beethoven, Mozart, Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Adam, Miller, and Handel, &c., made up a capital programme. Berger's pleasing duet, "Peace and Love," was sung with much taste by the Sisters Doria, who were loudly applauded.

Mr. G. Lansdowne Cottell's morning concert was given at Store Street Concert Hall, on Saturday, to a large audience. The vocalists and instrumentalists contained chiefly of the members and students of Mr. Cottell's Academy of Music, by whom selections were given from the works of Beethoven, Rossini, Thalberg, Donizetti, Mosart, Gounod, Henry Smart, John Barnett, W. Holmes, Duggan, Verdi, Balfe, Wallace, Archer, &c. Amongst the vocalists were Mdlles. D'Elise, Agnes Lyndhurst, the Sisters Demak, K. Heidemeng, Susan Donesworth, Ruth Rae, Messrs. W. C. Bell, L. Waldeck, W. Reeves, J. B. Bolton, Gerald Whitby, and the baritone, Mr. Sutcliffe, from Australia, who sang well "Wake, Linda, wake." Amongst the pianists we can name Miss Ellen Jarman, from Brighton, Miss Laura Vinette, Miss Alice Staunton, Miss Houget, and Miss Amy Perry, who one and all tried their "prentice han" with more or less success Mr. L. Cottell and C. Weber were conductors.

The excellent *chef d'orchestre* of the Drury Lane Opera gave his annual concert on Friday last in Drury Lane Theatre. There was an obvious propriety in the choice of place, and not less in that of artists and programme; all the vocal and instrumental resources of the establishment being brought to bear upon a selection of pieces for the most part operatic. It may easily be imagined that the result was every way satisfactory to those who have a taste for entertainments of the kind; and that whoever sat out the proceedings to the end must have gone away in the state of thorough contentment which leaves no faintest desire for anything more. The programme included thirty-one pieces, among which were an overture, *Guillaume Tell*; a pianoforte solo on airs from *Martha* (Mr. Wehli); a clarionet solo on airs from *Rigoletto* (Signor Bassi); and a violin solo (Herr Straus). The vocal selections were of diverse interest, among the most attractive being the charming duet, "Pianger tu mai," from *Abu Hassan*, sung by Madame Trebelli and Madame Monbelli; "Ombra leggiera," given with her usual effect by Mdlle. di Murska; Arditi's "Leggiero lavisble," and *L'Estasi*, sung excellently well by Madame Sinico; a romance, by Paqnis, "Sogno d'amore," in the horn *obbligato* to which the composer divided attention with the vocalist, Madame Trebelli; and Molloy's "Wandering Jew," which was rendered in perfect style by Mr. Santley. Besides the pieces already named, Mesdames Retoux, Lewitzky, Cari, Volpini, Vinta, MM. Mongini, Bettini, Gassier, Foli, Faure, Verger, and others of less note, took part in the concert. Signor Piatti played his own *Adagio* and *Barcarole* (*Marino Faliero*) in a style nothing short of marvellous; and the long entertainment was brought to a close by a portion of the last act of *Rigoletto*, in which Mdlle. di Murska appeared as Gilda, Madame Trebelli as Maddalena, Signor Mongini as the Duke, Mr. Santley as Rigoletto, and Signor Foli as Sparafucile. A large and fashionable audience was present, and Signor Arditi's reception afforded another proof of the esteem in which he is justly held.

Carlsruhe.—The theatre is closed until the beginning of August.

Munich.—The first performance of Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre* is definitively announced for the 26th inst.

The festival performance of Herr Richard Wagner's operas, to take place (as our readers have already been apprised) at Weimar, are arranged as follows:—On Sunday (the 19th inst.), the *Fliegender Holländer*; on Wednesday (the 22nd), *Lohengrin*; on Sunday (the 26th), *Tannhäuser*; and on Wednesday (the 29th), the *Meistersinger*. We shall, doubtless, be furnished (by "C. A. B.") with full particulars in due time.

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JOSEPH HAYDN.*

Haydn was one of those great composers whose amiability has been unapproached, and whose kindness of heart is conspicuous in most of his transcendent works, which were dictated by the sole delight of affording happiness to others and giving real enjoyment to the world by his thoughtful compositions.

To record the origin of the Farewell Symphony (Abschieds Symphonie) we must go back to the year 1760, the time when Haydn accepted the appointment of Chapelmaster to Prince Esterhazy, with 400 florins per annum. For this small salary he was obliged to conduct the Prince's opera, concerts, and church music, and, besides, it was his duty to compose new music for their institutions, to rehearse, to instruct, and even to keep the piano in the orchestra in tune.†

No doubt this engagement gave him the opportunity of developing his talent to unlimited extent. He acknowledged with thankfulness the expeditions position he had achieved by saying: "My Sovereign is satisfied with my compositions, and I receive the highest approbation from him. I can now make musical experiments as conductor with my orchestra, by observing what produces or enfeebles the impression and the effect. I am able to ameliorate, to add, to venture, and being secluded from the outer world, nobody can distract or torment me, and to these circumstances taken together I assign the reason why I remain *original*." Here, at Eisenstadt, in Hungary, and, during the winter time, two or three months at Vienna, for the length of thirty years, till the establishment was broken up by the death of the Prince, Haydn composed the greater number of his symphonies; he himself registered 118, but most likely they reached nearer to 140. The greater number of his quartets were at least 83. During the same period he wrote 24 concertos and the same number of trios, 19 operas and his oratorio, *Tobias*, 15 masses, and other miscellaneous works, not including 163 compositions for the baritone,‡ the favourite instrument of the Prince.

Often, in referring to the great quantity of his compositions, Haydn used to say that he could not suggest a better epitaph for himself than the three following words: "Vixi, scripsi, dixi." Prince Esterhazy died in 1790, and the establishment was then broken up. This was the occasion which gave rise to the composition of the Farewell Symphony (Abschieds Symphonie), as the origin is perfectly well known by all who are acquainted with the life and works of our great *maestro*. It contains charming and beautiful ideas, and is scored as Haydn could only do it. The graphic and descriptive current of the symphony and the dissolution of the band is musically delineated in the last part. Each performer of the different instruments, one after another having finished his part, took his music and instrument, blew out his candles, and left the platform. At the *finale*, the first violin player was the only one left, he finished his part as the others had done, took his music, extinguished the only candles left burning in the orchestra, bowed to the assembly, and withdrew. There are different stories in circulation with regard to this symphony, but so far as my information is concerned, and after the tradition current in Germany about this composition, it relates to the dissolution of the musical establishments of Prince Esterhazy as communicated before.

The Children's Symphony (Kinder Symphonie) of Haydn is so naïve, and, I may say, so innocent a composition that it should be generally known. It falls proves that the great composer could enter into those harmless and joyful feelings which emane youth. The symphony is composed for two violins and violoncello, and as there are no difficulties to overcome, players of a limited advancement may perform it. The accompaniments of their children's toy-instruments are a drum, trumpet, cuckoo-rattle, cymbals, nightingale, and quail. These toy-instruments have small solos for their own parts, therefore it is necessary that the little folks should count the rests properly, and keep correct time. The symphony consists of three parts—*Allegro, Trio* and *Minuet*, and *Finale*, which is repeated twice, each time faster. In several parts of Germany the children form themselves into parties for the performance of this symphony at Christmas time. The allotment of the different instruments, and the rehearsals for which they assemble, make them busy for many a week. Then, during the Christmas season they visit their relations and friends and perform in their best style, not only amusing themselves, but creating joy and merriment around them in the most innocent manner imaginable.

Bernard Romberg has imitated the idea of Haydn, and has composed another Children's Symphony, with toy instruments, which is more ambitious, but very comical.‖

The origin of the so-called Ox Minuet (Ochsen Minuett), with its musical incidents, is as follows. One day a rich Hungarian cattle-dealer called upon Haydn. His housekeeper told him that she felt sorry he could not see her master, as he was busy composing, and she dared not interrupt him. He would not hear of the denial, but persisted to see and speak to him. She, however, declined again, saying that she could not comply with his demand. The cattle dealer, losing his temper, became exasperated, cracked his whip, shouted, hallooed out, and frightened the poor housekeeper nearly to death, Haydn, occupied in the next room, and disturbed by the great uproar, entered the ante-room, and, being somewhat of a timid disposition, became also frightened by seeing a big, stout fellow, raging like mad with a whip, and inquired what the disturbance was all about. The cattle-dealer, perceiving Haydn, saluted him very politely by taking off his hat, explained, and complained about the housekeeper, and said he wished to be informed if he could have the honour of speaking with the celebrated composer, and if so, he should have a great favour to ask of him. He told the amiable Haydn, who now listened with composure, that his daughter was about to be married, and for that happy event, he wished a new minuet composed by the great Haydn, adding that his circumstances would allow him to pay any price, but a minuet he must have. Haydn, who enjoyed the strenuous demand and comic surprise, gave him the promise to compose one and send it to him. Some time afterwards, Haydn heard a great noise before his windows, and upon looking out, saw a procession halting before his house, and in the midst of it one of the finest Hungarian oxen, ornamented with coloured ribbons, accompanied by a band performing the new minuet. Up came the cattle-dealer with his daughter and son-in-law, and presented them to Haydn, thanking him for the beautiful minuet, and begged the composer to accept the ox, assuring him that it was the finest beast he had in his stables. This is the origin of the Ox Minuet.

Many years ago, I saw this event dramatized on the stage at Berlin, in the form of an operetta, with all the music taken from Haydn's works. Our *maestro*, his housekeeper, the cattle-dealer, his daughter, and son-in-law were represented on the stage, with the procession at the end. I enjoyed the piece amazingly, and would prefer again to hear this music of the *past* than one of the operas with the so-called music of the *future*, which becomes so dangerous, we are told, that fire-engines may be required during the performances.

June, 1870. DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

* "Farewell Symphony" (*Abschieds Symphonie*), "Children's Symphony" (*Kinder Symphonie*), and "Ox Minuet" (*Ochsen Minuett*).

† It was the custom at this period that the conductor should have a piano of limited compass before him, for the purpose of using it if required.

‡ The baritone was an instrument of a soft and melancholy tone, but now a long time out of use. It much resembled the viola di gamba, but had a broader touch-board with seven gut-strings, and, below, another set of 14 metal strings. The upper strings were played with a bow, the metal ones were only touched with the point of the thumb.

‖ Both symphonies are published at Berlin and Leipsic, also the arrangements as a solo or duet for the piano, with accompaniment of the above-mentioned children-instruments. These toy instruments, properly tuned in the usual pitch, may be had at the publishers, through those firms who are importers of foreign music.

A GRINNER'S WAIL.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I always do myself the pleasure of reading your account of the meeting of the Charity Children at St. Paul's, ever the breakfast table, to the family circle of which I form one: and by the by, next year I shall, at all events, get a good laugh; we all get ready for the cue, and the cue is Mr. Goss. Mr. Goss, no doubt, is a very respectable and clever gentleman, and his music is as respectable as himself, but why go through the stereotyped phrases year after year about the chants the Psalms were chanted to, simply for the purpose of dragging in mandlin praise of Dr. Goss; then follows the other bit of stereotype about "a beautiful and truly devotional service," &c. I have laughed over it a good many years, but, hang it, the joke is getting stale. Do ask your reporter next year to cut this part out, and just add a note—"What we have to say in praise of Mr. Goss will be the same as was stated the last and many preceding years." Most of your readers will know it by heart, and will have no occasion to refer back.—I remain, yours obediently,

ANTI-PLATITUDE.

["Anti-Platitude" should have signed himself "Anti-Gratitude." He has appreciated our remarks in the "hee-haw" fashion, which is, no doubt, natural to him; and now, tiring of the game, he abuses us. We are sorry, but the claims of justice are enduring, and the praise of a worthy object is the more agreeable because worthy objects are rare. These considerations, however, Anti-Platitude can scarcely be expected to appreciate. Let him take comfort; there are plenty of other good things in the world for him to grin at.—ED. *M. W.*]

WAIFS.

Mr. Balfe has arrived at his country seat, Rowney Abbey, Herts, from Paris.

The members of the volunteer choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, had a *soirée* last Friday evening!

At the lively little Athénée (which was to close on the 15th) the *Toréador* of the late Adolph Adam has been revived.

M. Montaubry, the tenor, is re-engaged by MM. Leuven and du Locle for a series of representations at the Opéra Comique.

M. Bagier of the Opéra Italien, has returned from Baden-Baden and is already occupying himself with the arrangements for his forthcoming season.

Vogt, or Frod? Which? Let M. Léon Escudier, the inconceivable director of *L'Art Musical* (who has *brodé sur* Vogt in his latest issue) explain.

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M. Felicien David's *Lalla Rookh* was to be revived at the Opéra Comique this week, with some new ballet music for a new and (*on dit*) "ravissante danseuse."

Friday week was the sixteenth anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace. During the sixteen years it has been open it has been visited by 24,655,712 persons.

The ode for the installation of the Marquis of Salisbury, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, has been composed by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, for soprano solo, chorus, and orchestra.

The value set by some ladies upon Beethoven's Sonatas may be estimated from the inconvenient in a contemporary that a correspondent wishes to barter a volume of them for a Prussian cat.

The seventh festival of the Doncaster Choral Union was held on Thursday week in the Parish Church of Doncaster. Nearly 600 choristers were present, and the Archbishop of York preached.

Madame Anna Bishop has had a very tempting offer to go all round the world again, positively for the last time. She is busily engaged in writing her memoirs; and an intensely interesting book may be expected.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has decided on granting a patent for a new lyrical theatre, to be built in Dublin, by the Messrs. Gunn, musicsellers. This has been long and anxiously wished for by the citizens.

The new opera by M. Flotow and M. St. Georges, entitled *L'Ombre*, is to be brought out immediately at the Opéra Comique. Let us hope that *L'Ombre* is not the *ombre* of *Martha*, *L'Ame en peine*, or *Stradella*.

Hervé has returned to Paris from London highly delighted with his successful invasion of our shores. He has netted (says a contemporary) 60,000 francs (£2,400) during his sojourn among us. O the tinire, and the manners!

The sum of £1000 was, a few days since, left at the bank of Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie, & Co., for the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, 56, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 13a, Finsbury Square, E.C., from V. S. T.

At the Choral Festival at Christchurch, Hants, the Bishop of Winchester delivered the sermon from the rood-loft, which enabled him to be heard much more distinctly throughout the vast nave than he could have been if he had preached from a low pulpit.

La Bohemienne (the *Bohemian Girl*) of W. M. Balfe, Esq., our compatriot *toute* St. George's *Manche*, was performed thirty-three times during the last summer of the Théatre Lyrique, for which M. Martinet, the present director, is already beating up recruits.

Mr. James Coward, of the Crystal Palace, has left England for his annual Swiss tour. During a portion of the time he is on the Alpine summits, his place on the scarcely less exalted organ-stool of Sydenham will be occupied by Mr. William Henry Thomas.

On Whit-Monday the sacred dramas of *Joseph and his Brethren* and *David and Goliath* were performed in the magnificent and stately ruins of Carew Castle, South Wales, by the young men of the Independent School, Narbeth.

Signor Merelli, director of the Italian Opera, Moscow, and General Gnedinoff, director of the Imperial Russian Theatre, were in London last week. The post of musical conductor, at Moscow, was offered to Signor Bevignani, but declined, in consequence of prior engagements made with Messrs. Gye and Mapleson for an autumn tour. We have reason to believe that Signor Li Calsi will accept the post at Moscow.

The *Court Journal* prints the following:—

"It is said that the onslaught on *Lothair* in *Blackwood*, is by Colonel Hamley; the article in *Macmillan*, which may be described as Blackwood and Water, is by Mr. Ilayward, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*; and the one in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Kerrison's. In the forthcoming *Edinburgh* there is to be an article on *Lothair* by Lord Houghton. [The article in *Blackwood* is elsewhere attributed to Lawrence Oliphant, who some years ago became a Mormonite and lived in Utah, until a few months ago when he returned to this country and published *Piccadilly*.]

The *Guardian* prints some particulars about the approaching Bonn festival which will be read with interest:—

"The date of this festival is fixed for September 11; and the conductor will be Kapellmeister Ferdinand Hiller, who informed your correspondent, when at Cologne early this month, that the folk-wing would be the probable selection:—Overtures, *Coriolanus*, and *Leonora* No. 3; Symphony, the Eroica, the C minor, and the Ninth; the Violin Concerto (played by Joachim); the *Missa Solemnis*, etc. Preparations, anticipations, and speculations are already being made at the quiet little Rhenish town; and for a small *logement* near the University, let some years ago for some three pounds a month, seven thalers—or a guinea—per day was boldly asked for the festival period—a large sum for a German lodging. The building of the Beethoven Hall was progressing. The site, however, in the Vvirecks Platz, did not appear to be particularly favourable for a music-hall which is to be a permanent building. The architect is Herr Engelskirchen (name of good omen) of Bonn, and the first stone was laid about two months ago. The style is Basilican, and the following are the dimensions:—length, 140ft., breadth, 70ft., and height 40ft. The orchestra will accommodate 500 performers, and thereon an organ by Ibach of Bonn is to be erected, and the 'auditorium' is to contain about 2,000 persons."

The following advertisement tells us somewhat of the Beethoven Festival in New York, which was to take place this week:—

"The Great Beethoven Centennial Musical Jubilee.—Arrangements are perfected for the Great Beethoven Centennial Musical Jubilee, to take place in the city of New York at the American Institute Colliseum during the week, commencing June 13, 1870. The Colliseum will be altered and enlarged to give accommodation for twenty-two thousand persons. The occasion will be notable for presenting the most important choral societies in the country, aggregating over three thousand skilled singers. A grand jubilee orchestra of five hundred and fifty instrumental *virtuosi*, comprising the chief instrumentalists of the Continent. A magnificent *ensemble* of the stars, artists, and chorus of six grand opera companies, the four great regimental bands from this and neighbouring cities, aggregating two hundred brass and reed instrumentalists, and a colossal organ, together with numerous harmonic adjuncts, which it is believed will make this a musical event rarely equalled in the world. Especial pleasure is taken in announcing that the musical details are entrusted to Carl Bergmann, conductor of the Philharmonic Society; Max Maretzek, *impresario*, and conductor of grand Italian opera; George F. Bristow, choral *maestro* and conductor; and Patrick J. Gilmore, the renowned projector of the Great Peace Festival. To these will be added many eminent conductors of visiting choral societies."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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VOL. 3—No. 26. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870. PRICE { 6d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT ROSE SHOW.

Fashionable Promenade, and German Gymnastic Society's Display, THIS DAY. This is the most interesting of all the flower shows held during the season. The universal admiration of the national flower, its numberless varieties, ranging from purest white to table, its delicious odour, and the immense number of specimens collected, combine to render the Rose Show pre-eminent among the flower shows of the season. It was at the Crystal Palace that the first Rose Show was held, and each year some new attractive feature has been introduced.

The Display will take place in the Open Theatre, which will be handsomely fitted up as a dining room.

In the Concert Hall there will be an exhibition of articles suitable for table decoration, contributed by the following eminent manufacturers—Messrs. Powell & Sons, Copeland, H. Green & Son, and Mortlock.

The great stage will be specially decorated with fountains, foliage, statuary, &c.

Music is an important feature on these occasions; and, in addition to the usual performances during the day by the orchestral and military bands, at 4 o'clock, a grand combined performance will take place on the Great Handel Orchestra, conducted by Mr. MANN.

The Palace will be open, as usual, at 10; the Show will be open at about 12; the gardens of Rockhills will be open for promenade from 4 till 6:30.

The Coldstream Guards Band, under Mr. F. Godfrey, will play during the display.

Admission on st covers. 5s Guinea Season Tickets, free.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

This Evening (Saturday) Rossini's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his second appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Carl; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in that character). Conductor, Signor ARDITI.

Monday, June 27th, 3rd time, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Maeel di Nanglis, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di St. Bris, M. FAURE; il Conte di Verona, Mr. Santley; Marcello, Signor Foli; Rugneson Gelbier, Signor Rinaldini; Tavannes, Signor Archini; Don Conni, Mr. Lyall; De Retz, Signor Mora, Signor Castelli; Maurevert, Signor Zobeli; Copetinoco, Signor Ragnor; Dama d'Onore, Madame Corsi; Bohemienne, Mdlle. Fiorelli; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Valentina, Madame Barbot.

Tuesday, June 28, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Figaro, M. Faure; Bartolo, Signor Castelli; Basilio, Signor Mongini; Signor Zobeli; Don Curzio, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellina, Madame Corsi; Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lewinsky; Susanna, Madame Vilda Frigini, and Rosina, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance in that character).

Thursday, June 30, Mozart's Opera, "DON GIOVANNI." Don Giovanni, M. Faure; Don Ottavio, Signor Gardoni; Commendatore, Signor Foli; Masetto, Signor Rinelli; Leporello, Mr. Santley. The minuet will be danced by Mdlle. Fiorelli, Zerlina, Mdlle. Pauline Lewinsky (her first appearance in the character); Donna Anna, Madame Barbi-; and Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

On SATURDAY, July 2, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

Acting Manager .. .. Mr. JARRETT.

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MR. OBERTHÜR'S MATINÉE.

UNDER the Immediate Patronage of HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON. Mr. OBERTHUR'S MATINEE MUSICALE, on WEDNESDAY, June 29th, at his Residence, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park. Artists—Mdlle. Orgeni, Miss E. Armstrong, Mdme. Osborne Williams, M. J. Ledvri, Chevalier A. de Kontski, Herr L. Straus, M. Albert, Mr. Hallett Sheppard, Herr Lehmeyer, Mr. Oberthur. Tickets, 10s. 6d., to be had at Lonsdale's, Schott's, or of Mr. Oberthür.

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Stage Manager .. .. Mr. R. SOUTAR.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S FOURTH and LAST GRAND CONCERT this season, MONDAY MORNING NEXT, June 27th, at St. James's Hall, commencing at half-past two. Soloists—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Gardoni, Signor Foli, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who will make his only appearance in Sacred Music during the London season. Conductor—Mr. HENRY LESLIE.—Reserved sofa stalls, £1 1s; area stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony stalls (front row), 10s.; balcony stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved area, 5s.; balcony, 3s; upper balcony, 2s. 6d. Tickets at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and 43, Moorgate Street, City; and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—"Honour to Beethoven."—LAST CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Monday, July 4th, at Eight o'clock. Programme selected entirely from Beethoven's works, including symphonies No. 1 and No. 8 (choral); choral fantasia, pianoforte, Mdme Arabella Goddard; Berrichon' chorus; overture, Leonora, in C; &c. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s. Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d.—Lambora Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, Chappell's, Oliver's, Keith Prowse's; Alfred Hays; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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MDLLE. DRASDIL will sing "HE IS UPON THE LONELY DEEP" (new and successful song by KATE LUCY WARD, composer of "The Weaver"), on June 27th, and July 7th.—WESLEY & Co., 16, Hanover Street.

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MONDAY, JULY 4th.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD begs to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE will take place, by kind permission of the Marquis of Downshire, at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE, on MONDAY, July 4th, to commence at Three o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced.

CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE'S THIRD EVENING CONCERT will take place at the ARCHITECTURAL ROOMS, 9, Conduit Street, W., on TUESDAY Next, June 28th, at Eight o'clock. The programme will include original compositions for their Harmonium Combination, and two for the Pianoforte, first time of performance. They will also play on the new Americus Chamber Organ. Vocalist—Madame Talbot Cherer. Tickets to be had at Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; and of Keith & Prowse, 48, Cheapside. No tickets at the Rooms.

MISS MARY ELIZABETH WALTON (of the Conservatoire, Leipsic) begs to announce her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate Patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Princess Mary Adelaide Princess Teck, His Grace the Archbishop of York and Mrs. Thomson, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, MONDAY Next, commencing at Half-past Two. Artists—Mdlles. Liebhart, Katherine Poyntz, Thaddeus Wells, (Salisbury), Zuliani, Fairman, Osborne Williams, and Banks; Messrs. Alfred Baylis, Trelawny Cobham, Waldeck, and Maybrick. Pianoforte—Miss Mary Elizabeth Walton. Violin—Mr. H. Weist Hill. Violoncello—M. Albert. Conductors—Messrs. Kingsbury, Lehmeyer, Osborne Williams, Ganz, and Francesco Berger. Stalls, 10s. 6d. Family Tickets (admitting Three), One Guinea; to be obtained at the Rooms, and of Miss Walton, 37, Harley Street, W.

MDME. MONTSERRAT has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, under the patronage of Lady Marian Alford, and Lady Elizabeth Cust, will take place at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, July 6th. Full particulars and names of Artists will be duly announced.—16, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W.

MDME. MONTSERRAT (Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, etc. For Terms, and Lessons, Address, 16, Upper Berkeley Street West, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE CHARM," this, 30th, Hanover Square Rooms, July 7th, and at his other principal Engagements. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., 32, Old Bond Street.

MISS BANKS will sing BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S romance, "A SUMMER EVE," at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Miss Elizabeth Walton's Grand Concert, June 27th.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Scholarships and unusual advantages. Students' Concert, Hanover Square, THIS DAY, June 28th.—Norfolk Road, Bayswater. F. WEBB, Sec.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

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THE ITALIAN OPERAS—COVENT GARDEN.

(From the "Saturday Review," June 18.)

Once again we are blessed with two establishments for the representation of opera in the Italian language. We say "of opera in the Italian language," because such an institution as a *bond fide* Italian opera, at which music and performers are exclusively Italian, is a thing of the past—gone, in all probability, never to return. Whether this be for good or for evil, we are hardly prepared to say; but with regard to the fact there cannot be a doubt. Even when the works of an illustrious Italian musician, Cherubini for example, are called upon to vary and enrich the repertory, what he composed for the Italian stage is never thought of, but what he composed for the French stage, to French *libretti*, is resorted to as a matter of course. A noticeable instance has been offered in *Médée*, and another is now promised in *Les Deux Journées*. About this question there is a good deal to say on both sides; but the present is not the time to discuss it. We have to treat of Italian opera under such conditions as are immediately vouchsafed to us.

The co-existence of two houses, whatever risk it may entail upon speculators, is an advantage to the public. Last season, when Messrs. Gye and Mapleson joined fortunes, the amount of enterprise was reduced to a minimum. The services of Sir Michael Costa, Signor Mario, Mdlle. Paulina Lucca, and others were dispensed with; Madame Adelina Patti appeared, evening after evening, in the same familiar parts; while Mdlle. Christine Nilsson was heard in one new opera—an opera which, like a single scene, would have stood little chance of permanent acceptance. In fact, so barren a season, with such resources at command, is unparalleled. The "coalition," however, can hardly be said even now to have broken up, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson being still the dominvitate at Covent Garden. But among the artistes who formed the Maplesonian contingent in 1869, when the much talked of alliance was ratified, one only of considerable importance belongs to the actual Covent Garden troop. We naturally refer to Mdlle. Tietjens. Mdlle. Scalchi is a contralto of more than average ability, but Mdlle. Bauermeister a fair *comprimario*. These named, however, all are named, excepting certain members of the orchestra and chorus (including Mr. Carrodus, leading violin) who went over to Covent Garden when Signor Arditi consented to share the office of conductor with Signor Li Calsi.

Notwithstanding the loss of several distinguished artists engaged to them last year, the directors of the Royal Italian Opera have still a generally efficient company. To encounter the formidable opposition at Drury Lane no little strength was demanded. The result is that we have got back Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Paoline Lucca and Signor Mario—a gain to frequenters of the theatre not to be lightly estimated. Then, as a matter of course, Madame Adelina Patti occupies the place which, for eight or nine years, she has held undisputed, as "*Etoile des étoiles*" among *prime donne*—the legitimate successor of Madame Angiolina Bosio, with a dramatic genius to which that accomplished vocalist could by no means pretend. Mdlle. Vanzini, too, the American—"*comprimaria*," at best, by right of natural gifts and ability, but *prima donna*, on occasion, when the "*prima donna assoluta*" take repose—again "finds" in the company, together with Madame Dell'Anese and Mdlle. Locatelli, who have for some years filled subordinate parts at the Covent Garden Opera. In the men's department, besides Signor Mario, already named, we have had—to complete the list of tenors—the German Formes, but it may be remembered as "created" Jason, in *Medea*, when Cherubini's tragic masterpiece was first produced, for Mdlle. Tietjens, at Her Majesty's Theatre; Herr Wachtel, another German, who, four years ago (his second trial in London), failed to make an impression that few ever dreamed of his adventuring among us again; Signor Mandin, the original Vasco di Gama of the *Africaine*, perhaps his chief distinction, though assuredly not his only one, if industry and versatility count for anything; and Signor Marino, the *Hidalgo*, very serviceable in his way, as we have been occasionally reminded this season. Of baritones and basses Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have enough and to spare, despite the loss of Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, &c., now attached to Drury Lane. But on the whole it must be admitted that, in their instance, quality hardly mates with quantity. Of Signor Graziani, with his fine though limited voice, and eager ambition to figure as an actor, we need say nothing; Signor Cotogni is a baritone of all trades—from Hamlet to Figaro; M. Petit in the Mephistophiles of M. Gounod's *Faust*, by right of his having been the original when that singularly over-estimated opera was produced at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique; Signor Bagagiolo, who has a voice which atones in some measure for lack of dramatic talent and certain deficiencies as a singer, in chief bass; and Signor Campi, a basso in his way, but only a *secondo*." With these are associated Signor Tagliafico, now nearly voiceless, yet more than ever intelligent, and as representative of small "characterparts," *sui generis*, unique; Signori Fallar, Casaboni, Caravoglia, and Rossi, subordinates; and, for *buffo assoluto*, Signor Ciampi, whose continued tenure of a place filled of old by such artists as Lablache and Ronconi, seeing that Signor Ciampi is not possessed of a single qualification for it, is one of the most significant existing indications of the decadence of Italian opera. The foregoing, with the unvarnished exception of Signor Caravoglia, all belonged to the old Covent Garden company. But, not content with these, Messrs. Gye and Mapleson prudently sought out reinforcements; and some singers unknown to London were engaged. We have had a new *seconda donna* —Mdlle. Olma; a new contralto—Mdlle. Cari; a new tenor—Signor Vizzani; a new *comprimario*—Miss Maddigan; and a new *prima donna assoluta*—Mdlle. Matilde Sessi. The *seconda donna* is so completely a novice that the mere fact of bringing her forward at such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera shows an indifference to public appreciation almost without example. The contralto, after making a very good impression as Maffeo Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, was discarded and allowed to go over to the other theatre. The tenor has, up to this time, only appeared in one part (Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*), his performance giving rise to conflicting opinions. The soprano (Mdlle. Sessi), although at present little of an actress and hardly a singer of the first class, has done valuable service

How to pass from the stage to the orchestra: how well the new system of employing two conductors has answered may be gathered from the fact that, with two companies as well as two conductors, much less was done last year than previously, when one conductor held supreme authority. Nevertheless, although Signor Arditi has joined the rival establishment at Drury Lane, and Signor Li Calsi, for reasons unexplained, has seceded, we have once more two conductors at the Royal Italian Opera. One of them, Signor Vianesi, who directs the music at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburgh, is, if we may be allowed to judge from a short experience, expert and ready at his vocation; of the other, Signor Bevignani, as much cannot with truth be affirmed. Thus, what the able conductor may succeed in doing the less able conductor is as likely as possible to undo; and Signor Bevignani gives promise of being a perpetual a drawback to Signor Vianesi as Signor Li Calsi was, last year, to Signor Arditi. We have no wish to reconsider the differences which led to Sir Michael Costa's retiring from the post he used to occupy with such distinction; but we have little hesitation in saying that, with the excellent co-conductor to attend a performance and Signor Bevignani, he would find it difficult to recognize his aid and well-tried orchestra—once the most famous in Europe. On the other hand the chorus at the Royal Italian Opera is excellent—thanks to the foreign reinforcements brought to it by Mr. Mapleson. And yet there are not, at least so far as our information goes, two chorus-masters, any more than there two stage-managers, two ballet-masters, or, to adopt the conventional phrase, two "principal scenic artists"; though why not these—why not, in short, to exhaust the theory suggested by two orchestral conductors (and two directors), a double staff altogether, to emulate the rival Harlequins, Columbines, Clowns and Pantaloons in a Drury Lane pantomime—is, under the circumstances, difficult to understand.

Having set forth at length and in detail the resources, vocal and instrumental, at the disposal of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, we have now to consider what has actually been done since the opening of the theatre. In the way of novelties there has been nothing to speak of. True, only two were announced in the prospectus—an opera, entitled *Esmeralda*, by Signor Campana, whose previous effort at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1869, *Il Guarany*, reduced to Pecolomini, hardly justified the belief that he would again be put forth at one of our Italian lyric theatres as a champion of modern art, and Signor Verdi's often advertised *Macbeth*. The repertory of the Royal Italian Opera is, however, very extensive, consisting, on its official assumption of the matter, than forty-nine works, and within a period little exceeding two months the directors have been able to produce three-and-twenty of them in a more or less complete and satisfactory manner. Thus, one after another, there came *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Fidelio*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Les Travaiteurs*, *Medea* (Cherubini's, of course), *Masaniello* (second and third acts only!),* *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Faust* et *Marguerite*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Favorita*, *Martha*, *Hamlet*, the *Africaine*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Dinorah*, the *Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo*. How these familiar works were cast, and how performed, may be gathered from the list of artists set forth in the preamble. We shall not be expected to go over old ground; and a word or two about some of the singers, more especially about Mdlle. Sessi, who, as a stranger, puts forth the highest pretensions, will suffice.

The opera which, to employ the conventional term, "inaugurated" the season was a well-worn one; but the chief character being allotted to a young soprano unknown to the English public, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was heard under conditions which nowadays alone can recommend it. How badly off must we be for dramatic composers when such a piece as this of Donizetti's—not to speak of half a dozen other pieces of like calibre—can hold the stage of Europe as it were in perpetuity! And yet Lucia in the shape of a prepossessing newcomer, with voice and artistic acquirements enabling her to go creditably through the part, must always, until better things are at hand, be welcomed. Mdlle. Matilde Sessi, if she does not warrant the enthusiastic laudation of French critics, boasts undeniable qualifications. Much has been said and written about her profusion of fair hair, the charm of which, unlike that of Horace's Pyrrha, is not so much in the binding up as in the letting loose; but she has other things besides an abundant natural head-dress to recommend her. Her voice is of agreeable quality, especially good in the upper tones, and flexible enough to cope with the most elaborate passages of the Italian school. The music of Donizetti seems to come to her quite naturally. Her most effective display, vocally considered, is that of Lucia's madness, her

* The idea of two acts from so genuine a masterpiece as Auber's *Masaniello* being made to serve as "tag" to *La Figlia* and *Don Pasquale* is another sign of decadence

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least effective, perhaps, that of the signing of the contract. Without going into further details, we may add that the impression created by Mdlle. Sessi has been generally favourable. She does not shine as an actress; nor are her personal endowments such as to lend poetical illusion to the scene. That she is small in stature, however, says nothing—Madame Patti and Mdlle. Lucca being equally under the middle size; but there is a want of mobility in her features, which under all circumstances wear a stereotyped expression. Though by no means ever-well supported by her associates, Mdlle. Sessi on the night of her first appearance was received with every token of encouragement. The few words of criticism we have given to her Lucia may apply with equal fairness to the various parts she has since undertaken, and which we leave her title to consideration. It has been asserted that Mdlle. Sessi shines more in comic than in serious opera. We confess our inability to see the distinction. She has no histrionic genius; and, were it not that neither actually represents anything, her comedy might be tragedy and her tragedy might be comedy. As Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, or as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, her physiognomy is as perversely immobile and her gestures are as perversely conventional as in Lucia, Astrafiammante, or Ophelia. Yet about Mdlle. Sessi's versatility there cannot possibly be a question. Every part seems to come ready to her hands. She has not only successfully essayed the characters we have enumerated, but has added to them the lachrymose Violetta of Verdi's *Traviata*, and the lively Susanna in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*—furthermore, on a recent occasion, appearing substitute for Madame Adelina Patti, as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, and issuing from the ordeal with untarnished laurels. That Mdlle. Sessi will ever be an actress is hard to believe; dramatic instinct seems to be denied her; but that she has the means of becoming, with perseverance, a singer of almost, if not absolutely, the first class, we are convinced. It has been within the province of few to execute the difficult *bravura* music of the "Queen of Night," in Mozart's *Flauto Magico*, and that of the operas of the modern Italian school with equal facility. Such, nevertheless, is Mdlle. Sessi; and as such it behoves amateurs to watch with interest her future career.

Years bring no improvement to Herr Wachtel, who is now just what he was on the occasion of his first visit to England (in June 1862), when, with Mdlle. Adeline Patti, he appeared in *Lucia* as "Arturo, voz *et præterea nihil*. In his best days Herr Wachtal could not sing; his pronunciation of the Italian language was unpardonable; and an occasionally vacant stare—as though he was (to quote the late Mr. Dickens) "looking intensely over" crowds up the stem, and not into his shifts and resources as an actor. Herr Wachtel's sudden retreat, on account of some supposed misunderstanding with Madame Patti, to which the daily papers have given a sort of vague publicity, cannot be looked upon as a misfortune for the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. In *Guglielmo Tell*, in the *Huguenots*, and above all in *Don Giovanni* (as Don Ottavio), he had declared himself no less incompetent than in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Dr. Gunz, who has also left us, simply because his engagement was for a short period, belongs to a different school. His voice is hard and ungrateful, but he *is* an artist, an artist of intelligence, which his performances as Jason (*Medea*) and Tamino (*Il Flauto Magico*) are enough to prove. Signor Marie's return has been hailed with unanimous satisfaction; for though his voice is now but a wreck of what it used to be, when he *does* (which is not seldom) sing a phrase in his old manner, it is a phrase sung as no other than Signor Marie can sing it; while, as an actor, at this moment he remains *facile princeps*, distancing all competitors—of which one scene in the *Favorita* not to name his striking impersonation of Raoul in the *Huguenots*, is sufficient, but impartial judges. It is cruelty to so brilliant a singer and consummate an actress as Madame Patti to bring her forward, evening after evening, with parts in which we have known and admired her almost from the outset of her career—Rosina, Amina, Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), and so forth. Her almost only chance of new distinction this season has been afforded by Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, in her assumption of the demented heroine of which, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska excepted, she is unrivalled. To Mdlle. Patti rather than to Mdlle. Sessi—who, by the way, has been taken from her many of her best characters, as Lucia, Norina (*Don Pasquale*), and Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*) among the rest—should have been assigned the part of Ophelia, as to the only singer who had a chance of equalling, if not, indeed, of surpassing, the remarkable impersonation of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and thus of keeping upon the stage of Covent Garden (it cannot be given at Drury Lane, being the exclusive property of the rival theatre) the grave and elaborate opera of M. Ambroise Thomas. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has returned with all those provoking imperfections, as singer and actress, which, while themselves exercising a certain indescribable fascination, prevent her from becoming what her great natural endowments ought to make her. That Mdlle. Lucca is a genius in her way, we are ready to admit; but that she can ever be a lyrical artist appears to us almost impossible. Even her best characters—Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, and Selika, in the *Africaine* of Meyerbeer—want something more to be unconditionally accepted as exemplifications of legitimate art; her Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, in a sprightly piece of acting, and no more; her Leonora, in the *Favorita*, has one impressive scene (the last); her Margaret, in *Faust* is as full of blemishes as of beauties; her Cherubino, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, in a lively caricature at the best, showing, moreover, incapability to enter into the spirit of Mozart's music, music as Orpheus as it is unaffected, music utterly spoiled by such torturing of the time and overstrained expression as Mdlle. Lucca exhibits—for instance, in "Voi che sapete," which is nothing if not flowing. It is a pity that so much of good should find so much to counteract it, as in the talent of this lady, who possesses a soprano voice almost unparalleled in splendour; and if she could make herself mistress of the Italian language, might become an ornament to the Italian lyric boards.

Mdlle. Tietjens is now what Mdlle. Tietjens has been for some time—in certain respects the finest dramatic singer on the stage. It is no little to say of her that, when she retires, such operas as *Fidelio* and *Medea* must inevitably be laid upon the shelf. That this unquestionably great artist should have made herself so common by singing in and out of season is much to be regretted; and if she forms no longer the popular attraction she used to be it can only be thus explained. Mdlle. Tietjens, however, has earned new distinction recently by consenting to play the part of Gertrude in *Hamlet*—on Saturday of the first order. Last year, it is true, the Ophelia was Mdlle. Nilsson; this year it is Mdlle. Sessi; but Mdlle. Tietjens, in her own department, that of high tragedy, had as little to fear from Mdlle. Nilsson as she had to fear from Mdlle. Sessi. We have to ask to-day to probe the question further. Enough that Mdlle. Tietjens now represents the Queen, and represents it so admirably that she not only creates the strongest impression, but, in one scene (the great scene between Hamlet and his mother), almost, by force of example, makes an actor of Signor Cotogni—the Hamlet of the period.

On Tuesday night (since the foregoing observations were in type) Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's principal novelty for the season—the opera of *Esmeralda* —was produced. An article might with fairness be exclusively devoted to such an event; but in this instance we should have been compelled to manufacture the article out of nothing. *Esmeralda* is unquestionably the worst Italian opera ever produced in London since *Almina*, in 1860; and, as the composer of *Almina* is also the composer of *Esmeralda*, no comparison may, at least, be credited with consistency. What he was ten years earlier he is precisely now. He has neither receded nor advanced. We sympathize with Signor Cimino, an Italian author of some literary distinction, who has constructed, on the probably groundless hint cast out of M. Victor Hugo's well-known romance—though inevitably dispensing with Quasimode, next to Esmeralda the most interesting personage.* We sympathize still more with Madame Adelina Patti, who makes such an ideal character of the heroine as to excite regret that she has not been supplied with music as captivating as that to which Carlotta Grisi, still remembered as the pearl of "*danseuses*," had to mime and dance, a quarter of a century ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when, under the memorable direction of Mr. Lumley, the ballet was brought out his famous book of the opera. It is as well to state here that the reported success of *Esmeralda* at St. Petersburgh is a delusion. It was given three times only—with Madame Volpini (not Madame Patti) as the heroine. Madame Volpini is an extremely clever artist; but we doubt if she could have thrown half the spirit into the character, or invested it with half the poetical charm, which Madame Patti exhibits. Twice the genius of Madame Patti, however, would fail to secure an abiding success for music that is beneath criticism; and such is the music of Signor Campana—music as destitute of originality as it is destitute of grace. If a man has nothing to say, and yet cannot say it in polished language, we forgive him, because what he says, however linguistically ill-expressed, may be something we have not heard before; but if a man has nothing to say, and speaks at once both wisely and ungrammatically, we set him down as an unmitigated bore. It would serve no purpose whatever to attempt to bolster up Signor Campana's opera with this and that reservation. It is irredeemably bad, and should never have been accepted at such a theatre as the Royal Italian Opera. If it be true that Madame Patti was the cause of its being given, we entertain compliment her upon her taste; and for that reason we are less disposed to regret the inutility of the exertions she uses to captivate her audience. What the applause, "encores," and recalls "of "first nights," signify no one knows better than Madame Patti herself. The manner in which unsual on the occasion under notice. Mdlle. Scalchi who plays Estella, Esmeralda's mother (made disagreeably prominent by Signor Cimino the libretto), Signor Neudin who sings the music such as it is, allotted to Captain Phœbus wonderfully well, and Signor Graziani, whose Gaudi Frollo is about as mysterious as his Rigoletto or his Nelusko, are burdened with less responsibility, but claim consideration, inasmuch as they do all in their power to induce people to believe that they are in earnest. We must credit the Covent Garden directors with the fact that the expenditure they have bestowed upon the "getting up" of *Esmeralda* might be represented by the smallest imaginable amount. They have indeed, done nothing whatever for it in the way of "*mise en scène*;" and, seriously we cannot blame them. Our only complaint is that, under any circumstances, they should have thought it expedient to bring out such a work. Several operas by Verdi are unknown to England; or, if Verdi is looked upon as stale, there is his successor (and imitator) Signor Petrella, of whose music not a note is familiar here; or, again, if enough has been heard of Verdi and his school, and something fresh is indispensable, there are composers among us able to write twenty times better than Signor Campana. Such an opera as *Esmeralda* can only be ridiculed by musicians and connoisseurs; while the

* Our contemporary might also have taken notice of the absence of Gringoire, Esmeralda's improvized husband.—Ed. *M. W.*

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chance of its winning favour with the general public is to the last degree remote.

Awaiting the next novelty—Verdi's *Macbeth*—we have no more to say at present about the Royal Italian Opera, which, certain deficiencies allowed for, still holds its own and may still proudly claim to be regarded as one of the first lyric theatres in Europe. Our next notice will be devoted to some account of what has been done, up to this time, at the rival establishment in Drury Lane Theatre.

BEETHOVEN AND J. J. ROUSSEAU COMPARED.

(From the "Guide Musical.")

According to La Fontaine's remark, Genius is like Fortune; in nearly every instance, it makes one pay very dearly for what it appears to give. Beethoven's share was immense; but he paid for it more dearly than anyone else for his, more dearly even than Mozart, whose only fine for being immortal was his dying at the age of thirty-six. Beethoven lived twenty-one years longer, but, during those twenty-one years, he entirely lost the faculty of hearing, and wrote the following lines full of sadness to Herr von Seyfried: "*Art alone has kept me; it seemed to me impossible to leave the earth before producing all I felt I ought to produce. It is thus that I continued my miserable, ah! my very miserable, life, and with such a nervous organization that a mere nothing causes me to pass from a state of the utmost happiness to one of the greatest misery.*" What an organization of this kind, Beethoven did not require to be deaf in order to feel unhappy; let us put the matter clearly, however: unhappy, but enjoying, at the same time, those compensations and magnificent compensations for which the vulgar envy, and are justified in envying, the privileged, but which are not the far out in their appreciations. They have no notion of the pangs which may be occasioned by bringing forth such a work as the Symphony in C minor, or the Pastoral Symphony, but they feel very well that there must be some pleasure in conceiving, producing, and drawing these compositions from chaos. Such a pleasure really does exist; it is great and infinite even in its sufferings. "Art alone has kept me," Beethoven wrote, and art in this case is nothing more nor less than the pleasure above mentioned. Scattered up and down the world, there is a host of poor devils, quite as nervous, and quite as deaf as Beethoven, or more so, without art as a support, who drag on through their poverty and their sufferings as they best can, without the consolation of giving birth to a sublime symphony, or even of observing their silence and their solitude by the elaboration of the smallest polka.

Let us exaggerate nothing, neither the happiness nor the misery of a man of genius. Beethoven could not be happy after the fashion of a notary or a banker who makes a fortune and retires from business. Nor could he be so after the fashion of those artists whose work is extremely easy and with whom success keeps up, step for step, with their efforts. He inherited from nature an aspiration for what is great and new, difficult to find, and difficult to render intelligible. To procure emotions, he was under the necessity of inventing and creating, while so many others have simply to imitate and continue. Instead of being contented with first results, he entertained incredible difficulty in satisfying himself; he searched for a long time; he erased, corrected, and recommenced with the indefatigable tenacity that Jean-Jacques Rousseau displayed in the construction of his learned periods, and this is not the only trait of resemblance, revealed to us by a study of his character and of his genius, between him and the citizen of Geneva. We find in both the same natural uneasiness, the same quick susceptibility, the same misanthropy, and the same strong love of the country. Beethoven composed his finest masterpieces under the same circumstances that Rousseau wrote his *Julie*, his *Lettre sur les spectacles*, and his *Emile*. Both suffered from an infirmity which, though different in one case from what it was in the other, kept them equally as a distance from intercourse with the world. Both were in their heart, and lived without hope; Rousseau loved Mdme. d'Houdetot, and Beethoven, ladies of high rank, if we are to believe what Wegeler wrote: "*Beethoven war nie ohne Liebe, und meistens von ihr in hohem Grade ergriffen*" ("Beethoven was never without some passion, and mostly worked up to the highest pitch"). All the difference is that Beethoven did not marry, and had near him no Thérèse Levasseur, flanked by her hideous mother, to disturb the repose of his life and degrade his dignity; but, though unmarried, he, also, had the burdens and the annoyances of a family without its touching compensations.

Beethoven had several brothers; the widow of one of them, Carl, a cashier in the Bank of Austria, who made him the guardian of his son, a minor, would not give the boy up to him. Hence an action at law, that is to say, a night-mare which, for four years, weighed upon Beethoven's breast. How could any one ever guess the first annoyance this law-suit caused him. "This episode in the artist's life," says M. von Lenz,* "shrinks into the microscopic proportions of German existence. Thus it was commonly supposed at Vienna that the Dutch particle *von*, in Beethoven's name, was the German particle *von*, implying noble birth, especially when the composer's name was written in the abbreviated form, L. v. Beethoven. Beethoven carried his case before the Court that took cognisance of actions concerning nobles. The Court required the production of his patents of nobility. Beethoven carried his hand to his head and to his heart. The reader will easily believe that this proof could not have any value in a question of legal jurisdiction. The case was referred to the magistracy of Vienna. Will it be credited? This reference of the case to another court, though very natural, wounded Beethoven's feelings profoundly. He asserted that an exceptional tribunal ought to have been called upon to take cognisance of the affairs of genius, and that this notion had been forgotten in the code." The fact is, Beethoven was profoundly aristocratic, and that, too, without suspecting it. One day, he made the following assertion, reported by Schindler: "A man of a superior kind ought not to be confounded with a tradesman, and I have been so confounded." On another occasion, he heard Prince Lichnowski order his valet to wait upon him first, if he and the Prince happened to ring at the same time. Does the reader fancy that Beethoven was touched by this piece of attention? Quite the contrary; he instantly took a servant exclusively for himself. Hear again Herr von Lenz:—

"Beethoven passed his life among the high aristocracy of Vienna. He was partial to the diversion of dancing, a pleasure according with the simple manners of the period, when people still danced to a piano, but, incredible as it may seem, he could never manage to dance in time. He was awkward in his movements; he generally broke the things he touched; no piece of furniture at his own house, and least of all a piece of furniture of value, was safe from his attacks. How often his inkstand fell into the piano near which he was working! Beethoven was an integral part of the Lichnewski, Lobkowitz, Browne, Brunswick, Erdody, and Thun families. His pupil, the Arch-Duke Rudolph, set the example. An artist himself, he treated the greatest artist of the age as he ought to be treated, namely, as a special recipient of the bounty of heaven. Beethoven made his terms with the prince; he desired to be alone with him during his lessons of harmony and piano. The Prince kept the stipulation. Beethoven met on equal terms the Arch-Duke Rudolph, the hero of Aspern, to whom the Arch-Duke Rudolph knew he was partial. Whatever charm the intimacy of such distinguished persons may have possessed for the mind of the artist, the mere idea that the lesson was at hand sufficed to render him ill. . . . Beethoven never succeeded in subjecting himself to the least constraint. If you invited him to dinner, he did not forgive you for his having been a whole day the slave of your hour. The hour for him was a motive. He still entertained the singular idea that people should eat when they are hungry. A grand day arrives. Beethoven must be gave a dinner to Mesdames Sontag and Ungher. Under this dinner, however, lurked the Machiavelic idea of making the ladies believe that the difficulties of their parts, in the Symphony with Choruses, were less than they imagined, and to prove that it was utterly impossible to obtain anything like synthesis. . . .

For four years, the fatal law-suit, of which we spoke above, completely engrossed all Beethoven's attention. He considered his honour involved in it; he himself drew up all the deeds and memoirs. His counsel, the venerable barrister Bach, senior member of the bar, allowed him to do as he liked, fancying that any other course would drive him mad. Beethoven at last gained the day by an appeal from three previous judgments, which, perhaps, cost musical art a symphony and a few other marvels. When he had won, he thought of having his nephew to live with him, and of keeping house. The reader should see the letter the composer sent a neighbour, asking for information about the most essential things, of which he did not know a syllable. 1. What must you give two servants to eat, morning and evening, quantity and quality? 2. How often must they have meat? . . . etc. 3. How many pounds of meat for three persons? The neighbour ought merely to have replied: "Write symphonies!"

W. von Lenz thus finishes his curious narrative:—

"Money became an object with Beethoven from the moment that his nephew's existence was his own. For him—the young man, who bore his name—he saved. This nephew, the hostile element in the second portion of the life of the artist, who was cruelly punished for ever-estimating an uncle's duties, embittered the last ten years of his existence. Beethoven nearly lost his reason on the day the University of Vienna expelled, for misconduct, the adopted son on whom he had concentrated the impetuous necessity which he experienced all his life, of loving some one. The master's last love died the moment he saw his nephew abandon a literary career, to enter the Austrian army."

Let us leave this giddy profligate whom Beethoven constituted his heir, to reward him probably for not deigning to disturb himself and fetch a doctor, when his uncle, his benefactor, returned to Vienna (December 1826), a prey to the malady of which he was destined to die a few months later. But Beethoven had, also, a brother, a well-

* *Beethoven and his three Styles.*

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known apothecary in Vienna, who frequently drove about in a landau and four. This brother, by name Johann, was indebted to Ludwig, the artist, for his establishment as a druggist. Though living but a very short distance off, he never visited him, only sending him, on New Year's Day, his card with the words: "Johann van Beethoven, *Guts-Besitzer*" (that is to say, *landed proprietor*); and the artist wrote on the back, "Ludwig van Beethoven, *Hirn-Besitzer*" (that is to say, *brain proprietor*). The medical men ordered Ludwig van Beethoven hay baths, and, as Johann van Beethoven had plenty of hay and to spare, a message was naturally sent him to let his brother have some. Does the reader know the answer of the *landed proprietor*, who was a judge of herbs, and wanted to keep everything for himself? We do not think sordid avarice ever invented anything more sublimely native. Johann van Beethoven, the apothecary, replied that the hay from his estate was not good, and Ludwig van Beethoven was obliged to send elsewhere for some.

Such were family ties for the great artist; such was the manner in which those nearly related to him repayed his devotion and his sacrifices. Like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, however, Beethoven was himself frequently unjust and ungrateful, through being irritable and suspicious; he often rejected a benefit from an exaggerated sentiment of independence, or manifested only indignation and anger towards his benefactor. E. M.

The Grave of Charles Dickens.

He sleeps as he should sleep—among the great
In the old Abbey: sleeps amid the few
Of England's famous thousands whose high state
Is to lie with her monarchs—monarchs too.

Monarchs, who men's minds 'neath their sway could bring
By might of wit and humour, wisdom, lore,
Music of spoken line or sounded string,
Or Art that lives when artists are no more.

His grave is in this heart of England's heart,
This shrine within her shrine: and all around
Is no name but in Letters or in Art
Sounds as the names of the immortal sound.

Of some, the ashes lie beside his dust,
Of some, but marble forms and names are here:
But grave or cenotaph—remains or bust—
They will find place for thee, their latest peer.

Make room, oh tuneful Handel at thy feet;
Make room, oh witty Sheridan, at thy head;
Shift, Johnson, till they leave him grave-space meet;
Garrick, whose art he loved, press to him dead.

Macaulay, many-sided mind, receive
By thine, the frame that housed a mind as keen
To take an impress, or an impress leave,
From things, or on things, read or heard, or seen.

Welcome, oh Addison, with calm, wise face,
His coming, who has peopled English air
With types of humour, tenderness, and grace,
Than which thine own are less rich and more rare.

Thou, too, his brother of our time, last lost,
Thackeray, bend thy brow with kindly cheer
On him, thy comrade, wave-worn, tempest-tost,
Who, from life's voyage, comes to harbour here.

All the more welcome that he seeks his rest
Without the pomps that follow great ones' ends—
No mourners save the natural ones that prest
About the father's coffin or the friend's.

No sable train with plume, and plate, and pall;
No long parade of undertaker's woe;
Scarfed mutes, and feathered hearse, and coursers tall—
All that bemocks the grave with hollow show.

Humbly they brought him in the summer morn,
Humbly and hopefully they laid him down.
And on the plate that tells when dead, when born,
His children's love, like England's, lays a crown.*

Punch.

* Upon the coffin was a crown of green leaves and white roses. Many of those who came to look into the grave during the day it remained open threw flowers into it.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The performance of *Il Trovatore* on Thursday week served to show Mdlle. Ilma di Murska in another phase of her unquestionable versatility. Whatever this lady undertakes she does after her own fashion, which, let us add, is full of originality and power, if not full of the charm, whatever it be, most congenial to the public taste. It was readily assumed, therefore, that her first appearance in Leonora would present striking points both of conception and execution. This the result amply sustained, for rarely has Verdi's heroine been impersonated with greater dramatic force, or his music sung with more intense and truthful expression. We need not, after Mdlle. di Murska's performance in detail, since to do so would be to recount many excellencies easily imagined. Certain features, however, had the attraction of that novelty for which we look when an artist so thoroughly original is concerned. No better example of these can be taken than Mdlle. di Murska's acting during Manrico's air, "Di quella pira"—acting which, for natural eloquence, the lyric stage would find it difficult to surpass. But the climax of the Hungarian lady's effort was properly reserved for the climax of the story—the famous "Miserere" scene—in which she exhibited powers, both as an actor and a singer, that should win for her the loftiest place open to an artist's ambition. There have been Leonoras many, not a few of sterling merit; among the latter, and high in the scale of excellence, must be placed that of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Upon Madame Trebelli's Azucena, Signor Mongini's Manrico, and Mr. Santley's Di Luna, comment would be superfluous, while it can easily be imagined to what a perfect *ensemble* each artist contributed.

On Saturday, Mdlle. Nilsson repeated her charming impersonation of Marguerite, in presence of a crowded and brilliant audience. We can add nothing to former remarks upon the Swedish lady's most characteristic effort, unless it be to change the terms employed for others more decidedly eulogistic. Few will be bold enough to question that Mdlle. Nilsson's Marguerite is a close approximation to the original Gretchen, that her working out of the character is distinguished by exceptional consistency, or that her singing wants nothing of expressive or executive power. Other artists may present other ideals, in praise of which much can be said; but Mdlle. Nilsson alone embodies the heroine both of the poet and the musician. As a matter of course, the favourite artist was applauded with frequency and warmth, her recall after the "Jewell Song" being specially demonstrative. Madame Trebelli, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Santley, and M. Faure took their accustomed parts; so that on Saturday, as on Thursday, the performance was distinguished by an *ensemble* hard to equal, scarcely possible to surpass.

T. E.

CHARLES DICKENS'S LAST LETTER.

(*From the "Athenæum."*)

Mr. Charles Kent has kindly consented to our printing what is in all probability the last letter that Mr. Dickens wrote. On Thursday, when Mr. Kent went to keep the appointment, Mr. Dickens was lying unconscious, within a few hours of his death. The "opal enjoyments" refer to the tints of the sky:—

"*Gadshill Place, Higham-by-Rochester, Kent,*
"*Wednesday, the Eighth of June,* 1870.

"My dear Kent,—To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as in addition to my usual office business, I have a mass of accounts to settle. But I hope I may be ready for you at 3 o'clock. If I can't be—why, then I shan't be. You must really get rid of those opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering:—

'These violent delights have violent ends.'

I think it was a father of your Church who made the wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or stayed out late) at Vienna.—Ever affectionately,

"To *Charles Kent, Esq.*" "Charles Dickens.

Nuremberg.—Dr. Hans von Bülow lately gave two concerts on the same day—one here, and one at Fürth—in aid of the Hans Sachs Monument. He will shortly give a concert in Augsburgh, and another in Würzburg, for the same object, and then play no more publicly in Germany.

Mannheim.—The seventh Musical Festival of the Middle Rhine will take place on the 3rd and 4th July. The first day will be exclusively devoted to Beethoven, who will furnish the *Weihe des Hauses*, and the *Missa Solemnis*; on the second day the programme will contain works by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Lotti, Vittoria, Weber, Schubert, and Beethoven. The artists already engaged are Mdlle. W. Rüter, of Munich; Mdme. Ulrich-Rohn, of Mannheim; Mdlle. Pappenheim, of Brunswick; Herr Vogl, of Munich; and Herr Hill of Schwerin.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The *Huguenots* was repeated on Thursday week, with certain important changes in the cast; Madame Lucca replacing Mdlle. Tietjens as Valentine, Mdlle. Sessi appearing as Marguerite de Valois, vice Mdlle. Vanzini, and Signor Mario succeeding Herr Wachtel as Raoul. On the whole, these changes were improvements; but, without entering upon proverbially odious comparisons, we may say of the performance that it had features of distinguishing merit. Madame Lucca's Valentine has not lost in forceful impulsiveness by greater elaboration, and is still, what it was when she first appeared before an English audience, a striking dramatic effect. In this respect little was wanting to the great duet with Raoul, throughout which Madame Lucca's acting satisfied even those who most strictly insist upon energy without rant, and truthfulness without exaggeration. Mdlle. Sessi was admirably suited by the part of Marguerite, which required her to sing well and little more. Mdlle. Sessi sang well, and kept to the "little more" with praiseworthy self-control—a course some may have found agreeable after experience of many ambitious efforts. Signor Mario, so far as acting goes, was the inimitable Raoul of more years than it is pleasant to remember. Whether the audience, watching him through the great duet, lamented the action of time upon his vocal powers we know not; but even the sensitive on this matter must have been enraptured with the superb exhibition of dramatic skill to which they were treated. Apart from Signor Mario, there is no such acting on the lyric stage, and for its sake we could almost be content to have the character presented in dumb-show. So felt the audience, if any special significance belongs to specially enthusiastic applause. The other parts were filled as on previous occasions, and may be dismissed with a brief testimony to their general acceptableness.

On Saturday *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, with Mdlle. Tietjens in the character now as much hers as Beethoven's Leonora or Cherubini's Medea. Once more this great artist displayed the ability which, under certain conditions, amounts to supremacy. As Lucrezia, at all events, Mdlle. Tietjens is the accepted and, so far as we can see, the final link in a long chain of great dramatic soprano. Gennaro was represented by Signor Vizzani, whose voice and style Donizetti must have better suited than that of Verdi. The new tenor will undoubtedly be useful to a certain extent, and within a certain range of parts. His second appearance, however, confirmed the impression made by his first, that neither in compass and quality of voice, nor in dramatic ability, is he qualified to take the highest place. Signor Graziani once more presented his peculiar version of Don Alfonso; and the part of Maffio was taken with considerable success by Mdlle. Scalchi, whose rendering of "Il segreto" obtained much and deserved applause.

T. E.

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—The following is condensed from the *Yorkshire Post* of Tuesday, June 21st:—

"To-day Dr. Spark, the borough organist, gives his last organ recital for the present. Among the pieces played during the season for the first time were the following:—

"Concerto in C, Grand Fugues in F minor and C minor (No. 7, Vol. 15), Trio in F—J. S. Bach; Fugues in F minor, Mozart; Hosannah *nach* Arcadelt, Liszt; Fest-Präludium, Fink; Nachspiel, F. Weber; Concert-Fantasie, S. Müller; Allegretto in B minor, Chorus in D, Christmas Offertoire in B flat, Morceau Dramatique in C minor, Alex. Guilmant; Offertoires and other pieces, Batiste; ditto, Lefébure Wely; Andante in C, Introduction and Fugue in D, Melody in C—E. Silas; Postlude in C, Andante in A, Andante Grazioso in G, Henry Smart; Concert-Fantasia in D, Stewart; Sonata in C—G. A. Macfarren; Pastorale in G, and Triple Fugue in G minor, Merkel; Communion and Allegro (Alla Marcia) in E flat, Batiste; Fantasia in C minor and major, Philipp Tietz; Elegy in E minor, Leo Kerbusch; Offertoire in G, Kühmstedt; Andante and Allegro in D minor and D major, W. Spark; two selections from Rossini's *Messa Solennelle*, adagios, andantes, &c., from symphonies, sonatas, airs with variations, &c., by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; selections from Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and Barnby's *Rebekah*; marches by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, Meyerbeer, C. A. Barry, Smart, Spark, &c.; overtures by Cherubini, Spohr, Mercadante, Spontini, Rossini, W. S. Bennett, Gounod, &c.

"Besides these, Dr. Spark has introduced vocal trios, duets, songs, &c. He is now, we understand, about to visit Germany, and will, doubtless, find many new things in the course of his travels, to present to the public on the renewal of his recitals in August."

MUSICAL ANTITHESIS.—The music of Wagner, which is "the music of the future," and "*la musique d'Adam*," which, evidently, must be of the past.—N.B. To prevent mistakes, it is as well to say we allude to the compositions of Adolphe Adam.—*Punch*.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA IN AMERICA.

(*From the Boston "Daily Advertiser," May* 31.)

The performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Music Hall last evening was quite a good one. Speaking generally of the impersonations, they might be called good, and Madame Rosa as Donna Anna, by her superb singing and dignified action, and Mr. Nordblom as Don Octavio, by his refinement and spirit, were worthy of especial mention. Miss Hersee as Zerlina was, on the whole, highly acceptable, and in "Vedrai Carino" she was thoroughly charming and artistic; her youth and comparative unfamiliarity with the part would abundantly account for a certain lack of the subtile and sympathetic quality which is essential to the satisfactory interpretation of the most delicate operatic music ever written.

We have spoken personally of Madame Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Nordblom, but must retrace our steps to say that the great musical feature of the evening was Madame Rosa's rendering of the famous "letter aria," "Non mi dir," which has been seldom heard in Boston for a long time, and which has not been *well* performed for at least eighteen years, except, possibly by Madame Rosa herself. The difficulties of this wonderful melody all seemed to vanish under the lady's easy skill, and the rendering was remarkable both for its delicious sweetness, its fine execution, and its pure and true expression. Mr. Nordblom's Don Ottavio was surprisingly good. The part demands no special exertion for its acting, but it requires, and it received at the hands of Mr. Nordblom, just and dignified treatment, while the singing of the performer in the part seemed to us the best which has ever given in Boston. The "Masken' Trio," the *finale* of the first act, and the quartet, "Non ti fidar," being noticeably and exceptionally good. The "Masken' Trio," indeed, has seldom been better sung in Boston, and its enthusiastic encore was thoroughly deserved. The choruses were excellently rendered, and the orchestral work would have been highly satisfactory if the musicians had yielded to Carl Rosa's repeated solicitations for a more *piano* style in the accompaniments. As a whole, then, it is to be said that *Don Giovanni*—the most difficult of operas in many ways—was very well given, and its representation made a worthy termination of the last season of the Parepa-Rosa *troupe* in America. For this and for very many other most noble, artistic, and inspiring performances, we are under obligations to this company of admirable artists, and with every one of them we would part—if it were possible—with an "*au revoir*" instead of an "adieu."

MISS KELLOGG AMONG THE LUNATICS.

We do not remember to have heard of a more interesting episode in the life of any artist since the days of the great Jenny Lind than that of Miss Kellogg at the State Lunatic Asylum a few days since. The circumstance speaks volumes for the kindness of heart and genuine humanity of this great artist.

Not content, as some of the *genus irritabile* of a lower order of art would have been, to dole out a few notes to the better class of patients that could be assembled for the purpose, she asked the doctor to be allowed to penetrate to the interior and sing to the more disturbed classes. Accompanied by two of the faculty, their ladies and the matron, and armed only with her guitar, she started like an ancient troubadour on her novel journey.

Arrived in the departments devoted to the more disturbed of this unfortunate class, she was not long in making her power felt. A few notes from her wonderful voice were sufficient to call order out of the wildest confusion, and to still the troubled waters of the soul. In a moment all was hushed, and, except the voice of the cantatrice, the hall was silent as the house of death. After the first song, they gathered about her like little children, wondering apparently what angel from heaven had dropped down so suddenly and unexpectedly among them. They examined her minutely and literally from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; for one desired to be allowed to "see the pretty little boot with which she kept time to her own music." This was submitted to, and not only this, but every article of dress and jewelry about her person she suffered to be freely overhauled. She was turned about by these crazy ladies like a merchant's lay figure, much to her amusement, and little apparently to her annoyance. Even when they proposed to kiss her, she not only submitted gracefully, but tremulous, not with fear, but with genuine emotion, she turned to the greeting in each instance.

Such is Clara Louise Kellogg, and such also is the power of music and kindness on the disturbed mind.—*Cincinnati Morning Herald*.

Words for Music.*

Ay, years do bring the philosophic mind,
Wordsworth is right. As men in life advance,
They smile, or sigh, to think that, having dined,
Young fellows can be fools enough to dance.
Who underneath the table keeps his feet,
His stomach's lead site lightly on its throne;
Eat capers, but cut none, friend, after meat,
Disturb his meals who will; digest your own.

PUNCH.

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MARRIAGE.

On the 2nd inst., at Booterstown, Dublin, Mr. EDWARD CADDICK, of Edgbaston, to HARRIETTE, youngest daughter of Mr. HENRY BUSSELL, Professor of Music and Musiceller, Dublin.

DEATH.

On the 16th inst., NELSON, son of Mr. WEIPPERT, Musiceller, Regent Street—aged six years.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

FINE OLD TUNES.

IT is not always a bad thing to have what Mr. Samuel Weller would call "limited wision." In the case of Mr. Weller himself it prevented his seeing, through a flight of stairs and several closed doors, what might have been to the detriment of our dear old friend, Pickwick. In the case of some others it concentrates attention upon a small space, and extracts therefrom lessons otherwise in danger of being overlooked. Le Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre* is a noteworthy illustration of what we mean. From the ordinary fittings of the room to which he was confined the French philosopher drew matter for speculation, the interest of which will never be exhausted. But limited vision, as a rule, is not always useful. Upon the average man its effect is to make him exaggerate the merits and importance of what he can see, and to depreciate all that lies beyond, creating out of his visible surroundings a little world apart, wherein very small things are relatively very great. Only thus do we account for a phenomenon connected with Church musicians, who are always talking of "Brown in A," "Jones in B," and "Robinson in C"—as other men talk of the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Fidelio*, and *Medea*.

We suppose that organists and people who frequent "quires, and places where they sing," are more or less affected by the narrowing influence of sacerdotalism. If not exactly a "sacerdotal caste," they are sufficiently like the article to make the church their world. Looking upon Church music as a thing apart, they come eventually to regard it as unaffected by considerations which touch music secular, and as only to be judged by the low standard of its own low average merit. On no other grounds are we able to explain the reverence felt for what are sometimes called "fine old tunes," and for the importance attached to works which, out of the church, would promptly make their way to the huckster's, as waste paper. Let us add that we do not consider this to involve any censure upon Church musicians. Between their music and secular music there must exist, in any case, a broad line of demarcation; and, naturally, that to which they are, in a measure, shut up, acquires a fictitious value. But it is needful, for the sake of Church music itself, to ask those who have to do with the thing whether they should not throw upon it a little light from the outside world. If this were effected, we cannot but think that the ecclesiastical lumber-room would soon have an extensive addition to its contents. How many, for example, of the chants now used would be used any longer? There are places where the substitution, say, of "Crotch in C" for "Jones in D," or, *vice versa*, on a particular occasion, would be matter of grave import. Looked at as music simply, either or both would be "basketed" without compunction. Then, again, as to the "Services," we are tempted to ask—Can it be that the intelligent among Church musicians really believe the majority of such concoctions at all worthy the importance assigned to them? Those who hear Church "Services" with unaccustomed ears are simply repelled by their formalism, their want of expressive and descriptive power, and their exceedingly small musical pretensions. To a large extent the case is the same with anthems, not a few of which are worthy the style in which they are sung—about the severest sentence it is possible to pass upon them. These are strong assertions, but not stronger than the thoughts of outside musicians whenever English Church music is named. All who are not "to the manner born" know that within the ecclesiastical pale—by way of consistency with surroundings, we presume—there has grown up a style of music utterly unworthy of its object, and which is the artistic counterpart of the twaddle that passes current for an average sermon.

The sooner all these things are looked into the shorter will be the existence of "fine old tunes."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS, as popular at Melbourne as in most places, after being entertained by the Yorick and Athenæum Clubs, was performing with success at the Theatre Royal. The theatrical news, however, from Melbourne is not satisfactory. A dispute has arisen with regard to the use of the Haymarket Theatre, and the building is in a state of siege. A trustee for the bondholders holds possession of the gallery, with a policeman and a bulldog. Messrs. Harwood, Coppin, & Co., who hold the lease, have taken possession of the stage, where they are obliged to keep and feed some forty or fifty men, who amuse themselves with impromptu acting, and chaffing the policeman in the gallery. It was expected that an attack on the policeman and dog was imminent. The policeman has a big stick and the dog looks preternaturally savage; so that if the performances take place, they are likely to be of a tragic nature.

WE know to our cost what effects may be produced by a railway whistle sounded for the amusement of engine-driver and stoker on a bridge above the heads of horses in public thoroughfares; but startling as these are they are nothing compared with the scream of a great tragedian. When Mrs. Siddons (on 15th of June, 1784) bade adieu to Scotland, she uttered a scream in Portpatrick. At the place of embarkment she raised her eyes to throw a parting look at Scotland, and to the utter astonishment of all present, she emitted one of her wild cries. The rocks, the shore, and the concave in which the village of Portpatrick stands conveyed the echoes. There was a general rush from the houses scattered along the beach. Seeing men, women, and children so alarmed, Mrs. Siddons herself became more terrified, and screamed aloud. It was mournful, but piercingly loud. In a moment, as if by some sudden shock through the influence of supernatural agency, the whole people sobbed aloud. "Such a scene," says the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie (our authority), "I *never witnessed*."

[We believe him.—A. S. S.]

THE latest we hear of Howard Glover, the well-known composer and critic is that he is officiating as conductor of the Parepa-Rosa English Opera *troupe* in America. The following tribute to his merits is from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:—

"The orchestra was led by Howard Glover, himself a composer of note, his *Roy Blas*, *Amiata*, and many of his later works being well known in this country. The beautiful song which was so well given by Mr. Lawrence in *Oberon* last Wednesday evening was adapted by Mr. Glover from Weber's music; and the manner in which he wielded his bâton last night proved that the enthusiasm of a younger artistic composer was not diminished by the more practical skill of a thoroughly scientific musician."

Another journal, the *Cleveland Gazette*, remarks:—

"It would be unjust not to make favourable mention of the extensive and admirable orchestra which is made to do most excellent execution under the direction of Howard Glover."

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At the Oxford Commemoration, which has occupied so much attention during the week, one of the most distinguished among those upon whom was conferred the degree of D.C.L. was our great musician, William Sterndale Bennett (Professor of Music at the Cambridge University). That the announcement of his honoured name should have been received with loud and unanimous applause will surprise no one.

"H. S. O." has addressed to the *Guardian* of June 15, a long account of the recent Festival of the Lower Rhine, held this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, which a correspondent has invited us to reproduce in our columns. We must simply decline to do so. The tendencies of "H. S. O." are by this time pretty well known to our readers, though not better known than our own entire disagreement with them. That in the programme of this festival in honour of Beethoven, not even a little song bearing the name of a man who did more to promulgate the love for Beethoven, as he did more to propagate the love for J. S. Bach, than any other German who ever lived—we, of course, mean the late Mendelssohn Bartholdy (who composed his *St. Paul* for the anniversary of 1836)—is a disgrace to every one connected with the management of it. Schumann himself, vain as he was, and jealous above all of the superior genius and far greater eminence of Mendelssohn, would have faintly objected. Imagine two pieces by Schumann on such an occasion, and nothing by Mendelssohn!

We regret to have to announce the death of a well-known veteran of the orchestra, Mr. Chipp, which took place on Sunday morning. Mr. Chipp's last appearance in the places behind the Tympani—where he was always looked for, and always did excellent service, was at the Worcester Festival of 1866. From that time till his death he lived in honourably earned retirement—a retirement too brief to reward the labours of much more than half a century. It may not be generally known that Mr. Chipp was the composer of many meritorious quartets, trios, &c.; that he was a good pianist, and a sufficiently clever harpist to hold that instrument in Sir Henry Bishop's orchestra at Covent Gardan for seventeen consecutive years. It deserves to be mentioned, also, that Mr. Chipp took part at the memorable production of Weber's *Oberon*, in 1826. Losing him, therefore, we lose one of the few remaining links connecting the present with the past.

A CORRESPONDENT temporarily residing at Munich writes to us from the Bavarian capital as follows:—

"Shortly after the appearance of these lines, Herr R. Wagner's newest contribution to the sister arts of poetry (?) and music (?) will have been produced at the Theatre Royal, at least if the bills posted up in front of the Theatre Royal are to be believed. It is true that some one once has said: *Nulla fides frontis.* In this case, however, we are inclined to think the announcement will be realised, if only that singers, musicians, scene-painters, and scene-shifters, may be relieved from further rehearsals. By the way, the interest in Herr R. Wagner's effusions has died out wonderfully since the failure of *Rheingold* last summer. Months before the production of *Rheingold*, that event formed the permanent staple of conversation. But no one, except those engaged in it, ever talks about *Die Walküre*. There is now a splendid chance for a certain noble duke and his fellow amateur firemen. They might get enrolled in the extra fire-brigade which the Intendant has thought (t absolutely necessary to engage for every night the *Walküre* is played. The danger to which the theatre will be exposed is described as something very great."

THE contributions towards erecting a monument at Brunswick over the late Albert Methfessel amounted, in April last, to the magnificent sum of one hundred and ninety-eight thalers in all. Considering that Albert Methfessel was, in his time, one of the most popular writers of folk's songs in Germany, and that the members of the countless vocal associations there still profess to be enthusiastic about him, we should say their enthusiasm is of a very mild description, not unadulterated with humbug; exceedingly weak enthusiasm; enthusiasm below proof—directly the proof is raised to the level of the breeches-pocket.

THE Forty-seventh Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine was duly celebrated at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 5th, 6th, and 7th inst. The works performed on the first day were Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica* and *Missa Solennis*. Herr Franz Lachner conducted. Meademes Joachim, Orgeni, Herren Vogl, and Bletzacher were the vocalists. Herr Joachim took the solo violin part. How he played the "Benedictus" it is superfluous to say. Among the compositions performed on the second day were Beethoven's third overture to *Leonore*, and Handel's oratorio of *Deborah*. The latter had not been heard at Aix-la-Chapelle for thirty-six years. The concert on the third evening was of a miscellaneous character. The programme included two overtures by Beethoven: *zur Weihe des Hauses*, and that to *Coriolan*; and *finale* from *Fidelio*; the final chorus from *Christus am Oelberge*, and the Violin Concerto, the last being, of course, performed by Herr Joachim—as only Herr Joachim can perform it.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A CONCERT was given recently at Mrs. Gladstone's Convalescent Home, Woodford, by the Wanstead Musical Union, an amateur society of ladies and gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The object was to raise a sum to purchase for the institution an harmonium—and proof was afforded in the attendance that the charity is winning sympathy. Thanks to Mr. Serjeant Tindal Atkinson, who suggested the concert, and his friends, the performance was above the average; and Mrs. Gladstone begged Dr. Andrew Clarke to convey the thanks of the committee to the performers as well as to the audience. In responding to this call Dr. Clarke gave a history of the Woodford Convalescent Home, and drew attention to the advantages of its nearness to the East London population and to the London Hospital, whose out-going patients constitute a large proportion of the Home.

MADAME AUSPITZ KOLAR, whose playing we have several times had to praise, gave a concert at Dudley House, Park Lane on Monday last, and secured the attendance of a fashionable audience. The programme included a number of classical works, among them being Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, Rameau's *Suite de Pièces* in A minor, Schumann's *Andantino* and variations, Chopin's *Impromptu* (Op. 51) in G flat major, and Mendelssohn's *Scherzo* in E minor. All these works were played in artistic fashion, and confirmed Madame Kolar's reputation as an executant of much more than average ability. As a rule, we are not eager admirers of the crowd of German adventurers who swarm in London concert-rooms during the season. Many of them have great pretensions and small ability, and but few succeed in overcoming English prejudice in favour of foreigners they would go back worse off than they come. When, therefore, an artist of ability does arrive, there is a peculiar pleasure in awarding that reception which shows that art itself has no nationality. Madame Kolar was assisted by Mdlle. Drasdil, Herr Stockhausen, and M. Demunck (violoncello), Herr Gans acting as accompanist.

MR. W. CARTER, the well-known pianist and teacher, gave his annual concert on Monday week in St. James's Hall, supported by a number of eminent artists. The programme consisted of such selections as that at morning benefit entertainments. It included, for example, Hummel's septet in D minor, played by Messrs. Carter, Young, Horton, Mann, Blagrove, Petitt, and Severn; Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo*, well executed by Master Puddicombe; and selections from Chopin and Schumann, chosen by the concert-giver as his solos. The vocalists were Mdme. Sherrington, who sang "Angels ever bright and fair;" and Carter's "Beautiful Clouds;" Mdlle. Drasdil, whose rendering of a Bohemian song, and of Lucy Ward's "She is upon the lonely deep," gave much satisfaction; Mr. Sims Reeves, about whose "Waft her angels," and "Adelaide" nothing too good can be said; Miss Minnie Tempest, a beginner, who may do something worth notice by and by; and Herr Carl Bergen, who is not a beginner, and into whose future we hardly look expectantly. A glee party of male voices also contributed to the undoubted success of the concert.

THE third and last of Mr. Ignace Gibsone's recitals took place on Wednesday, at St. George's Hall. Mr. Gibsone never played better. His third book of "Meditations," consisting of seven pieces of different character, was loudly and deservedly applauded, as was also his solo, "Dancing Water." The second part consisted of a new cantata for ladies' voices, written by Mr. Frederick Enoch, entitled *The Elfin Knight*. It consists of an introduction with solos, duets, and choruses It is a highly interesting work, and was most excellently performed The solo vocalists were Miss Poole, Miss Katherine Poynts, and Miss Fosbroke. Miss Poole in "The Elfin Knight," and the duet with Miss Fosbroke, "The Cuckoo kept calling," was loudly applauded, as was also Miss Katherine Poynts in "Flow, flow, river, and go." The libretto has been cleverly adapted by Mr. Enoch, and runs smoothly; the music is dramatic in the extreme, and will add considerably to Mr. Ignace Gibsone's reputation. The whole was accompanied by Signor Tito Mattei, with the utmost care.

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THE fifth and last concert of the Schubert Society's fourth season took place on Thursday week in the Beethoven Rooms, and was given for the benefit of the director, Herr Schuberth. A large number of performers were engaged, and the programme was lengthy and well chosen. Schubert's quintet in C major, played by MM. Ludwig, Jung, Bernhardt, Lubeck, and Schuberth, after which came a series of vocal pieces varied by instrumental solos. Among the more noticeable of the former were—" Uno voce," sung by Miss Blanche Reeves; Schumann's "Abendlied," and Weber's "O Fatima" (encored), sung by Mdlle. Drasdil; Reichardt's "J'aime, je suis aimé," rendered by the composer, and Rossini's "Le Carita," in which the society's choir of ladies took part. With regard to some other vocal performances we may question whether they were calculated to do the society much good. The instrumental solos were nearly all satisfactory. Herr Hause, Miss Kate Gordon, and Herr Schrattenholz each gave a pianoforte solo with effect; the director's Nocturne for two violoncellos, performed by himself and Herr Lubeck, gave much satisfaction; Herr Ludwig played the favourite *adagio* from Spohr's ninth concert and one of Bach's preludes in good style, and Mdlle. Tayan, a very young lady violinist from the Paris Conservatoire, delighted the audience with a fantasia on airs from *La Dame Blanche*. We gather from a note to the programme that the season just ended has been the most prosperous of all. This is well.

MR. GANZ'S annual concert—invariably one of the most important of its kind—took place in St. James's Hall on Monday last, and attracted a very large as well as a very fashionable audience. The programme had been taken in selecting artists from both operas and elsewhere; while the programme, if it presented nothing new, contained much that was good. The lady vocalists who chiefly contributed to the success of the concert were Madame Adeline Patti, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Trebelli, Mdlle. Scalchi, Mdlle. Orgeni, Mdlle. Enequist, Mdlle. Carola, Madame Patey, and Mdlle. Liebhart; the more prominent gentlemen singers being MM. Bettini, Graziani, Foli, Reichardt, Julien Lefort, and Ilma Kolo. To mention what share each of these artists took in a programme of thirty-six pieces would occupy far more space than we can give. Enough that the audience relished, more or less, everything put before them—most of all, let us add, that with which Madame Patti had to do. The concert-giver took the fairly prominent part in what was done, playing, first of all, Beethoven's sonata in F major (Op. 17), for piano and horn (M. Willmann); next, the opening movement of Hummel's concerto in A minor (with string septet accompaniments); and, lastly, his own fantasia on Rossini's *Mery Wives*. In all Herr Ganz exhibited qualities which have given him his present position. The other instrumentalists were M. Paque and M. Antoine de Kontski.

THE opera concert announced to take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, was given on Saturday afternoon, and attracted a very large and fashionable assemblage. Whether the building be, or be not, a good place for musical purposes is a question that, we imagine, hardly affected the attendance either for better or worse. The idea was not novel, and the programme a long selection of familiar works, executed by the artists of the Royal Italian Opera. Such a combination not only deserved, but could command, success; and we may be permitted to wonder that it has not more often complemented the legitimate work of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson's *troupe*. Opera managers must, of course, be assumed to know their own business better than the outside public; but, as in this great city, there are thousands to whom the opera itself is inconvenient or distasteful, concerts like that of Saturday afford the most obvious policy imaginable. So far as criticism is concerned, the Floral Hall doings present little scope for remark. Well-known pieces were sung by well-known artists in a style not less familiar than either; and our duty thus narrows itself to the duty of a chronicler—being concerned rather with the What than the How. We shall not pretend to discharge even this limited mission with minute fidelity; a passing reference to certain notable doings being all that is necessary. Madame Adelina Patti—the "particular star" in everything omitted with the Royal Italian Opera — was recalled at the close of "Let the bright Seraphim;" to the success of which Mr. T. Harper's trumpet *obbligato* in no small degree contributed. Similar honours followed her rendering of "Ombra leggiera" and "Within a mile of Edinboro' town;" the latter after singing "Qui est homo," with Madame Lucca (most rare conjunction!) she twice acknowledged the enthusiastic applause. Mdlle. Tietjens added another to the long roll of triumphs gained by her rendering of "Softly sighs" *Der Freischütz*, and won an encore for "The Meeting of the Waters," to which she responded by an exceedingly fine performance of "The Last Rose of Summer." Mdlle. Lucca's solo, "Qual notte, O ciel" from the *Domino Noir*, led to a recall; Mdlle. Sessi easily winning a like honour with Proch's "Variations pour la Voix." Mesdames Vanzini and Scalchi, MM. Mario, Graziani, Bagagiolo, Cotogni, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Capponi also contributed in no small degree to the success of a very successful concert. Between the parts the prayer from *Mosaniello* was sung by the opera chorus. MM. Vianesi and Bevignani conducted.

MR. BARNLEY RICHARDS's concert, given in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, was of a character easy to anticipate. We will not go so far as to say that Mr. Richards is nothing if not Welsh; but it is a fact that his greatest successes have been made in connection with Welsh minstrelsy, of which he is among the foremost representative. The music of Wales, therefore, naturally had a prominent place, and attracted a congenial and highly sympathetic audience, who seemed to appreciate it above all other. Among the pieces specially acceptable were John Thomas's choral arrangement of the beautiful "Ash Grove," sung by a choir of eighty voices; Mr. Richards's arrangement of "The Vale of Towy," charmingly rendered by Miss Edmonds; a pianoforte solo introducing "The Ash Grove" a second time (few can hear it too often), and the "Morgan March," in the latter of which was united with none the less pleasure because its Cambrian origin is a matter of dispute. Mr. Richards played both in his well-known style, and obtained an enthusiastic encore. The concert-giver being a prolific composer, nobody was surprised to find his works largely represented. Two part-songs—a setting of Herbert's "Sweet day, so cool," and a "Boat Song"—showed to advantage how Mr. Richards can write choral music; as did "The Christian Soldier" (first time), and a new and pretty song, with chorus, "We are nymphs of the ocean," admirably given by Madame Patey. Mr. Richards's "Cambrian War Song" was rendered by Mr. Lewis Thomas with all the dash and energy its theme would be likely to excite in the possessor of such a thoroughly Welsh name; while Mr. Cummings, though a Sassenach, delivered "The Cambrian Plume" spiritedly enough to win an encore. Mr. Richards was still further represented by his trio, "Up, quit thy bower," by the latest among recognized national airs, "God bless the Prince of Wales," by a sacred song, with violoncello obbligato, "Pilgrim's Path," for which Miss Wynne's exquisite singing obtained an encore; and by a setting of Bishop Middleton's "As o'er the past," wherein Madame Patey was heard to special advantage. The balance of the programme included Mendelssohn's *Andante and Presto Agitato*, and Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue," both played by Mr. Richards; a *due concertante*, for piano and violoncello (MM. Richards and Paque), the work of Mr. Arthur Sullivan; Pinsuti's song, "I heard a voice," sung by perfection by Mr. Cummings; and "Lasgo al Cacciatore," given with characteristic spirit and considerable humour by Mr. Lewis Thomas. Mr. Callcott was a very efficient accompanist.

AMID the increasant demands upon our attention we had almost overlooked the excellent concerts given in St. James's Hall by the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land. To lovers of vocal music, and of vocal music in its genuine form, no entertainments are more interesting than those referred to, especially as the works selected are always well performed by the artists whose ensemble, thanks to constant working together, is perfect. The fifth and last concert of the series took place on Wednesday week and was attended by the appreciative audience always attracted on these occasions. A specially good programme had been prepared, beginning with Bishop's "Tho' he be now a gray friar," sung by the members of the Union—Miss Jane Wells, Miss Eyles, Messrs Baxter, Coates, Land, and Lawler. Hindle's Glee, "Queen of the Silver Bow," followed, and was succeeded in the order of mention by Horsley's "When shall we three meet again?" the success which a madrigal, "Lady, see on every side," Callcott's "With sighs, sweet rose!" Hatton's "Homeward Watch," and Elliot's "Come, see what pleasures." The concerted pieces in the second part were Clarke's "Is it the roar of Teviot's tide?" Parker's "Bright clear bugle," Goss's very favourite glee, "There's beauty on the mountains," a part-song, by Truhn, "The Three Chafers," (the Union should keep free from German part-songs of which we have enough elsewhere), and Bishop's concection, "O! by rivers." We enumerate all these madrigal, in order to show how judiciously ancient and modern examples are blended, and what a good taste presides over the selections made. That all were well sung it is superfluous to mention. The solos in the programme were not less good in their way. Miss Eyles sang Bishop's "Madonna," Mr. Baxter gave Hobbs's "Phillis is my only joy," and Mr. Byrom (pianoforte) and Mr. Edward Howell (violoncello) each contributed a solo. Mr. Land accompanied with his usual ability.

"FREISCHÜTZ."—The sixth Baden Musical Festival for Men's Choral Associations was celebrated here on the 5th and 6th inst.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Miss Minnie Hauck has appeared very successfully at the Stadttheater in *Don Juan*, and M. Gounod's *Faust*.

HOMBURG.—The season has begun. A French operatic company, including Mesdames Bataille, Singalée, MM. Capoul, du Wast, and Bataille are engaged up to the end of July. They will play the most popular works by Auber, Boieldieu, Adam, Halévy, Héroid, and Rioci. The Italian operatic season commences in the beginning of August and lasts till September. Mesdames Adelina Patti, Trebelli, MM. Bettini, Berger, and Bagagiolo are mentioned as belonging to the company.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's restoration to health has given new life and spirit to the proceedings at the Drury Lane Opera. That after her lengthened indisposition, she would have come forward as the Countess Almaviva, in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*—a part which, to a London audience at least her proficiency to sustain with due effect had yet to be tried—proved, as it turned out, a happy circumstance. One more entirely fitted for the character, whether in a dramatic or a musical sense, has not been known to the generation of opera-goers. Mdlle. Nilsson wears the aspect of the placid but jealous and affronted lady to admiration, and histrionically delineates her like the perfect artist with whom we are acquainted. Nothing can be more pure and expressive than her delivery of the soliloquies in which the Countess, once so happy, now inconsolable, confesses herself, as it were, to the audience. In fact, to sing those two beautiful airs, "Forgi amor" and "Dove sono," better would be scarcely possible. But a peculiarity in Mdlle. Nilsson which has won and must always retain for her the esteem of true amateurs is the conscientious study she bestows on every part intrusted to her. Whatever she comes forward in she has thoroughly mastered; and we not only recognise a performance admirable as a whole, but finished in all its details. That this, and this only, can be legitimate art is apparently Mdlle. Nilsson's conviction; and we share it with her, as we share it with her renowned contemporary, Madame Patti, who has invariably been noted for a similarly ardent devotion to her calling.

What has raised Mdlle. Nilsson higher, however, than she stood before in the estimation of English connoisseurs is neither the Countess Almaviva, nor Alice (*Robert le Diable*), her first two new parts this season, but Desdemona in *Otello*, her enthusiastic reception in which on Tuesday night was recorded in a sentence yesterday. Notwithstanding all that she had previously done to merit the unanimous acceptance she has obtained among us, few expected that she would be able to show herself such a consummate mistress of the earnest style of Rossini, which, being imitated so successfully by Donizetti and other masters, until Signor Verdi came to alter the whole state of things with his simply dramatic declamations and unornate melody, may be said to have exclusively ruled the domain of operatic art. Our operagoing readers need not be reminded that the music of *Otello* (composed at Naples in 1816, between the *Barbiere* and *La Cenerentola*—a gush of tears between two roars of laughter—when Rossini was in his 25th year) combines in an eminent degree the "florid" with the "expressive." Those who affect to rail against the florid style entirely overlook the fact that in employing it—inventing it rather, with a view of extirpating the absurd custom of leaving all embellishment to the imagination and skill of the vocalist—this most highly gifted of Italian composers possessed the secret of making florid "*bravura*" speak as eloquently as the simplest "*cantilena*." All through the opera of *Otello* (which we are not going to describe for the 20th time) this is markedly observable. The difficulty has been to find singers equal to the task of vocalizing with fluency and taste combined. The greatest representatives of Desdemona, because endowed with this rare capacity, were Malibran Grisi (in her best day), Sophie Cruvelli, and one or two others of less note, unnecessary to specify; and when we add that Mdlle. Nilsson has proved herself a worthy associate of those distinguished artists we have paid her the highest compliment in our power. The first Desdemona belongs to more than two generations back;* but those we have named, even the earliest of them, have not passed out of the remembrance of amateurs of long standing. Mdlle. Nilsson has grasped to the life the character of Shakspere's gentle and long-suffering heroine—the one personage of the drama, by the way, whom Totola, Rossini's librettist, has not utterly perverted. In the first scene she judiciously dispenses with the so often interpolated *cavatina*, which has nothing to do with the piece, contenting herself with the dialogue-duet, "Quanto son fieri i palpiti," in which Emilia (we may say at once gracefully and unaffectedly represented by Mdlle. Cari) endeavours to console Desdemona—a far more becoming prelude to what ensues. Her acting and singing were all that could be desired in the noble *finale* to the first act, which contains two of Rossini's most striking *morceaux d'ensemble*, and in which the sudden appearance of Othello, at the back of the stage, just as Elmiro, Desdemona's father, is endeavouring to arrange matters satisfactorily between Rodrigo and his daughter, constitutes a situation not unlike that of the second *finale* to Donizetti's *Lucia*. A dramatic force was here exhibited for which those who had watched Mdlle. Nilsson's progress superficially were not prepared. But finer still, because rising with the impressiveness of the situation, was the *finale* to the second act, where the unhappy Desdemona is alternately contemned by her jealous husband, commiserated by her faithful confident and indignantly reproached by her unrelenting father. Each situation is striking, and in each Mdlle. Nilsson showed herself fully equal to the occasion. Her delivery of the famous solo—"Che smania! ohnè, che affanno!"—was admirable from first to last, as pathetic in the touching preamble as it was animated in the brilliant sequel. Not less striking was the passage, "L'error d'un infelice," in which Desdemona supplicates Elmira's pity. The curtain fell amid the loudest demonstrations of approval, ending with two successive calls for Mdlle. Nilsson. The last act—a masterpiece which Rossini himself, by no means a self-adulator, thought was one of those passages among his numerous works destined *possibly* "to live"—was best of all. The incidents are familiar. The beautiful music of this—including the celebrated "willow song" ("Assisa a pie d'un salice"), with which poor Desdemona, after hearing the voice of the gondolier outside, vainly endeavours to soothe her agonised feelings—was sung to absolute perfection, the concluding verse, when the singer becomes overpowered by emotion, surpassing the rest in touching expressiveness. The whole scene, moreover, comprising the affecting prayer—"Deh, calma, O Ciel!"—the terrible interview with Othello, and its terrible catastrophe, was acted with singular force and meaning. The defience of her husband ("Uccidimi pur vuoi, perfido, ingrato"), when, proud in her conscious innocence, Desdemona defies her accuser, which Rossini in his earlier manner, has set to a vigorous *bravura*, was not only superbly declaimed but superbly "looked." And thence to the climax, there was nothing but what strengthened the effect that had been produced. The applause at the conclusion was uproarious. Mdlle. Nilsson had revealed herself for the first time (it was perhaps, indeed, the first opportunity afforded her) as a tragedian; and the audience saw and recognized this new phase in her talent. Desdemona is unquestionably her greatest success

Signor Mongini's Othello was acknowledged, ten years ago, when he played the character at Her Majesty's Theatre (under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith), one of his most striking performances. No voice was ever better suited than this gentleman's to give effect to the opening address to the Senate ("Vincemmo o padri"), or its florid "*cabaletta*" ("Deh Amor"); and surely none to impart the requisite vigour to the celebrated duet with Iago, when the wily "Ancient" cajoles Othello, and works up his jealousy to desperation by means of the letter and the handkerchief. Signor Mongini's associate in this duet was M Faure, whose Iago is worthy his repute as a dramatic singer of the first class. The voice of M. Faure was distinctly audible even while his partner was exerting himself to the utmost; and Signor Mongini gave out the high "C sharp," made celebrated here by Signor Tamberlik, with stentorian force that took the house by storm. The duet created a "*furore*," and being unanimously encored, the last verse of the quick movement (with the great "high C" as loud and penetrating as before) repeated. The singers were twice called back at the end. In the soliloquy of the bedroom scene Signor Mongini should restrain his powers. Desdemona might awake before Othello intended it—which would be dramatically inconvenient. Signor Gardoni was the Roderigo, and a better could not be wished; Signor Foll played the part of Elmiro with his accustomed intelligence, but with too uniform a practice of dragging the time and singing "*staccato*," which especially in the quintet, "Incerta l'anima" (*finale* to Act 1), spoils the general effect. Signor Foli will do well to correct these faults—which he can easily do with a little reflection. The general performance of chorus and orchestra, under the skilful guidance of Signor Arditi, was admirable. This revival of one of Rossini's most genuine early works may be regarded as the event of Mr. Wood's first season.

* The original representatives of the principal parts in *Otello* were Colbrand (afterwards Madame Rossini), Nozzari, David, and Benedetti.

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Shuber Silber across "Il Trovatore."

In *Les vieux Garçons*, the author, wishing to show the extreme to which *naïveté* can go, makes his *ingénue* come from a performance of the *Trovatore* with the impression that the incidents in that drama are taken from real life, and the characters real characters. "It really happened, I am sure it did!" cries the enthusiastic school girl; an exclamation which seems to prove that if "great wit to madness nearly is allied," ingenuousness is separated by a very narrow line from idiocy. It must be difficult to make anything dramatic. All that can be done to relieve the character of its staginess is to introduce sentiment into the music; and that is precisely what is done by Mdlle. di Murska. It is the duty of the actress to take the same impossible view of the part which is cherished by the young lady referred to. But Leonora belongs neither to time nor place, and the Leonora's representative always shows by her costume (which usually differs by several centuries from that of her two lovers) that she is conscious of her independent position. Some day we hope to see the whole chronology of the *Trovatore* called in question—set to rights it can never be. The manner in which Leonora attires herself after the fashion of the present day, without regard to the Count di Luna—the only personage in the piece whose dress belongs to a recognised period—is but the expression of despair in the matter of costume. The *prima donna* knows that troubadours were wandering minstrels of the eleventh, twelfth, at latest thirteenth century, whereas gypsies did not penetrate into Europe until the fifteenth. Azucena and Manrico could not have been found in Europe at the same time. Manrico went out before Azucena came in. Now, even if troubadours and gypsies had flourished contemporaneously, can one fancy the adopted child of a gypsy becoming a troubadour. The other troubadours, crusaders, and associates of crusaders, would not have liked it. Once, however, admit the chronology of the *Trovatore*, and inconsistencies of other kinds are trifles. Between the troubadours and the gypsy a certain analogy no doubt existed, though the troubadour was everywhere welcomed, the gypsy driven away. But they are about the same in the eyes of that prond aristocrat the Count di Luna, who treats them equally as vagabonds. The other difficulties in the *Trovatore* could be explained we should still like to know who is Leonora. Where are her relations? Has she a father, a brother, a sister, a mother? Was she proprietress in her own right, living in her feudal castle with no society she could avow but that of the *confidente* to whom she addresses her *cavatina*? Of all mysterious operas the most mysterious is the *Trovatore*. *Die Zauberflöte* is sufficiently unintelligible; but in *Die Zauberflöte* we meet with human beings, and *Die Zauberflöte* is a fantastic opera. The *Trovatore*, Verdi's most successful work, is such by its situations very dramatic in the theatrical sense of the word, and well-devised for conventional purposes. The interest, too, is distributed among the four principal personages.

Shuber Silber.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The attractions of the Crystal Palace during June and July are neither few nor far between, fireworks, concerts, floral exhibitions, operas, &c., being each in turn the leading feature. This week the exhibition of dogs has been held and £1000 distributed in prizes. The show opened on Tuesday, and continued to Friday. On the first day more than 3000 boys were reviewed by the Prince and Princess of Teck. The review was arranged by the Society of Arts, and proved of great interest to visitors. On Wednesday, the Tonic Sol-fa Association gave one of its great concerts of 5000 children; and to-day, the great Rose Show of the season is being held. Special musical arrangements are made, and as an additional feature, the German Gymnastic Society gives its annual display in the Great Transept. Next week is full of attractive entertainments, including on Coronation Day, June 28, a grand display of fireworks. From July 7th to 9th inclusive, the annual archery meeting is held. From July 16th to the 29th, an exhibition of church furniture and church decorations will take place; and on July 25, a French excursion gives occasion for a popular fête. It is in contemplation to give, at an early date, an extraordinary display of fireworks similar to those supplied by command of the Sultan, and which were to have been exhibited in Constantinople at about the time of the great fire at Pera. Various devices, on a scale of extreme magnificence, will render this one of the grandest pyrotechnic displays ever seen at the Crystal Palace.

BADEN.—The first Musical Soirée of the series given by the Administration, introduced Mdlles. Duval, Secretain, Herren Rohfeld and Léon, to the public. The programme was not particularly well chosen.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the 23rd inst., has the following sensible observations upon Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's recent illness:—

"Stories of Mdlle. Nilsson's indisposition have been repeated and exaggerated in French newspapers as pertinaciously as though the report could influence the state of the Funds. The only funds affected by the fact, if true, would be those of Mdlle. Nilsson herself, and those of the directors to whom she is engaged. Almost as remarkable as the tales of Mdlle. Nilsson's having lost her voice have been the speculations as to why, not having absolutely lost her voice, she was for a week or two unable to sing. It is understood that, in the changeable weather of an English June, an ordinary person may be attacked with bronchitis—but not a *prima donna*, of a malady which would be allowed in a town crier, or a dustman, is scarcely permitted to one whose delicate voice might naturally be accepted as a sign of delicate organisation. Herr Wachtel sings in all weathers. What right, then, has Mdlle. Nilsson to feel indisposed? She has come back to us, however, with her voice in as perfect condition as ever; while Herr Wachtel, hurt by treatment surpassing in unkindness that 'wintry wind' which gave Mdlle. Nilsson bronchitis in the month of June, has gone to Berlin—not soon (it is feared) to return to this ungrateful country."

"ST. ELISABETH."

The *Athenæum* thus comments upon Abbé Liszt's extraordinary work:—

"Dr. Wylde is a bold man; else would he not have dared to bring out the Abbé Liszt's *Legend of St. Elisabeth* at his last concert of the season. The *Legend* has been more than once referred to in these columns—but guardedly; for, hitherto, it has been unhesitatingly condemned by many. It has been extolled to the skies by the large party of worshippers who, believing in the divinity of Herr Wagner, look upon the Abbé Liszt as his chief prophet. We would fain speak with respect and deference of the greatest executive genius of the age—but, to say sooth, we feel some difficulty in using, at all temperate language the sensations awakened by a first hearing of *St. Elisabeth*. If the work had been written, according to a musical scale totally at variance with that in use in civilized Europe, the effect could scarcely have been more appalling. It is idle to criticise, according to the generally accepted canons of criticism, a work composed in defiance of them. If we ventured to suggest that much of the *Legend* was to our ears hideously cacophonous, the disciples of the new school would probably maintain that every chord was dictated by a subtle meaning, and that to penetrate the order in disorder of the master's design is given to none but the humble believers in his genius. To us, whose faith it is that every work of Art should in itself be beautiful, such arguments have no force. We are, at all events, not alone in our judgment; for the performance of the first part of the *Legend*—last attempted at a concert by Dr. Wylde—was followed by a volley of hearty, unmistakable hisses. Mdlle. Tietjens laboured hard at her thankless task; Herr Stockhausen declaimed admirably; and the choruses, sung in German, were given, to quote the words of the programme, 'with a result as satisfactory as could be anticipated.' It was right to give the Abbé's oratorio once; it would be absurd to repeat it."

The *Standard* takes another view of the work, and says:—

"The legend of St. Elisabeth is well known through Professor Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy* and Montalembert's *Vie de St. Elisabeth*, but the poem which the Abbé Liszt has set to music is probably less familiar. It is the composition of Herr Otto Roquette who drew his inspirations (it is said) from the exquisite frescoes at Wartburg, executed by Moritz Schwind. The Abbé Liszt's aim has evidently been to illustrate the principal events in the life of St. Elisabeth by means of music, rather than to set the poem to vocal phrases in the ordinary way. His efforts in this direction have previously been remarkable, as may be instanced by his *Ihunnenschlacht*, inspired by Kaulbach's cartoon, by his *Faust* symphony, and his *Symphonische Dichtungen*, works of acknowledged merit on the Continent, but which no one has ventured to bring before an English public for reasons which it would serve no good purpose at present to discuss. The music to *St. Elisabeth* having the advantage of a poem to elucidate it, it was hoped would have paved the way for a patient hearing of other works of the kind by the chief master of the new school of music in Germany. But if, with the advantage of a key to composers' fancies, English audiences are indisposed to form an opinion of the suitability of the expression to the ideas desired to be portrayed, there is little chance of those less favoured being listened to more patiently. The performance of the legend on Wednesday evening brought together a large number of the advocates and opponents of the school called ironically the "Music of the Future," who expressed themselves according to the light within them in a very decided manner. If such a period were possible when the strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and their acknowledged compeers must give way to the imaginings of Herr Richard Wagner, the Abbé Liszt, and others, it would behove every true musician to endeavour to defer it as much as lies in his power. But there is no fear for the future of our great composers. Their work will ever be cherished whilst there are minds capable of appreciating the true and beautiful in art; and there is, therefore, no need to limit the boundary of musical thought. Every work containing original ideas honestly outwrought should be hailed with enthusiasm in whatever school it is written, instead of being

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permitted to be cried down by the ignorant. Apart from the merits of the work itself, the audience seemed on Wednesday evening to be unanimous in their appreciation of the manner in which it was executed. Both the orchestra and choir were heavily taxed, but accomplished wonders. With Herr Henselet's assistance even the difficulties of the pronunciation for the choir were in a great measure overcome, and his interesting translation enabled the audience to have some insight into the composer's meaning. Mdlle. Tietjens' *rôle* was the most difficult, perhaps, she has ever been asked to fulfil. No other artist is so gifted with an organ capable of sustaining the long declamatory passages which occur in the legend, and scarcely any other would have cared to have exerted herself so much for the art's sake, seeing that nowhere does the music offer the least opportunity for display. Herr Stockhausen had the best *rôle* of the two, and his splendid voice was heard to every advantage, whilst his admirable musicianship was apparent all through the performance. On the conclusion of the legend the conductor, Professor Wylde, was called for, and unanimity prevailed in acknowledging the merits of such a remarkable performance."

" EMERALDA."

The *Sunday Times* of last week contains the following remarks upon Signor Campana's new opera :—

"Before hearing the new opera produced at Covent Garden on Tuesday we might have been pardoned for wondering at its choice. Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, the prospectus told us, would form one of the two novelties of the season, whereupon the question very naturally arose—Who is Signor Campana, and what are the claims of his opera? It may safely be stated that the general public knew nothing of either, and that only within a small circle was it remembered how the favoured Italian gentleman brought out a work at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1869, which ran three nights and has not since been heard of, and how *Esmeralda* itself was the chosen of three performances at the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburgh, during the last season. Hence the wonder to which we have referred remained an abiding thing, and led to all sorts of speculations. How came it that an insignificant Anglo-Italian composer and teacher found means to get his work accepted at our greatest Anglo-Italian theatre? How was a question at the solution of which even could only guess, at which they did guess in a way, possibly, unjust, certainly pertinent. Not a few have assumed that the production of *Esmeralda* is due to Madame Adelina Patti, who found in it a *rôle of very ad captandum* quality, both in a musical and dramatic sense. They may not be far right, but, at any rate, they have hit upon a motive sufficiently powerful, which cannot be found elsewhere, search as we may. Having heard the work the embarrassment felt by us at the outset is redoubled."

* * * * * *

"We are unfeignedly sorry that the music of *Esmeralda* must be pronounced bad without qualification. Though there are plenty of good operas lying neglected and almost forgotten, there is still room for one. The department of art can be too rich; and all art-lovers are, therefore, eager to welcome every addition, let it come from wheresoever it may. Hence, though disappointment has nothing to do with the matter—Signor Campana not having been expected to produce more than the worthlessness of *Esmeralda* is a cause of regret. We must positively decline to analyze the music in detail, because, on no account, would the result benefit our readers. General observations will suffice; and the first we have to make is that the opera shows an almost entire want of originality. The melodies, where there are not of a flimsy, conventional, Italian type, are more or less suggestive of other composers; while in the construction of his concerted movements Signor Campana well nigh lays himself open to the charge of direct plagiarism. There are times when one fancies that Verdi is speaking through an unfortunable medium; at others Donizetti seems to take up his parable, and so on through the list of prominent Italian musicians. But worse than this can be said of *Esmeralda* without going beyond the limits of truth. We have rarely met with music at once so pretentious and so ungrammatical. It would appear, indeed, either that Signor Campana does not know the simplest rules of his art, or that, knowing them, he, for some purpose or other, sets them at defiance. Whatever the fact may be, it is our duty to point out faults of the glaring character we have described, and to protest against such music being forced upon a public which too often swallows what is given it without very critical examination. Now we return to the point whence we started and ask with tenfold emphasis—How came *Esmeralda* to find a place in the *répertoire* of Covent Garden Theatre? If anybody can give us a satisfactory answer, we should like to have it as soon as possible."

Of Signor Cimino's libretto, our Sunday contemporary speaks with more favour and says:—

"An examination of Signor Cimino's libretto must lead to his acquittal on all charges of unnecessarily altering Victor Hugo's story. The resolve to make a libretto out of it at all may have been wrong, but, granting that the task had to be done, the exigencies of opera demanded consideration over and above fidelity to the author. We, therefore, do not complain that Quasimodo appears only once in dumb show, that Estella has been made into a personage of first-class importance, or that in other respects *Notre Dame de Paris* has been violated. What most concerns us is that Signor Cimino's book deserves praise for its dramatic construction, the clearness of its plot, and the well-balanced variety of its characters and incidents. Let us here express our regret that the libretto did not fall into the hands of a composer able to do it justice. Signor Verdi would have revelled in its incidents, and his undoubted dramatic genius would have risen to the height of its argument without effort. But all such talk is vain."

The *Athenæum* contains the following :—

"This week's Musical Union concert was excellent, alike in selection and performance. Schubert's exquisite D minor quartet, Mendelssohn's posthumous *Andante* and *Scherzo*, and Schumann's quintet in E flat, were all finely and carefully played. Herr Auer has gained in fulness of tone and decision of playing, and he now exhibits an enthusiasm which used to be foreign to his style. Why cannot Mr. Ella allow his artists to make their own way with the public, unimpeded by his damaging puffs? Of the violinist, M. Jean de Gran, he actually writes in this week's programme, 'I regret to state that his rapid and sudden growth (*measuring six feet in height—seventeen years old*) gives cause for uneasiness in respect to his health.—J. E.' No wonder that many artists object to being described in this fashion—as though they were horses entered for a race."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—To my letter in your last week's impression, which you have described as a "Grüner's Wall," you have appended some remarks in reply thereto. I do not in the least object to this, for even "a worm will turn;" &c., but within four lines of type you make two most opposite statements. In the first place, you say, "the praise of a worthy object is more agreeable because worthy objects are rare;" immediately after which you say, "Let him take comfort, there are *plenty* of other good things in the world for him to grin at;" how an object can be rare and yet be a plenty my "hoe-haw" capacity fails to see; this, of course, has really nothing to do with the matter in hand, and I merely bring it forward to show that the spirit of elegiasm naturally produces inconsistencies—in fact I have known persons suffering from an extra infusion of this spirit not to have the least judgment as to what they see or what they hear. You say I have appreciated your remarks in the "hoe-haw" fashion, which is, no doubt, habitual to me; you are quite wrong in this supposition; it is not my habitual character at all, and though in my letter I only referred to the satirical part of my feelings, I might have added that I also feel the greatest indignation to find any one treat with contempt the simple old tune as Jones's in D, a tune that your reputed Mendelssohn was thought much of by Haydn, and forming one of a class of tunes that has given to the Church of England, as to its music, a sort of character peculiar to itself. This tune, and others like it, I consider as being the concentrated essence of the genius of the several composers who have left them to us as precious heir-looms; these composers may have each composed fifty or hundred chants, and one here and there have come down to us because of their superior excellence, and then to hear a man pooh-pooh a composition of this genius, and push them on one side, as a dandy would remove some common object which he thought might soil his dainty fingers, I have very little patience, and not much of the "hoe-haw" is left in me.—I remain, yours faithfully, ANTI-PLATITUDE.

London, June 21, 1870.

[The nonsense talked about "Jones in D," "Crotch in C," and other perpetrations of the sort, brings music and musicians into utter contempt. A smatterer can easily pick out such commonplaces on the pianoforte, write them down, and fancy himself a composer. We wish to know what we should not much care if all the existing copies of ninety-nine out of a hundred of these so-called "fine old tunes" were consigned to a bon-fire. The "plenty of other good things in the world," thrown in our teeth by "Anti-Platitude," does not necessarily imply musical compositions. "Anti-Platitude's" head is so crammed with "fine old tunes," that an apter signature for him would be "Pro-Platitude." "Fine old tunes"—indeed!—fine old fiddlesticks! Any twaddler can write a chant more or less acceptable to twaddlers; and, indeed, our Church music is weighed down with such a monstrous heap of rubbish, that few who care for music in the abstract care a straw for our Church music.—A. S. S.]

THE death at Copenhagen of Johan Ole Emil Horneman—composer of the once popular Danish song, "Der Tappre Landsoldat"—is just announced.

FLORENCE.—A grand concert lately given in the Principe Umberto Theatre, by Dr. Hans von Bülow, has created quite a sensation. Works by Cherubini, Mozart, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and von Bülow, were executed by an orchestra of a hundred performers. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which had never before been given here on so grand a scale, produced a deep impression on all present. The concert may justly be said to be a triumph for German classical music in Italy.—The Boccherini Quartet Association celebrated Beethoven's Centenary by a performance of the Quintet in C major; the "Kreutzer" Sonata; selections from *Fidelio*; and the Septet.

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THE LATE MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I cannot refrain from humbly expressing my hearty concurrence in the view so heartily expressed in your leading article last week on the funeral of Charles Dickens. If ever a public servant was public property he was. All was fit and proper as it was, no doubt; still the *extreme rarity* of a whole community being moved with one thought is such as to call forth an expression of love; and if love had no "expression," love would soon die, or take its flight to other spheres. Our art, more perhaps than any other, keeps before us that when words are insufficient for extremes of joy or woe, we have recourse to music. "The heart full of joy instinctively sings," and full of woe, as involuntarily mourns in strains of tuneful sobbing. Your genial tone reminds one that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting,"—for why? because "the living will lay it to his heart." A word or two addressed by Charles Dickens, to one who was then but a stripling I will extract from one of his letters, thinking it may not be uninteresting to hear of one other instance of his overflowing sympathy with all whom he chanced to come near:—"I hope you will well consider what thorny, dark, and toilsome roads stretch out into the greater world of letters and of learning, and how many young men have fallen dead upon them, or turned back too late."—Yours very truly, G. T.

WAIFS.

The *Lady's Newspaper* says that Tom Taylor is engaged on a new play for Mrs. Roussby, in which the actress is to personate Joan of Arc.

The new opéra-bouffe by Hervé which is to be produced at the Variétés during the month of October, is entitled *Le Trone d'Ecosse*.

Mr. Fechter has been engaged for five years at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston U. S, at a very considerable salary.

Visitors to the Polytechnic will be amply gratified with a life-like portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, which is introduced into one of the entertainments.

We observe an announcement of the death of Adolph Hofmeister editor of the most complete musical bibliography extant. Shall we never have a complete catalogue of English music?

Mr. Ayrton declined to decide whether all the Turners in the National Gallery were worthy of it. The question was evidently put to "draw" him; and, though not his most fervent admirer, *Mr. Punch* is glad that he would not be drawn.—*Punch's* "*Essence of Parliament*."

The pictures and other objects of art belonging to Mr. Dickens are to be sold at auction by Messrs. Christie & Manson. The library is left to his eldest son. His manuscripts and papers are in the hands of his executors, Mr. Forster and Miss Hogarth.

We are authorized to say that Mr. Dickens has left *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* in a very advanced state, but that, as if he had a presentiment of his decease, he had at the outset arranged terms of accommodation in case the novel were stopped before completed.

Mdlle. Kraus is said to have been engaged by M. Perrin for the purpose of appearing at the Grand Opéra in M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc*. Personally at least she is well suited to the character, and she has much dramatic energy.

Mr. Lowe, on a little Budget debate, was sportive, and said that the case of a day and night occupancy by different persons was precisely the case of *Box and Cox*. It would have enlivened the proceedings had he favoured the House with one of Mr Arthur Sullivan's capital songs.—*Punch's* "*Essence of Parliament*."

Mr. J. Towers is preparing for publication a memoir of Beethoven, based upon Schindler, Ries, Wieseler, and Thayer, to which will be attached an exact chronological list of his works. Considering the confusion that attends the chronology of the composer's works, this list ought to be valuable.

Our losses of great men in the ranks of literature and art have been very great within the last few years. Most of us can recollect the brilliant little committee, consisting of twenty-six gentlemen who organized the celebrated performances "In memory of Douglas Jerrold" thirteen years ago: out of the twenty-two we have lost ten since the performances took place. Their names are—Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, John Leech, Albert Smith, David Maclise, Clarkson Stanfield, Mark Lemon, Sir Joseph Paxton, Peter Cunningham, and Arthur Smith (Albert's brother) who officiated as the indefatigable secretary of the whole affair.

The proprietor of the Rosherville Gardens has unwittingly incurred the displeasure of the ladies of Rosherville by the maintenance of secrecy in reference to the visit of the Prince of Wales and Prince Teck to the Gardens on Saturday last. Rosherville being the garden of flowers the ladies and all regret that they were denied the opportunity of presenting his Royal Highness with a bouquet of roses for the Princess.

M. Félicien David has written some new ballet-music to *Lalla Roukh* for the benefit of a young *danseuse* who was to appear in last week's *reprise* of the opera. M. Montaubry, who used to sing so charmingly in the principal tenor part, and who since then has unsuccessfully tried management, is to re-appear on the boards of the Opéra Comique in a round of his best characters.

Madame Clara Schumann has been nominated Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm. The Grand Duke of Hesse has, we read, sent to Herr Betz, the singer, the golden medal "for Art and Science." We are not sure that these distinctions confer any great amount of *kudos* on the recipients, but the prodigality with which orders are scattered among foreigners is in startling contrast to the rigid care exercised in their distribution among English artists.

A contemporary says:—

"The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough at their last Chapter meeting decided that the Cathedral organ should be rebuilt and enlarged at a cost of £700, the amount of the estimate sent in by Messrs. Hill the London builders. The present organ is the old GG scale, with a very poor fiddle G, swell, and only one octave of pedal pipes, and miserable reeds both in the swell and great organ. The new swell is to contain 13 stops, amongst which are 6 reeds. There are to be 5 stops on the pedal, and the whole organ made to the CC scale. Several important arrangements also were made in connexion with the choir which, it is hoped, will be the means of greatly improving the musical part of the services. Hitherto there have been several masters (at least during the past ten years), and now that the organist has the chief control of the choir we hope, adds our correspondent, that it may no longer be said that 'the choir of Peterborough is one of the worst in the country.'"

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COCKS & Co.—"The Wild Rosebud," song, by Josephine Williams. LONSDALE.—"Sleeping and Waking," song, by Mrs. A. C. Wilson; "I'll wait thee there," song, by E. Reyloff; "The Sparkle," serenata by Stella; "My Native Land," song, by Dr. Ferdinand Rahles; "Farrano gloia intera," chorus, by Handel; "I wait for thee, my only love," serenade, by Stella.

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MONDAY, July 4, Weber's "ABOU HASSAN." Hassan, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Omar, Signor Castelli; il Califo, Signor Ragour; Mesrur, Signor Trevero; Zemrud, Madame Corsi; Zobeida, Mdlle. Briani; and Fatima, Madame Monbelli. To be followed by Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Mongini; il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Foli; Alessio, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Architti; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vinta; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

TUESDAY, July 5, will be produced (third time in England) Ambroise Thomas's Opera, in four acts, "MIGNON." The libretto by MM. Michele Carré and G. Barbier; the Italian translation by Signor Giuseppe Zaffira. Guglielmo, Signor Bettini; Lothario, M. Faure; Laerte, Signor Ginotti; Giarno, Signor Ragour; Ziegfredo, Mdlle. Fioretti; Frederico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Filina, Madame Volpini; and Mignon, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

THURSDAY, July 7, Meyerbeer's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodorigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his third appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Carl; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her third appearance in that character).

On SATURDAY, July 9, an Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The Directors of the Philharmonic Society being most anxious to make the concert in "HONOUR OF BEETHOVEN" as attractive as possible, have, in consequence of various unforeseen circumstances, determined to POSTPONE it until the following MONDAY, JULY 11th, at St. James's HALL, when Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Santley and Mdme. Arbuthnot Godfrey will appear.

They feel sure that these arrangements will meet the approbation of the Subscribers. All Tickets issued for MONDAY, July 4th, will be available for this occasion. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s. Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d.

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UNDER the Immediate Patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. Mr. FERDINAND LUDWIG will give his FIRST CONCERT, in the Hanover Square Rooms, in the beginning of July. Further particulars will be duly announced.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, August 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th, 1870. Mdlle. Titiens, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Sinico; Madame Patey and Miss Marian Severn; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Montem Smith; Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Santley. Conductor—Mr. Townshend Smith.

MISS ELLEN JARMAN (Associate of Mr. Lansdowne Cottell's Academy of Music) has the honour to announce her ANNUAL CONCERT, July 7th, at Half-past Two, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, when she will be assisted by the most Eminent Artists in London, and the Students of Mr. Cottell's Academy.

MONDAY, July 4th.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD begs to announce that her MATINEE MUSICALE will take place, by kind permission of the Marquis of Downshire, at 24, BELGRAVE SQUARE, on Monday, July 4th, to commence at Three o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, on THURSDAY evening, July 7th, QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, at 8 o'clock, Miss Katherine Poyntz, Mdme. Osborne Williams, and Mdlle. Drasdil; Mr. W. H. Hiller and Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Harley Vinning. Concertina—Mr. Richard Blagrove. Harp—Mr. Bedeyne Reeves. Pianoforte—Mrs. Richard Blagrove and Mr. Walter Bache, Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen). Conductors—Mr. Osborne Williams, Mr. Hallett Sheppard, and Mr. Francesco Berger. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Family tickets, to admit three, one guinea; unreserved, 5s.; Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square; and at Miss Katherine Poyntz's residence, 25, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

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MISS BANKS will sing "AH! MY HEART IS WEARY" (new song by KATE LUCY WARD, composer of "The Weaver") at Store Street Rooms, 4th July.—WESSEL & Co., 16, Hanover Street.

MDLLE. DRASDIL will sing "HE IS UPON THE LONELY DEEP" (new song by KATE LUCY WARD, composer of "The Weaver"), at Miss Katherine Poyntz's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, July 7th.—WESSEL & Co.

MR. R. BERRINGER will play his admired "VALSE DE BRAVOURE," at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday next, and during the week.

MISS FANNY CHATFIELD (Mezzo-Soprano), from the Conservatoire, Cologne, is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, Fairlawn House, Forest Hill, S.E.

MR. HENRY GORDON and MDLLE. MARIE D'ETIENNE will sing NICOLAI'S duet, "DIS MOI UN MOT" ("One Word"), at the Portland Rooms, on Wednesday Evening, July 13th.

MISS AGNES LYNDHURST will sing on the 7th inst., at the Queen's Concert Rooms (Miss Ellen Jarman's Concert), WEST-BROOK GUERRERO'S popular waltz song, "THE NAIADES."

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE CHARM," Hanover Square Rooms, July 7th; and at his other principal Engagements. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., 28, Old Bond Street.

MR. FREDERIC PENNA (Baritone) begs to announce his arrival from Italy, and that he will remain in London during the Season. Mr. Penna can accept Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 44, Westbourne Park Road, W.

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MUSICAL QUARRELS.

GLUCK, PICCINNI, GRETRY, LA HARPE.*

About 1770, the honest citizen, on awaking in the morning, had not, as we have, to consult his paper, in order to learn what to hope or to fear from political events. France was then quiet, but Paris was *bored*; the gazettes had nothing to do, and the news-collectors made frequent excursions behind the scenes of the Opera, whence they brought back, every day, some sort of booty or other. Now, as we know, a journey to the Opera is not a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and, consequently, the intelligence obtained there was not always very edifying. On what day Madlle. Arnould had received the Duc de * * *; on what night the Marquis de * * * had found at Mdlle. Has's, someone in a costume but slightly conformable to the exigencies of propriety; how the Count de * * * had dismissed his stage nymph; and how some stage nymph had dismissed the Chevalier de * * *; the colour of Mdlle. Guimard's livery at the last Longchamps; her *petits soupers*, beginning by the light of a hundred wax tapers, and finishing in an obscurity, of which morality was certainly justified in complaining; thousands of jokes at the expense of the Farmers General—a perfect godsend for the young ladies of the Opera, who emptied strong chests with a quickness bordering upon the miraculous; anecdotes about MM. Colardeau and de Carmontelle, the paid poets of the most celebrated courtesans of the epoch; the misadventures of Poinsinet, and his boasting stories, together with this history of his four hundred and fifty mistresses—all these trifling details attracted the attention of the public, but only for an instant. They did not excite the same interest as a new piece and long controversy. When, therefore, the journalists perceived a possibility of reviving the quarrels of musicians, by means of the antagonism between Gluck and Piccinni, great was the joy in the camp. Not only did the pamphleteers fling themselves head into the strife, but even the princes of criticism flew to arms, and prepared to begin the campaign.

The contest, more violent than that which had marked Rameau's score, sprang into existence in the pit of the Opera. Piccicci's *Dido*, interpreted by Mdme. de Saint-Huberty with an amount of talent to which all contemporary writers rendered homage, was as successful as it was possible to desire. The partisans of Italian music invoked this work; the Gluckists pointed to *Iphigénie*. Soon afterwards, in the orchestra, the King's Corner, and the Queen's Corner, which had preserved their old denominations, defied each other mutually, and, very frequently, as in the time of Rameau, recrimination was followed up by fisticuffs. If a Piccinnist returned home, separated from the main body of his army, he was immediately surrounded by a group of Gluckists, who accompanied him, singing the melodies which were hateful to his ears. The Piccinnists retaliated in the same way, whenever an unfortunate Gluckist fell into their hands. The former lodged Gluck in the "Rue du *Grand-Hurleur*," the latter said that Piccinni's proper address was the "Rue des *Petits-Chants*." The idle collected like so much precious manna, the innumerable jokes made on the pit-benches, and retailed them in the *salons*, giving their hearers to understand that they were their own.

La Harpe was a determined Piccinnist; in his *Essai sur l'Opéra* he strongly depreciates the talent of the German master, while he addresses the most honeyed praises to Piccinni. Rousseau, who bravely took his place among composers, displayed considerable coldness for Gluck. Rousseau cried up Italian music. It was with perfect sincerity that he believed he had composed, in the *Devin du Village* Italian music to French words. He was quite as right as the composers of the 12th century, who fancied they had recovered the music of the Greeks.

Grétry, who united perfidy to smooth words, and was so envious that he would not enter the theatre till the very moment when, at the termination of a work by Mehnl, one of his own operas was about to begin, was no more able than Rousseau and La Harpe, to like Gluck. Let us hear what La Harpe has to say:—

"It was in this last" (the opera of *Roland*) "that he" (Piccinni) "proved that music might possess strong expression, without ceasing to be melodious, and can shake our soul without shocking our ear by those *odieux cris* which are so frequent in *Alceste* and *Iphigénie en Tauride*, and which all amateurs consider a fault in Gluck's music."

Further on he adds:—

"Gluck carried to excess the din of voices, rendered still greater by that of the orchestra. . . . . I am not surprised that Traetta, on hearing the acclamations of our pit at the Opera, exclaimed—*I Francesi hanno le orrachie di carno*" (the French have ears made of horn)."

Gluck's *deafening* (*étourdissant*) orchestra displeased the celebrated critic, who thought the post assigned it by the composer was too important, and that the voices were exhausted in struggling against such an uproar. He is moved to pity by the fate of the singers, whom the new system must inevitably doom to a premature death, and he advises Gluck to meditate seriously on Marmontel's verses:—

> Et mes poumons? demanda Rosalie,
> Soyez tranquille, ils vous seront payés;
> Sur mon état ils seront employés;
> Rien n'est plus juste, et la règle établie
> Veut qu'en dépense on porte à l'Opéra.
> Tous les chanteurs que monsieur crèvera.

In his opinion, moreover, *Armide* and *Alceste* are very insipid productions.

"In this instance, it is a drama, it is *Iphigénie*, or *Alceste*, that I see and hear, and when their songs *bore* and *stun* me, I am to ask the instruments, am I, what the personages ought to have told me, but which they did not tell me? Why, if that is the case, do not let us have any singing at all. There is a shorter method than singing; let them take to pantomime, and let the orchestra play the piece. If all you can do is to make violins sing, why make actresses scream? Let them keep to gestures, and you will spare their lungs and our ears."

O terrible critic, return to your own profession; employ your experienced scalpel in dissecting literary works, but do not touch our gods. Poor man! What the sublime lamentations of Alcestis, contrasting so mournfully with the joyous accents of the fête; the pathetic scenes of Armida, where all the fury of her hatred is overcome by the omnipotence of her love—these are things that *bore* and *stun* you, eh? Return to the *Didon* that is so dear to you, and gather up at least her ashes, for, despite her charms, the flames have consumed her.

It is true, however, that *Alceste* was not successful in Paris. A part of the public shared the opinions of La Harpe; Mozart, the only person in the house, perhaps, capable of comprehending such music, could not refrain from exclaiming, as he embraced Gluck: "Those Parisians possess neither outrails nor heart. Heaven preserve me from ever writing anything for them!" Thus we have, on the authority of Mozart, a public without entrails or heart; while, according to Signor Traetta, it is blessed with ears of horn. I am very willing to side with Mozart, even against the public and La Harpe. I believe the public did quite right in welcoming *Iphigénie* with enthusiasm, but were quite wrong in rejecting *Alceste*. When we behold such masterpieces treated so cavalierly, it is easy to say to whom belong the ears of Nero, speaking politely, and eschewing a term more energetic than that employed by Traetta, but better calculated to convey my thought.

Grétry, too, as I have said, had no great partiality for Gluck's music. The greatness of Gluck's glory galled him. He knew very well that the brilliant star would cause his own more modest light to pale. He does not imitate La Harpe, it is true; he does not attack the colossus with a club, but he does not spare his envenomed epigrams. On reading his remarks cursorily, we do not immediately perceive his malignant intention, but we find afterwards that, under every piece of praise he lavishes on the great master, there lurks some ill-natured restriction, very artfully disguised. It is the poisoned sage, mentioned by Boccaccio, which possessed every characteristic of a harmless fiower, and yet, for all that, produced death. La Harpe was at least frank in his attacks. Grétry is slyer; he works in the dark; he hangs, so to speak, about his rival's domain, endeavouring to find his way into it through some gap or other, and stealing off directly he is discovered. Not wishing to attack openly, he directs his remarks against the Opera, and against French music, exalting Italian compositions, because he considers them incapable of competing with his own.*

"I do not hesitate saying that, sooner or later, the artists of the Paris Opera will be obliged to sing without screaming, to sing as people sing in Italy, if they would have their performances witnessed. The spectators partici-

* The proverb telling us that "charity begins at home, is exceedingly applicable in the generality of cases, and therefore we feel inclined to wish that the said visitor stepped now and then beyond one's own threshold. It seldom did so in Grétry's case. He wrote three volumes of *Memoirs*, in a rather incorrect style, stuffed with lustanes of philosophical redundancy, the scraps saved from his conversations with Diderot and Co., and thickly strewn with paradoxes. They contained, however, some curious and pungent details, for Grétry was very witty. In these *Memoirs* all his attention is devoted to the details, even the slightest ones, of his own scores. In one particular opera, two or three notes on the bassoon indicate, we are informed, the expression assumed by someone who is jealous; in another, a series of circular notes trace materially upon paper the chain suiting a loving couple. He tells us that the object of such and such a prescription is to clear his brain of the vapours which affect it, and fit him for producing masterpieces; in a word, he is always talking at great length of himself; but of Mozart's works, for instance, he never says a word, though he cannot deny they are perfection. It is true, also, that Grétry's music did not produce any very great impression upon the composer of *Idomeneo*.

* From the *Guide Musical*.

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pate too largely in the pangs suffered by a singer who screams. Pleasure is changed into a horrible torment, and the finest organs are destroyed in a very short time. Gluck's music is fine (he acknowledges this) "but it has the defect of frequently exceeding all human strength as far as the voice is concerned. No voice can ever compete without risk against eighty or a hundred instruments, played as loudly as they can be played."

Grétry knew perfectly well that Gluck never gave the voice an accompaniment of *eighty instruments, played as loudly as they can be played*. He was aware that Gluck employed principally stringed instruments; that such instruments can play in the gentlest piece of gradation, and that wind instruments are rarely combined with them in Gluck's compositions. Grétry knew this, but preferred not to let it be known it. He preferred inciting in the same blama tha theatre, the singers, and every great work that disquieted his self-pride.

Having mentioned above the name of Marmontel, I may, to his great glory, and as tending to increase the authority of literary men's judgments in music, add that, in his eyes, "Gluck is a howling barbarian, a Teutonic Orpheus, a Bohemian juggler." As we see, he rivals La Harpe, who designates those charming pieces: "Jamais dans ces beaux lieux," and "Volet la charmante retraite," as "airs fit for a wine shop or a galanteo-show," and calls *Don Juan* "Germanic clatter."

The subalterns of criticism observed even less propriety in their attacks. Compared to old music, Gluck's music was "a filthy stable paralleled to a palace"; Arcesta sang not like an enchantress, "but like a witch"; Alcestis "howled like a *ressuscitée*," etc. Gluck found some difficulty in bearing these criticisms, which degenerated into insults. With his friends, but not in public, for that would have compromised his dignity as an artist, he cannibalized bitterly of the rabble of the press; his rough and impressionable nature was betrayed in accents of rage and indignation. Like the wounded bull, he shook violently these *banderillas*, which, thank heaven, merely grazed the cuticle; but they did not sting the less for all that. The set of paper-stainers need up oceans of ink not in combating but in vilifying a great genius. For one bee, what thousands of wasps, as anyone fond of comparisons might say; for one man of genius, how many miserable literary adventurers who live—or who lived then—only by outrages lavished on all that was worthy of respect and admiration!

Like those generals who first allow their troops to engage, before taking part personally in the strife, Gluck and Piccinni began by adopting a reserved line of conduct, but they very soon left cover to the lists. Gluck, rather pettily, reproached Piccinni with organizing his successes at the Marquis of Caraccioli's dinners. Piccinni, who possessed a more gentle nature, entertained a great terror of his rival's machinations. He was, moreover, little fitted for this kind of war. When he left his family, to attend the first performance of *Roland*, every one, himself included, burst into tears. He considered a failure inevitable. His fears were, happily, not realized, for the piece was very successful, and his friends praised it to the skies. *Iphigénie en Tauride*, the subject being the same as that which Gluck had treated, met with no success. The German master's superiority was too evident. Moreover, a strange occurrence settled the fate of the piece at the very first representation.* The advantage remained, therefore, with Gluck, but he had still more than one storm to encounter. Italian music was receiving reinforcements. Sacchini came to Paris with works more developed and more dramatic than Piccinni's. His style, though still retaining that Italian melodiousness, so highly appreciated by a great number of persons, assumed, in certain pieces, a character of strength, reminding us of the German style. Despite its merit, however, Sacchini's music does not strike us as possessing the freshness of melody remarkable in Piccinni, nor as attaining Gluck's energy. This is often the case with all works of transition or eclecticism. (*Edipe à Colonne* was the work of Sacchini's which achieved the greatest success, and revived controversies on the point of dying out.

But if Gluck was sharply attacked, he found fanatical defenders; violence provokes violence. Thus, thousands of pamphlets were published, tearing to shreds the reputation of the Italian composers. One of the most violent was that entitled *Brigandage de la Musique Italienne*. I would have quoted some passages from it, were it not written in an unreadable style. It contains curious details concerning the different theatres of Italy. We learn from it that the custom of recalls and encores, so mortal a foe to dramatic truth, was the fashion then as it is now.

Such were the famous disputes, so difficult of comprehension at the present day. Time has not been favourable to the Italian compositions. Despite some genuine beauties, they have not been able to maintain their reputation. Hurriedly written, solely for the purpose of satisfying the passing passions of the public, they do not bear that stamp of severe beauty which defies the caprices of fashion. In Piccinni, and in Sacchini, we meet with admirable isolated bits, but it would be difficult to make the public accept, now-a-days, whole acts of these works, while the fine scenes of *Armide* and *Orphée* still enchant us. How short has been the duration of the many reputations created during this century! We might compare dramatic productions to vessels buffeted by the sea; one wave of opinion overwhelms, and another raises them again. *Alceste*, *Don Juan*, and *Il Barbiere* were failures on the first night. *Fedon* and *Roland* proved marvellous successes. While a few noble vessels have entered the port, with all their sails spread, and triumphing over the storm, of how many frailer crafts which have perished, though not without a glorious struggle, do we discover, with sorrow, the fragments on the silent and deserted shore!

L. K.

* When Iphigenia appeared, there was an unusual movement in the pit. Instead of coming on the stage in a manner befitting the daughter of a king of kings, she rushed on, with an inflamed face, knocking herself against each wing, and now casting her eyes on the ground, now directing the most anxious —the most despairing looks to the borders. Piccinni turned pale in his box, and the audience burst out into inextinguishable laughter. Iphigenia was intoxicated. Someone in the pit cried out that the piece ought not to be designated *Iphigénie en Tauride*, but *Iphigénie en Champagne*. The most singular fact is that Mdlle. Laguerre, who played Piccinni this scurry trick, sang with perfect correctness in the midst of her incoherent pantomime. The piece could not survive the accident, and still less the epigram. It was the time when a joke launched from the pit sufficed to ruin any piece.

ON "OVERDOING IT."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—'Twas when the English Mozart wielded the baton at Covent Garden—by the way, it is both instructive as well as amusing to note in a musical report (I think in the *Chronicle*) of that period, how signal was the failure of that long-since, widely celebrated glee, "Mynheer Vandunck," especially to remark also the failure of the young gentleman who sang the song; that was no other than Henry Phillips—the music to *Guy Mannering* was being rehearsed. At the chorus, "The Clough and Crow," the passage occurring (upon which so many young vocal aspirants have subsequently "cut their teeth") to the words, "Shrick on their murky way," a very decided *ritardo* was introduced by the "young gentleman who sang the bass." "Stop, stop," jerked out the *chef d'orchestre*, saying something in an undertone to the innocent offender, only the last words of which ("I have provided for *that* afterwards; to retard there is like *buttering beans*") reached those near. Suppressed mirth amongst the insubordinate subordinates soon gave place to general admiration of their master's forethought when they arrived at the phrase, so well worthy of Bishop's genius, to the words, "And use it as ye may." Brief as it is, it is genial and expressive, and withal a capital hint—by "use" for an opera chorus—worthy of notice with very little trouble—(*en passant*, the "divine" Mozart wrote *his* opera choruses absurdly easy; composers are not so *absurd* now; oh, no; they "know a trick worth two of that")—and evidently, having set his heart on this sublime little climax, he did not wish the ground cut from under his feet by the time he knew it three bars of *adagio* would have on the audience by any previous "spreading abroad" of the *tempo* for the exclusive advantage of but a single voice; two diminutions would be "overdoing" it. When there are over four *p.s*, or more than six *f.s*, there is "overdoing" it. When there are more than sixty minutes per diem to kaleidescopic exercises for the development exclusively of the manual *acroteria*, that is "overdoing" it. Let it by no means be imagined that there are no other modes of "overdoing" it. The most fatal has escaped ignorance as well as all we hold dear is exemplified in the lives of many of our studious men; most of all in our young musicians. They attempt too much. Not that their "flights of fancy" are too exalted, nor their ambition too ardent; but by going about their business with the set purpose of getting as much "out of themselves" as possible, they do not offer "a clear," like the "vaulting ambition," of which the good dramatist speaks. There seems, to poor human ken, no reason why we should lose such men as Gottschalk, Wely, and Dreyschock, at about the age of forty years; and such as Weber, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Mozart at even earlier years. It is of no use "running a tilt" at fate. Getting into a pet about it will assuredly do no good; but obtaining a light for the future from the ashes of the past—would it not be worth while to inquire whether the system of "forcing" both musical education, more particularly in that rigid training through which our experienced men so rigorously put themselves of their own free will, after, it might be said, they had left "school," in order to obtain a place in the race for honours, is altogether too much for human endurance. Life cannot be kept within the limits of its day under such treatment, in other words, the soul grows so fast that it soon disdains earthly swaddlings, and so, bidding adieu to material surroundings, takes its place amongst its more immediate peers. Poetry and dreaming aside, life is valuable; it was not bequeathed us to be squandered. The immaterial spirit must not be driven out of its earthly habitation too soon by reason of too much mental work—this is "overdoing" it. If, for instance, a pianist of the first class plays every morning, as many *do*—as all have *done*—for, say, three hours; and then writes for three hours; and then spends another three hours in evening performances (either listening or playing; some minds are so active that they are

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almost as busy when engaged in the one as the other), is he not in danger of "overdoing"? But in all these points a still deeper shade might not untruthfully be dropped in. Some play *five* or *six* hours; then write for as long a period; and then stay out till past midnight. What must be the result? The very high degree of culture demanded of the modern musician impels a youth with any pride about him to urge his powers, physical and mental, to the very top of their speed. "A thousand notes a minute," by the metronome, at the very least; nothing less will suffice. Unerring accuracy, or he will get "pluck't." He must commit to memory faithfully, and be, in everything, "note perfect." Not only in one author, but in a hundred must he be "well up," though each of the composers played little else, perhaps, than their own "compositions," or stripling must be familiar with them all; he must have them all at his fingers' ends, from Corelli to De Kontski—task enough for half a lifetime surely; still, if the musician takes care of himself, and of his powers, there is no reason why he should not, like many of the most honoured in an honourable profession, "make old bones." He might not become a centenarian It is true, as did De Lorme and Lopez; but it will be remembered that amongst a very numerous *rôle* of distinguished musicians who reached "a good old age," the names of Haydn, Spohr, and Handel, are to be found purposely approaching four score; Cramer Novello, and Cherubini exceeded four score. These were by no means idle people. I am inclined to think they "got out of themselves" nearly all that it is possible for any created being to get out of himself during his period of probation. Noble workers all of them! No grass grew under their feet; nor did they "foot it featly" in gilded saloons during the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal." What was the secret of their strength or vitality? Who shall presume to say? Is there any "elixir" can alter the decrees of that wisdom that "setteth up one and putteth down another?" Assuredly not. Still let me plead a moment. I think it is the difference in the hours mainly. We should stand aghast were anyone to work a horse belonging to us for as many hours as we habitually work ourselves. A very great authority (whose name just now lingers upon every tongue) spoke as many hours of physical exercise as he did of mental application. This he held necessary to maintain a just and fair balance of his powers. It has, however, turned out that had he taken more recreation, he would only be following the best advice of one of his best friends. Not to multiply instances, illustrations, it was once to see when Mr. Mark Lemon was personating Falstaff, which he did so unctuously and so well, that he was "overdoing" it. It was remarked last autumn, when he was "doing" the character in the Provinces, by one who has the reputation for reflection, that it "could not last." If he did not quit drawing on his powers at that exhaustive rate he would soon not have the choice left him. And so it proved. If I am probing too near the quick, it is because I feel it is necessary to utter a word of warning in the ear of the "coming generation," among whom I am now a growing factor—I am afraid, said, vice—to light, as it were, the candle of life at both ends. It takes a long apprenticeship to make a man a consummate actor; and even when it is acquired there is no calling with which I am acquainted that draws so persistently, or so deeply, on the "vitality." To play well at night, the best part will tell you requires the utmost care of yourself by day. Some, like Macready, adopt the one course and live on; others, like Edmund Kean, adopt the reverse, and do not live out half their days. It is too near the mean themselves to mention their names. I have always held, for instance, that many pianists (and very proud I was to be allowed to do so), men of whom it was said they practised *fifteen* hours a day, and continued that severe training for years. One clever musician was reputed to have played the violin for seven hours and the piano for seven of every day—"doing" it, as they say, "overdoing" it. When not playing he was composing. He wrote *Maritana* and *Lurline*, and then without reaching the prime of life, or attaining to the best results of the powers that were within him, became a "wreck." We would be glad to have spared him in the one capacity either as violinist or pianist or both, as a soloist, if he had given us another opera. Who would not be willing to forego few reminiscences of Paganini or Thalberg in exchange for another *Lurline*. In a word, it is quite plain that no man can become an epitome of *executive* talent of varied orders; though, mentally, men may be found who are endowed with a universal grasp and almost a universal sympathy. Let the young student then beware of "overdoing" it. No one man can do everything. If his talent lie in any *one* direction, playing, for instance, let him keep mainly to *one* instrument; and if it incline to writing or composing, let him make the desk his chief concern. To expect one man to both compose a concerto and to play it is scarcely wise. For to compose one concerto well he must be in the full fruition of mind for composing concertos generally. This can only be acquired by "improving the shining hours" over the inkstand for a great portion of the day. And supposing our young exuberant composer has anticipated the dawn (having had the courage on the previous evening to withstand the undeniable attractions of the "best of all good company," always open to the genuine artist, as, indeed, is all good company to its peer) and "preventing the night watches"—supposing him to have taken, ere the matutinal reflection is announced, his customary two or three hours' dose of "Kaleidoscopics," in what state of mind will our "patient" be for composing at that time? Will the endless devices of his "five finger exercises" promote the receptiveness and growth of the ideal within him? I rather think the reverse; in fact that the two procedures are utterly inimical to each other, and that instead of anything appreciable being gained, everything will assuredly be stalled, and will, perhaps, as the die may turn, be eventually entirely lost both to himself and to posterity by thus "overdoing" it.—Yours very truly,

June 15th, 1870. IDEALIZER.

MISS KELLOGG AT HOME.

The following criticism appeared lately in *Watson's Art Journal*, *Apropos* of Miss Kellogg's Paulina (*Il Poliuto*):—

"The *rôle* of Paulina has always been considered a part requiring first-class powers. The character itself is peculiarly trying from its constant unrest; so full of conflict are the passions it exhibits from the opening to the closing scene, that the situations absolutely admit of no repose. There is consequently little opportunity for the finer shades of artistic contrast, the emotions being strung to the highest pitch throughout. Accustomed as we have been to the strong and broad interpretation of this part by the prominent dramatic singers who have assumed it—to the pre-eminence so extravagant, and to the singing so overwhelming in its physical development, verging closely upon ranting, it seems hardly possible that Piccolomini and Kellogg, the very opposite of those singers, should produce effects as powerful. Yet so it is, and proves that the same end may be attained by means entirely different, and that effects as broad and striking can be produced by artistic contrast, as by the strongest development of physical power.

"Miss Kellogg is terribly earnest in the character of Paulina, for although the weakness of the woman's nature will stand out there is a constant struggle between it and her intolerant detestation of her husband's professed faith in the new Christian doctrine. She will plead for him, it is true; will strive to save him, but his impiety revolts her, until, overcome by that simple devotion which seems to rob death of all its horrors, she believes in the true God, and goes forth to the bloody arena with the calm fortitude of a martyr. Miss Kellogg's acting throughout was truthful and impassioned; she did not lose sight of the situation for an instant, but kept the cord tightened, until irrepressible enthusiasm severed the strands, and her heart poured out in a burst of passionate song, the words, 'Oh, Santa Melodia! Celeste volutta!' So finely and truthfully was that rendered that it excited a *furore* of admiration, and it had to be repeated amid shouts of *bravos* and thunders of applause. It was a supreme moment for the artist. Miss Kellogg's gestures were purely classic; they demonstrated the emotion with striking fidelity; every movement was beautiful, and so eloquent that her action was unmistakable in its meaning. Her poses were classic and graceful, and were in some cases as beautiful as statuesque as those of Rachel. There was a world of expression alone in those shapely arms, and those little hands, which seemed to plead, command, entreat, and defy by turns. She sang the music splendidly, from the first note to the last. Her phrasing was admirable, impressive, without mannerism, and effective without rant. Her finish is most elaborate; it is hardly possible to detect a blemish in her intonation, articulation, or execution. It was pure, beautiful, and honest singing from the beginning to the end, and we were gratified to hear the repeated and irrepressible murmurs of *bravo*, *bravo*, which greeted her as each part appeared in strong relief. Her voice was in superb order; it was full, melodious, and sympathetic; and ran out in passages of force, with metallic power which surprised while it delighted every one present. We must name Paulina as the grandest of all the characters that Miss Kellogg has yet achieved; in its interpretation she has developed high histrionic powers, and has boldly taken her stand among the dominant artists of the day. It is a proud position which Miss Kellogg has reached by indomitable perseverance; long may she retain it, adding new laurels to the crown of honour which she so justly wears."

BADEN.—Madame Viardot-Garcia has returned to this fashionable watering-place, and resumed her Musical Matinées, which are patronized by the Queen of Prussia, at present stopping here.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Friedrich Wagner, bandmaster of the Royal Saxon Garde-Reiter Regiment, and a distinguished *virtuoso* on the trumpet, is about to undertake, with the band of trumpeters under his orders, a tour in the Rhine Provinces and Holland.

INSBRUCK.—In consequence of the great success attending the first performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, a second and equally successful performance has just been given. A hand-some wreath was presented to Herr M. Nagiller, the conductor, by the artists under him. Herr Nagiller has done a great deal to raise the standard of music in the Tyrol. It was he who first introduced Handel two years ago, into that country, *Samson* being the work then selected.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The total receipts of the late Musical Festival amounted to eight hundred thalers. It is believed that, after the expenses are defrayed, there will be a surplus. This surplus the committee propose distributing among the members of the orchestra, and musicians in necessitous circumstances. Considering the number of both classes of the intended recipients, especially of the second class, it must strike an impartial observer that the share of each individual recipient will not be much.

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A LETTER OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

By Frederick Thomae, Ph. D.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."—St. John vi. 12.

Under date of the 27th July, 1843, Vincent Novello presented a collection of manuscripts, most of them autographs of Beethoven, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, W. A. Mozart, father and son, and Neukomm, to the British Museum. Bound now together, they form a separate volume of thirty-seven sheets of very different size, numbered from No. 1 to 37 (Manuscript Music, 402. Additional Manuscripts, 14,396. Pinteus[a] CXCii. A.). In the following, the single sheet will be marked by *fol.*, its front by the letter *a*, its back by the letter *b* added to its No. There cannot be any doubt of the authenticity of Mendelssohn's letter which we intend publishing herewith. The MS. shows his well-known handwriting, elegant and graceful, but free from all flourishes, and, therefore, plain and clear, involuntarily reminding the spectator of W. A. Mozart's handwriting. The size is note paper 8vo, viz., four inches in breadth, and six inches four lines in length. The letter is contained from the beginning to the word *original*, inclusive, on fol. 31*a*,—from the words *with all its*, to the end, on fol. 31*b*.[b] Neither the letter nor the composition following it show any date stamp; however, the former, on several places repaired and done over with paper, may have borne such a one before. Postage stamps, on the other hand, did not come into operation in England, where they were first used, before the 6th May, 1840.[c] On the lower part of fol. 31*a*, which is the last page of the composition, there is still to be seen a white wafer, nearly five lines in diameter, proving the use of a cross-ruled stamp, the meeting points of two lines marked in it by a somewhat deeper stitch. According to the date subjoined at foot, the letter is written in Mendelssohn's twenty-fifth year during the master's third stay in England,[d] which lasted from the 25th April, 1833, till the 25th August of the same year. It was interrupted from soon after the 15th May till the 8th June, by an excursion to Dusseldorf-on-the-Rhine,[e] where he had, on Whitsun holidays—Whit-Sunday fell in 1833 on the 26th May—to conduct the 15th of the great Lower-Rhine Musical Festivals,[f] remarkable in the history of music by Handel's *Israel in Egypt* being first introduced into the repertory of German music feasts.[g] It will perhaps, be interesting to note that the first public performances of this oratorio in England had taken place on the 4th of April, 1739.[h] To turn back to our letter.—Vincent Novello, to whom it is addressed, was an intimate London acquaintance of Mendelssohn, as well as Thomas Attwood, the organist, of whom we shall have to speak more; Sterndale Bennett, the composer; Ignaz Moscheles, the pianist, after Ludwig Berger, in 1824, for some time his instructor in pianoforte playing; William Horsley, the connoisseur of theory, history, and bibliography of music; and that faithful friend of German art and poetry, Karl Klingemann,[i] late Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation. Born in London in 1781, Vincent Novello held the office of organist at the Portuguese Embassy's Chapel, was distinguished as a careful author and editor of a great many organ and piano compositions and transcriptions, and highly esteemed for the earnestness with which he pursued the interests of his art. His eldest son, Joseph Alfred, was the founder of the publishing London music firm of Novello, Ewer, & Co., now far renowned over the three kingdoms; and his second daughter, Clara, afterwards, when married to an Italian nobleman (Count-ess Gigliucci), became one of the brightest stars on the sky of singing art. In 1849 he left London and retired to Nice in Italy, where he died in 1861.[k] A true monument of filial piety, equally removed from mere insignificance as from exaggerated eulogies, has been put to Vincent Novello by the loving hand of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke,[l] the well-known author and editor of Shakspere's works, in a little book sacred to his memory.

As the simple generation of 1833 was not so luxurious as the present in regard of gummed envelopes, the direction of Mendelssohn's letter is written outside the letter itself. It is as follows:—"*V. Novello, Esq., 67, Frith Street, Soho Sqre.*" In this place, in 1833, Jos. Alfred Novello, *Musiceller*, carried on business,[1] very modest in its beginning and appearance, and Vincent Novello lived with his family from 1830 till 1834.[m] I hope the publication of the letter will be of interest from two reasons. First of all, it gives us some hints about a period of Mendelssohn's life rather important for his acknowledgment as a virtuoso and his development as a composer, but little known about, as the published letters give only few or no news at all out of that time—at least, in the letters edited by Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Dr. Carl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.[n] A letter of the 6th April, 1833, is followed by one of the 6th September, 1833; and Devrient's Recollections give, after a short notice of Mendelssohn's visit to London, a letter of the 7th September, 1833. The smaller collections of letters, published by Nohl[o] and Polko,[p] do not come into consideration at all. Secondly this letter is a specimen of Mendelssohn's English style, the first one published, I suppose. Benedict[q] tells us that Mendelssohn was well up in English literature, and that the works of Shakspere and the other eminent British poets were quite as familiar to him as those of his own country, and that he wrote as well as spoke the English language with great facility and purity, although his accent was slightly tinctured by his German origin. I do not think the English reader will be able, by many phrases in the letter, to point out the foreign writer; unusual, perhaps, are the expressions, *wants* in the meaning of *deficiencies*, *cuttings* for *blottings or erasings*, and the short *Prae*, i.e., *Praeludium*, just before *Postludium*, current in German. The letter runs thus:—

"My dear Sir,—As Mr. Attwood tells me that he does not intend going to St. Paul's next Sunday,[r] I fear I shall have no opportunity before my return from the Rhine of playing to you the organ fugue which I wrote for you at Berlin, and I beg, therefore, you will accept it as it is, although I have not yet tried it on the organ, and do not know whether it is not too[s] great a trifle to be offered to you. But I liked it when I wrote it, and, on that account, I hope you will excuse the wants in it, and my sending you, instead of a copy in better writing, the original with all its alterations, cuttings, etc. I intended to finish here the Praeludium which I have begun for this fugue, but could not yet find time for it, and beg you will excuse its coming some weeks later, and being then, instead of a Prae, a Postludium.

"I hope to meet you this morning, in order to thank you in person for the kind presents you again have made me, and for which the influenza prevented me last week from saying my thanks to you.—Believe me, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

103, *Portland Street*, 10*th May*. Felix Mendelssohn."

(*To be continued.*)

Wrexham.—The following is a "c'rect card," as they say at the races, of the artists who will take part this season in the Kursaal Concerts given by the Administration. 1. On the 24th June, Mdme. A. Leclerc-Ubrich, soprano; Herr Betz, baritone; and Herr Léonard, violinist; Mdlle. Pauline de Smet, pianist. 2. On the 15th July, Mdme. Peschka-Leutner, from Leipsic, soprano; Herr Scheyer, from the Royal Opershouse, Berlin, baritone; Mdlle. Pauline Fichtner, from Paris, pianist; Herr Jules de Swert, from Berlin, violoncello. 3. On the 5th August, Mdme. Mathilde Mallinger, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, soprano; Herr Georg Müller, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, tenor; Herr and Mdme. Jaell, from Paris, pianists; Mdlle. Thérèse Liebe, from Paris, violinist. 4. On the 19th August, Mdme. Monbelli, from Agia, vocalist; Mdme. Arabella Goddard, from London, pianist; Herr Auer, Professor at the Imperial Conservatory, St. Petersburgh, violinist. 5. On the 12th September, Mdme. Marie Battu, from the Grand Opéra, Paris, soprano; Herr Nachbaur, from the Royal Opershouse, Munich, tenor; Herr August Wilhelmj, violinist; Mdlle. von Dohjansky, from Paris, pianist. The well-known band, under Herr W. Jahn, will, as usual, take part in all the concerts.

[a] *Pinteus*, short *Pint.*, Latin for *cupboard*. *Pinteus CXCii, A.*, is the library language means, *Cupboard, No.* 192, *first rank*.

[b] Fol. 32*a* is empty.

[c] See *Journal of the Statistical Society of London*. Vol. IV. [London, 1841], p. 97.

[d] First visit to England, 1829, second, 1832. See Jules Benedict, *Sketch of the Life and Works of the late Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. Second Edition. [London, 1853.] P. 11 ff., p. 19 ff.

[e] W. A. Lampadius, *Felix Mendelssohn, Bartholdy* [Leipzig, 1848], p. 34 ff.

[f] *Niederrheinische Musikzeitung*. Vol. XI. [Cöln, 1863], p. 177.

[g] *Edward Devrient, Meine Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, und seine Briefe an mich* [Leipzig, 1869], p. 158.

[h] *Friedrich Chrysander, G. F. Handel*. Vol. III. [Leipzig, 1867], p. 89.

[i] See *Karl Klingemann*, in Ferdinand Hiller's *Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit* [Leipzig, 1868], Vol. II., p. 95–100.

[k] Felix is mistaken in saying: "*Novello est mort à Londres vers 1845.*"

[l] *The Life and Labours of Vincent Novello*. London. [1864.]

[1] *The Post Office London Directory for* 1833, p. 295.

[m] *Mary Cowden Clarke*, pp. 34, 35.

[n] *Briefe aus den Jahren*, 1830, *bis*, 1847, von *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. 2 voll. Leipzig. [1861—63.]

[o] *Ludwig Nohl, Musiker—Briefe*. Leipzig. [1867.]

[p] *Elise Polko, Erinnerungen an Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. Leipzig. [1868.]

[q] *Sketch*, &c., p. 18. [r] "St. Paul's," MS. [s] "To," MS.

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MR. CLAY'S *GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.*

The accident of this amusing piece having been brought out at an ordinarily non-musical theatre seems to have blinded some of our contemporaries to the fact that it is, to all intents and purposes, a comic opera. True, there is spoken dialogue, but there is also much more music in it than in the drama with songs, which we were wont to dignify by the appellation of English Opera. *The Gentleman in Black* has the rare merit of being original. The subject is fantastic enough to have been imagined by Hoffmann, but it is also quaint and droll enough to be worthy of its real author, Mr. Gilbert. Equally original are the merry strains with which Mr. Frederic Clay has brightened the story. The themes are of that decided and tuneful character which M. Offenbach has found universally popular, but there is no direct plagiarism. The smart and "catching" melodies which abound are admirably adapted to be committed to memory by actors who make no pretensions to a profoundly technical education; and music of this description is equally acceptable to a general audience. A telling "subject," however, by no means precludes elaborate treatment—witness the *finale* to the first act, wherein a capital theme is thrown to and fro from orchestra to singers, taken up by one voice, finished by another, and altogether so cleverly worked that the movement grows in interest until the curtain falls. We would further note some couplets built on an Offenbachian modal, and disclosing genuine humour: also a graceful soprano ballad, scored with admirable tact. Mr. Clay, indeed, has evidently taken unusual pains with his orchestration, knowing probably that he would have to rely greatly on his band. The actors, however, acquit themselves more than creditably of their unfamiliar task, singing with such correctness of accent and general intelligence as more ambitious artists often fail to exhibit. We welcome *The Gentleman in Black*, as an agreeable substitute for the burlesques with which we have all been long afflicted—halting verses, lamed by tedious word-torturings, joined to tunes stolen from the music-halls; and we are duly grateful to Mr. Clay, as well as to the compact little company of the Charing Cross Theatre, for setting a good example to their contemporaries. C. C.

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL AT NEW YORK.

The great musical festival which is to astonish New York and the neighbouring States, is steadily moving on to the day of its consummation. We hear of immense things in store for the admiration and the wonder of our citizens, and if but half the indications become facts, the New York festival of June, 1870, will cause Boston to blush, and wipe England and Germany out altogether. The engagements made are already multifarious, comprising almost *every* name known to fame in this country. It must cost a fortune alone to secure the services of the artists embodied in the list. The chorus is to be of immense proportions. The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston are coming, to a man, together with copious societies from New Jersey, Connecticut, other parts of New England, and from some of the up-the-river towns and cities. These, and with what may be got in New York, will build up an immense chorus, counting by the thousands. With such material, New York need fear no competition. It took Boston nine months to produce her great Musical Jubilee, and still some of the respectable fossils of this city and Boston pronounced the whole thing an artistic failure. New York will show them that a Festival can be got up by the vital energy of New York capitalists, in two weeks, that will be approved of, not only by the old fogies of both cities, but by the vigorous and gushing writers of the press. It can be done, it will be done, it must be done. The great conductors of the country have been engaged, and will organize the several departments, and be responsible for the uttermost perfection of performance. Thus, Max Maretzek will temporize with the Italian operatic element, and harmonise them into exquisite and picturesque *ensembles*; Carl Bergmann will invoke the tuneful spirits of Liszt and Wagner, and pay some attention to the dark, colossal ghost of Beethoven, who, it is expected, will be present, as he is invited to accompany General Grant, he having consented to give up his cigar for this occasion only; Dr. James Pech will wield the baton, and bring into line the miscellaneous choral coberts to attack Haydn and Handel in their tenderest points, and overcome them with a multitudinous power; Carl Berthalm will wheel the Handel and Haydn Society to the front, and treat Mendelssohn mercifully and with distinguished consideration; and Jubilee Gilmore, in command of the ordance department, will strengthen the weak points, if there be any, and bring the whole to a happy conclusion in a blaze of glory.—*Watson.*

MUNICH.—It is proposed to get up a Beethoven Festival here, as in other places. Herr von Perfall, chairman of the committee, has offered to contribute, at the Theatre Royal, to the programme a performance of *Prometheus*, *Fidelio*, and *Die Ruinen von Athen*, with a new text by Herr Paul Heyse. The musical direction of the whole Festival is to be offered to Herr Franz Lachner.

CHARLES DICKENS IS DEAD.

(An American Elegy.)

Many a sad word has to be written in fulfilment of the duties of journalism; but sadder words have never been written than those that head this paragraph. The great heart, that beat with love and sympathy with all mankind, is stilled forever. The great mind, that has laboured to make the world happy by making it good, is at rest. This loss will come home to the hearts of thousands as a personal calamity. To read the writings of Charles Dickens was to love the man. Apart from the splendid imagination, the inventive power, the airy fancy, the infinite capacity of realising and reproducing forms of character, and the beautiful, powerful, and absorbing style of writing, there is a celestial spirit in those works—of pity for the sinful, tolerance for the weak, tenderness for all human infirmities, heartfelt desire to save, and cheer, and lead onward —which wins every sensitive nature to the most affectionate attainment. Many great men have been admired; but around the grave of Charles Dickens the world will stand with stricken hearts and tear-dimmed eyes; for he had won the love of all mankind. It has lost a benefactor, a leader, a good, true and great man,—in himself an immortal proof of the innate divinity of human nature. Charles Dickens has been taken from us suddenly—but not before his work was well and nobly done. English literature will cherish forever the illustrious name that is this day written in the book of death. The meagre news—enough, however, slight as it is, "to eclipse the gaiety of nations"—tells us that he perished suddenly, while at dinner, stricken by paralysis. With like suddenness the grim angel came to Thackeray and to Hawthorne—companions of this grand and sweet soul, in the noble walk of letters. Not without fitness, though, is the visitation of sudden death that takes away the leaders of human thought from the very pinnacle of their greatness. They vanish from us at once—all their splendour unsullied by decay, and all their grandeur solid and perfect in the eyes of fame.—*New York Weekly Review.*

ON CHARLES DICKENS.

(By one of the multitude.)

The death of Charles Dickens concerns musicians—yes—as it concerns the professors of every art, and the practitioners of every craft, among us. He was the most universal man of the present century. What he wrote concerned the whole world of humanity. He made us all, if not good, at least better for what he wrote. We feared the giant intellect of Thackeray; but we loved and sympathised to the core with the gentle eloquence of Dickens. Both were loveable men. We loved Thackeray as a *cumini sector*; we loved Dickens as a consoler and comforter. We were always apprehensive of the stern reproach of the one, always sure of the sympathy of the other for what in us was human, and therefore not faultless. These were two great teachers of our time—because they taught, each in his peculiar way, through real types of humanity. What is Mills to them? What Bulwer (with his ——). What the astronomers?—what Lyell—what Darwin—what Goldwin Smith, or Mr. Disraeli?

Dickens is gone. We are not going to speak of his characters, though how much might be said about them all, from Mrs. Gamp to little Emily. And, then, with all these extraordinary endowments—the *man himself*, simple, and hearty, and communicative, and genial as a *child*. This was as the people —the great and universal people of the British dominions—saw "C. D."

"EE-HAW."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As one of the true Jerusalem tribe, I write to take exception to the way in which you, and your co-editor, whose superscription is "A.S.S.," spell "ee-haw."

Our tribe never aspirate, or even use the *h* in the first syllable. To what tribe do you and yours belong?

Our "ee" is a long *piaanissimo*; and, when heard in the calm immensity and mystic silence of a dewy summer heve, sounds like the lulling note of a tempting angel, and produces a sensation as though the ear was being surrounded by a transparency of rubies, diamonds, jasper, chrysoprase, and many nectars of voluptuous flavour, and bright and golden use: but *our* "haw" is a roarer; and is no sooner brayed forth than away fly lulling notes, angel temptings, rubies, diamonds, jasper, chrysoprase, hays and chrysolite, and bargate, and beryl, and voluptuous nectars into the bargain, and the soul shivers off its luscious dream swift as a meteor's flash, and, ere the *haw* has reached its climax, you know *where you are*.—Believe me, as ever, muchly yours,

DONKEY.

June 27, 1870. (You know what follows).

P.S.—Lest you should be in doubt, it is ASS, without the initial punctuation.

[Our correspondent need not have explained; his letter fully entitles him to dispense with what he calls "*initial* punctuation," and to sign himself "ASS" without reserve.—A. S. S.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VAN H. (Weymouth).—No *Southern Times* has come to hand. Will our correspondent favour us with another copy.

INQUIRER.—Schubert, beyond comparison, in the first instance; Rossini, beyond comparison, in the second; Auber, beyond comparison, in the third: Mendelssohn, beyond comparison, in the fourth; and Sterndale Bennett, beyond comparison, in the fifth. With regard to the second question—J. S. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. In such an argument Spohr and Schumann are out of the question. Cherubini is more difficult to dispose of.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

"DE RETZ" SPEAKETH.

DE RETZ says little, and that little commands no particular attention. He is a convenient underling of Saint Bris, and, doubtless, a zealous,—charity forbids us to say an unscrupulous—partizan. But were he knocked on the head by a "Rataplan" buff-coat, nobody would care, even if anybody missed him. Such is De Retz of the *Huguenots*; but "every man in his time plays many parts," and De Retz turns up occasionally as London correspondent of the Paris *Ménéstrel*, in the columns of which journal he disports himself after the manner of a vivacious whale, playing truant from "school." In this capacity he is much more amusing than as a Catholic nobleman of sanguinary propensities. He exhibits a liveliness of imagination which amounts to the faculty of seeing, and believing in, things that are not—as when, a few weeks ago, he spoke gravely of twenty Hansoms waiting outside Drury Lane Theatre to convey members of the press from one operahouse to another. For this alone, De Retz off the stage is vastly more entertaining than De Retz on it, and we hope he may long defer his exit.

De Retz's last letter to the favoured Parisian print is funnier than the average of his communications. From first to last it runs a grotesque "mnek" with which one's risible muscles have an instinctive sympathy, though the onslaught be upon actual facts. De Retz begins by referring to Mdlle. Nilsson's "position exceptionelle," and quotes a part of our recent article on "Personal Opera," acknowledging the extract as from the *Musical World*—"journal d'opposition musical très avancée, et par conséquent tout dévouée à Drury Lane." To what are we in opposition, most sapient De Retz?—and how does being in opposition involve perfect devotion to Drury Lane? The conclusion pointed at is, of course, that we are antagonistic to Covent Garden—a conclusion the readers of the *Musical World* know to be false, if the readers of *Le Ménéstrel* do not; and, therefore, we are careless about refuting it. De Retz next goes on to describe our article as "le plus grand hommage rendu à l'influence artistique de Mdlle. Nilsson." With all respect to so sharp-sighted an individual, it was nothing of the kind. Mdlle. Nilsson's artistic influence must not be confounded with the influence of fashion. The two are distinct things, although they may happen to be in accord; and our remarks were a complaint, not against such a legitimate power as the former, but against a phenomenon having no *raison d'être* except Society's "Let it be."

De Retz then turns to Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, and out of that barren work gets enough material for the bulk of his letter. There are several minor points in his remarks from which amusement might be obtained; as when, for example, he bursts into apostrophe about MM. Naudin and Graziani ("cet illustre baryton") exclaiming "quels artistes!"; as when he speaks of crowded houses, created by his own exuberant faucy; as when he imagines that somebody has depreciatingly termed *Esmeralda* nothing but an "*Album de Mélodies*," which nobody would think of doing; and as when he styles Signor Campana "avant tout un mélodiste." But De Retz is mainly concerned about the press. He witnessed the enthusiastic reception of *Esmeralda*, and he read the criticisms upon it, since when he seems to have been in a state of daze, owing to the impossibility of reconciling opinions so diverse. At one time he cannot account for newspaper hostility to *Esmeralda*, without going far beyond reasonable limits; yet, immediately after, he discovers the reason to lie in the very title of the work. Such reverence have the English critics for Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, and such concern do they feel for its integrity, that they rushed away from the theatre to call Signor Campana's music ungrammatical. The logic of this course is not clear to ordinary intelligence, though De Retz may see it plainly enough. If, however, the facts are as stated, then not De Retz, but the critics, must be demented; nay, more, their madness must be madness without method; since when Signor Pugni's ballet of *Esmeralda* was produced (in 1841), they received it with a chorus of praise. But why trouble ourselves with questions of De Reta's logic, or, in other words, essay the solution of problems in Imaginary Quantities? De Retz wishes to attribute the failure of bad music to ulterior considerations; and when a man has set his mind upon a thing he is not deterred by the necessity of being illogical. One more word, and we have done with de Retz till next time. He gave this as a translation of a passage from the *Times*:—"Si la perfection du chant, unie à la perfection du jeu des acteurs, peut assurer à un nouvel ouvrage un permanent succès, nous le prédisons avec certitude à la nouvelle *Esmeralda*." Here is the original:—"If consummate singing, united with acting as consummate could *alone* ensure permanent success for a new work, permanent success might fairly be reckoned upon for *Esmeralda*."* Bah!—Monsieur de Retz, you could see the twenty press Hansoms which had no existence, and yet failed to perceive the word "alone," which really did exist! The upshot of the whole matter is, as saith the proverb—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IF anything could make up to the numberless readers of our admirable contemporary, *Punch*, for the loss of Mark Lemon, it would be the fact that the editorial chair which Mark Lemon filled so long and so worthily is now occupied by Mr. Shirley Brooks. Mr. Shirley Brooks also may be said to occupy another chair, formerly in possession of William Makepeace Thackeray—that of Editor of good taste, as the most refined and accomplished master of a particular branch of our literature which, since the days of Addison and Steele, has been one of its chiefest glories. He who has written the *Essence of Parliament* (not to speak of other things), has written that which will endure as long as the English language. Some great statesman said that his knowledge of English history was derived from Shakspere's historical plays; we own candidly that much of our knowledge of what goes on in the Houses of Lords and Commons is derived (and how pleasantly!) from the *Essence of Parliament*, with which our excellent *Punch* has charmed us for so many years.

* The "consummate singing, united with acting as consummate"—(as De Retz might have gathered from the context)—referred exclusively to the singing and acting of Madame Patti.

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MR. J. S. DWIGHT, Editor of the *Boston Journal of Music* (Massachusetts), is entertaining his readers with a somewhat loose translation of that miserable piece of egotistical coxcombry and absolute nonsense, the pamphlet called *Ueber das Dirigiren*, by Herr Richard Wagner. What, in the name of Music, does any sensible American care about such stuff?

AT a recent performance of *Robert le Diable* at Cassel, an incident took place not provided for either by librettist or composer. During the trio, the tenor hissed the *prima donna*, and the bass retorted by seizing the tenor throat-wise—obtaining, for the first time in his life, unanimous applause. We manage such matters better in England. Here, when artists quarrel on the stage, one performs the "happy despatch," and cuts away—home. But each country has its manners.

BUT for death supervening, the horse brought down to one grain of corn per day would have settled the question whether the least possible something is better than nothing. At present evidence is in favour of the least possible something, because we find the theatre at Arcidosso (Grosseto) willing to accept a subvention of 10 francs per year. Compared with this establishment, the theatres of Adghiari (30 francs) and Barbara (75 francs) are rolling in riches.

MDLLE. NILSSON has experienced something like the sensations of those who see their own death announced in the papers, and who have the great felicity of turning sorrow into joy—tears into laughter. She has just written to the *employés* of the Grand Opéra, thanking them for the sympathy shown on the occasion of the reported loss of her voice. As sympathy was not confined to the Grand Opéra (how many *prime donne* shared it, for example), Mdlle. Nilsson should advertise what the Yankees style, "a card."

Don Giovanni was produced at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, on Thursday night—with Faure, Castelli, Gardoni, Zoboli, Foli, Reboux, Lewitzky, and Nilsson, in the principal characters. All we can say at present is that the Donna Elvira of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson was, both musically and dramatically, the most perfect and beautiful representation of that character in our experience.

WE are glad to know, and our readers will be glad to know, that Professor Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, composed for the Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society, has been published by Lamborn Cock & Co. as a pianoforte duet.

M. HERVÉ has written, and the Variétés will shortly produce, a new work, entitled the *Trone d'Ecosse*, out of which, apart from the music, some fun will probably be got. The names of the characters—all we know so far—are highly promising. Le Duc de Buckingham appears, and so do Louis XIV., Georges XV. (whoever he may be), Mac-Razor, and Flora Mac-Razor (shade of brave Flora Macdonald, can this be meant for you?), and "Julia Good Morning!" The last eminently Scotch patronymic is delicious, and M. Victor Hugo must look to his laurels.

A CABINET crisis has taken place at the Paris Italiens. Upon what rock the Alary administration came to grief, we know not; but it is certain that M. Alary is "out," and M. Emmanuel Muzio is "in." Not only so, but his Majesty Bagier I. has suppressed the "Direction du Chant," and decreed a "Direction de la Musique," with heavy responsibilities, including those connected with the choices of operas, artists, and the conduct of the orchestra. M. Muzio has entered upon his duties with zeal. After visiting London, to hear *Esmeralda*, and look out for artists, he next starts, or has already started for Italy, prepared to make a *grand battue* upon the accomplished singers and beautiful new operas with which that country notoriously abounds. The appointment of M. Muzio leaves his Highness the Khedive without a *chef d'orchestre*. Here is a fine opening for knights of the bâton in the land of Saladin.

A CURIOUS bit of news comes to us from Ancona. Two persons of different opinions, about an opera entitled *Fiammella*, referred the dispute to an arbitrator, M. le Sabre, and fought it out to an end which might have been bitter, but was not. Herein is a suggestive idea:—When success is contested at Covent Garden or Drury Lane (which never happens, because our public accept anything), let each side choose a champion, and each champion have at the other with all due formality, the first placed *hors de combat* to determine the matter. We would insist, however, that the composers should fight their own battles, if possible; the chance of getting rid of them being much too good to be lost.

IN 1860, when Big Ben the Second was cracked, it was feared that some day, in striking, it might bring clock-works and clock-weights pell-mell to the bottom of the clock-tower. Forty tons of metal, falling from a height of 210 feet would shake the foundations of the tower to the centre. As the clock-weights, too, might of themselves fall, Mr. Edward Barry was consulted in 1861 as to precautions. His scheme was a bed of sand, ten feet deep, under the weights. This was rejected by the Board of Works, who decided for a scientific "cushion" of jute and cocoa-nut matting, a pile of which materials was accordingly raised in proximity to the fine. Seven years ago, at three in the afternoon, this "cushion" took fire, doing some damage and causing more alarm. In spite of warning, it was allowed to remain. On Monday week it again caught fire. Surely there are elements of danger enough in the roof of Lords and Commons without materials for a bonfire in the tower—materials liable to spontaneous combustion, and perpetually in danger from a heated flue.

THE Oneida Indians (Wisconsin) have organized a brass band and purchased twenty-five instruments. When they get into practice it is expected that music will arise. Pity that no German band in our crowded city has taken advantage of this movement, and gone to the prairie and forest, where they might put themselves at the head of the tribe, and make noises without injuring anybody! Music has charms to soothe the savage breast; but it has also charms which, when dinned into unwilling ears, turn civilised men into savages. Unmingled with the jingling of vehicles over the stones, it may have an opposite effect, and turn savages into civilized men. Anyhow, this new fancy of the Oneida Indians opens a field for the ambition of street musicians, of which we trust they will take advantage. If brass bands are not enough we can spare our barrel-organs; and vocal music is in demand we would send our Ethiopian serenaders. In the same spirit of liberality with which, as Christians, we have showered gin, rum, &c., on savage tribes, we would gladly let the Oneida Indians have our music halls; and last, not least, in a true missionary spirit, we are prepared to send them even the Alhambra. If this little token from Leicester Square does not satisfy them, nothing will.

A THREE ACT romantic opera, *Vineta*, has just been produced at Prague. It is a feeble attempt, on the model of Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. The composer is Herr Skraup. Though that gentleman was called for, on the first night, after each act, *Vineta* will probably soon be forgotten; as completely forgotten as if the opera, the composer, the musicians, and the singers were all actually at the bottom of the sea, in which cool locality the hero makes love alternately to Vineta and a virtuous young Christian beauty, just as the nymphs, gnomes, and other interesting personages disport themselves below the surface of the Rhine, in Herr R. Wagner's *Rheingold*.

THE members of the operatic company at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, have two months' holidays, commencing on the 30th June. In order, however, that the numerous visitors to this capital may have an opportunity of seeing the interior of the magnificent building by gaslight, during the above period, there will be three ballet-performances every week.—Some little time since, it was reported that Herr Joseph Strauss had been taken very ill at Warsaw. According to the statement then put forth, Herr Strauss was suddenly attacked, while conducting, and, having fainted, fell violently backwards. In doing

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this, he was said to have seriously injured the back of his head, which came in contact with a music-stand. The *Tagblatt*, however, gives a different version of the matter. If that paper is well informed, Herr Stranss was grossly insulted, a week or two ago, during the performance, by a Russian officer, and, being in a weak state of health, felt the shock so deeply that a serious illness is the result. The affair has created a deep sensation in Warsaw.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE annual juvenile choral festival in connection with the Tonic Sol-fa Association was held at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday week. This is always one of the popular days of the year, the friends of the youngsters mustering in great force. The choir numbered about 5,000, principally children, strengthened by a few tenors and basses. The first part of the programme was devoted to sacred pieces. Attwood's "Teach me, O Lord," and Kent's "Thioe, O Lord," were two of the anthems given. Two or three of the part-songs were sung with spirit and in good time and tune. The others did not go so well, but the audience were too pleased or too loyal to the system of which the choir were exponents, to be critical, and all the pieces were received with applause, three of them being encored.

MR. FREDERICK ARCHER'S concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday evening, June 24th, commencing with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor. Miss Dalmaine, whose voice was in good tune, sang Gounod's "Quand tu chantes." Miss Poyntz was much applauded in "In quercu semplice," and Mrs. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Peuna gava great pleasure by their excellent rendering of Verdi's "Si la stanchezza." Herr Carl Stepan sang exceedingly well "Oh, ruddier than the cherry." Mr. Archer played with MM. Risegari and Paque the above-named trio, also three posthumous studies of Mendelssohn. A printed apology for the absence, through illness, of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Nelson Varley were distributed among the audience. H. L.

MR. ALFRED BAYLIS gave a *matinée* at his residence, 18, Lower Seymour Street, which was fashionably attended. His song "Adelaide," "Alice, where art thou?" and Benedict's "Nulla da te bel augelo," accompanied by the composer, in all of which he received much applause. Miss K. Poyntz gave an air of Bishop's, and Benedict's "Rokeby to sleep," most successfully. Mr. Lewis Thomas displayed his fine voice to advantage in "Ah non avea," and Tito Mattei's "La Pesca." Mdlle. Colmache, a pianist, played two solos most brilliantly. Mr. John Thomas gave Parish Alvars' harp solo, "The Mandoline," and (with Mr. Benedict) their grand duet airs from *Faust*. M. Paque played two of his solos in his usual excellent style. Mr. Henry Thomas, Herr Lehmeyer, and Mr. Benedict were the conductors.

MR. G. LANSDOWNE COTTELL gave his twelfth concert on Thursday to a crowded audience. Mr. Cottell was assisted by the Mdlles. R. and C. Doria, who well sang "A riverside song," and added solos by popular and classical composers, which were well received. Mesdames Montserrait, Agnes Lyndhurst, Ellen Jarman, d'Elise, Amy Perry, Henyet, De Barry, Mardoni, Demani, with Messrs. W. Reeves, Bell, Waldeck, and Bolton, sang and played an attractive programme selected from the works of Mendelssohn, Weber, Mozart, Meyerbeer, John Barnett, Henry Smart, &c., all of which were received with more or less favour by the audience. Mdlle. d'Elise in John Barnett's new romance, "The parted," sang it with so much grace and finish as to create quite a *furore*, as did also Mr. W. Reeves in a new song by Mr. Cottell, "Thy image o'er my pillow beams." Messrs. Weber, Lehmeyer, Cottell, and Francesco Berger accompanied.

THE concert given by Madame Rudersdorff took place on Tuesday week, at the residence of Mrs. Washington Hibbert, Dover Street, and attracted an audience both numerous and fashionable. Very little part was taken in the proceedings by the *bénéficiaire* herself, whose great and universally acknowledged talents may account for this, and the speciality of the occasion—might have justified her in doing a great deal. Madame Rudersdorff made but two appearances; singing first, with Madame Trebelli and chorus, Gounod's *cantique*, "Noel;" and, next, a new *canzone* (MS.), entitled "Bienvenu," by Signor Randegger. The latter, even more than the former, exhibited the high artistic qualities that invariably distinguish Madame Rudersdorff's singing; and is, in itself, a charming composition. Among the vocalists who supported the concert-giver were Madame Volpini, Madame Trebelli, Madame Patey, Miss Alice Fairman, Signor Gardoni, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Patey, Signor Bossi, and Signor Bettini, with some of Madame Rudersdorff's clever and promising pupils. It would serve no purpose to mention the more or less familiar pieces selected by each artist, and we need only make the general remark that the choice was, in most instances, good, and the result satisfactory. The vocal pieces were relieved by several instrumental solos, among them being two *morceaux*, wall played by Signor Alfred Rendano; Boccherini's violoncello sonata, executed in his usual style, by Signor Pease; a duet, *Impromptu*, by Reinecke, for two pianos; and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," both played by the Misses Kingdom. Mr. Benedict gava to several pieces the charm of his masterly accompaniment.

THE annual concert of Mdlle. Nathilda Enequest was given at St. George's Hall, on the 23rd June, under the immediate patronage of the Ambassador of Sweden and Norway. The vocalists were Mdlle. Jocequest and Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Cummings and Penna, and M. Jules Lefort. Mdlle. Enequest was encored in "Coma per me sereno," from *La Sonnambula*, and was much applauded in Edward Land's "La Gitana," and in Kücken's "Der Himmel." She also received applause in some new Swedish melodies. Mdlle. Drasdil gained an encore in Miss Kate Ward's "He is upon the lonely deep," and Mr. Cummings was similarly honoured in Mr. O'Leary's ballad, "Ask not why I love." Mr. Penna was recalled after "The Old English Gentleman," and M. Jules Lefort sang, as usual, with great effect. The instrumentalists were Herr Ganz, M. Telesinski and M. Paque, who played several concerted pieces with considerable effect. M. Telesinski created quite a sensation in M. Alard's fantasia upon airs from *La Muette*, which he performed upon the violin with great skill. The concert was very fashionably attended. H. L.

MISS MARY E. WALTON'S annual morning concert took place last Monday, and drew a full audiance. The concert opened with Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," sung by Madame Thaddeus Wells, Alfred Baylis and Maybrick; after which Miss Walton played Mendelssohn's *caprice* in B minor, in a most efficient manner. In the course of the concert she gava Chopin's *ballade* in A flat (Op. 47), and (with Mr. Weist Hill and M. Albert) Lady Thompson's grand trio in D minor, which received every justice at the hands of the executants. Mr. H. Weist Hill played his own solo on airs from Wallace's *Maritana*, which was loudly applauded. Miss Katherine Poynta sang Francesco Berger's song, "The Syren," with effect, as did Miss Banks the pretence "A Summer Eve" (encored). Madame Liebhart, Thaddeus Wells, Osborne Williams, with Messrs Maybrick, Trelawny Cobham, and Alfred Baylis gave several popular songs, duets, and concerted pieces. In Beethoven's "Adelaide," sung by the last-named gentleman and well accompanied by Miss Walton, both artists received much applause. The concert was a great success. Messrs. Kingsbury, Lehmeyer, and Osborne Williams accompanied.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—A gigantic gathering of artists to sing and play through a programme which might almost be measured by the yard, took place in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, and attracted a crowded audience. The proceedings began at half-past one, and ended, we imagine, at a time which gava peculiar appropriateness to the last piece—"When evening's twilight gathers round." Fifty-six pieces were in the programme, the artists announced to appear being fifty-five. It is obvious, therefore that a bare mention of what was done would exhaust the reader's patience long before the end, while it would be no more interesting than calling over the roll of a regiment. Even if we were the reader's patience equal to that of Job, and were a matter of no concern, there would be little need for such particulars, very many of the selections, having no interest whatever save in the actual performance. What boots it, for example, to tell that Signor Gardoni sang his often repeated "Mandolinata?" or that Madama Volpini gava, once again, "O luce di quest' anima?" All such things may be passed over in absolute silence. There were, however, several features of interest which demand special notice: among them certain pieces were composed expressly for the occasion. One of these, "The Mother and the Angel," sung by Madame Patey, and written by Mr. Benedict, is a charming example of the pathetic ballad, and will, if we mistake not, become extensively popular. Another novelty was Mr. Arthur Sullivan's Italian duet, "La Condenna," which, as sung by Mdlle. Lewitzky and Mdlle. Cari, had a fair measure of success. Mr. F. H. Cowen's new quartet for four performers on two pianos was decidedly well received. It is based upon themes from *Il Flauto Magico* (not a bad base either) and is admirably wrought out for the production of the effect belonging to this class of works. The executants were Mr. Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. G. Osborne, and the composer himself, in whose hands it lost nothing. Another successful novelty was Arthur Sullivan's "Cantiamo d'amore," composed for Mr. Santley, and by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson and Madame Trebelli, and unanimously encored. The music possesses the gracefulness apparent in most of the author's works, and we need hardly say all its beauty was displayed by the artists associated in its execution. Other familiar works were in the programme, such as the quartet, "O ciel que faire," from Méhul's *I. Irato*, but upon these we have no space to dwell. The chief vocal successes were gained by Mdlle. Nilsson, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Trebelli, Madame Monbelli, M. Faure, and Mr. Santley, all of whom were encored, re-called, or applauded with special heartiness.

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Among the instrumental eclolists was Madame Arabella Goddard, whose remarkable performance of Mr. Benedict's fantasia on *Der Freischutz* excited something as near like enthusiasm as a morning audience can show. It will be assumed that Mr. Benedict himself was received with all the honours due to his position and long service in the cause of art.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

A new and very amusing little piece, written by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, set to music by Mr. German Reed, and entitled *Our Island Home*, was produced on Monday week with success. Like some of its predecessors it enlists the interest almost from the commencement, so that the gratified audience are introduced, say, to Mrs. German Reed as Mrs. German Reed, not as a fictitious character, and see her in situations, agreeable and the reverse, which are never likely to become actualities. The plot of *Our Island Home* is simple:—Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Miss Holland, and Mr. Cecil start round the world with their entertainment, *Ages Ago*, and are thrown by shipwreck upon an island, which they divide into four equal shares. The only fertile part falls to the lot of Mr. Cecil, who uses the power thus given him in a variety of clever and funny ways which we shall leave the reader to discover for himself. Eventually a pirate (Mr. Corney Grain) bound by a oath to kill every body he meets, joins the quartet of islanders. This unwelcome gentleman, who turns out to be the long-lost son of Mr. and Mrs. Reed, is, by the ingenuity of Mr. Cecil, released from the obligations of his oath, so that all ends happily. It can hardly be necessary to say that Mr. Gilbert's dialogue is bright and full of point, that Mr. German Reed's music serves its purpose very well, or that *Our Island Home* passes away an hour in the pleasantest manner. The last named result is largely due to a capital performance, Mr. and Mrs. Reed being as vivacious as ever, Mr. Cecil doing his burlesque business admirably, and Miss Holland lending the grace and charm of her singing to an *ensemble* they help not a little to perfect. The new piece will, doubtless, have what it deserves—a long run.

FINE OLD TUNES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I must ask space for just a few lines in answer to your remarks at the end of my letter, and also to your leader on the same subject, and then I have done. I have to say that I agree with you that "our church music is weighed down with such a monstrous heap of rubbish that few who care for music in the abstract care a straw for our church music;" and I would suggest (to go further than you) that the whole of it should be consigned to a bonfire—the fine old tunes, fine young tunes, the whole lot together. If it were possible, burn every copy and destroy every plate, and what should we find? Why, that the fine old tunes were engraved in people's hearts. Copies would soon be forthcoming again, whereas the dull miserable things, both old and new, that afflict the soul would continue in their well-merited oblivion. There would be no notes to remind us of them, and they never having entered the ear or the heart, would remain dead, and we should feel how much better it would have been had they never been born;—there would be the test. We should soon find bristling into life, "Jones in D," "Crotch in C," and the other fine old tunes which you name "perpetrations," and are easy to compose by "twaddlers." I frequently hear people (and especially those who have never done anything) say what they *can* do; but I judge by what I really see they *have* done, and by this standard ae to chants—well, the less we say the better.—I remain, yours faithfully,

London, June 28, 1870. ANTI-PLATITUDE.

["Jones in D" and "Crotch in C" be blowed! Nevertheless, "Anti-Platitude" is a very clever and agreeable fellow. Let him write to us on some other subject. He will be right welcome.—A. S. S.]

TOM-TITS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The small "tom-tit" is generally supposed to feed exclusively on the young buds of plants; but the following circumstance will prove the contrary. A pair have built in my garden wall, and reared eight young ones; recently one fell from the nest and was killed. On opening its mouth I found it full of the green Aphis fly, and grubs of various kinds, evidently collected from the adjoining plants. I have slaughtered many of these innocent tom-tits, but shall in future strictly preserve them.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Eagle Lodge, Derbyshire. SPARROW HAWK.

SALZBURG.—A new opera, *Blanche*, by Baron von Tschiderer has been successfully produced. The performers were all amateurs, the principal one being the Countess Hedwig von Gatterburg.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

The simplest, yet the most emphatic expression of a great national sorrow is called for on the part of those who wish to offer a farewell to Charles Dickens. There was no man who turned aside with more distinct aversion than he did from everything that was time-serving or specious, or indirect, in the making of his way to fortune and the keeping of his hold on the public; no man more averse than himself to the false praise or hectic sympathy and parade which belong to the lovers of notoriety. Therefore, no great genius has gone to rest in our times (or, indeed, at any time) whose fame needs so little apology or exaggeration.

As regards the literary life of Charles Dickens, there is small need for recapitulation of its facts,—less still for comment upon them, so universal and heart-his popularity. But as regards the sequence, the catalogus should be clear, and I think it is not yet quite complete. It has been assumed and presumed that the *Sketches by Boz* began in the *Morning Chronicle*. But Dickens wrote elsewhere at that early time of his life. I think that at the time to which I refer, he was willing to help the editor of the *Monthly* (or *London*?) *Magazine*, then under the short-lived control of a certain Capt. Holland.

To tell how Dickens subsequently, and at no distant period, rose into favour with the public, would be to write the history of book publishers cataloguing—of cheap and dear books—the History, in short, of every one who cares for Fiction, and, yet more, who cares for truth. After the *Sketches by Boz* came *The Pickwick Papers*; then *Nicholas Nickleby* (with its immortal Mrs. Nickleby:—The name began with B—, and ended with G—. Perhaps it was Waters"). Later, *Oliver Twist* (commenced for *Bentley's Miscellany*) and *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which contained the histories of *The Old Curiosity Shop* and of *Barnaby Rudge*. The *Memoirs of Grimaldi*, which made a small sign, and are forgotten, belong to this period.

Next came that first book on America—fruit of a visit to the Land of Promise—which caused its writer to be so coarsely attacked, and which caused its readers to mitigate the habits therein reproved. Then followed *Martin Chuzzlewit* (as fruits of an Italian holiday) the *Pictures from Italy*; later, the five Christmas Books (and how these quickened the charity of many a hard-hearted and hard-headed man is not to be told); then *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield* (its master's master-work), *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations*, which may be rated among the highest of his novels; in its force, as grand and simple as Defoe's; in its characteristic simplicity, like the scenery round his home, which framed (so to say) the story. Lastly, came *Our Mutual Friend*, full of minute touches and clever rescings of character, which would have sufficed to make the reputations of fifty meaner men. Of his minor tales and sketches, flung out during these years of constant work and excitement, it is impossible to offer a list. One only may be mentioned—the story of *Little Dorrille*, in one of his Christmas books for *All the Year Round*, which is as perfect in its pathos and local colour as any creation that ever came from the hand of man. Of *Edwin Drood*, his last, unfinished mystery, there will be time to speak presently.

Such is the list of the works that have taken pen in hand has done more to vindicate the dignity of the literary character than Charles Dickens. He had the ball of social success at his feet; and being endowed with every instinct for every enjoyment that luxury, or taste, or high breeding could minister, it is not desirable to recall with what a quiet unanswerable, curiously distinct from irritable or arrogant inocilence, he held himself apart from, and above, the temptations which the great world is only too eager to offer to every one who is new and brilliant and amusing. When *Pickwick* came out, that great wit, Sydney Smith, said in my hearing—"There's a hundred some pounds!" But, from the first, as to the last, Dickens was not to be cajoled by the persons of quality who desired to make an exhibition of possibly the most original English writer of English domestic fiction who has ever been seen. He kept himself and his life apart, and for this reason it was, during a certain period, the fashion to misjudge him—as a writer vulgarly democratic, who had expressed pleasure in defying the privileged ones of the earth. He was even called "low-lived," because he did not hang on staircases, and make mirth for dinner parties, and join in the exhausted humour of a society the essentials of which are to be found in the novels of the Regency period—happily dead and buried—by putting coronets on the heads of vapid characters, and by ransacking the dictionary of Court Jargon and Millinery for their dialogue. It has been said that he could not draw gentlemen and ladies (as footmen understand the designation). This is false. The characters of Sir Leicester Dedlock, in *Bleak House*, that of Mrs. Steerforth, in *David Copperfield*, and fifty indications more, may be cited in disproof. That he found greater pleasure in selecting and marking out figures where the traits were less smothered or effaced by the varnish of polite society than in picturing those of a world where the expression of individual characters becomes less marked, is true. To each man his own field. An essay could be recalled, written to prove that Scott was an miserable creature, because his imagination delighted in the legends and traditions of feudal times, with their lords and their retainers. And yet Scott gave us the fisher-folk in *The Antiquary*, and Jeanie Deans. But though as "a man of the people" Dickens loved to draw the people in all their varieties and humour and incomplete ambitions; and though he was by nature and experience a shrewd redresser of abuses—tracing them back to their primal causes—he was in no respect the destroyer it was for awhile the whim of fools of quality and the faded people who hang on their skirts to consider him. One who

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redresses grievances is not, therefore, an overthrower of thrones. The life and the works of Dickens expressed a living protest against Disorder—no matter what the Order.

His toleration was great for everything save falsity and oppression—one point excepted. He was too apt to assume that asceticism in religion must be hypocrisy. He was too unwilling to make allowance for narrower natures than his own, only kept to the rule of duty by the constraint of self-restraint, and those formalisms which he abhorred. In the very intensity of his own convictions, he was not always sufficiently forbearing towards those less deeply thoughtful, less profoundly gifted than himself, but possibly not therefore less sincere.

Those who were admitted to knew Charles Dickens in the intimacy of his own home cannot—without such emotion as almost incapacitates the heart and hand—recall the charm of his bounteous and genial hospitality. Nothing can be conceived more perfect in tact, more freely equal, whatever the rank of his guests, than was his warm welcome. The frank grasp of his hand—the bright smile on his manly face—the cheery greeting—are things not to be forgotten while life and reason last by those who were privileged to share them. Then, his exquisite practical knowledge and punctuality gave him time—even when most busily at work for himself or others—to care for and to consider the pleasure of all whom he harboured beneath his roof. It is some comfort to think that he drew enjoyment from these great qualities, and the effect produced by them on his guests. As a talker (not a conversery) at his own table—as one who could tell a good story, or give a tolerant hearing to another—whatever might be the subject—as one who could hit the nail on the head, no matter who was present, and yet who never domineered by a hair's breadth over the most domineering of guests—for lightness, for discreteness, for keen intelligence (freaked, but very sparingly, by the strong antipathies of those who have as strong sympathies)—Dickens was incomparable. There was no possibility of anything passing, where he was which the most experienced woman or the simplest child might not have heard. All was safe for every guest, the smallest as the greatest, perfect ease and security in the shelter of his house.

Whatever he did, he did with all his heart and soul and strength. The munificent sacrifices he made of time, money, and sympathy to men of letters to artists, to obscure persons who had not the shadow of a shade of a claim on him will never be summed up. There are thousands of persons living who could bear grateful testimony to this boundless generosity of his nature. But his geniality was as great as his generosity. Whether the matter in hand was a country walk through the district which his residence has made haunted ground to so many persons of all countries,—or a fireside game,—or the coming out of some poor play in which he had been induced to interest himself,—nothing was to be done by halves,—nothing affectedly: and such youth and vivacity were doubly surprising in a man whose life was passed under the grave responsibility of many cares and burdens, and who prepared and completed what he gave to the world—whether in his works or in his personal intercourse with the public —with an honest care and earnestness which should put to shame all such rash and random persons as, on the strength of a few fancies and much impertinence, conceive themselves artists. When the story of his life shall come to be told on some distant day, then, and not till then, this amazing vitality, which set him apart from every human being I have approached, will present itself as one of the most remarkable features in the life and works of one of the greatest and most beneficent men of genius England has produced since the days of Shakspere.

It was his wish that all his letters should be destroyed. He was wont to say, in a spirit akin to that of Wren's noble epitaph in St. Paul's—that a man was sufficiently represented in his works. So should it be. But the brightness, the directness, the playfulness, of every page he wrote to those whom he trusted, cannot be overstated,—cannot be forgotten, by any one attempting the slightest sketch of his genuine and endearing qualities, with the slightest competent knowledge.

What more remains to be done here for the moment? Surely, no attempt made to designate or descant on the especial merits and qualities of Charles Dickens as a literary man:—surely, no marshalling of his recollections that come in crowds,—to be set, in the the instant of his departure, before the public. On a future day, I may endeavour to fill up the blanks in a sketch, the miserable incompleteness of which can be felt by no one more keenly than the writer.

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

ITALIAN FIDDLE STRINGS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Could you kindly inform me in your *Musical World* where the *best* Italian strings are to be had for the violin? F. A.

[Perhaps some connoisseurs among our many readers who play the fiddle will obligingly confer the desired information.—ED.]

DARMSTADT.—Mdlle. Erl, a daughter of the celebrated Vienna tenor of the same name, has appeared at the Theatre here so successfully, that she will, in all probability, be permanently engaged in the place of Mdlle. Mahlknecht, who secedes from the company.

WAIFS.

The Philharmonic Concert, originally announced for Monday, July 4th, is postponed to Monday, July 11th. The whole of the programme is to be devoted to Beethoven. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to sing, and Madame Arabella Goddard to play.

Madame Barbot has returned to the Continent.

The first representation of Herr Wagner's *Walküre* was to take place at Munich on Monday last.

M. Flotow's *Ombre* is now expected during the first days of July. When next? and next?

Herr Litolff has finished a new operetta—*La Bolte de Pandore*. It is said that the music is very original. Let us hope so.

Good news for the million:—M. Offenbach is reported, from Ems, as quite well again.

There is not likely to be Italian opera at Constantinople next winter. The Naum theatre having been burnt down in the late fire.

The Zarzuela theatre at Madrid has been injured by fire—damages, 300,000 francs.

Miss Minnie Hauck has been playing at Frankfort with—so it is said—much success.

A Beethoven festival is in preparation at Geneva, to take place on the actual birthday of the great composer—December 16th.

The Paris theatres and concert-rooms received, during May, the sum of 1,225,392 francs, 95 centimes.

Some ornamental lightning-conductors have been affixed to the new Operahouse, at Paris; *apropos* of which *Le Ménéstrel* asks if they are meant to preserve the theatre from the music of Wagner.

Five hundred chorus singers are advertised for the Gaîté, in Paris, for Offenbach's new opera, in July. One of the effects must be to blow the roof off with sweet and concentrated sound.

A notice has been posted at Baden, reassuring the public mind about Mdlle. Nilsson's illness, and confirming the arrangement under which she sings there next year.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer, and M. Hengel, the proprietor of the opera of *Mignon*, to be produced at Drury Lane on Tuesday next, are in London.

The Princess of Wales has accepted the dedication of Mr. John Francis Barnett's new cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, composed expressly for the approaching Birmingham Festival.

Mr. John Barnett has arrived in town from Cheltenham for the season. The composer of the *Mountain Sylph*, &c., looks in good health and spirits.

SERENADE TO MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.—The *New York Herald* of Friday, June 17, informs us that Madame Parepa-Rosa was the recipient of the very high honour of a serenade on the evening of the Thursday previous, from Gilmore's magnificent band, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

At the Florence Pelliteama, recently, two ladies got themselves into trouble by taking the box next to Victor Emanuel, and trying to engage him in conversation. Were they English tourists suffering from royalty-fever?

We have authority to state that, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Clarendon, the Queen's State Concert at Buckingham Palace, announced for Wednesday, the 29th ult., has been postponed until Wednesday, the 6th July.

M. Hervé, composer of *Chilpéric*, received a telegram on Saturday, desiring his immediate presence in Paris, the English servant he had left there in charge having, it is reported, absconded with a large sum of money and many valuable articles.

The revival of the *Domino Noir* of Auber has been postponed till Monday, Mdlle. Madigan (!) not being ready with her part (that of Brigitte). A pretty condition fer a great theatre like the Royal Italian Opera.

Draněht Bey, the Khedive's superintendent of theatres, has engaged the following artists for the next Cairo season:—*Prime donne*, Ganioli, Vitali, Grossi, Sarolta, Giovannoni; tenors, Emilio, Naudin; baritones, Colonnese and Boccolini; buffo, Fioravanti; bass, Medina; *premières danseuse*, Clandine Cucchi; musical and scenic director, M. Nichole Lablache; *chef d'orchestre*, Signor Di Giosa.

The Milan Scala has at length found an *impresario*, one Signor Antonio Cattaneo, behind whom, says gossip, is Signor Brunello, backed by a theatrical *costumier*, who is, in turn, supported by a music publisher, and so on. The new manager opened negotiations with Fraschini and Nicolini to no purpose; but he has since caught Tiberini and Ortolani, as a beginning.

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The dramatic performance by Sir Charles Stirling and other distinguished amateurs, in aid of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, will positively take place (it has been once postponed) on Wednesday, the 13th inst. The performance is on behalf of a society doing much towards raising the intelligence of the working classes, and, therefore, ought to be supported.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, had the honour of performing the following programme before Her Majesty the Queen, and Court, at Windsor Castle, on the 24th ult.:—Madrigal, "Now is the Month," Morley, A.D. 1570; glee, "When the wind blows," W. Horsley; part song, "O, who will o'er the downs," Pearsall; madrigal, "Come, let us join the roundelay," W. Beale; glee, "Here in cool grot," Lord Mornington; glee, "Sleep, gentle lady," and "Forresters, sound the cheerful horn," Sir H. Bishop; part song, "O hills, O vales," Mendelssohn; madrigals, "Down in a flow'ry vale," Festa, 1541; "Who shall win," Pearsall; glee, "Sweet is evening's tranquil time," W. Horsley; and madrigal, "O, by rivers," Ford and Savil, 1667.

The "Tonic Sol fa" College held its summer session during the past week. Mr. Curwen, in his opening address, referred to the progress of the method in Hong Kong, Beyrout, Madagascar, Spain, and at home. He exhibited an Arabic "Sol-fa" tune book, and two Chinese "Sol-fa" books, one of instructions, the other of exercises. The speech of Mr. Wilkins, secretary of Council on Education in New South Wales, whose method has been adopted by the government, and is taught in every school, created considerable interest. Mr. Wilkins described how the "Tonic Sol-fa" method had been chosen after much deliberation and experiment. The other proceedings included lectures and lessons on voice training, teaching time, harmonies, Helmholtz's discoveries, practical hints to organists, music in worship, the elements of success in teaching, etc. It was announced that, at the recent Society of Arts' music examinations, the large majority of successful candidates were again "Tonic Sol-faists."

The Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known naturalist, whose musical tastes are evidenced by the fact that he is Precentor of the Canterbury Choral Union, has devoted an interesting article in the *Banner* to the consideration of the nightingale's song. Attacking the popular belief, which in this, as in many other cases, turns out to be a mere superstition, Mr. Wood declares that these famous songsters sing at all hours of the day as well as of the night, and that the best receipt for attracting them to any particular spot is to give three long-drawn slow whistles pour the upper A, or as near it as possible, and this being the challenge note of the males it will be speedily answered. "By repeating this call judiciously, the bird can be induced to approach closer and closer until he is within a few yards. He will then utter one phrase of his song and pause for a reply. Imitate it as well as possible, and in this way the nightingale can be induced to put forth his utmost resources until at last he utters a lovely rippling phrase of sound that no human lips can approach, and repeats the victorious melody over and over again."—*Choir.*

We are glad to see that our contemporary, the *Musical World*, adds a note of regret to the announcement that the Princess of Wales was present at the first performance of Mdme. Schneider, at the Folies Dramatiques. Whatever opinion may be held as to the wisdom of showing unlimited encouragement to the light and trivial productions of the versatile Offenbach, when high musical art is comparatively neglected by our Court, there can, we think, be little question that the attention thus given by Her Royal Highness to the vagaries of the notorious "Grande Duchesse" is greatly to be deplored. When we see the French Emperor going out of the beaten track to encourage the *ouvriers* in the pianoforte manufactories of Paris, and other Continental monarchs showing unmistakably their preference for the higher forms of art, and for conscientious artists, we confess to a feeling of deep regret that in England the opposite should be the case. Without any desire to curtail the liberty of the English stage, we believe that such performances as those alluded to are a positive disgrace to our theatres; and as music is made the excuse for the attendant indecencies which characterize Mdme. Schneider's performances, we have a fair ground for raising a protest against the encouragement offered to her by the Royal family and the aristocracy.—*Choir.*

Leipsic.—Herr Bartholf Senff is about to publish a work entitled *The State of Music in Russia, with especial Reference to St. Petersburgh.* It is from the pen of Herr Siegfried Salomon.

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A LETTER OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

By Frederick Thomae, Ph. D.

(Continued from page 444.)

Thomas Attwood, whose name is mentioned in the beginning of the letter, is known as of one of the few pupils of W. A. Mozart. He was born in 1767,[a] and, after he had been a chorister at the Chapel Royal for five years, he was, in 1783, by the aid of George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, enabled to study under the Neapolitan masters, Filippo Cinque (about 1760-90)[b] and Gaetano Latilla (1713—about 1788),[b] and, 1785, under Mozart, at Vienna.[c] How Mozart thought of Attwood himself, may best be learnt of Michael Kelly, the Irish tenor singer[d]:—

"Attwood was Mozart's favourite scholar, and it gives me great pleasure to record what Mozart said to me about him: his words were: 'Attwood is a young man for whom I have a sincere affection and esteem, he conducts himself with great propriety, and I feel much pleasure in telling you that he partakes more of my style than any scholar I ever had, and I predict that he will prove a sound musician.'"

Yet after his return to England, in 1786, friendly relations still continued between master and pupil.* Attwood enjoyed a high reputation as composer of a great many exceedingly popular songs, glees, trios, &c., and several operas, partly, at that time, stock pieces on the stage—a still higher one, however, on account of his sacred compositions. J. S. Bach's organ works were not known, at least not appreciated by him, before the youth Mendelssohn acquainted him as well as the English public in general, with the pedal fugues and the other organ music of the great German master. In 1795, Attwood succeeded Jones as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, which function he kept till the time of his death in 1838. Besides, he held the offices of organist to the Chapels Royal, Composer to her Majesty, and a member of the State Band. Kelly calls his friend a *worthy man, and an ornament to the musical world*. To Thomas Attwood, Mendelssohn has, in 1837, dedicated his *Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ* (Op. 37), in which he tried to fill up old forms with new ideas, and to which we shall have to return further on.

The influenza, mentioned at the conclusion, happened, just at that time, to be epidemic in London, as we observe from the contemporaneous London newspapers.[f]

For those who put an interest in the local question as to where Mendelssohn directed his letter from, the remark may be made that I dare not say anything for certain, as the name of "Portland Street" returns no less than six times[g] in the *London Street Directory*,[h] and, principal road and square and initials being wanting, cannot possibly be fixed; besides, one will have to bear in mind how often such little things as numbers of houses change in the course of from thirty to forty years.

The letter is followed (fol. 33a, fol. 33b, fol. 34a[i]), by the "Original MS. of the fugue by Mendelssohn, which he was so kind as to write expressly for me," as V. Novello has, with red pencil, remarked himself at the bottom of fol. 33a. The MS. is small 4to—and, principal length, and eight inches four lines in breadth. Each page, from fol. 33a to fol. 33b, inclusive, has sixteen staves. The very same fugue for two manuals and one pedal has been published as "Fuga No. 3," in *Three Preludes and Fugues composed for the Organ, and dedicated to Thomas Attwood, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. [London: J. Alfred Novello; Leipsic bei Breitkopf und Hartel], pp. 22, 23, 24. This copyright edition has not got an opus figure; if it was, in the above, cited as "Op. 37," published in 1837, I followed for the former statement the authorities of Julius Rietz, in his catalogue of all Mendelssohn's compositions,[j] and of the

[a] *The Musical World*. Vol. VIII. [London. 1838]. p. 220 f. p. 227 f. *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Vol. VIII. [Leipzig, 1838], p. 138.

[b] The dates after *Fétis, Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*. Deuxième édition. [Paris, 1860-65.]

[c] *Otto Jahn, W. A. Mozart*. Zweite Auflage. [Leipzig, 1867.] I. p. 713 f.

[d] *Reminiscences of the King's Theatre and Theatre Royal, Drury Lane*. [London, 1826.] Vol. I. p. 228.

[e] *C. F. Pohl, Mozart und Haydn in London. Erste Abtheilung*. [Wien, 1867.] p. 139.

[f] *e.g.—The Morning Post* [London, April, 1833], Nos. 19,456, 19,462, and 19,465.

[g] Great Portland Street (W.), Little Portland Street (W.), Portland Street (E.), Portland Street, Soho (W.), Portland Street, Walworth Common (S. E.), Portland Street Mews, Soho (W.).

[h] Forming part of the *Post Office London Directory*, 1870.

[i] Vol. 34b is empty.

[j] *Julius Rietz, Verzeichniss der sämmtlichen musikalischen, Compositionen von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, added as a supplement to the *Briefe von Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*. Vol. II. [Leipsic, 1863], p. 499-520.

Music Catalogue in the British Museum; for the latter, an advertisement in the *Musical World* of the 6th October, 1837,[k] where the "Three Preludes and Fugues," but without an opus figure, are recorded in the "Weekly List of New Publications." Breitkopf and Härtel, the Leipsic commissioners of the London publisher, advertised them soon after in their new catalogue for Michaelmas, 1837, here as *Oeuvre* 37.[l] They were, in a favourable sense, reviewed in the *Musical World* of 1838.[m]

(To be continued.)

MIGNON AT DRURY LANE.

(From the "Morning Post," July 7th.)

The performance last night of the opera of *Mignon*, composed by Ambroise Thomas, was the most brilliant event of the season, and as great a success as it is possible to desire. The part of Mignon is one that displays in an extraordinary and unexpected degree, not only all the known qualities of Mdlle. Nilsson as an actress and singer, but serves to develop a power hitherto only imagined, but now completely realized, of expressing in an intensified degree all the higher and unusual characteristics of a tragic genius of rare rank. In nearly every part in which she has appeared this season some individual qualities have been discovered and displayed by her, so that each performance has been to a certain extent an improvement upon a previous one, and has placed Mdlle. Nilsson, as an artist, upon the most elevated position it is possible for her to occupy, and she has strengthened that position by her thorough originality. In many of the characters played by her, her wonderful voice and style alone affect her hearers; but in Mignon the voice, singing, acting, appearance, and depth of pathos have all to be taken into account. The greatest homage was paid to her last night by the audience, not always by applause, but in many instances by a silence that was almost breathless. She was recalled, with the other artists associated with her, at the end of each act, and at the conclusion she appeared twice; the additional time thus dragging the composer upon the stage to share the plaudits with her, which honour he seemed to take unwillingly, as though he owned the successful reception of his work to the genius of the *prima donna*, and was unwilling to lessen the obligation he owed her. But great as Mdlle. Nilsson's success was, there were other artists whose exertions were as proportionately successful. Madame Volpini, as Filiana, a confirmed coquette, acted and sang most splendidly; and Mademoiselle Fabelli-Bettini, as Frederico, made a small part as completely interesting as possible. In the ballet or rather several ballets, which form no unimportant portion of the opera, Mdlle. Fioretti danced in a manner which gave great liveliness to the scene; and as Giarno, the chief of the strolling performers, Signor Lagier deserves a word of commendation for his effective acting and singing in a difficult part. Signor Gassier's Laertes was an excellent performance; his appearance in the costume of an ancient Greek was the summit of burlesque dressing. The singing of Signor Bettini was very pleasing and much more free and acceptable than his acting, which was stiff and unmeaning. The character which next to that of Mignon was most perfectly studied and satisfactorily rendered was M. Faure's Lothario. Grsceful and picturesque in his attitudes, effective and expressive in facial expression, the part was, like nearly everything that M. Faure undertakes, finished, correct, and artistic.

The chorus was very good, and the band, directed by Signor Arditi, performed their portion of the work in the most perfect style. The opera has been well put on the stage, and with some attention to correctness of costume. It may be, however, open to doubt whether the modern-pattern parasols were as generally known in the fast century, in which time the action is supposed to take place, as their liberal use in the opera would lead the audience to suppose. The scenic effects are in general excellent, and the whole opera is placed upon the stage in a creditable manner.

In the scoring of the music M. Thomas repeats many of the effects already familiar in his *Hamlet*, but as a rule the instrumentation is excellent and clever. There are many lively and taking melodies in the work, which will make it a perfect treasure to the "arrangers" of waltzes, galops, and other dance tunes. The concerted music is exceedingly weak, but many of the songs are beautifully constructed. M. Thomas is as fashionably original as most modern composers, and has succeeded in producing an opera which will always be pleasing when performed as it was last night. The story or plot has been considerably varied from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister's apprenticeship, one character being mixed with another in a most wonderful order, or disorder. It is enough to say that whether the idea be taken as Goethe's or as the free translation of Mesars. Carré and Barbier, it makes a plot of unusual power and interest, and has inspired M. Thomas to write music in the execution of which last night a combination of genius was displayed which makes the first performance of *Mignon* a most unusual event to chronicle.

BASLE.—The Beethoven Centenary will be celebrated here by a grand performance of some of the master's works in the month of November.

[k] Vol. VII., No. 87, p. 64.

[l] *Intelligenz-Blatt zur Allgemeinen Musikalischen Zeitung*. [Leipsic] November, 1837, No. 10, column 42.

[m] Vol. VIII. [London, 1838], p. 102.

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ON THE ORIGIN OF MELODY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—If, as some aver, the Angel of Death and the Angel of Birth are one; —if for everything that comes into existence some other thing must cease to exist;—from what adventitious surroundings springs melodic outline? As it comes into contact with the telegraph, the self-same bluebottle howling blast that screams and yells over moor and brake will breathe with gentle sadness a "seraphic strain" tunefully into the ear of anyone who listens at the wire-crowned post. If but the sense of hearing were enough enlarged it would surely recognize anather of those vast ocelian harps that link all nature with the "harmony of the spheres,"—those "morning (and evening) stars," which from all eternity have sung together. "Mes of thought" prove to us that there are sounds of living birds too acute, and cavernous echoes in nature too deep for the grasp of the human ear. The atmosphere holds alike in thrall the sweet twitter of the lark's highest cadence, and the lowest bellowings of the "idle wind." It withholds, in kindness to us, these extreme voices. Perhaps the rapture would be too great, or the terror (on the other hand) too dreadful, could we hear all the "profuse strains of unpremeditated art," of the most original of all composers, fresh from the confines of heaven itself; or take in all the hollow murmurings and groanings of chundor, earthquake, and volcano, whose deep vibrations draw so largely on our too slender faith as to all accord being "harmony not understood." At certainly as the harp of the ancients was limited to its seven strings, so is the acoustic nerve of man confined to its seven octaves, or so, of compass. The telegraph post will play "Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar," or "Home, sweet home" (as the day may happen to be breezy or calm), in periodical pulsations, crescendo and diminnendo, with full accompaniments; so it is said by one who has listened for the airs (he had the "ear to hear"), just as plaisely and as spontaneously (or "spasmodically," I forget which) as the *tabula rasa* of the professed spiritist by means of rapping noises furnishes the expectant inquirer with reliable replies from departed friends in the "other life." Who said we got our tunes by telegraph? But it is wonderful what a deal of truth (or of its opposite) a man may hear if he only *tries* to hear it; and, even if he does not try, voices of varied line and import will come, asking nobody's leave, and, departing, photograph, though faintly, impressions that neither time nor traffic of more material associations across the ear will wholly efface. Melody, then, is of two kinds:—original or copied—imitative or creative. Who shall say what share in forming the melodies of nations the very birds have had—the pewit, mopoke, whip-poor-will, and the cuckoo. Nature may not have entirely denied to man a gift so lavishly bestowed on the feathered songsters of the woods; yet do we possess in a very limited degree the nightingale's faculty. The thrush, the linnet, the lark, are our masters in the matter of melody. As regards accuracy, originality of fancy, executive skill, in addition to a *répertoire* of "scales," which set all our measuring materials and "modes" at defiance, they are our masters. There is little doubt but that every singer of natural originality conceives and creates his own peculiar scale (a most important consideration with regard to melody). He is always better to tune than his accompaniment, be it even of the best. Into whatsoever relationship of the original key the music may modulate the voice of the favored one is always a little more than perfectly correct; it re-creates its own scales, and in these heaven-gifted modes reproduces the composer's thoughts; the "divisions" being all newly set by the singer in a "scale" more subtle than any known instrument of human make can as yet perfectly follow or written notes express. Therefore, then, should be imagined vocally; voice themes are better than instrumental themes; so much the best as almost to claim to be *par excellence* the only themes. Those themes we have best are those we can *sing*. To fast the moment a theme "strikes" in an especial manner the ear of the lover of music he wants to sing it; he *does* so. He apprehends the music, but the music, in a more emphatic sense "gets hold" of him. If no "melodic outline" is recognized there is no delight—not even satisfaction. A picture without an outline—impossible. Melody is the true *sine qua non* of music. Without melody music cannot exist. No amount of "preachment" from the any number of professors can cause any conglomeration of "horse-spurs" or "life-preservers" in the form and shape of crotchets and quavers to be accounted music if the ear fails to lay hold of any definite "melodic outline," and if this divine germ be there it can be buried in no amount of twaddling or incoherent poetry or words; it resists the most violent and determined efforts to kill it; scream it down, it speaks or sings still in the tongue; the melody remains a melody still, like a gem of the first water—bad setting cannot mar its lustre; like a star, it only shines the brighter the darker its surroundings. Of what paramount importance is a good melody? "See to it," said old Father Haydn, "that your *air* be good. Some modern critics have "pooh-poohed" his *Creation* (as Mendelssohn did), * but these generally were conscious of their sad deficiency with regard to this divine gift, and so borrowed wholesale from the melodies of those who had preceded them. They may rely that their wares are properly appreciated. It is amusing to notice the influence on the production of melodies by meo's avocations. The street cries, from "Caller Herring" to "White sand," have furnished themes for the innate musical sense to gradually build a tune on. The "mill wheel" has been the accredited medium of suggesting some rare "fit-bits" of genuine melodial inspiration. The "sailor's song" is phrased as the looker on may easily observe, according to the length of the tackle, or the stroke of the oar; the swing of the handspike in weighing anchor, or the pumping ship, or the trimming of the sails. Jack will adapt his tune to the number of men employed, and if its phrases are not found to suit, will change his melody or alter it until it does. In all this there is scope for the inventive faculty, every man exercises to the utmost his "right of judgment" in shaping up various forms of melody; yet how extremely rarely do we meet with anything really original and beautiful. If it be original it is rare; it is ten to one that the music is beautiful; if it be beautiful it is rarely original. These indicate a few of the sources of "melodic outline." Since its acknowledged sway over all hearts is so universal, an attempt to enquire from whence it comes can scarcely be without some interest to musical men. So evanescent a feature of the imagination can scarcely be pointed out; it cannot be caught and scalyzed; still, ie these days when light itself is being weighed, and its component parts being guessed at, on effort in the direction of bringing at will to our presence so lovely a handmaid as melody; impressing an enduring form upon a fleeting fancy is, to say the least, indulging in a "dream of joy" out of which few would wish to be prematurely waked. The first step I take it to be to the pursuit of melody, is to free oneself from the shackles of written scales (mentally) and then to listen for the inner divisions of notes and scales which will naturally present themselves if the singing birds are attentively regarded. Then, having attained to some ideal, be will assimilate the material, written or uttered music, with the imagined immateriality (but not less real existence) within him. Not seeking to shape the fancy in the means of expression, but seeking to draw up the means of expressing his fancy's swaddling as near as possible to his ideal creation. The means of communication, pen, ink, and paper, the written notes, should be made to convey as much of the imagined outline as can be achieved by written characters, to some permanent shape and form. If yet another thought might be added, let it be imagined the salient points of any acceptable melody always agree with themselves, and would, if picked out, make harmony; so the features of a secondary degree of interest will, if another selection be made, agree with themselves, and if yet further, the residue will produce a number of sounds which, if they could be made all at one moment, would be found to produce harmony. Modifications in fioriture of these supposed fundamental principles will of course evolve new thoughts, but will only prove more convincingly the soundness upon which this theory of melodial inspiration is humbly hazarded.—Yours, &c.,

IDEALIZER.

* This is new to us. Will "Idealizer" give us his authority?—ED. *M. W.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The following appeared in the *Sunday Times* of the 3rd inst:—

"The Italian opera season is drawing towards a close, but without any indications of that success for which, we may safely assume, managers have been anxiously waiting and hoping. A cloud has hung over the fortunes of both houses from the beginning; and the public have been resolutely deaf to the voice of the charmer, though he has often charmed wisely. There is no denying the result, however obscure may be the cause. At Covent Garden Mesdames Patti and Lucca seem to have exerted far less than their old attraction; not even the former, in a pretty dress and a new part, being able to rouse an indifferent public to the desirable point of enthusiasm. At Drury Lane, a new prima singer—Mdlle. Johannsen—draws, and she led by in enforced idleness during the most precious weeks of the season. All the rest—Mursks, Volpini, Lewitzky, &c.—have sung to listless audiences more or less scanty in numbers. We cannot pretend to explain what to not a few must appear an inexplicable phenomenon. Whether the reason be that money is scarce; that the opera, as at present conducted, is losing its hold upon society; or that it is now passing through one of those reactionary stages which affect all things, are questions, we have neither time nor inclination to solve. This, however, is certain, that non-success does not result from any falling off in attraction. No city in the world can boast of an aggregation of talent like that which London persistently declines to appreciate. Nilsson, Patti, Lucca, Semi, Volpini, Tietjens, Muraka, Trebelli, Mario, Faure, Santley, Mongini, and a score of others, make up an array of artists able, one would imagine, to transform a city of Puritans into enthusiastic opera-goers. But London holds aloof, and guinea stalls are hawked in Bow Street at a fifth of their price. For some reason or another the present season of things is regretable; and it has features of a hopeful sort. If the fact be that opera has lost its exclusiveness and is, therefore, neglected by those whom its exclusiveness attracted, the beginning of the end has come, and the whole thing will have, eventually, to be re-established on a broader and more popular basis. In other words, the day of high prices and the artificial fabric those prices symbolize and sustain are numbered; and they may be followed by a system based upon the natural and healthy sympathies of an art-loving public. If this be so, let us say again the present condition of opera matters, however unpleasant for the time, may be represented by a dark cloud with a very bright lining."

DARMSTADT.—Herr Friedrich Grützmacher has, "in recognition of his distinguished artistic merit," been appointed Royal Chamber Virtuoso to the King of Saxony.

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CHURCH MUSIC IN LONDON.—No. II.

CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The *Court Journal*, week by week, informs the ardently loyal and the musically curious what anthem regaled the ears of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the Divine service they usually attend at the Chapel Royal, and it also particularizes the solo singers and the organist honoured by being the executants. I cannot but think that if it published the forms and colours of dresses worn by the Court it would command more general interest; for surely millinery has more worshippers than music. Few care about the doings of Master Treble, or Messrs. Alto, Tenor, and Bass, but very many like to learn how they grades of charms the Princess presents when in blue, or pink, or white, and the diminutive congregation notices not the notes of the red-coated choristers or the pent-up tones of the huge bearded choirmen, whilst her sweet form is visible. Often have I seen the lips of her fellow-worshippers moving to words of prayer and praise, whilst their eyes were lost in admiration of her radiant face. I would venture to assert, the shrine of no Catholic saint has ever had more ardent observers than the ugly paved loft in which she most adored of our Royalty worships. Until her advent, the chapel at St. James's was but little visited by the Royal Family; for, since the mad youth, Oxford, shot at our then youthful Queen on leaving the chapel, her Majesty has never attended there except upon such State occasions as the marriage of the Princess Royal.

There are few places of greater historical interest to be found than this common looking chapel. Through its narrow stuffy portals have passed, like a gorgeous panorama, all the rulers of England for many centuries. Within its walls—like into an abiding frame—we may place picture after picture of the Courts of our Sovereigns of surpassing interest.

Thackeray has stretched his canvas there in sketching his Georges. He cynically draws his *Gentleman* George IV. "reeling into it to be married, and there hiccupping out his vows of fidelity." A more genial picture he gives of *good* George III., "who, fond of church music, showed skill in it, both as a performer, and as a preacher," who would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal, and if the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head." And what a soft, quiet, little "peep" he takes of his *German* George II., "whilst that godless old king is yawning under his canopy in his Chapel Royal, as the chaplain before him is discoursing about what?—about righteousness and judgment. Whilst the chaplain is preaching, the King is chattering in German almost as loud as the preacher."

Would that the same graphic pen had given us more such "peeps" of the preceding gracious Majesties at public worship. How well he knew St. James's in the reign of Anne, and how artistically could he have pictured them at prayers. Our Dialogs at prayers" would verily have been a subject worthy of his sham-devouring pen.

The leading and most honourable post in the choir for centuries has been that of "Composer to their Majesties." Three centuries ago Tallis and his pupil, Byrd, were appointed. They were the first laymen that ever held that honourable office. Since then we have had a perfect succession of composers, in which almost every English musician of eminence has been placed, including Blow, the great Purcell, Croft, and Goss, the last of the race, for with him the office dies, and the post becomes extinct. How interesting would be a history of these composers. Lord Campbell has written the lives of the Chancellors; Dean Hook is writing the lives of the Archbishops; have we no one to do the like by our "Composers to Royalty"? I would recommend the subject to the graphic pens of Mr. Thaddeus Egg or A. S. Sullivan, Esq., more especially to the latter. His courtly training and boyhood's experience give him every qualification, and he would thereby fulfil another expectation raised in me by him when he was one of the "children of Her Majesty's Chapel," arrayed in red coat and folding surplice, like a well boiled lobster bursting out of a night-dress.

When the Prince of Wales forfeited his establishment the Chapel, from its State character and contiguity to Marlborough House, became his place of worship; and great alterations were made, especially in the Morning Service, which was found sadly too long, not that the prayers were objected to, Oh! no; but the music was "long drawn out," chant succeeded chant, and anthem followed services for some two hours; till some such message was sent as that to the musicians of Cyprus:—"Masters, here's money for you; and the General so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but as they say, to hear music the General does not greatly care."

Thus it came to pass that the greater portion of the Morning Service music has since been done, so as not to be heard, at least by the inmates of Marlborough House. The service is divided into halves; the first part commencing at ten o'clock, the second at twelve o'clock, the Court of the Prince usually attending the latter.

A Royal Commission was appointed, consisting of the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, and his Lordship the Dean, for the purpose of reconstituting the choir, and for the improvement of the music. The choir previously to that time consisted of sixteen men, eight of whom were supposed to be in attendance every alternate month. There were also two composers and two organists, who unitedly represented the organ-loft. It was determined by the Commissioners to reduce the choir to eight men, who should be in constant attendance; to suppress the office of composer; and to appoint one organist only, who should be held responsible for the service. These *improvements* were happily attended with economy to the State; for the event saw the uses of economy to Lord Chamberlains, when even they are practised on "gentlemen of her Majesty's household." The practical sense of the then Dean (Bishop Tait) hit the prime evil in the management of the music by deposing the non-musical clergyman from its government. The Sub-Dean up to that time ever had the selection of the music, and I need hardly say that often anthems were selected unworthy, and oftener unfit for such a place as the Chapel Royal. The worthy "Sub" may have possessed classical acquirement or theological ability; he may have been as amiable as orthodox —yet his absolute ignorance of the musical art disqualified him from being the musical director. Dean Tait saw this and altered it. When will the Deans and Chapters of our English cathedrals do the like? With the reclamation of the whole choir Mr. George Cooper was appointed Choirmaster, and made responsible for all matters musical, and the consequence has been most beneficial; anthems are now selected that are appropriate, and singers named to perform them that have the necessary specific talents for the parts. Sensibility, and not ability, used to fix the solo singers; and so for many years a man in full possession of his powers had to give place to one that age had deprived of the gift of vocalization, and to wait until his throat teeth were gone before he could demand to be fully heard. The character of the music selected is now in accordance with the taste of the age. Anthems and services by Smart, Macfarren, Sterndale, Bennat, Hopkins, and Goss, are now heard in fair proportion with the old writers—in fact, the desire to please by the most legitimate musical means has been the object, and success has certainly followed the conduct of the master. The choir always possessed good vocalists; but for many years its singing was not a very "dainty dish to set before a king." Now, it is led and accompanied by Mr. George Cooper, it certainly takes rank with the best in the kingdom. The Chapel itself is ill adapted for musical purposes. Its interior is somewhat like a huge omnibus, and is just as stuffy and dull for sound. The writer

here let us inform an admiring world that the two compositions just named were the only selections from his works upon the grand monumental programme to the memory of Beethoven!

"Signor P. Brignoli, who is insured in the 'Mutual Preservation and Plunder Critical Consolidated Company,' sang his pet aria from *Maritha* (who wrote the 'Last Rose of Summer') to his usual manner, which generally pleases the public, and did so especially on this occasion, for his voice was in first-rate order. But he behaved very badly to Mozart. There was no occasion for him to attack the deceased composer in the way he did. If there had been any ill feeling between them in their youth it might have been buried in his grave. By the way where is Mozart's grave? Where is the body of one of the most gifted of God's creatures, who bequeathed an immortal name to the German people, and received in return almost a pauper's funeral and a nameless grave! Well, Signor Brignoli sang 'Il mio tesoro' very badly, indeed. He laboured and gasped through it in the most murmuring manner, making no point of intelligent interpretation; he, however, reserved himself for the grand closing note, which he struck vigorously, and immediately the public went into a fit of ecstasy, as it was proper it should do.

"Madame Anna Bishop was very cordially received by the public, and sang the well-known aria, 'Gratias Agimus,' with clarionet *obbligato*, in a very brilliant manner. Her execution was so dashing, and so true, and her enunciation so clear, that she won a unanimous encore, repeating, however, only the *cadenza*.

"Now Ludwig van Beethoven, respected and honoured master, if your manes be not appeased, if your apotheosis has not been grandly uttered, pray forgive these people, for they know not what they do."

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA'S DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA.

(*From the "New York Daily Tribune," June* 20.)

On Wednesday next Madame Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Carl Rosa will sail for England, bearing with them the hearts of the American public. Many a singer has won abundant popularity and wealth in the United States since this country became recognized as a legitimate field for musical enterprise, but none has ever endeared herself in such a peculiarly personal manner to her audiences as the accomplished and marvellous woman who is now about to leave us. When her handsome jovial face appears upon the stage, a smile of pleasure always runs around the hall. When the notes of that divine voice fall upon the ear every face settles into a look of content, and every musical want seems satisfied. We suppose Parepa must have left scattered all over this continent from New England to San Francisco, about two or three million personal friends, who never spoke to her in their lives and never expect to. She has been everywhere. She has conquered the most distant territories. She has turned even an Overland Stage Coach into a triumphal chariot, and carried her glorious song from Boston to the Great Salt Lake. What has she not done during her extraordinary American career? She tossed over a few English ballads, and we found in them a rare beauty we never suspected. She tried oratorio, and the spirit of the old composers filled her, and she gave such voice to their grandeur that we hardly to rate Handel now from any mouth but hers. Jubilees put her to the test, but she went on conquering. Ten thousand sang against her, cannon thundered at her side, five hundred musicians played their very loudest, and still above the multitudinous din soared that beautiful voice. Then she turned to the neglected opera, and straightway, with the best English company ever heard in this country, gave us masterpieces we never knew before, and added fresh leaves to her laurel crown. Mr. Rosa must also be numbered as one of the ablest of musicians, managers, and instrumental conductors, and shares with his wife the enviable reputation of keeping faith with the public and telling the truth—even on play-bills.

It is not the intention of Madame Rosa to sing during her visit to her native country, and all offers of an engagement have been refused. She will devote the summer to repose—for even with her extraordinary strength and vitality a little recuperation will not be amiss; and next season it is her purpose to be with us once more. With whatever plans she may come, whether the concert room, the oratorio, the English or Italian stage enlist her services, she will be affectionately welcomed in all parts of America.

HANOVER.—A grand concert will be given during the King of Prussia's visit here, by all the bands of the 10th Army Corps. There will be about 900 performers.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Reinecke has just completed a one-act comic opera, called *Durch Nacht zum Licht*. The libretto, taken from the French, is by Herr Grans, stage-manager at the Stadttheater.—Among the Billow-Gleisa-Otto collection of books, lately sold by auction, was a manuscript by Mendelssohn; that, namely, of an eight-part chorus, with full band, the subject being the 114th Psalm: "In Israel aus Egypten zog." It extends to fifty pages.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The fifth summer concert, given on Saturday last, was much more successful than any of its predecessors—a result logically arising out of the fact that it was much more attractive. There are charms necessarily belonging to any summer concert at the Crystal Palace, many of them independent both of music and its interpreters. Beautiful surroundings, ample room, air to which that of a London fog suggests, by contrast, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and a *coup d'œil* not to be surpassed are enough in themselves to attract crowds, even were the difficulty of hearing much greater than it is. Nevertheless, music and its interpreters have an influence, the extent of which can be measured by the overflowing audience of Saturday, which filled the transept from end to end with a compact mass, and occupied every "colgo of vantage" with eagerness. Perhaps only one operatic name could now draw such a crowd; and we, therefore, hardly need say that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson had been announced to take part in the concert. Strict faith was kept with the public, and the accomplished soprano's first appearance this season on a Crystal Palace platform was greeted as heartily as she herself could wish, even when in most exacting mood. Mdlle. Nilsson sang first Verdi's "Ernaol, involami," rendering both recitative and air with that perfect combination of technical skill and appropriate sentiment which is all her own. Whether she more excelled in one than in the other must be a matter of opinion: but assuredly we cannot imagine anything more powerful than her delivery of the recitative—a delivery to itself a proof of genius. Mdlle. Nilsson's second air was "Dove sono," the prelude to which divine example of Mozart's unfailing taste gave her another opportunity of exhibiting masterly declamation. With what tender expression and finished skill the air was sung may be imagined, not the least merit being a clearness of enunciation which, without undue effort, made every note audible wellnigh to the remotest listener. General applause and a recall followed each song as a matter of course. Mdlle. Lewitzky, who made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, was recalled after a sparkling delivery of Gounod's "Air des bijoux" (*Faust*), in addition to which she gave "Come il bacio" (a selection from Mozart's *Zaide* now forming part of *L'Oca del Cairo*) and joined Signor Bettini in "Parigi o cara." Her *début* was in all respects successful, not without good and adequate reason. Mdlle. Carl, the young American contralto, who recently left Covent Garden for Drury Lane, to the advantage of the latter, executed in admirable style Mercadante's "Or la sull' onda," and took part with Signor Foli in "Bella immaga" (*Semiramide*); winning after each loud applause. Signor Bettini gave "Una fortiva lagrima;" Signor Verger was heard to advantage in "Il mio rimorso" (*Favorita*) and "Il balen;" and Signor Foli conferred all possible importance upon the unimportant air from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Vieni; la mia vendetta." The solo instrumentalist was Mdlle. Terese Liebe, who played a movement from De Beriot's not very striking first concerto for violin, and exhibited powers of a high order. The lady's tone, style, and execution are good enough, we imagine, to secure for her as much favour as she can desire, even while Madame Norman-Neroda's success is yet fresh. Auber's *Exhibition* overture and Beethoven's *Leonora* were played in worthy style by the Crystal Palace Choir also taking part in the concert. Mr. Manns conducted.

PROVINCIAL.

HEDON.—The second festival of parochial choirs within the rural deanery of Hedon, was celebrated at St. Augustine's on 30th of June. The following is the programme of the music at Evensong:—Hymn before the service, "O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord," from the "Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book," edited by the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick. The Psalms were sung respectively to single chants —Butterhill in G, the grand chant, Dr. E. F. Monk, in C, Gregorian 8th tone, 2nd coding. Dr. Monk also supplied the music for both the *Magnificat* and the *Nunc Dimittis*. The hymn after the third Collect was "Daily, daily, sing the praise," to a tune by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard; that before the sermon, "Hark the Sound of Holy Voices," to music by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, and that after the sermon, "Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem," arranged by W. R. Monk. An eloquent sermon on the importance of reverence and order in the conduct of Divine worship, was preached from Psalm cxxxvii. 4, by the Hon. and Rev. C. J. Willoughby, Rector of Wollaton-with-Cossel, Notts. The collection amounted to £7 10s. The voices numbered 156, and included the choirs of Hedon, Sproatley, Roor, Easington, Elsie, Elsterwick, Halsham, Burstwick, and Withernsea, and the singing was highly creditable.

BURNLEY.—On the 23rd June, the Theatre was burnt to the ground. The fire broke out a little after six o'clock in the evening, just as the doors had been opened for the admission of the public. It was occasioned by the gas in the chandelier suddenly flaring up, and setting light to the ceiling.

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THE LATE JAMES BENNETT.

(From the "Manchester Courier.")

In our obituary recently, it was our sad province to record the death, at his residence in Brighton, of James Bennett, one of the last "Manchester worthies" of the past generation of Lancashire musicians. It will be very pleasant to his few survivors, and, perhaps not a little interesting to his successors in one of the "divine arts," to have before them a sheet sketch of his career from one who knew him well and intimately. He was born within the precincts of the "Old Church" (now the Cathedral). He knew Cheese, the blind organist, and as a chorister-boy, was the pupil of William Sudlow, the successor of Cheese as organist of old Father Smythe's beautiful organ, the whole of which is now dispersed, except that little choir organ now in the Derby Chapel and containing (or once containing) the exquisite *vox humana* stop, which Sudlow spoke of him as his "best lad—eh t' best lad by far." This "best lad by far" had to pass through that anxious period which tries the sweetest voices, and he came out a bright tenor. But in Bennett's case the Scriptural proverb was once more verified: He was not "a prophet" in his own country; and he tried "fresh fields and pastures new." He went to London. His won a certain appreciation there—at Exeter Hall. He attracted the attention of Lord Burgbersh, and was once named by the Duke of Wellington, as director, for that turn, of the concert of the Society of "Ancient Musicians" (now long since defunct). He acquitted himself so well that shortly afterwards he was engaged to sing at the (second?) Manchester Musical Festival, and at the Chester Festival (for which special occasion an organ was built by Wren & Beaton, of Manchester, which was afterwards placed in St. George's Church, Hulme, and is still there.)* After these events Bennett went to Italy and placed himself under a *maestro*, who had cultivated, in a very quiet way, some voices that afterwards were "known to fame." This instructor kept Bennett in his "scales," very much to the disgust of Bennett's vanity, but when the master had "done with his pupil" in this way, although he did not dismiss him with the assurance that he was the "finest tenor in Europe," as another professor in an earlier day had said to another pupil, who was destined to fill Europe with his fame, and made fame into money. Well, Bennett came home again; and then he entered into an engagement with Signor Crévelli, the eminent teacher on the Italian system. This first engagement lasted some time, until Braham built the St. James's Theatre, and formed an English opera company. Bennett, next to the great tenor himself, was the first tenor, and sang with great success. Though he did not, and could not, then pretend to be an actor. That adventure, as we all know, came to an untimely end, and the company was dispersed. About this time Mr. Richard Cudmore, at that time leader of the Manchester "Gentlemen's Concerts," composed and brought out *The Martyr of Antioch*, founded on the words of Dean Milman, of St. Paul's Cathedral. Cudmore brought down Bennett to take the principal tenor parts; and, in the Theatre Royal, then in Fountain Street, the oratorio was performed to a crowded and very enthusiastic audience—Bennett singing the beautiful tenor song—"Come, Margarita." James Bennett then returned to London—to his concert-singing and his teaching; and he married. He married a lady who was his pupil. She was a daughter of a Mr. Brown, who was an engineer, and superintended the dredging of the "Harlem Mere." By this lady he had a daughter, now the wife of Mr. Theodore Jansen, a painter residing in India, and a son, who died very shortly after the death of his mother, the first Mrs. Bennett. But we should mention that at about the time of this marriage, and in consequence of Bennett's success in Braham's company, the late Signor de Begnis engaged him to appear as first tenor in a series of Italian operas, which were represented in Bath, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Dublin. To the astonishment of his Manchester friends, the great Italian showman "underlined" Bennett in the bills, as "Signor Bennetti"! ("Ah! de Anglish vill not hav you if you com out as de Anglish Bennett," was the excuse of the Italian *impresario*). Bennett's sweet and remarkably well-cultivated tenor voice made him a great favourite wherever he appeared, but he had not sufficient experience to make him a finished actor. At Dublin he was attacked with typhus fever and he lost the sight of an eye, and was disabled for a long time in a leg. This proved to be the end of his career on the lyric stage. He returned to London, and devoted himself to his true vocation. He returned to his concert singing and his teaching. He rejoined Signor Crévelli and trained many pupils, some of whom afterwards made a name. He was appointed professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, and "a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, St. James's." He and Crévelli established singing classes, which were very successful until the powers of the former began to fail; and then Bennett joined "Tom Cook," the famous glee writer, and these "part and sight singing classes" produced quite a sensation among the higher classes for several seasons, and indeed, until his growing infirmities of bodily health compelled Cook to give up the enterprise. But Bennett persevered; and with the aid of his pupils, and some professional assistants, he was the first man to bring out in London, at his house in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. He had seen, by mere accident, the MS. at D'Almaine's, and borrowed it, and, at considerable cost, obtained permission to produce it and perform it. There were present at this private performance the Marchioness of Townshend and daughters, the ex-Justice of the Queen's Bench, the present Sir John Coleridge and a great crowd of musical connoisseurs. It was a success, and, it may be, gave an impetus to the future fame of this (for London) unique work in this country. Still, Bennett stuck fast hold of that "Lancashire system in part and sight singing" in which he was trained as a boy. He drew up a lecture, which was delivered at the Marylebone Institute, at the Manchester Royal Institution, at the old "Meal House" in Hyde's Coach, and elsewhere, —still pursuing his instructions, in classes, at his private residence in London. In 1843, Messrs. Cramer, Addison, & Co., of Regent Street, published parts 1 and 2 of his "Practical Introduction to Part and Sight Singing;" but before that he had published, at the price of 12s., his "Elementary Exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice, arranged in accordance with the system of instruction successfully pursued by the author, professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music." Bennett wrote many charming songs and duets, but he published only a very few—among these, his famous song, "The Exile's Farewell," the words by the late W. H. Bellamy, beginning "Daughter of beauty"—which he was accustomed to sing to his own beautiful accompaniment; "Lullaby," "Silent Tears"—a song with German and English words, and a charming duet, for tenor and contralto, "See the night comes." There are other compositions in MS., of equal merit, that have been sung in private, but have never yet been seen or heard by the outside public, and, perhaps, never will. Later in life Bennett married for his second wife (who survives him) Miss Gordon, who was well known and most highly respected by families of distinction in this city and its vicinities as the principal of a young ladies' boarding-school of high repute at Brighton. Such is the brief biography of a "Manchester worthy," now, unhappily, of a past generation. Full of the fervour of affection, tempered with a true and an earnest piety, James Bennett has gone to his rest, leaving but few surviving friends, but not one who will not cherish his memory.

* Afterwards a remarkably fine organ was built by Gray & Davison, and placed on the rood screen of Chester Cathedral, where it still remains.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., publishes the following address to the readers of *All the Year Round*:—

"PERSONAL.

"It was my father's wish, expressed in writing only a week before his death, that I, his eldest son, and latterly his assistant Editor, should succeed him in the management of the Journal so long associated with his name. In accordance with this clearly-expressed desire, and strong in the hope inspired by so encouraging a mark of his confidence, I address myself to the fulfilment of the task which he appointed me to discharge. It is intended that the management of *All the Year Round* in the future shall be based on precisely the same principles as those on which it has up to this time been conducted. The same authors who have contributed to its columns in time past will contribute to them still. The same spirit which has in the past pervaded its pages will, so far as conscientious endeavour may render it possible, pervade them still. The same earnest desire to advocate what is right and true, and to oppose what is false and unworthy, which was the guiding principle of my father's career, and which has always characterised his management of *All the Year Round*, will, I most earnestly hope, continue to be apparent in its every word. So much, then, being the same, it may not be pre-sumptuous in me to hope that the same readers with whom this Journal, and that which preceded it, found favour for so many years may still care to see the familiar title page on their tables as of old. With this brief explanation of the course I propose to adopt, and omitting all reference whatever to my own personal feelings in connexion with the great sorrow which has rendered this statement necessary, I leave the future Journal to speak for itself. '*It is better that every kind of work, honestly undertaken and discharged, should speak for itself than be spoken for.*' These were the words with which my father inaugurated the new series of *All the Year Round*. I cannot do better than repeat them in this place.

"CHARLES DICKENS, Jun."

WEIMAR.—The "model" performances as they are called, of Herr R. Wagner's operas began with *Der Fliegende Holländer*. The attendance was respectable, but nothing like what had been prophesied by the adherents of the Prophet. There were plenty of places to be had any time during the evening.

Puzzles.

No. I.

It is a puzzle to me that Pauline Lucca should, for so many years, have been generally accepted in London as a singer and actress of the first class—as one worthy, in short, to rank with Tietjens, Patti, and Nilsson (or Patti, Nilsson, and Tietjens; or Nilsson, Tietjens, and Patti).

An Ancient Dilettante.

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MARRIAGE.

On the 25th ult., at St. Giles's Church, Camberwell, LIZZIE, youngest daughter of GEORGE PERREN, Esq., to Mr. THOMAS BENFIELD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEMELE.—Signor B——— sings tolerably well, but has not the remotest idea of imparting dramatic significance to any character he assumes. M. P.———'s French tone of voice and unhappy *vibrato* are hardly compensated by his other qualities. The stentorian Herr W———, who, after some years' absence, has unaccountably cropped up again, is, as he was formerly, in a histrionic sense, null. The voice is metallic in quality, powerful and telling in the higher notes, when its owner has hustanded his breath so as to take them effectively (which seldom happens), but by no means musical. Signor G———'s voice is in better condition than it was last season; but to expect him to use it with more art would be to look for Utopia. Louder singing than his has never been heard; and yet it is rarely effective, because it is throughout ill-balanced. In short, he is honestly neither singer nor actor, while his pronunciation of Italian is unique. These, at any rate, are our convictions, and they are much at the service of Madame "Semele."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

A QUEEN'S CONCERT.

"BY command of the Queen a State Concert was given last evening (Wednesday) at Buckingham Palace, to which a party of nearly 800 were invited." The programme was as follows:—

Overture, "The Men of Prometheus"	Beethoven
Chorus of Women, "The deep-red Sun" (*Ulysses*)	Gounod.
Trio, "The Hawthorn in the Glade" (*The May-Queen*), Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley	W. S. Bennett.
Arietta "Komunt ein schlanker Bursch" (*Der Freischütz*), Mdlle. Liebhart	Weber.
Aria, "Al raggio fulgente" (*L'Oca del Cairo*), Signor Gardoni	Mozart.
Cradle-Song, "Peacefully slumber," Madame Patey (Harp *obbligato*, Mr. John Thomas)	A. Randegger.
Duetto, "Sull' aria" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), Mesdames Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca	Mozart.
Romanza, "Astro gentil" (*Tannhäuser*), Mr. Santley ...	Wagner.
Cavatina, "Come per me" (*La Sonnambula*), Madame Monbelli	Bellini.
Part-Song, "As the Sunshine to the Flower"	W. G. Cusins.
Cavatina, "Ernani, involami" (*Ernani*), Mdlle. Christine Nilsson	Verdi.
Romanza, "Raggio d'amor" (*Il Furioso*), Signor Mario ...	Donizetti.
Romance, "Kennst du das Land?" (*Mignon*), Madame Pauline Lucca	A. Thomas.
Chanson de Magali, "La brise est douce" (*Mireille*), Madame Monbelli and Signor Gardoni	Gounod.
Aria, "Ah! fors' e lui" (*Traviata*), Madame Adelina Patti	Verdi.
Duo, "Ah! morir" (*Ernani*), Mdlle. Pauline Lucca and Signor Mario	Verdi.
Quartetto, "Mentre il pie" (*Maria*), Mesdames Adelina Patti and Patey, Signor Mario and Mr. Santley ...	Flotow.
March and Chorus, "With sheathed Swords" (*Naaman*), solo, Madame Patey	Sir. M. Costa.
God Save the Queen.	

Conductor—Mr. W. G. Cusins.

"The band and chorus, consisting of upwards of 160 performers, were selected from the Italian Operas, the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies, and her Majesty's private band."

Good. Nevertheless, take away Kings and Queens (not to speak of Emperors and Empresses), Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, Marquises and Marchionesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Lords by courtesy (both sexes included), and we will wager 100 sovereigns of the realm against anyone pointing out the musical amateur, however ravenous, who would sit through such a programme. Happily, Kings, Queens (not to speak of Emperors), Princes, Dukes, and so forth (both sexes included), are generally disposed to talk all through the musical performance to which the "800" are usually invited. What a farce is the whole thing! What a way of treating an art that should be held sacred by those to whom, from their elevated position, all things that are sacred to our common humanity should be more or less sacred! Her Majesty the Queen discreetly kept aloof from the concert given to the "800" (the "600" at Balaklava were much better employed), and left the Prince and Princess of Wales to do the honours. With the fact that the Prince is a great musical connoisseur few are cognisant.

To what does the whole amount?—Simply to a scheme for putting so much money (the British nation's money) into the pockets of foreign artists, good, bad, and indifferent. True (as a consolation), there was, at least in the programme, a harp *obbligato*, played by a distinguished native of the "Principality," to a Cradle song, the composition of a foreigner; true, Mr. Santley—a stubborn Englishman if there was ever one—sang one of the most hideous foreign songs in existence (see programme); and true, there was a part-song by Mr. W. G. Cusins, conductor of her Majesty's private band. But even these, added to a trio from the *May Queen*, also by an Englishman (though meritorious, perhaps of less mark), confided to Christine Nilsson, Italo Gardoni, and Charles Santley, could hardly make up for——&c., &c., &c.

A. S. S.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* are delighted with the story of Lady Godiva, which has just reached them through the *International*. From the enthusiasm inspired it is to be foreseen that the legend so poetically treated by Tennyson will ere long fall into the hands of Offenbach. "Tom Peeping," as he is called, will make a part for Dupuis, and Mdlle. Schneider the impersonator of grand duchesses will, of course, represent "*la blonde Anglaise.*" One can fancy "le Comte de Caventry" drawn, by the creator of Lord Boum, as an eccentric mediæval nobleman, a grotesque embodiment of feudalism, a sort of British "Sire de Framboisy." But the scenes between Lady Godiva and "Tom Peeping," who will naturally be Lady Godiva's lover, are expected to form the remarkable incidents of the work.

THE *Entr'acte* of last week contained the following:—"A Drury Lane, Faure et Mdlle. Nilsson ont joué *Otello*. Pour la première fois, un baryton s'attaquait au rôle si dramatique d'Otello. Comme on le pense Faure l'a parfaitement interprété." If the making of errors proceed on the cumulative principle, our contemporary will next state that the part of Desdemona was brilliantly sustained by Signor Foli.

SIGNOR ALARY, the immortal mutilator of *Don Giovanni* (for Signor Mario, in 1858), has resigned his post at the Théâtre Italien, and is succeeded by Signor Muzio, who undertakes the general duties of musical conductor. Signor Muzio's claims rest partly on the fact of his being a friend, fellow townsman, and pupil of Verdi, partly on his having directed the orchestra at the Italian Opera established under the auspices of the Khedive at Cairo. Very recently, Signor Muzio, in company with M. Bagier, manager of the Théâtre Italien, visited London for the purpose of making engagements—when all be secured was the right of playing Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*. From London, manager and conductor were to proceed to Italy, to see if Italy still boasts of singers, and if the operas she continues to produce are worth reproducing. Hopes are entertained of Signor Petrella, the most successful *maestro* since Verdi, and composer of some twenty works, not one of which has been performed in France or England.

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An event has just happened in Paris which illustrates the uselessness of crying out against paying large salaries to artists. Nicolini was in receipt of 108,000 francs per year, from M. Bagier; he asked for a rise of 24,000 francs; M. Bagier declined; an offer from Lisbon of 80,000 francs for five months was accepted; fifteen minutes after, M. Bagier conceded the augmentation.—Too late; and the *impresario* loses his tenor for standing out against exorbitant demands.

The Paris *Entr'acte* compliments M. Faure on the style in which he plays Otello at Drury Lane, and remarks that "this is the first time the part of Otello has been taken by a baritone." According to this view, it is Mongini, we suppose, who represents Iago; in which case our contemporary might add that "this is the first time the part of Iago has been taken by a tenor." *Le Ménestrel* informs us that Covent Garden is in future to be kept open all the year round; that there is a chance even of its being opened on Sundays for the performance of oratorios; and that steps have been taken with the view of obtaining permission for such performances (which, be it observed, are not unknown in some of our provincial towns).

M. Hervé's new opera, at the Variétés, is entitled *Le Trone d'Ecosse; ou la difficulte de s'asseoir dessus*. The heroine represented by Mdlle. Devéria, is one Jane Stuart; Mdlle. Aimée impersonates a Scotch girl, named "Flora MacRazor" who has an English rival—a sort of Rose Bradwardine, called "Julia Good-Morning." There is a pretender, styled "George the Fifteenth," and there are clansmen, belonging to "the clan of the Macs"—MacRaglan, MacAdam, and MacIntosh. If the music is half as good as the programme the piece may succeed. The Vienna papers speak of an opera by Mr. Benedict, the *Old Man of the Mountain*, as about to be brought out. At Ancona two amateurs fought a duel, without fatal result. One said that the opera *Frimmella*, was rubbish; the other contradicted him, and words were followed by blows. [The *Old Man of the Mountain* is simply the *Crusaders*, an opera for which, to a very clumsy book by the late Mr. Alfred Bunn, Mr. Benedict, in 1846, was ingenious enough to find beautiful music. Mr. Benedict's *Don Quichotte* was produced in the same year, immediately in advance of the *Crusaders*. —Our writers of "Occasionals" should be circumspect.—A. S. S.]

A shameful outrage is reported from Warsaw. Some Russian officers of the garrison there have brutally insulted and maltreated, even to danger of life, the Viennese orchestral director Strauss. A band of officers came at midnight to the Swiss Garden, took supper, and, after an hour's revel, required the proprietor to give them music. But the performers, at that hour, were scattered all over the city; and the landlord protested that it would be impossible to bring them together again. One of the officers, deputy-director of police, personally acquainted with Strauss, thereupon wrote a letter desiring him to come at once to the Garden. Strauss, though surprised, complied; and on arriving, at half-past one was asked for a little music. Strauss declining, an officer threw him a hundred-rouble note, saying—"Here; you will play for that, I know!"—Strauss again declining, the moneyed officer struck him on the face. More than this, the offending musician was knocked down, trampled under foot, and now lies in a dangerous state. The story conveys its own moral. In this scene we see reproduced that arrogant assertion of brute force, over culture, refinement, and the spirit of freedom, which has made Poland wretched for a century, and may even yet give proof that "in her ashes live her wonted fires."

It appears that the National Theatre at Pesth is in pecuniary difficulties, and that, unless the Government extends a helping hand, the artists will sigh in vain for their salaries next month. The Emperor, it is true, allows this theatre the same subvention that he allows each of the two Imperial Theatres in Vienna, but a portion of the money is set aside for erecting a new building. To all appearances, however, it will be necessary to set something aside for procuring a new company as well, seeing that the members of the present one stand a good chance of being starved to death.

The summer season is not that in which the showiest laurels are to be plucked on the French stage; but nevertheless, a certain M. Henri Becque, who once upon a time achieved a moderate success at the Théâtre du Vaudeville has contrived to make himself famous by a drama in five acts brought out at the Porte Saint-Martin with the title *Michel Pauper*. The difficulties surmounted by the author in rendering his piece visible to the public are doubtless to be enumerated among the causes of its good fortune. *Michel Pauper* had already been submitted to the Odéon where it was summarily rejected; but M. Becque, bearing in mind that the out-of-the-way temple of the legitimate drama receives a subvention from the government, argued within himself that he had duties as well as privileges, and that the duties involved the production of his play. He therefore laid his grievance before the Society of Dramatic Authors but these found the case beyond the pale of their jurisdiction. A bold measure was requisite, and a bold measure was taken. Determined to make the public the judge of his deserts, M. Becque hires the Porte St. Martin and engages a company of artists at his own expense. We are reminded of the exploit many years ago of the dramatic enthusiast, Mr. George Stevens, who brought out his *Martinuzzi* at the Lyceum. But whereas the Briton ridiculously failed, the Gaul is triumphant.

A peculiar practice is now introduced in every theatre of Russian Poland. At the conclusion of the performance the doors of the theatre are closed, like those of the English House of Commons previous to a division, and everyone is locked in. The curtain having been then raised, all the performers appear on the stage—the gentlemen in full-dress coats; the ladies in white—and bow before an illuminated painting, on which are the initials of the Emperor. The orchestra plays the Russian national hymn, and the whole audience, rising from their seats, take part in it. The police keep a sharp look-out to see that everyone contributes his or her share to this vocal tribute. It is not till the hymn is over that the doors are unlocked, and the audience at liberty to depart.

At Vienna, on the 22nd ult., Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was, with a grand flourish of trumpets, seven grey horses (only three of the valiant knights in the suite of the Landgraf had the courage to mount their steeds), a host of mysterious creatures, supposed to represent falcons, and a respectable pack of dogs, duly transferred to the new Operahouse. Herr Richard Wagner himself, by the way, has written to correct the wonderful specimen of "euphemism:" "that he had, with grateful recognition of the honour done him, declined complying with the request of the Beethoven Festival Committee to conduct the Ninth Symphony." He states publicly that he never answered the Committee at all. He was, therefore, purposely unpolite—to use a mild expression—and now he boasts of his unpoliteness. It is, however, a well-known fact that he was never otherwise, that he never felt an interest for any living soul but his precious self, and this tremendous moral slap in the mouth, with everything connected therewith, is a well-merited punishment for the Society of the Friends of Music, who attempted to secure the services of the Lucerne Egoist. They have now had to put up with Franz Lachner's refusal to officiate. What conductor, grown grey in honour, would ever share the work with the writer of the pamphlet, *On Conducting?* That incomparable artist, Herr Joachim, also, after alluding in an unmistakable manner to the proposed conductor, refused his co-operation, so that the Society will, probably, have to depend entirely upon their own resources.—The Vienna *Fremdenblatt* says that the real motive why Herr R. Wagner did not choose to accede to the request of the Society was that among the members of the Festival Committee there are two gentlemen not frantic admirers of his music.

The grand rehearsal of Herr R. Wagner's latest effusion, *Die Walküre*, took place, at Munich, on the 24th June before a select few—about a thousand—who had received invitations. It lasted from twelve o'clock till a quarter past five, p.m. Of course, the Wagnerites present were in raptures—in ecstasies—in a frenzy of delight, but the majority of the audience were far from evincing a similar amount of undiluted enthusiasm. To tell the truth, they did exactly the reverse, and had the bad taste to manifest unmistakable signs of dissatisfaction. It was

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only after the first act that there was anything approaching hearty applause. During all the second act, which, laden with bombastic fustian, musical and verbal, dragged its slow length along, for one hour and a half, by Shrewsbury—and every other—clock, there was not a hand. At the conclusion of the third, and last, act, the audience were so thoroughly worn out that it was with difficulty they could muster strength and resolution to get up a call for their fellow-sufferers, the victims on the other side the foot-lights. The pains taken in mounting the work exceeds, in the opinion of very competent judges, anything previously known, even in the case of works by the Prophet of the Future himself. Every one, even the Prophet's most fanatic admirers, must acknowledge the untiring efforts of the Intendant, Baron von Perfall, and of the conductor Herr Wullner. Herr R. Wagner is deeply indebted to both, for, should the work succeed, its success will be attributable quite as much to the unflagging zeal and energy of these two gentlemen as to the *mise-en-scène*, splendid—and dangerous—though that is. As a German contemporary observes, Herr R. Wagner would experience some difficulty in meeting with another Intendant, who, after such gross attacks from a composer, would devote himself, from early morning to a late hour in the night, to ensuring the success of one whose aim it was morally to annihilate him.—The first regular performance took place on the 26th June. Of course, the Wagnerites declare it was a great success—a splendid triumph, but others not quite so blindly devoted to the master of Lucerne, are bold enough to differ, and, what is more, to say so publicly. There is, however, one fact connected with the first performance which cannot fail to gratify even Herr R. Wagner's most bitter foes: despite the "fire-effects"—effects which must strike terror into the hearts of those companies with whom the theatre is insured—the building was not burnt down—at least, not on the first night.—*Das Rheingold* is to be revived, and will alternate with *Die Walküre*.—The Berlin *Echo* says:—"For the general rehearsal of the first act of *Die Walküre*, the theatre was completely lighted up. The scene represents 'the interior of a dwelling,' in the midst of which a mighty oak rears itself. The roots of the 'hero-tree' are hid beneath the ground, but its leafy summit spreads over the roof, which slopes down from the trunk. A room is erected around the latter; this is Hunding's habitation, and, we may add, a magnificent specimen of the scene-painter's art. On the rising of the curtain, a fearful thunder-storm is raging, and a stranger seeks refuge in the hut. He is speedily captivated, 'in increasing *smittenness*,'* by the longing glances of Sie-gelinde, Hunding's wife, and, on the conclusion of the song—a love-song of an undisguisedly sensual character—'presses furiously to his breast' his hostess, in whom he has found and recognised his 'bride and sister'—his sister, too, by both the same parents. Upon this the 'curtain falls quickly.' This *finale* inhabitants of Munich already know, from having heard it as a concert at which Richard Wagner introduced himself to them, in December 1864, by giving fragments from his later works. In the second act, the famous 'ride of the Walkyres' will probably be remembered by the public of Vienna, from having been performed at one of the seven concerts given by Wagner during his residence in that capital, seven years ago. The dangerous fire-machinery in the second and the third acts, when the sleeping Brunhilde is surrounded by glowing flames, has been done away with, since, after all, people did not feel inclined to endanger the building, together with a number of human lives, even though it was for a 'Walkyre.' The *Echo* might have interpolated "most" before "dangerous." There are still enough fire-effects left to satisfy a Gnelre himself.

An idea is being ventilated which is worth consideration. It is proposed that the plan adopted throughout Italy of giving afternoon performances in open air theatres shall be tried in Paris. What reader of Dickens can have forgotten the sketch drawn in *Pictures of Italy* of the audience in an *al-fresco* amphitheatre seen from the novelist's house at Genoa? Was not something of the kind tried in the Pré-Catalan about ten years ago? If we are to have a succession of hot summers, the idea is worth entertaining, even for London. Our legislators may insist on sending us into theatres in July but they cannot prevent our making them cool.

* A pleasing Wagnerian neologism; Teutonice: *Ergriffenheit*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The concert given by Miss Megan Watts at 41, Upper Brook Street, on Wednesday week was of a character which hardly calls for much remark. The *bénéficiaire*—whom we need not introduce to the reader as a young Welsh vocalist of considerable attainments—sang Glück's "Che faro," Macfarren's "Widow Bird" (violin *obbligato*, Mr. Henry Holmes); took part with Miss Wynne in a Welsh duet, and with MM. Dudley Thomas and Ciabatti in Randegger's perennial trio, "I Naviganti." Her expressive style and good voice were shown to advantage throughout, obtaining a true meed of appreciation. Miss Watts was assisted by, in addition to artists already named, Miss Severn, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Köster, Mr. E. Silas, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Benedict, each of whom contributed one or more favourite pieces.

Mr. Ellis Roberts's harp concert was given on Tuesday week, and attracted to St. George's Hall a large audience. Mr. Ellis Roberts executed two of his popular harp solos with great effect. His first fantasia was encored, and after his second he had to return to acknowledge applause. Both are brilliant compositions, containing several charming variations and ingenious passages. The instrumental music was varied by the delightful singing of Madame Patey, who was encored, in "Always alone." Miss Adelaide Newton's agreeable voice and singing were also much applauded. She gave Sullivan's "Bird in the Night" and "Auld Robin Gray" with marked effect. Miss Ellen Glanville contributed Meyerbeer's "Roberto, o tu che adoro," and was no less successful. The pianist was the talented young artist, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who charmed the audience with Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," which she was called upon to repeat; and also displayed her classical taste in Mendelssohn's duo in D for pianoforte and violoncello, assisted by Mr. Edward Howell. The concert concluded with Benedict's trio, "My Lady the Countess," sung by Miss Alice Ryall, Miss Glanville, and Miss Adelaide Newton.

The Architectural Rooms in Conduit Street, the Walhalla of designers of human habitations, temples, and bridges were thrown open on the evening of the 28th ult., for the purpose of Masters Charles and Arthur Le Jeune's harmonium, organ, and pianoforte performances. The playing of these youths was quite up to the standard of their former concerts, and it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon their skilful manipulation and tasteful rendering of the various pieces. A concerto with variations, the composition of Henry Smart, very much applauded, owing its success, not less to the composer's merit, than to the skill of Master Charles Le Jeune upon the American chamber organ. The singers were Madame Talbot-Cherer and Mr. Wallace Wells. The former gave a ballad from Balfe's *Puck*, re-arranged by Charles Salaman, and Linley's capital song, "Little Nell." The latter sang Mendelssohn's "The Stormy Spring," and Sullivan's "The snow lies white." The audience was large and fashionable.—H. L.

On Wednesday week the annual choral festival of the Metropolitan and Suburban Schools was celebrated upon the Handel Orchestra, and every available seat was occupied by the children and their teachers. At least 5000 voices responded to the baton of Mr. John Hullah, whose efforts to improve the singing in schools and seminaries throughout the country have long been acknowledged. The accuracy and precision with which the young vocalists sang several well-known choralea as well as some secular pieces, were the theme of general admiration. The sacred pieces included Dr. Croft's psalm, "Ye boundless realms of joy;" Rohanow's chant for the 10th Psalm; Scott's anthem, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;" the prayer from Rossini's *Moise*; Handel's duet, "Oh, lovely peace;" the grand chorus by the same composer, "Sing unto the Lord;" and Hullah's "All things bright and beautiful." The secular music was no less admirably selected, and comprised Calicott's "Mark the merry elves;" Neithardt's "May-day;" "Hullah's "The birds;" "Auld lang syne,' harmonized in four parts; and some other well-known and effective part-songs and choruses.

The *matinée* given by Madame Nadine Nevidomski Dunord took place at the Marquis of Downshire's, Belgrave Square, on Monday. The vocalists on the occasion comprised Miss Amelia Smyth, Madame Crellin-Pyne, Miss Watts, Miss Enriques, Mr. Dudley Thomas, Signor Montelli, and M. Waldeck. S'los, on the harp by Mr. J. Thomas, and pianoforte by Signor Tito Mattei and Chevalier de Kontski, were also given, and warmly appreciated. Madame Dunord sang the well-known cavatina from *Lucrezia*, "Com è bello," with excellent taste and expression, and was deservedly applauded; she also obtained great applause in the "Valse Enchantresse," by M. de Kontski, and introduced a romance and *Chanson Russe*, composed by the Princess Koutchubel. Mdlle. Theresa Liebe, a young violinist, played a fantasia, by Vieuxtemps, on an air from *I Lombardi*. She possesses an agreeable tone and good executive skill. The accompaniments were supplied by Messrs. Benedict, Fiori, and Gana. Among the distinguished company present were the Princess Czernichefi, Miss Duff Gordon, and Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador.—T.

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MRS. HENRY DAVIES gave a concert on Tuesday evening which attracted a full audience. Mrs. Henry Davies, who is an excellent pianist and harpist, displayed her abilities to advantage in Chopin's *Scherzo* in B flat minor, Weber's *Polacca*, Mozart's sonata in D for two pianofortes (with Mr. Walter Macfarren); and in John Thomas's solo, "Autumn;" a duet from *Somnambula*, and a grand duet in E flat minor; in all of which she earned applause. Miss Edith Wynne, whom we were glad to see recovered from her late indisposition, sang some Welsh melodies, and was encored. Miss Elena Angele and Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Jules Lefort also took part. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied.

MADAME MOSSERHAT gave a concert at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening. She sang G. W. Martin's new song, "Lothair," and an aria by Beethoven, in both of which she was encored. She was assisted by the Misses Doria, who sang Francesco Berger's duet, "A Warning echoes," in excellent style; Miss Julia Sydney, Miss Seagrave, Miss James, and Madame Deck, with Messrs. Steadman, Deck, C. Lane, Senderi, Albert and Herr Lehmeyer, contributed several vocal and instrumental solos; and Messrs. F. Berger, H. Parker, Vaschetti, and Lehmeyer accompanied.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BLAGROVE gave their sixth and last concert on Thursday evening, to a large and appreciative audience, larger and more appreciative probably than on former occasions. Miss Eleanor Armstrong sang twice and sang well. Miss Fosbrooke contributed "Dove," and was much applauded. Messrs. Balsir Chatterton and Cheshire played a harp duet which was particularly effective. Attempts were made to encore Mr. and Mrs. Blagrove in everything they performed, and certainly many more encores were given with far less reason than that presented by Mr. Blagrove's fantasia, *Maria Padilla*; Mr. Blagrove's Impromptu (Chopin), and "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Perhaps the performance which more than any revealed the attention of the audience, was the manuscript quintett by E. Silas, a composition of particular merit and beauty.—H. L.

MR. FRANK ELMORE'S fifth annual concert took place on the 10th ult., in St. James's Hall, and attracted a goodly audience by means of goodly artists and goodly pieces. As a matter of course, the *bénéficiaire* himself took a prominent part in the proceedings, singing, first of all, Bevignani's romance, "Amor che fa," and doing it so well as to win an encore, responding to which Mr. Elmore substituted "Non è ver." His next effort—a far more serious one—was made in connexion with "Deeper and deeper still." Here the concert-giver made a thoroughly legitimate success, the music also of recitative and air being given with a taste and intelligence deserving high praise. Mr. Elmore also appeared to advantage as a composer, his song, "The Woodman's Son," entrusted to Mr. Harley Vining, displaying more than ordinary merit. Mdlle. Maria Strindberg added much to the interest of the concert by playing Ries's pianoforte solo, "Elfenreigen" (encored), and Pfeiffer's "Quatrième Mazurka," both of which she gave excellently well. Miss Wynne, Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Patey, and other artists also had a share in the programme.

MISS ANNIE STOCKEN gave a concert at the Horns' Assembly Rooms, Kennington Park, on the 30th ult., which attracted a very numerous and fashionable audience. The programme contained several pieces of a classical character, and was altogether of unusual interest. Miss Stocken's solo performances comprised Beethoven's sonata in F sharp major, Schubert's Impromptu, in F minor, and Vincent Wallace's "La Rapidité," after each of which she was warmly applauded, and honoured with a recall. She also displayed her high executive ability and refined taste in Beethoven's sonata in C minor (Op. 30, No. 2), for piano and violin, and in a duo on *Guillaume Tell*, in both of which her coadjutor was Mr. Alfred Barnett. The latter of these pieces the audience insisted upon hearing repeated. In the vocal department, Mdlle. Romanelli, Agnes de Salewska, Frederica Taylor, and Messrs. Renwick and Hulert lent their assistance. Madame Dryden contributed a harp solo.

A PERFORMANCE, musical and dramatic, took place at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday, for the benefit of Mdlle. Georgi, and resulted in success not less great than it was deserved. The programme opened with Offenbach's *Rose of Auvergne*, the characters sustained by Miss Loseby (Fleuretic), Mr. Bracy (Alphonse), and Mr. Perrini (Pierre). A brisker opening could not have been desired, and the gathering of such a numerous audience was expressed by a hearty recall of the performers. A concert of vocal and instrumental music followed, sustained by artists of established excellence. The Sisters Georgi sang the duet, Rossini's "Giorno d'orrore," with which their names are associated; Mr. Santley was encored in his capital rendering of Molloy's "Wandering Jew;" Signor Gardoni obtained a similar honour in Paladilhe's "Mandolinara," substituting "La Donna è Mobile;" and Messrs. Benedict and Sloper played a duet for two pianos; "in addition to all which other pieces interpreted by other artists added to the richness of the programme. Following the concert, came a scene from *Black and White*, ably sustained by Miss Constance Georgi, Miss Gresham, and Mr. Vernon, who were recalled and deservedly applauded. The next item was *The Spitalfields Weaver*, in which Miss Henrie, Messrs. Toole, Billington, Tweedale, Bolton, and Harvey represented their respective characters to the delight of an audience thoroughly able to appreciate the good things set before them. A part of the last act of *Lucrezia Borgia* brought the entertainment to a close, and enabled Mdlle. Constance Georgi to make a legitimate effect with "Il Segreto," which she sang in capital style.

A CONCERT was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday week by Miss Amy Percival, and fairly claims more attention than the average of benefit entertainments. Not only were the vocal selections made with unusual discrimination, but there was an allowance of classical instrumental music rare in its extent and, as a whole, excellent in quality. The works of Mr. Hamilton Clarke, a composer new to us, were largely drawn upon, the most important example being a trio in D minor (MS.) for violin (Herr Deichmann), violoncello (M. Paque), and piano (Mr. H. Clarke), which deserves favourable notice, as much for its promise as for the success actually achieved. Mr. Clarke is an earnest musician, who has studied largely, and whose natural ability enables him to turn his knowledge to good account. So much the trio proves beyond doubt, while it secures for its composer's future efforts a respectful attention. Mr. Clarke was still further represented by two songs, "A Wild March Day," sung by Miss Percival, and, "Lost Love," for which Madame Rudersdorff's expressive delivery obtained the rare distinction of a morning encore. Both are good examples of what such works should be. Other songs were sung by Miss M. Galloway, a young artist whose promise for the future is of the highest, and whose voice and style were displayed to advantage in Ganz's "Beautiful Echo," Miss Alice Fairman, who made a success in Randegger's pretty song, "Peacefully slumber," and Madame Rudersdorff, by whom the first-named composer's Canzone, *Marinella*—a graceful little work—was perfectly rendered. Mr. Lazarus added to the foregoing a capital fantasia for the clarionet, written by himself, and M. Paque contributed his own fantasia for violoncello on airs from *Don Giovanni*.

MR. OBERTHÜR, the accomplished harpist gave a *matinée* at his residence, on Wednesday, June 29, with the assistance of Mdlle. Orgéni, Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Madame Osborne-Williams, and M. Jules Lefort (vocalists); Le Chevalier de Kontski, Herr L. Straus, and M. Albert (instrumentalists). The *matinée* was under the patronage of the Duchess of Wellington, and the rooms were filled by a highly fashionable audience, evidently prepared to do justice to the programme and the performance. Mr. Oberthür, in his happiest vein (which says no little), played his own concerto in G for the harp to admiration, and the orchestral parts, adapted by the author for the pianoforte, were rendered to the practised hands of Mr. Hallett Sheppard. Mr. Oberthür's duo for piano and harp on airs from *Oberon* was also a marked success. In this the piano part was played by the Chevalier de Kontski, in the second part Mr. Oberthür gave his very effective piece, called *Souvenir de Londres*, besides playing the harp obligato accompaniments to his graceful romance, "Je voudrais être" (the popular M. Jules Lefort (sing the singer) to an "Ave Maria" by Mr. Hallett Sheppard, and the "Willow song," from Rossini's *Otello*. The best performance of Mr. Oberthür was his trio in C major for violin, violoncello, and harp, in which he enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Herr L. Straus and M. Albert as violinist and violoncellist. The trio (the second for the same instruments), written by Mr. Oberthür, and comprising an *allegro, scherzo, andante*, and *finale*, is a work alike able and interesting. Though the last piece on the programme, it was listened to with the utmost attention, and no less satisfaction throughout. Solos were also played by Le Chevalier de Kontski, M. Albert, and Herr L. Straus (the latter announced being especially successful in an *andante*, by the late regretted Ernst). The vocal music was accompanied by Messrs Hallett Sheppard and Parker, in a manner that left nothing to criticise; but both these gentlemen are "pianists" born and bred.

A CONCERT was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday week for the benefit of the Consumption Hospital for Consumptives and Incurables. The programme included a cantata, by a Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Dublin, entitled *God is Love*. The work is mainly a collection of hymns, by Bonar, Keble, Osler Warning, Heber, Waller, Monrell, Bakewell, &c., joined by means of the 104th Psalm, Tate and Brady's version. The authoress states in her preface that "The music of the cantata is an illustration of the words which express experience of the Christian life, its double consciousness of joy and sadness, hope and fear, and abiding sense, through all, of the changeless love of God. This general idea of the whole work is given in the prelude, where the sadness which belongs to the brief life of earth is contrasted with the joy that is created by the hope of an endless life beyond the grave." She also states, "If I can thus make my work the means of benefiting others, the design of its publication will be accomplished." We regret

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to state that as far as the Ascot Hospital is concerned, the funds will hardly be benefited, the attendance, notwithstanding the list of patrons and patronesses, being only moderate. The cantata opens with a prelude, which was well played by a small orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Weist Hill, and conducted by Mr. Joseph Robinson. The soloists were Miss Fennell, from Dublin, a promising contralto; Miss L. Horn, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. R. Smith. The last-named gentleman, who possesses a fine baritone voice, sang an air, "Life nor death shall us disever," in good style, as did Miss Fennell the solo, "Cling to the Crucified," Mr. Cummings, receiving an encore for his artistic delivery of "What are these like stars appearing?" a solo, with chorus of angels. Mr. Oberthür's harp playing in the accompaniments to two of the pieces added life to the cantata. The choruses were efficient and sang with spirit. We forgot to mention a trio for three female voices, "The meeting place," sung by the principal ladies, which was encored, perhaps, because so suggestive of Mendelssohn's "Lift up your eyes. We can hardly imagine that *God is Love* will become popular in London, though the merit of cleverness cannot be denied it. The second part was miscellaneous, opening with Attwood's quintet, "Ye all who breathe," sung by the Dublin glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Miss Fennell, Messrs. Peel, Richard Smith, Hender, and G. T. Kelly; they also gave some questionably harmonized Irish melodies, ending with Dr. R. Stewart's capital arrangement of "The Cruiskeen Lawn." Their voices harmonized well and told with effect. Mr. Hallé played one of his solos in his usual manner, Mr. Oberthür gave his harp "Meditation," a pianoforte and violoncello duet, played by Mr. G. A. Osborne and Signor Piatti, obtained much applause; and Miss Fennell sang remarkably well Charles Salaman's "Oh! if then wert mine own love."

THE summer series of Mr. Leslie's concerts ended on Monday week with the performance of a miscellaneous sacred and secular programme in St. James's Hall. Mr. Sims Reeves excepted, all the artists were chosen from the Drury Lane opera *troupe*, and, as the selection of pieces was confined to special parts for favourites, we need hardly say that a very large audience assembled. The music being so well known, and so intimately associated with its interpreters, presents little occasion for critical remark, and our duty is confined almost wholly to that of reporting. Mr. Leslie's Choir, on the present, and, of course, on all important occasions, to hold its own against any combination of attractions. The concerted pieces included Leo's fine motett, "Tu es sacerdos," Smart's "Ave Maria," Henry Leslie's part-song, "The Pilgrim," Benedict's matchless "Ave Verum," Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," the solo in which was correctly but not expressively given by Madame Sinico, Macfarren's part-song, "You stole my love," Sullivan's "O, hush thee, my babie!" the sentimental prettiness of which always wins its way, and Fesca's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," Morley's "My Bonny Lass," and an arrangement of "Rule, Britannia," it will readily be believed that all were given in a style not far short of perfection, and that each won the loud applause of every amateur of choral music present. Among the solos those sung by Mdlle. Nilsson were of course, conspicuous. The favourite artist gave first, "Angels ever bright and fair;" following up that example of tender sentiment with the declamatory "Let the bright Seraphim," and "Spargi d'amore," and finally some of the quaint national melodies of her native land. Mdlle. Nilsson having presented these often, we are spared all criticism, and need only say that she delighted her audience beyond measure, and had to submit to "calls" and encores in the most indefatigable sort. Madame Sinico's solo already named, Madame Sinico gave a "Valse joyeuse" by Mattiotti, and joined Madame Trebelli and Signor Gardoni in "Ti prego." Madame Trebelli's solos were Stradella's "Se miei sospiri" and "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*), each being perfectly sung and much applauded. Mr. Sims Reeves contributed nothing but well known favourites such as "Deeper and deeper still," "In native worth," and "The Requital;" but to hear him sing these is a treat of the highest order, so faultlessly are they delivered. Signor Gardoni was heard in his often heard "Mandolinata," and Schubert's "Secret," Signor Foli's choice being confined to Rossini's "Sorgete" (*Maometto*) and a song from Schachner's *Israel's Return*, which he sang very well indeed. Mr. Leslie conducted and Mr Callcott efficiently acted as accompanist.

HANNOVER.—The King of Prussia will visit this city, on his way to and from the manœuvres to be shortly held in Holstein. A "Festival" performance is to be given in honour of the Royal visit, as the Stadttheater, and the work selected is a three-act comic opera, entitled *Die Zieten'schen Husaren*, by Herr W. Scholz. The present operatic company is anything but first-rate, so the manager has set out on a voyage of discovery, in the hopes of engaging some artists worthy of appearing before his Majesty of Prussia. The same opera will, also, be performed during the same monarch's approaching visit to Hanover. The composer is, no doubt, delighted at the idea of his work being chosen for performance on both occasions. Whether his Majesty will be equally pleased remains to be seen.

WAIFS.

Mr. E. Falconer has returned to England.

Herr Jules Stockhausen has left London for the Continent.

M. Ambroise Thomas and M. Heugel have returned to Paris.

Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr. Levy, the cornetist, are in San Francisco.

Signor Muzio has been engaged by M. Bagier as *chef d'orchestre* of the Italiens in Paris.

An overture by Signor Bottesini has been played at Baden, and is highly spoken of by the critics.

Sir Michael Costa was present both at the general rehearsal and the first performance of *Mignon* at Drury Lane.

A French paper states that Madame Schneider is going to play *Le Petit Faust*, during her London engagement (!).

The sum subscribed towards a monument in honour of the late Lefébure-Wély now amounts to 5,877 francs.

The subscription to complete the restoration of Worcester Cathedral has advanced so rapidly that, already, £12,600 of the required £15,000 has been raised.

Mr. Villalonga's company for Spanish Opera, which has arrived at Panama from Mexico and San Francisco, is to play at Panama and in the cities of the South Coast.

M. Oscar Comettant, the distinguished musical critic of the *Siècle*, who came to London expressly to assist at the first performance of *Mignon*, has returned to Paris.

Mdlle. Schroeder has been attacked by a pitiable form of illness that too frequently leaves unwelcome notes of its visit. "Detail bon à noter" remarks *Le Ménestrel*—the frightful malady will leave no trace upon the countenance of the bewitching artist.

Mdlle. Terese Liebe, the young violinist, made a highly favourable *début* at the Crystal Palace concert last Saturday. She played a movement from De Beriot's first concerto, and exhibited considerable executive power and a fine quality of tone.

Madame Parepa-Rosa and M. Rosa have arrived in London. They left New York on Wednesday, 22nd June, at 2 o'clock, in the *Scotia*, and arrived at Liverpool on Friday, July 1, at twelve o'clock, making the run in the extraordinary short period of 8 days and 19 hours.

M. Ambroise Thomas, the composer, and M. Heugel, the publisher, of *Mignon* visited London, to assist at the production of that opera at the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. Both must have been highly gratified. They were accompanied by M. Oscar Commettant, the able and intelligent musical critic of the *Siècle*.

A grand fête and reception under distinguished patronage was given to M. de Lesseps at the Crystal Palace on Thursday evening, the 7th inst. The entertainments terminated with a magnificent display of fireworks. A moiety of tha net proceeds of the day was set apart by the Crystal Palace Company for the relief of sufferers by the late disastrous fire at Pera.

"Encore" of the "recalls" with which composers are honoured in Italy may be estimated from a report of the first performance of an opera called *The Three Musketeers*. "At half-past eight o'clock," says the critic of *Il Trovatore*, there were twenty-nine persons present, including myself. Towards the end a party of friends entered and called the composer four or five times before the curtain.

At the burning of the operahouse at Indianopolis a large audience had assembled, listening to a lecture by Gough. When the fire was discovered, instead of rushing upon the stage and shouting "fire," with the certainty of creating panic and causing loss of lives, the manager went to those nearest the door, and whispered them to go out, and so down the aisles till the building was cleared.

Watson's Art Journal contains the following amusing criticism on a Miss Goldsticker:—

"Miss Goldsticker will have to commence her studies over again. We will pass over her *Freischütz*, for we should be glad to forget it, and simply touch upon her singing of Eckert's 'Echo song,' rendered remarkable by the frantic efforts of Anschütz to hold the young lady somewhere near the pitch. The voice and the piano echoed each other; but alas! the echoes never agreed. No matter how Carl Anschütz pounded the piano, the echo came sharper and sharper, until the ear was literally agonized with the horrors of false intonation. We can imagine the suffering of the *maestro*; but he endured it with wonderful stoicism, and when a discerning and refined audience insisted upon an encore (they would have applauded a saw-grinder) he actually repeated those wonderful echoes which never agreed, voluntarily enduring and generously inflicting the keenest of that cruel auricular torture over again."

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Mr. Howard Paul arrived in London on Saturday, after an extended tour in America. He was one of the projectors of the Beethoven Festival in New York, at which 65,000 persons were present—from the 13th to 16th of June. The gross receipts at these concerts reached 102,000 dollars. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul returned to England to fulfil engagements at Scarborough, Brighton, and other watering-places during the summer.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—We learn that Mr. German Reed, in compliance with numerous requests, will give a few representations of the favourite entertainment, *Ages Ago*, in an abridged form, commencing on Monday next, July 11. A new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, and *Mr. Momus* will follow. This will make an excellent night's amusement, not too long. *Ages Ago* will conclude with the well-known picture scene.

We take the subject from a notice of a concert in *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"Towards the close of the programme a very handsome compliment was paid to the press proper by one of the managers of those concerts, for the generous way in which its members behaved towards the enterprise ; while the conduct of some reporters, who happen now and again to stumble into a musical atmosphere which they taint alike with their ignorance and presence, was roughly handled."

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The Report of the Executive Committee, presented to the members at the 71st quarterly meeting, on the 5th inst., states that the receipts for the midsummer quarter were £36,693 14s. 3d., and the grand totals to the same period £1,546,666 8s. 2d. The £50 shares issued for the quarter were 618, making the total number of shares issued to midsummer, 1870, 34,274, a subscribed capital of £1,713,700 —the withdrawals amounting to £389,029 1s. 7d. The Reserve Fund amounted to £10,500, exclusive of office premises, furniture account, &c. The report added that the society's members had invested largely in the shares of the United Land Company Limited, estates purchased by which supplied the society with a large building advance business. As an illustration of the habits of saving by the members the report referred to the re-investment of their interest warrants, the amounts of which were added to their shares. The report was approved, and the usual vote of thanks passed to the Directors. The directors present were Viscount Ranelagh (chairman), Col. Brownlow Knox, Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, Hon. R. Burke, M.P., Col. Jervis, M.P., Mr. Goodson, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Newcomen, Mr. Strode, Mr. Winstanley, Mr. C. L. Grumeisen (secretary), &c.

It may be interesting to give an account of the new Communion table in Henry VII.'s Chapel. The original altar at the head of Henry VII.'s tomb was the work of Torrigiano, and was intended, no doubt, by Henry VIII. to magnify his father's memory, placing it as nearly as possible on a level with that of the Confessor in the Chapel of the Plantageneta. Underneath this altar was afterwards buried Edward VI., probably by order of his sister Mary, to soothe her feeling with regard to the difficulty of the Protestant Service with which he was interred. This altar was totally destroyed, doubtless on account of its elaborate imagery, in the civil war—the only regal monument thus swept away by the Puritans being, by a singular paradox, that which stood over the grave of our only Puritan King. It was not till the spring of last year that the researches in the Regal vaults disclosed in the grave of Edward VI., lying across his coffin, a fragment of the frieze of his ancient marble altar. It was then determined to erect in the place of the temporary Communion table in Henry VII.'s Chapel one more worthy of the place, which should preserve this fragment of the ancient altar. The history of the new table is given in the inscription which runs round it (in the style of that which runs round the tomb of Henry VII.):—

Pro antiquo altari inter civilia odia vi diruto
In honorem Dei at in piam memoriam Edwardi Sexti Regis infra sepulti
Hanc sacram mensam in ultieri seculo
Instaurandam curavit Arthurus P. Stanley, S. T. P., Decanus Westmonast.
MDCCLXX.

This new Communion table, is of carved cedar wood, covered with a black marble slab, on which is placed the frieze of the ancient altar, and in which also are incorporated fragments of three other ruined altars —one of the high altar of Canterbury, burnt in the fire of 1174, of which it still bears the traces ; the second of the altar of the Greek Church at Damascus, which was destroyed in the troubles of 1860, when the Christian population crowded round it ; the third, of an Abyssinian altar, taken in 1868 from the ruins of Magdala.

The *Liverpool Mail* gives a very interesting account "communicated by a layman" of some proceedings in which the Dean of Chester (Dr Howson) took part, in the ruins of an old Roman Catholic Abbey near Llangollen. On Tuesday last the members of the Chester Cathedral Volunteer Choir, which has contributed to much of the success of the Sunday evening services in the nave, made an excursion to the lovely Vale of Llangollen. The programme of the day included a lecture by Dean Howson on the River Dee, and a geological ramble under the guidance of Canon Kingsley. But the grand interest of the day culminated in the visit or pilgrimage to Val Crucis Abbey, one of the most exquisite relics of monastic times. A short Office had been compiled for the occasion, and at 5.30 the entire party, numbering between two and three hundred, assembled within the sacred walls of this stately ruin. After a short interval for the inspection of its architectural beauties and graceful dilapidations, the choir was duly arranged on the *decani* and *cantoris* sides of the rood-lea chancel, the Very Rev. the Dean and the Rev. Precentor Dickle respectively, the latter being surpliced. Against the east wall a cross of evergreens and flowers indicated the position formerly occupied by the high altar. As the congregation instinctively fell upon their knees on the green sod, amid the graves of the good Cistercians, and surrounded by the memorials of their magnificent sanctuary, the scene was indescribably touching.

M. Fechter has closed an engagement at the French Theatre that would have been peculiarly successful, as it was artistically, if he had not been (says the *New York Figaro*) under engagement to one of the most unpopular men in New York—Eelman, the ticket-speculator, who has damped the enthusiasm and destroyed the delight of our theatre-goers by procuring exorbitant prices for seats at various places of amusement, especially at Maretzek's. "Shent per shent " "old c'o," opera shows at the catacombs. Such a man even if he does acquire a fortune cannot acquire the esteem of the public. Hence M. Fechter's season has been a financial fa ilure.

VIENNA.—*Rienzi* is to be produced next season at the Imperial Opera-house.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—The "Organist's Quarterly Journal" for July, edited by William Spark, Mus. Doc.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Links of a Broken Chain," song, by F. E. Neufeld ; "Those Happy Dreams," ballad, by Arthur Fox. "The Rejected Flower," song, by Dewdrop ; "The Reason Why," song, by L. M. Watts.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.—Two songs composed for and sung by Miss Annie Penman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Poetry by Elma F. Morris ; music by Charles Henry Shepherd.

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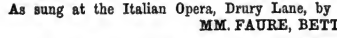

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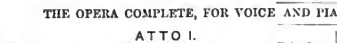

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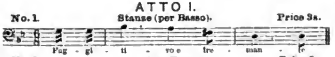
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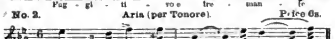

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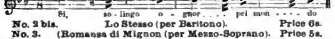

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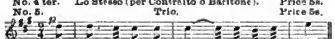
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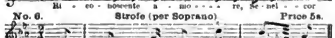

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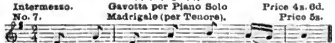

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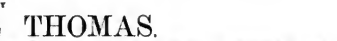
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NOTE.—Concert, 3.30; Athletic Sports on Cricket Ground from 3.30 till 7.0; Rockhills Garden open from 4.30 till 8; Coldstream Guards' Band for promenade on terrace, 7 till 8.30; Fireworks at 9; Palace lighted up after Fireworks until 10.30.

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THE SEASON WILL TERMINATE ON SATURDAY, JULY 30.

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THIS EVENING, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Foli; Alfredo, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archisti; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vitali; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

MONDAY, July 18, Rossini's Opera, "OTELLO." Otello, Signor Mongini; Rodorigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure; Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emelia, Mdlle. Carli; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY, July 19, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Mongini; Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando, Signor Rinaldini; Ruiz, Signor Archisti; Un Zingaro, Signor Trevers; Inez, Madame Corsi, Azucena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Leonora, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

WEDNESDAY, July 20, a Morning Performance, when will be given Gounod's Opera, "FAUST." Faust, Signor Peretti (his first appearance); Mephistopheles, M. Faure; Valentine, Mr. Santley; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Marguerite, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

THURSDAY, July 21, Meyerbeer's Opera, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Mongini; Raimbaldo, Signor Rinaldini; Bertramo, Signor Foli; Alberti, Signor Ragney; Cavalieri, Signor Archisti; Signor Castelli, Signor Zoboli, Signor Trevers; Elena, Mdlle. Fay; Isabella, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska; and Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

ON SATURDAY, July 23, will be produced (first time in England) Wagner's Opera, "I LANDESE DANNATO" ("Der Fliegende Holländer"). L'Olandese, Mr. Santley; Erik, Signor Peretti; Daland, Signor Foli; Il Timoniere, Signor Rinaldini; Maria, Madame Corsi; and Senta, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.

Acting Manager . . . . . MR. JARRETT.

Doors open at Eight o'clock, the opera will commence at half-past. The box-office of the Theatre is open daily from Ten to Five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

SATURDAY NEXT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.—Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The PUBLIC CONCERT of the Institution will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, on SATURDAY the 23rd inst. commencing at Two o'clock.

There will be a complete Orchestra and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students of the Academy.

Conductor—MR. JOHN HULLAH.

Single tickets, 5s.; family tickets, to admit four persons, 16s.; to be had of the Musicsellers; at the Hanover Square Rooms; and at the Academy, 4 Tenterden Street Hanover Square. By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

THE ANEMOIC UNION (under the direction of Mr. LAZARUS) consists of the following eminent instrumentalists from the Opera Orchestras, Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies, &c.:—Flute, Mr. Henry Nicholson; Oboe, M. Barret; Clarionet, Mr. Lazarus; Horn, Mr. T. E. Mann; Bassoon, Mr. J. Hutchins; and Pianoforte, Mr. W. Shakspeare, R.A.M. Vocalist, Madame Thaddeus Wells. Mr. Lazarus begs to inform Secretaries of Musical Societies, Literary and Scientific Institutions, Directors of Orchestral Concerts, Concert Agents, &c., that the Fourth Annual Tour of the Anemoic Union will commence in September, 1870. Complete Programmes can be given, or Mr. Lazarus will be happy to offer the services of the Anemoic Union to assist in full Orchestral Performances, or in Chamber Concertal Music. Terms for one or more Concerts may be known on application to MR. HENRY NICHOLSON, 19, Halford Street, Leicester.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

HERR FERDINAND LUDWIG'S MORNING CONCERT, FRIDAY, July 15th, 1870, will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, to commence at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdme. Rudersdorff, Mdme. Alice Fairman (Contralto), and Mdlle. Liebhart; Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Vernon Rigby; Herr Daubert, Herr Ludwig, and Mr. Frederick Chatterton. Messrs. Broadwood's Grand Pianoforte will be used. Ticket—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 5s. 6d. To be had at Herr F. Ludwig's Residence, 1, Albert Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL, AUGUST 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th, 1870. Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Sinico; Madame Patey and Miss Thirlwall Severn; Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Montem Smith; Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Santley. Conductor—Mr. TOWNSHEND HAYES.

MISS ROSE HERSEE.

MISS ROSE HERSEE begs to announce her RETURN to England, but that she will be unable to accept any Concert Engagements during her stay. She will return to America at the beginning of September, to fulfil an eight months' engagement as *Prima Donna Assoluta* of the English Opera Company, and cannot now take any European engagement earlier than June, 1871. 39, Fitzroy Square, W.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE CHARM," at his principal Engagements. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., 28, Old Road Street.

TO TUNERS.

WANTED, a First Class HARMONIUM TUNER and REGULATOR, one who has a knowledge of Pianoforte Tuning preferred. Apply to Cramer, Wood, & Co., Dublin.

MISS ANNA JONES (Associate of the London Academy of Music) is open to Engagements for Concerts. Address, 4, Mortimer Street, Regent Street.

MISS FANNY CHATFIELD (Mezzo-Soprano), from the Conservatoire, Cologne, is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, Fairlawn House, Forest Hill, S.E.

HARMONIUM FOR SALE.

HARMONIUM to be SOLD, a Bargain, splendid instrument by Alexandre, two rows of keys, 22 Stops, Rosewood Case, cost £95. Suitable for a large school, Chapel, or Professional Gentleman.—92, Chalk Farm Road, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

MUSIC PRACTICE FOR SALE.

A SUCCESSOR is wanted by a Gentleman. Income between £400 and £500 per annum, in one of the principal towns in Scotland. A good musician would be certain to succeed. For further particulars address "Music," care of J. Purdie, 83, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

PUPILS WANTED.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 16, son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining Pupils for instruction in the earlier branches of Pianoforte playing. Terms, Fifteen to Twenty Shillings per Quarter. Apply to Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

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"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA

(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA

(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

*** Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

MISS ANNA JONES will sing SCHIRA'S "DO NOT WAKE ME FROM MY DREAM," at Rhyl, August 9th.

MR. WALTER REEVES will sing "WAKE, LINDA, WAKE," WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S popular serenade, at the Store Street Concert Hall, THIS DAY (Mr. Lansdowne Cottell's Concert).

MISS FRITH (R. A. M.) will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY'S waltz aria, "THE NAIADES," and the romance, "A SUMMER EVE," during her engagement at Harrogate, commencing next Monday, under the direction of Mr. Julian Adams.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC. (Average number of Students 100.) Concerts Fortnightly, Town and Country.—Inclusive Fees.—Candidates for the Free Scholarships must attend the Academy Saturdays, from Twelve to Seven, and in return for Lessons, will have to perform in Public when required. Further particulars, and opinions of the Press, may be had of C. WEBER, Sec., Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ADDRESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (sent free by post for 19 stamps each).

Just Published,

THREE SHORT PIECES for the ORGAN. Set 3.
By EDWARD J. HOPKINS. Reduced price, 1s. 6d.
THREE CHANTS TE DEUMS, in A, A, and G, with explanatory preface. Price 3d. each.
BENEDICTUS in A, in simple chant form, for voices in unison, with a varied instrumental accompaniment. Price 1½d.
METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street.

"FAR AWAY." Song. 4s. By Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. J. W. Bliss). "There is great beauty in this melody."—*Vide Standard.* "The melody is so sweet and plaintive."—*Vide Brighton Gazette.* The same for Pianoforte, by Carl Leist, 3s. Free by post half-price. London: Published only by ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street. May be had everywhere.

NEW SONG BY

MADAME LA BARONNE W. DE ROTHSCHILD.

"DANZIAM,"

(Danzons—Valse Chantée.)

Composée pour MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON,

PAR

Madame la Baronne W. de ROTHSCHILD.

Price 4s.

(Edition de Heugel & Cie., Paris.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"THEY NAMED HER NAME BEFORE ME,"

BALLAD.

Composed by **FREDERIC PENNA.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

In the Press, to appear immediately, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, of "REVIVALS," consisting of:—

No. 3. SONATA, in C Major.
„ 4. SONATA, in E Minor.
„ 5. SONATA, in E Flat Major.

BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

(Never before Published.)

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Just Published,

"OLGA,"

PENSÉE POUR PIANO.

PAR

LOUIS DIEHL.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"HOPE ON,"

BALLAD.

The Words and Music by Mr. and Mrs. ST. LEGER.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"LITTLE WILLIE."

"LITTLE WILLIE." By JULES BENEDICT. Sung with distinguished success by

MISS EDITH WYNNE,

at Mr. Benedict's Concert, published, price 3s., by

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

HERR REICHARDT'S NEW SONG,

DEDICATED TO MDLLE. NILSSON.

"I LOVE AND I AM LOV'D"

("J'aime, je suis aimé").

PUBLISHED IN A, C, AND D.

Sung with distinguished success in Paris and London. Also transcribed for the Piano

E. L. H I M E.

Each sent for 24 stamps.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford Street,

"The charming singing of the composer himself—Herr Reichardt—and of M. Jules Lefort, has already won for this romantic song a considerable reputation. The style is such as we look for from the author of 'Thou art so near, and yet so far,' and is equally happy with that widely known and favourite ditty. No great compass is required—only from D below to E fourth space—and Herr Reichardt's newest song is conceived in so truly vocal a spirit, and is so effective in performance, that we have no hesitation in commending it to our readers—soprano or tenor. A word for Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, whose translation, free though it be, from the original French of M. Arnould, is a thing to be remembered. Nothing in its way more elegant, more refined, more truly poetical, has been seen for many a day, and the manner in which the spirit, if not the letter of the French is preserved is equally admirable."—*The Queen.*

Just Published,

"THE REASON WHY,"

SONG.

The Words by Mrs. C. A. DOUBBLE.

The Music by L. M. WATTS.

(Composer of "Home of my Heart," song, price 3s.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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A LETTER OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

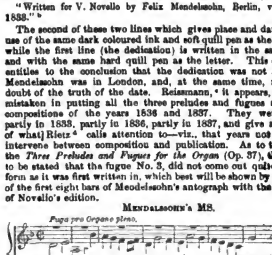
By Frederick Thomae, Ph. D.

(Continued from page 457.)

This chronological excursion will kindly be excused, so much the more as no reference to the composition spoken of is made in the published letters of Mendelssohn. Rietz. has specified [a] the *Three Preludes for the Organ* (Op. 37), and the *Fugue for the Organ* (Op. 37, No. 1), both of them composed at Spire (Speyer), the Palatinate, Bavaria, amongst Mendelssohn's compositions of the year 1837, and the *Fugue for the Organ in G major* (Op. 37, No. 2), written at Leipsic, amongst those of 1836. But one will in vain look for the Fugue No. 3. There is no doubt that Rietz was not aware what had become of the autograph notes, although he does not expressly mention it, in the preface, amongst the published compositions omitted in his Catalogue; what was done in the autograph MSS. by which Mendelssohn was in the habit of recording both date and place of composition is wanting. I am glad, therefore, to be able, on this occasion, to give a supplement to his Catalogue, which by the thorough accuracy, reliability, and neatness in which it was elaborated, would do honour to any librarian—namely, just after the notes, Mendelssohn has recorded (fol. 24*a*):—

"Written for V. Novello by Felix Mendelssohn, Berlin, v. 29 Mrtz, 1838." [b]

The second of these two lines which gives place and date, shows the use of the same dark coloured ink and soft quill pen as the composition, while the first line (the dedication) is written in the same pale ink and with the same hard quill pen as the letter. This circumstance entitles to the conclusion that the dedication was not added before Mendelssohn was in London, and, at the same time, removes any doubt of the truth of the date. Reissmann, [c] it appears, is straightly mistaken in putting all the three preludes and fugues amongst the compositions of the years 1836 and 1837. They were composed partly in 1833, partly in 1836, partly in 1837, and give another proof of what Rietz [d] calls attention to—viz., that years not unfrequently intervene between composition and publication. As to the history of the *Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ* (Op. 37), there remains to be stated that the fugue No. 3, did not come out quite in the same form as it was first written in, which best will be shown by a comparison of the first eight bars of Mendelssohn's autograph with the first six bars of Novello's edition.



In the second form we have, evidently, to deal with nothing but a rewriting of the first, based, very likely, on a copy taken for the purpose of remodelling.

Like as the wind strips off the leaves of the trees, Time is taking away generations of man; and if we look round, where are at present the millions who, in 1833, struggled for life, or whom curiosity brought together in the Metropolis? Most of them who, just passing the meridian of their years, stood in the full vigour of their life and on the top of their glory, have departed in peace a long time to rest from their labours and laurels, and for those who flourished in the very spring of youth, winter has come to cover their temples with the snow of age. This, our essay, will have given an example how it is, already at present, not quite without difficulty, in all its references, to understand a plain letter written thirty or forty years ago; and we must be glad if the trouble spent in following the traces leads to any result at all. Thankfully, therefore, we have to renew the memory of Vincent Novello, who took care for the preservation of a remarkable document of past times. It is but gratifying to record his right understanding how little safe treasures of that kind are in private possession, and his liberal readiness, not daily, I dare say, to be met with, in committing a valuable collection of autograph manuscripts to a public library, where they are preserved, as far as it stands in human power, both from being lost or destroyed by accident, and most readily accessible to all who have an interest in them. To be worried about are the inhabitants of this country, who, in the British Museum, are possessed of a place which does not let them doubt for a moment where to deposit the fragile products of the past, which they want safely to be brought to the future; and as the Englishman is right in being proud of the British Museum, unanimously considered the most splendid collection of monuments both of art and literature of most different people and ages, united in the most splendid buildings ever, perhaps, erected for that purpose, so it will still be an object of admiration for the foreigner. Still, ever as large as the collections may be, any addition, even the smallest will be a welcome one, and assure a place in the records of the great national institution to the name of the giver; moreover, if it happens to be a somewhat larger gift, worth forming a separate volume, then, O gentle reader of this same gift, in golden letters, be printed on the red Russian leather back, and the friendly beams of the sun falling upon them, will shine far through the silent halls. If all disciples and amateurs of learning are called to gather up the fragments that remain, by thy goodness the knowledge of a certain part of the life of a great and noble man cannot die; it can only fall into a sleep, and though it may be a hundred years' sleep (like that of Briar Rose, the fair King's daughter), be sure, once upon a day, a lucky prince will be chosen to penetrate the thorny hedge of historical research to wake his bride out of her long slumber; may he even appear in the simple habit of an English schoolmaster, who in charge of opening to the dear boys the secrets of the Latin Grammar, and showing them the way through the labyrinths of the Greek, retires for the leisure of his holidays to the sublime solitude and noble comfort of the Reading-Room of the British Museum. The lucky prince having appeared, the thorns will turn into fine unfading flowers, and he will, under express thankful mention of thy liberality, gather them into an odorous nosegay, smelling out of an article in the *Musical World*.

[a] P. 510.

[b] i.e.—*Berlin, the 29th March*, 1833.

[c] *August Reissmann, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.* [Berlin, 1867], p. 220.

[d] Preface, p. 501.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Students' Concert on Thursday evening, June 30th, was attended by so large an audience that it was impossible to obtain admittance into the concert-room "proper;" so we must satisfy the curiosity of our readers in an unsatisfactory manner, by merely transcribing the programme:—

Pianoforte Duet (in E flat), No. 3, Op. 14 (Clementi); Miss Smith and Miss Hemmings. This duet was performed by J. B. Cramer and Moscheles, at the complimentary dinner given to the author by the musical profession, at the Albion Tavern, 17th of December, 1827. Glee, "Though he be now a grey, grey Friar" (Bishop); Miss Goode, Miss Palmer, Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Thwaites, and Mr. Parry. Allegro con Fuoco (from Sonata in D minor) for the Pianoforte (Weber); Miss Mayo. Liederkreis (a circle of songs) (Beethoven); Mr. Shakespeare. Prelude and Fugue (in C sharp minor), and Prelude and Fugue (in C sharp major), for the Pianoforte (J. S. Bach); Miss Burleigh. Aria, "Batti, batti," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); Miss Penn—Violoncello *obbligato*, Mr. Aylward. Trio (in E), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Mozart); Miss Waite, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Aylward. Song, "The Garland" (Mendelssohn); Mr. Howells. Rondo (in D), Pianoforte (Mozart); Miss Turner. Clavier-Musik a due Macuali, Aria, con variazioni, for the Harpsichord (J. S. Bach); Mr. Docker. This Harpsichord, lent and prepared for the occasion by Messrs. Kirkman & Son, was made by Joseph Kirckman in 1798. It has been entirely renovated, produces 22 different effects or changes, and is one of the last Harpsichords made after the introduction of the Pianoforte. Song, "Alone" (Lady Thompson); Miss Ferrari, accompanied by the composer. Sonata in C minor (MS.), (first two movements), for Pianoforte and Violin (Cook, student); Mr. Cook and Mr. Morley. Trio, "Le Faccie un Inchino," *Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa); Miss Goode, Miss Rebecca Jewell, and Miss Marion Severn. Ronde pierrotle, Pianoforte (W. S. Bennett); Miss Moultrie. Madrigal, "O that the learned poets" (Orlando Gibbons, 1602).

The accompanists of the vocal music at the pianoforte were Mr. Kemp, Mr. Wingham, and Lady Thompson, the accomplished composer of the song, "Alone," who honoured Miss Ferrari with her valuable co-operation.

The annual public concert of the students is announced to take place at the end of the present month at the Hanover Square Rooms, when several old members of the Academy will lend their aid.

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THE LATE MR. MARK LEMON.

From the birthday of *Punch* Mr. Mark Lemon was the chief of the staff of writers and artists who have been shooting folly on the wing and wounding with "the wasp's edge of the epigram" every public abuse —or social error—during nearly thirty years. If the lip of a wit be warfare upon earth, how must he have been tried, who, during so many years, has been called upon to hold the balance even among groups of rival wits? If there were nothing to add to Mr. Mark Lemon's account with the periodical literature of his time beyond his deserts as the hearty, amiable, and honest director of a turbulent set of intellects, he would have a strong claim on the grateful remembrance of his generation. To his nice discrimination and his instinctive abhorrence of extremes in opinion and expression, the famous journal of which he was editor from the beginning owes the services of men much more brilliant than he ever pretended to be; men so very much of the popularity which has marked the thirty years of its existence.

The qualities that enabled Mr. Mark Lemon to maintain his place at the head of the *Punch* table, in the presence of Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold, are to be found by a conscientious review of the varieties of literary work which he did apart from *Punch*. It is said that Mr. Lemon wrote sixty pieces. Undoubtedly he was a prolific writer for the stage, and the best of his sympathies were given to the boards. He was an excellent actor, as well as an artful and effective dramatist. He had sympathies so quick and warm that a sad event, a misfortune, or the sight of pain or emotion brought the tears welling to his eyes as quickly as they spring to the lashes of a girl in her teens. Hence, his dramas are strongest where they depend on emotion. The play of his humour was mild, but it was ever gracious and funny. In short, there is in all his dramatic doings the atmosphere of a happy nature. The man was as genial as the dramatist; so that when he turned from the stage, and wrote for children, or for the holyday-makers in the *Illustrated London News*, he was sure to please. There was a smile upon his page. He seldom made you laugh; but he put you on good terms with the world and the writer and yourself.

The natural inclination of Mr. Mark Lemon was not towards comic literature. He had fun in him; his was a generous and a laughing lip; but there was a fine warm fibre underlying all, and holding the man together. It was by this element in him that he succeeded in holding satirists and humorists and caricaturists together. Appointed navigator in troubled waters, he poured out the oil of his gentle nature without stint. His approach brought many weather; his voice was balm to the angry; he loved the quiet, orderly, becoming way.

The incidents of Mr. Lemon's life were few. He was born in 1809, we are told, in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, and in the middle rank of life. His bent was early cast among theatrical people, and his impulses were towards the stage. That the boyish fancy never wholly ceased to operate in him is proved by the zest with which he joined Mr. Charles Dickens's amateur *troupe* in later life; and by his recent impersonation of *Kolstaff*. Humour with an indulging tenderness was his instinctive quality; and he was a practised, painstaking and discreet performer. He was only thirty-two years of age when he assumed the direction of the most successful satirical and humorous organ of his day. From that time till his death he rejoiced in the even tenour of his life; in the affection of those whom he controlled; and he was never soured because his lieutenants were greater heroes than their captain. Mr. Lemon had been in feeble health for some time past, but there appeared no cause to fear an immediate end to his life. His mind was busy within a few days of his death, and he died peacefully in the midst of his family, of whom he was deservedly the idol.

The writer of sixty dramatic pieces, of a hundred songs, of scores of pleasant essays and stories, may be forgotten not many years hence; but by the help of all these *disjecta membra* some literary historian may, in future, raise up a figure of a true, bright, and happy worker, under whose benignant eyes something new and valuable in journalism was produced, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

MUSIC IN RACE.

Mr. Henry F. Chorley read a paper some time since, with this quaint title, before the Anthropological Society of London. We are indebted to our able contemporary the *Choir*, for the subjoined condensed report of what Mr. Chorley had to say on the subject:—

"He began his remarks by apologizing for having made the attempt to deal with so vast a subject as national music in the limits of a single paper. In a course of lectures at the Royal Institution he had some years ago dealt with the subject at greater length. These lectures he had prepared for publication, but had purposely held them back because of the unsettled condition of some parts of the subject. All he could offer at the present time would be fragments, not completed-work. The difficulty of knowing how much of national music so-called is genuine, was great. His experience convinced him that genuine national music exists in smaller quantities than has been believed. Then how often were airs incorrectly written? Notation, it must be remembered, was a modern art, and could not be accepted without caution. If poets commit errors in writing the ordinary words of their poems, how much more common are mistakes in the multiplicity of signs in musical notation. Of the travellers to whom we are often indebted for the notation of national airs, nearly all are amateurs, and many are ladies. Then as to the ancient pictures of musical instruments, it was a mistake to accept them as correct. Literal truth in art was a thing only recently gained, and this had no doubt been obtained at the expense of imagination. He would not therefore of necessity believe in the pictures of preposterous harps, played by preposterous men, on the walls of Egyptian palaces. While speaking with gratitude to all those who had investigated this subject of national music, he would say that he thought the instruments of the ancients had been too much overlooked. The modification which accent and rate of movement produce in music is very great. Who would suppose that the stirring 'Scots wha hae' and the plaintive 'Land of the leal,' were the same air? The pastoral air from *Messiah*, 'He shall feed his flock,' was then played, and repeated in double quick time with the accent strongly marked, producing an excellent and pretty dance tune. As to the music of worship, said Mr Chorley, we must distinguish between what is mystical and what is congregational, between what is witnessed and what is partaken of. For himself he had never been moved so deeply by gorgeous ritual music such as he had seen at Cologne or Vienna, as he had been by the simple, unisonous singing of a vast congregation, which came upon the ear like the voice of many waters. Here he would notice that in German oratorios, whenever a psalm tune or chorale occurred in the music, it was the custom of the congregation to lift up their voices and swell the sound of choir and orchestra. But in England these oratorios were turned into mere concert music. After a short reference to the music of the synagogue as the most ancient service music in existence, Mr. Chorley passed on to say that the social conditions and the varying characters of different nations affected their music. For example, France and Italy have in their national music nothing to correspond with the German students' songs, while the madrigal comes from the south. He knew of no more vivid expression of nationality in music than was to be found in the German songs of the table. He had in his time done a good deal in adapting English words to German music, but the result had always been unsatisfactory. This could not be helped. To each, his own. The strong, stirring, muscular songs of the Germans have no equivalent. In the early history of nations, as must be evident to all, music did not keep pace with art and manufacture. Witness the curious productions of Eastern mosaic, when compared with the cacophony, the mere drum music, in which the people delighted. Some of the most beautiful of national airs come from the north—from Russia, Denmark, Norway, &c. The airs of Servia were equally noted for beauty. The music of chimes and bells must by no means be over-looked in the study of national music. Their purpose was no doubt originally to warn, and to collect men in cases of danger. Here he could not but be reminded of Miss Ingelow's poem, 'The high tide in Lincolnshire,' where the summons from the belfry tower was described with so much force and picturesqueness. The music of bells was so free and so changing, that he believed it had suggested many effects in melody. A Norwegian air, evidently intended in such a way, was put in as an example. In the low countries it was the custom of organists to play on the bells, and he had himself tried the art in Holland years ago, but found it to require much more physical strength than he possessed. He had said nothing of the music of our own Islands. He was reminded of the odd story of the man who wrote a book on Iceland, one chapter of which ran as follows:—'Chap. VI. On Snakes in Iceland.—There are no snakes in Iceland.' With British national music the predicament was of a precisely opposite kind. There was so much to be said that he could say now deal with it to any advantage. He might hope, however, at some future time to resume the subject on which he had so imperfectly spoken that night. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Chorley for his paper."

SCHULTZ *ALIAS* PRÆTORIUS.*

Hieronymus Prætorius, whose original name was Schultz, changed it, after the fashion of his time, into the Latin name of Prætorius.† Born at Hamburg in 1560, where his father, Jacob Schultz, was organist at the Church of St. Jacob's, he improved rapidly under his instruction as a performer on the piano and organ, and also in the theory of music. Afterwards he completed his studies at Cologne on the Rhine. At the early age of 20 the office of Cantor was offered to him at Erfurt. In 1580 his father died, and he was then nominated as his successor at St. Jacob's, which appointment he held until his death—the 27th of January, 1629. At a very early period of his life he was

* Sketches of Composers and Musical Writers of the Earlier Centuries.—No. III.

† In the 16th century most artists of repute adopted the travailing fashion of Latinizing their names, instead of using their German, French, or English ones. In the 18th and 19th centuries the same mode was in vogue, especially among singers, to turn their names into Italian ones, thinking to receive more favour from the public by the exchange. To give an example of our time, I may mention the celebrated Sisters *Crivelli*, whose original name was *Crowell*. They were born at Bielefeld, a small town in Westphalia, where their father, who was a tobacco manufacturer, loved music passionately and was himself a tolerable amateur tenor singer. I believe he never dreamt that his daughters would shew the weakness to alter their name into Italian.

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already recognized through the whole of Germany as a great performer on the organ; but his fame as a composer spread beyond his native country. From 1699 to 1625 he published motets, Magnificats, and many other works of church music, some of them for twenty parts in counterpoint, which style was at one time admired as the pinnacle of musical art. Schultz's compositions were in such high repute that some of them were performed in the Pope's Chapel at Rome, which city he himself visited. After the performance of one of his compositions a Cardinal exclaimed emphatically, "What a pity that a man of his genius should be a heretic." For the choir of St. Jacob's he wrote a manuscript upon parchment five yards long by one yard wide, being a choral service in the old notation of the monks. In this manuscript he compiled all that was requisite to make it a complete missal, which was the general want at that time. Later it was published by Francis Eliers, and received the name of the *Musical Bible*. This celebrated work stood in such high estimation that it came into use in every church through the whole of Italy. Gerber, in his Encyclopædia, mentions some of the church music of Schultz, especially some motets dedicated to the Landgrave Maurice of Hesse and the Duchess of Saxony.

DR. FERDINAND RAMLER.

July, 1870.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas given since we last referred to the doings at this theatre have been *La Sonnambula*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (followed by Acts II and III of *Semiramide*), *Don Giovanni*, and Signor Mario, *vice* Herr Wachtel, as Don Ottavio—a change of which few would be likely to complain, *Fra Diavolo*, *Dinorah*, *Hamlet*, *Le Domino Noir*, and *I Puritani*—all but three of them repetitions. Amateurs of the old school, who remember that until Mr. Lumley introduced his famous "long Thursdays," which combined singing with dancing in almost equal proportions, the nights for Italian opera were two (Tuesdays and Saturdays), may reasonably look with amazement at the present state of things. During one week (the week before last), there were no less than ten performances of Italian opera—six at Covent Garden and four at Drury Lane. If these ten performances were all more or less productive, the conclusion must inevitably be adopted that, from a luxury, Italian opera has become a necessity. However our ministers might tend that way, we are, nevertheless, unable to think so. Necessities are not to be paid for at opera prices, any more than bread and beer are to be paid for as venison and champagne.

The first representation of *Un Ballo in Maschera*—among Verdi's best, though, from some unaccountable cause, if popularity be synonymous with attractiveness, by which we intend the power of drawing large audiences, by no means his most popular work—is always an agreeable event for the admirers of his music. The distribution of the characters on the present occasion was as strong as the company at the disposal of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson would allow, and the general performance, if not strikingly effective as regards the choral and orchestral accessories, was on the whole up to the average mark. The character of the unhappy Amalia might have been confided to a younger, but hardly to an abler representative than Mdlle. Tietjens, the Amalia in 1860, when *Un Ballo in Maschera* was first given in this country, during Mr. Mapleson's brief series of performances at the Lyceum Theatre (the part of the amorous Duke Riccardo being then sustained by the late Signor Giuglini—whose place, by the way, has yet to be filled up). Mdlle. Tietjens was admirable throughout, but most especially admirable in the great finale of the opera, where, after a scene with Riccardo, the surprise of the lovers by the conspirators, and the shame and indignation of Renato at discovering how he has unwittingly been made the instrument of shielding an intrigue against his own honour (Act 2). Nothing could be more impressive than her soliloquy when Amalia is about to pluck the magic herb which the sorceress has told her is an antidote to her criminal affection for Riccardo. The duet with Riccardo, too, was all that could be wished. Signor Mario was Riccardo, and we believe that if this accomplished gentleman were to continue singing far another decade he would still remain the ideal representative of the gallant Duke of Naples.* No other singer on the boards can make love as he does, and not one can give so completely as he does the impassioned expression demanded by impassioned musical phrases. The duet in question was a striking example in point, and, above all, the address to Amalia—"Non sai tu che so l'anima mia?" If in other parts of the opera Signor Mario's voice occasionally failed him, we could have pardoned that, and much more, for the duet, and for the quintet of Act 2, "E scherzo od è follia"—where Riccardo treats as a pleasant joke the foreboding of the sorceress. As of old, the quintet, worthy pendant to the quartet of *Rigoletto*, was unanimously asked for again—a compliment as much due to the incomparable setting of Signor Mario as to the beauty of the music. Mdlle. Vanalni is a fair representative of Oscar, the page, to whose music her high soprano voice is well fitted; Mdlle. Scalchi, as Ulrica, the sorceress, is just what she is in every other part—Mdlle. Scalchi; Signor Graziani's Renato is dramatically as mysterious as ever, his most finished vocal achievement being, as usual, the soliloquy, "E sei tu," with its melodiously lachrymose episode, "O dolcezze perdute!" in which the flute plays so agreeable a part; and Signors Tagliafico and Capponi (Armando and Angri) are once again model conspirators. We have heard the *finale* to Act 3, where these worthies and their confederates mock at the woes of Renato *—one of Verdi's most ingenious and well-planned concerted pieces—more effectively executed; but the last act—the scene of the masked ball and the assassination of the Duke (in which, as it is to the last act of Auber's *Gustave*) was as full of animation as on former occasions.

The revival of Auber's sparkling *Domino Noir* calls for a few remarks. Two years ago, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington as the heroine, it made but little impression; and now, with Madame Pauline Lucca as the heroine, it scarcely makes more. Considering the remarkable beauty of the music which, to say nothing of its other qualities, is one unceasing stream of tune—tune as piquant and characteristic as it is purely original—this may surprise many, but not those who, knowing what careful preparation a work so full of delicate points requires, know also that without such careful preparation an adequate performance is out of the question. That such preparation has been allowed to the *Domino Noir* it would be untrue to assert; and we are bound to add that a less satisfactory execution of an opera which, in its school, stands unequalled and alone has rarely been listened to. The last act, with the inimitable "chattering chorus" of nuns, was little better than a burlesque. All the efforts of Signor Vialetti were unequal to the task he had in hand. That Madame Lucca acts the part of Angèle almost to perfection few will be surprised to hear. Here and there, a trifle overbold for the timorous though adventurous young lady who, accompanied by a congenial associate, leaves the convent of which she is about to be made abbess, on the very night before her installation, for the sake of attending a masked ball which a gentleman for whom she has conceived an attachment is expected to attend, the impersonation, as a whole, is nevertheless, admirable—original, diverting, and full of life. On the other hand, the music suites neither the voice of Madame Lucca nor her peculiar style of singing. The other characters are represented by Signor Naudin (Horace), Cotogni (Giulino), Tagliafico (Count Egliori), and Olanyi (Gil Perez); Mdlles. Madigan (Brigida), Bauermeister (Gineinta), and Anese (Ursola)

As Elvira in the *Puritani*—that often vainly revived opera of Bellini—Madame Adelina Patti has won a new triumph. That she could sing the music to perfection no one ever doubted, any more than that she would give dramatic significance to a part however in itself devoid of significance (which may be said more or less of all the *dramatis personæ* in the *Puritani*). Madame Patti does both, and if any artist now living could impart new life to Bellini's last opera it would be this young and gifted lady. The other parts are sustained by Mdlle. Locatelli (Henrietta), Signor Vizzani, the new tenor (Arturo), Signors Bagagliolo, Graziani, Rossi, and Fallar (Riccardo, Giorgio, "Sir Bruno," and Walton. About these Signor Vizzani excepted, there is nothing new to say; but to the Elvira of Madame Patti we hope to return. Enough just now that her reception was throughout enthusiastic.

The operas which have been given this week are the *Puritani*, second time (Monday); *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tuesday); and *Don Giovanni* with Madame Lucca, for the first time in England, as Zerlina (Thursday). To the Zerlina of Mdlle. Lucca we may return. The opera announced for this evening is *Il Barbiere*.

The second concert in Floral Hall was quite as crowded and quite as success-ful a- the first. All the leading artists of the company took part in the programme, and the applause was frequent and hearty. Nevertheless there was nothing whatever to call for critical remark, but a single new piece being introduced.

* The Gustavus III. of Auber.

* The Ankastrom of Auber's opera.

Puzzle.

No. 2.

It is a puzzle to me why Madame Vanzini should have been prominently brought before the public when young and inexperienced, and shelved now that her experience has matured her powers, and improved her style. Is it that Tietjens, or Patti, or Lucca, or Sessi object to young artists becoming favourites?—or are managers ever influenced by matters which have nothing to do with professional merit?

2 Provincial Dilettante.

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MIGNON AT DRURY LANE.

That the opera of *Mignon* will prove as successful here as it has been for some years in France, its birthplace, in Germany and elsewhere, is more than probable. The story of Mignon is quite as interesting as that of Gretchen, and quite as good for the purpose of music, while the figure of Mignon is as familiar to every one as that of Gretchen, Juliet, or Ophelia. MM. Barbier and Carré cannot fairly be arraigned for taking what was suited to their hands from so celebrated a romance as *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. It has been a custom with operatic composers, time out of mind, even before Gluck, Piccini, and Sacchini went to the Greek dramatists, and long before Zingarelli took *Romeo*, and Rossini took *Otello*, to seek for materials in well-known masterpieces, dramatic or otherwise; and the two long-associated French librettists have thus only done what custom has sanctioned, still sanctions, and is likely to sanction. Moreover, they must be accredited in several instances for exhibiting more than ordinary cleverness. They have not entitled their work *Guillaume Meister*, and are, therefore not fairly open to a special criticism brought against them—namely, that, in order to make their heroine the conspicuous figure, they have omitted many characters which play important parts in the romance of the German poet. This criticism appears to us unsound. If every character in *Wilhelm Meister* were introduced into the libretto, and, as a natural corollary, given something to say and act in accordance with the respective significance of each, the libretto itself, without music, would take four long nights to represent, and with music superadded, at least as many again. This would be Wagner out-Wagnered. Instead of a *Niebelungen* in four parts, a night for each part, we should have a *Wilhelm Meister* in eight parts, a night for each part. MM. Barbier and Carré knew better. What they wanted was a heroine, engaging in herself, to constitute the central figure of situations and the main cause of incidents out of the judicious arrangement of which a good plot for a lyric drama might be constructed. In *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*—the first part of the greatest of German novels, "philosophical" or "romantic"—they found the heroine, the situations, and the incidents; and we must admit that they have employed them with singular dexterity. *Mignon* is quite as good an operatic book as *Faust* (which, by the way, had better have been entitled *Margaret*); and how *Faust* has succeeded as an operatic book all the world knows. Those who complain of the desecration of the works of the great masters by the sliders and abettors of dramatic composers point to Milton and Dante as the next threatened, forgetting that, more than a century and a quarter since, Handel made use of *Samson Agonistes*—not virtually as an oratorio, but as a sacred drama, that might in certain countries, be performed in theatres—and that Dante, in one way or another, has frequently been called into request. But this question has been exhausted long ago. The worst that can justly be said against MM. Barbier and Carré is that instead of letting Mignon die, they let her live, with that object entirely changing the catastrophe. Thus the most touching and pathetic incident of the romance is lost. To have preserved it, however, the French authors must have altogether remodelled their plan and we doubt whether that would have served the purpose in contemplation half as well.

Presuming our operatic readers to be more or less acquainted with the story of Mignon, we refrain from perplexing them to no purpose about explanations of the points in which the French libretto, now converted into Italian by Signor Giuseppe Zaffira, differs from the German romance. Enough that the most striking situations in which Mignon is concerned are, however modified, in a measure preserved. The truth is that Mignon is Mignon, just as Gretchen is Gretchen, under any circumstances. Such powerful and attractive individualities cannot be altogether effaced, any more than the salient features of a Venus by Titian can be altogether destroyed by ever so indifferent a copy. A greatly condensed version of the "argument" as given in the book of the opera, will therefore answer every purpose :—

"Mignon, daughter of noble parents, has, when a child, been stolen from her home by gipsies. Her mother dies of grief; while Lotario, the father, forsakes his home, and roams from place to place in search of his child. For years, Mignon, unconscious of her origin, leads a wandering life with the gipsy tribe, of which her beauty renders her the ornament. The chief Giarno, compels the girl to dance and go through various performances in order to obtain money, threatening her with the stick whenever she refuses. Guglielmo, a young student on his travels, happening to be a spectator of Giarno's ferocity, purchases Mignon from her master. Touched by Guglielmo's kindness, Mignon conceives for him an irrepressible attachment. Guglielmo, unconscious of this affection, falls a prey to the fascinations of Filina, belonging to a *troupe* of Thespians, on their way to perform at a castle where a *fête* is to take place. Among the guests invited is Guglielmo. Filina, the object of his admiration, is the idol of the hour, and her success at the castle serves but to increase Guglielmo's fondness. Mignon watches with silent grief the progress of Guglielmo's love, and, unable to endure the jealousy, is about to throw herself into a lake, when a harp, played hylan unseen hand, is heard, and in a moment Lotario appears. Mignon, little dreaming that it is her father who stands before her, flies to the aged minstrel and implores his counsel. Carried away by her emotion, she prays that vengeance may overtake the abode in which her rival is, in the glory of her triumph. The performance installs the castle terminates. Filina appears, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, loud in praises of her beauty and talents. Of a sudden a glare illumines the scene—the castle is in flames. Lotario unconsciously interested in Mignon, has, half crazed with grief, lent an ear to Mignon's imprecation, and set fire to the castle. A scene of confusion ensues. Mignon is nowhere to be found. Guglielmo, after an eager but fruitless search, rushes amid the burning rafters, and, in a few moments re-appears, bearing the hapless girl in his arms. In Lotario's manorial residence, on the banks of an Italian lake, lies Mignon, overtaken by illness resulting from the peril she had so lately escaped, and the struggle to conceal her affection for Guglielmo. Guglielmo, who has meanwhile assisted in transporting Mignon to the home from which Lotario had so long been absent, has discovered the secret of her affection. Through the medium of a long-concealed casket, containing a girdle worn by Mignon when a child, as well as by her utterance of the words of a prayer which her parents had taught her, Lotario discovers, beyond a doubt, that Mignon is his long-lost daughter. The recovery of her surviving parent, and Guglielmo's declaration of love, finally, after a trying crisis, restore Mignon to reason and happiness."

The music of M. Ambroise Thomas is, regarded as a whole, a highly favourable example of the modern French school. Written expressly for the Opéra Comique, it naturally conforms itself to the traditional exigencies of that theatre, to which even Meyerbeer, with his *Etoile du Nord* and *Pardon de Ploermel*, was in a measure compelled to submit. The setting of the dialogue to accompanied recitative for the Italian stage of course gives additional weight to the opera, inasmuch as M. Thomas is not only addicted to writing concerted music, but writes it in a thoroughly musician-like style, being not only a master of the orchestra, but a master of vocal harmony and combination. Farther than this, he possesses the somewhat exceptional gift of being able to confer individuality, through his music, upon each of his prominent characters. To make much out of Guglielmo (Wilhelm Meister), even as he is metamorphosed by MM. Barbier and Carré would be scarcely possible; but M. Thomas has treated him according to his deserts—as a kind of sentimental nondescript. In three instances, and those the three most important, the French composer has been eminently successful. We refer to Lotharie, the old harper, Mignon's father; Filina, the coquette; and Mignon herself. Each becomes a distinct character, not less musically than dramatically, and each, not merely in the solos, which would have been comparatively easy, but in the concerted music—a task of far greater difficulty—is made to preserve its characteristic type. Mignon is a musical creation to be placed higher, in our opinion, than the same composer's Ophelia. True, Ophelia is a rarer apparition than Mignon, who when once on the stage is seldom away from it; but this by no means rendered the task of the composer easier; on the contrary, it made it one of heavier responsibility, and his success is, on that account, the more to be commended. When we add that the scenes in the opera which are full of life and bustle are appropriately rendered by the music, and that where sentiment is predominant the music is as happily in keeping, almost always, indeed, equal to the occasion, and though (which many will regard as a strong argument in its favour) as essentially the music of M. Thomas throughout as anything with which we are acquainted that ever came from the pen of M. Thomas—we have said all that space will allow, and in fact all that is necessary. To describe a work of this character piece by piece would bore our readers without enlightening them. To be fairly judged, it must be heard as a connected whole.

The performance need not take long to describe. That it is highly creditable to the theatre and to Signor Arditi, upon whom so much responsibility devolves, was hinted in our brief notice of the first representation. But amid the general excellence one particular feature stands out—the Mignon of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. The Swedish songstress has achieved, and worthily achieved, many successes, but hardly any success, perhaps, so thoroughly complete as this. Her Mignon is one of the gentlest, most beautiful, and most truly poetical creations of our time. To say that she looks the Mignon of Ary Scheffer would be to give her less than half her due. She *is* the Mignon of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*—which is paying her a far higher compliment. A column might be taken up in describing the fine and subtle touches which prove how deeply she has studied the character, how perfectly she has succeeded in

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making herself identical with it in the minds of those who know the Mignon of the poet, and who witness her impersonation. We shall attempt no such description. We shall merely add that as Mignon, a wretched slave of the travelling showman, Giarno, as Mignon, with a deep but concealed passion for Wilhelm Meister, her deliverer, accompanied by almost as deep a hatred for Filina, her rival in the affections of her new master, and as Mignon, made inconceivably happy by the arrowal of a love about which she had long ago despaired, Mdlle. Nilsson is equally graceful and charming, equally impressive, true to the poet and to nature. Her last scene, when Wilhelm consoles the hitherto unhappy maiden by the declaration of his affection, is so exquisitely touching as to make one almost regret that Goethe had not allowed Mignon to live, instead of to die suddenly—as in the romance—of a broken heart, just at the moment when she has brought the glad news to her master of the arrival of the lady to whom he is about to be wedded. Witnessing this scene, we are almost inclined to pardon MM. Barbier and Carré for the liberty they have taken in altering the *dénoûment*. How Mdlle. Nilsson sings the music of M. Thomas need not be said. As she sings Ophelia so she sings Mignon; but as in Mignon she has *more* to sing the pleasure she imparts is all the greater. We cannot enter into details, nor need we again describe the enthusiasm which this very admirable performance has drawn forth, and which was even more marked at the second representation of the opera on Saturday night than at the first.

Nearest to the Mignon of Mdlle. Nilsson comes the Lothario of M. Faure, whose impersonation of the old harper is both striking and picturesque, and who in the last scene of the opera rises to the dignity of the situation and is as conspicuous a figure in the scene as Mignon herself. Madame Volpini acts the part of Filina, the heartless coquette, with wonderful animation, singing the florid music assigned to her with a fluency that leaves nothing to desire. Madame Trebelli-Bettini does all that can be done for the small part of Frederico, and gives the air interpolated expressly for her by M. Thomas in her most brilliant style. Signor Gassier is a capital Laerte (manager of the strolling "troop" of actors), and Signor Ragour a Giarno whose treatment of Mignon surprises nobody, as well does he delineate the rather ruthless taskmaster. Signor Bettini represents "Guglielmo" Meister after the approved fashion of the French stage; and Mdlle. Fioretti's finished and graceful dancing gives zest to the ballet—which by the way, has been judiciously curtailed.

The opera is got up with the utmost care. The scenery is good and to the purpose; the costumes are new and in keeping; and the stage business (directed by Mr. Stirling) is extremely well managed—a better instance of which than the burning of the castle, in Act 2, could not be cited.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The operas performed during the present week have been *Otello* (Tuesday); *Ruy Blas* (Wednesday); and *Mignon* (Thursday). The opera announced for to-night is the *Sonnambula*. Meanwhile Herr Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* is in active preparation.

MISS ROSE HERSEE.

Our advertisement columns record the arrival in London of Miss Rose Hersee, after an absence of ten months. During that period she is said to have travelled over 15,000 miles, and to have sung 148 times in opera, besides occasional concerts, and at the recent Beethoven Festival in New York. At the end of her first engagement, in March, she was re-engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa and Mr. C. D. Hess (partners in the late "Parepa-Rosa opera company") until the June following. Mr. and Madame Rosa having recently returned to enjoy a little repose in England, Mr. C. D. Hess remains sole manager of the English opera company; and in order to supply the vacancy caused by the retirement of Madame Rosa, he has made arrangements with the only rival *troupe* (the "Richings-Barnard company") who will in future be combined with Mr. Hess's company, presenting one of the strongest operatic combinations for many years seen in America. Miss Rose Hersee is evidently determined to reserve herself for America, inasmuch as she declines concert engagements during her present stay in England. At the beginning of September she, we understand, returns to America, as *prima donna assoluta* of the combined English Opera companies, for a season of eight months. She is to receive upwards of £2,500, besides a benefit, travelling expenses, &c. The brilliant success achieved in the States by Miss Hersee is a proof that our "cousins" are willing to give a hearty welcome to artistic talent, come whence it may; and the youthful *prima donna* may be excused if she dedicates her vocal powers exclusively to those who know how to appreciate and remunerate them.

SERVICE AT THE FOUNDLING.

A writer in the *Church Times* gives a lively account of his visit to the Foundling Hospital, where he assisted at the Sunday service, and watched the children dine, as per regulation. Respecting the former exercise he says:—

"It was simply Choral Matins of that mixed, not to say jumbled, type which is now happily dying out, wherein the priest only reads or monotones his portion, while the choir sing theirs. When the clergyman was 'took the desk' was I have not the faintest idea, but he was one of that class commonly spoken of as 'performing the service' very well; 'Yes! our curate is a beautiful reader.' Now, a 'beautiful reader' is my pet aversion. What can be worse than to hear the Lord's Prayer mutilated as it was last Sunday on this wise:—'Give us this day our daily ber-read' and forgive us our ter-respasses, as we forgive them that ter-respass against us.' It certainly was excessively ter-rying, but let it pass. The singing was, of its kind, nearly perfect. The Psalms were rendered antiphonally, the five professional singers taking one verse, the children the other. The latter have been very carefully trained, and especially have they been trained to read as well as to sing. Every word was distinctly enunciated, and yet there was no drawling. The children had evidently been taught what so many of our choir boys and men have yet to learn, viz., to lay a slight stress upon the final consonants, and not to slur one word with another. If choirmasters would but practise their boys frequently in monotonous reading, being careful to make them keep exactly together, and pronounce each word distinctly, more especially as regards the last syllable of the words, our Psalmody would be wondrously improved and as a model of what chanting ought in this respect, to be, it would be difficult to find any choir better than that at the Foundling. One or two things struck me as odd, and by no means to be imitated. (1) Unless my eye deceived me both boys and girls sat during the prayers. (2) There was no anthem or hymn after the third Collect. (3) That though the responses at Matins were all sung, those in the Litany were merely said, and very weakly said too. Of course Tallis's Litany is, theoretically speaking, a poor thing when the suffrages are recited merely in monotone, while the responses are sung by the choir; but half a loaf is better than no bread, and the sudden change from the sung responses at Matins to the mumbled Litany was the reverse of edifying. I call it a sudden change, for there was no pause after the third Collect, and the anthem which ought to have been sung there was relegated to the interval before the sermon while the preacher was attending to the demands of his toilet in the vestry. After the Litany, while the 'reader' went to the altar, a hymn was sung, and well sung too. It was that piece of Newton's, 'Oft as the bell with solemn toll;' not a very lively composition. Table Prayers were said by the 'Er-reader,' and again, for our sins, we were doomed to the 'ber-read' and the 'ter-respasses, with 'ger-raven' to follow by way of a change. The preacher who was at the south end of the altar did nothing but read the Epistle, and that in a scarcely audible voice. A few of the people turned to the east at the Creed, and joined in reciting it. Then came the great musical event of the morning—the anthem. It was one of Spohr's. 'Blest are the departed,' and it was certainly given admirably. The children formed the chorus, and exceedingly well they sang their part, the volume of sound adding greatly to the effect. The sermon, which followed, was on the 'Strait Gate,' quite colourless in point of doctrine, but a well written essay for all that, and delivered with just enough expression to make the five-and-twenty minutes which it occupied pass pleasantly enough. It was preceded, if I mistake not, by a semi-extempore prayer, or rather by a mutilated Prayer Book Collect. The voice of the preacher was at this time so low that I could scarcely catch his words. Evidently the most solemn portion of the devotions, both at the Foundling and elsewhere that I have been, is that which follows the sermon. Instead of seeing the boys' faces as in other portions of the service, at this point only the tops of their heads were visible, and the faces of the girls were hidden by their aprons. This must be the result of careful drill, for the rows of boys' scalps were perfectly uniform, and all the white aprons took exactly the same shape when they were held before the faces of the girls. The children are in admirable order, and behaved exceedingly well throughout the whole service."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As an old reader of your paper, and knowing no one to whom I could apply with so much confidence, I venture to ask you if you would kindly give me some information on the following points:—

1. Is it vacation, or term time now, at the Paris Musical Conservatory?
2. Are any of the best Parisian musical teachers likely to be in Paris at the present season?
3. In what town of Germany is the best musical conservatory?

I am just going to take my sisters on the Continent, chiefly to complete their musical education, and my anxiety to obtain for them the best instruction possible will, I hope, form an additional excuse for my thus troubling you.—With every apology, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, E. A.

Mansion House, Hereford, July 7th, 1870.

[The first question we are unable to answer. To the second we may safely say—*no*. To the third we should answer—the Conservatory at Cologne, presided over by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller.—ED.]

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. S. S.—The *Huguenots* and *St. Paul* were both produced in 1836.

A PIANIST.—Professor Sterndale Bennett has two pianoforte concertos in MS., both of which have been played by himself in public. The first in E minor, the second in A minor. His sonata in F minor, and his fantasia in A major, originally published at Leipsic, may both be obtained of Messrs. Ashdown & Parry, having been printed in England by their predecessors, Messrs. Wessel & Stapleton. The capriccio in D minor (dedicated to Cipriani Potter) can be had of Messrs. Lamborn Cock & Co.

NEMO.—Anything more barren than creative art in Germany at present does not exist. Like the successors of Cæsar, German musicians still cry out, "We are Cæsar." Nevertheless there is hardly at the time being a genuine composer in all Germany. It is either the vague mystery of Schumann, the bombastic emptiness of Wagner, the hysterical twaddle of Liszt, or the super-sick-mock-sentimentality of Proch that rules the roast. We had rather none of it. Let "Nemo" console himself with Offenbach.

SPHINX.—The pianoforte was invented about the year 1700, and was brought partially into use about 1750, and then only in the form of the small "Square," of five octaves, F to F. The grand pianoforte from C to F, was not in use much before 1780. Extra treble notes, viz., the half octave to C, were not added before 1792. The two instruments differ chiefly in this, that whereas the tone is drawn from the strings of the pianoforte by the blow of a hammer, that of the harpsichord is produced by the action of a small quill or *plectrum*—["Sphinx" should be a little more diligent with his musical history.]

AN AMATEUR.—We are sorry we cannot agree as to the excellence of the company of singers and actors referred to by "An Amateur." We have been bored enough here in London with such operas as they represent, and have no wish to make a journey of nine or ten miles to hear them. Of course, to those who reside in the vicinity they may be pleasant enough, and save time, expense, and trouble; but we doubt if any real amateur in London would accept a free admission to hear any one of them, however well performed.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

ENGLAND AND BEETHOVEN.

THOSE who went to St. James's Hall—the upper room, not the Christy's—last Monday evening, were reminded that Beethoven was born exactly one hundred years ago. We are really very much obliged to the Philharmonic Society for doing so good a turn to a great genius and a heedless public. There was imminent danger of the fact being altogether overlooked during the "London season;" and what a catastrophe that would have been, we shudder to think. Everybody knows how far the gay and brilliant crowd, making up what is called Society (with a capital S), is devoted to Art in all its branches. The individual members of that gay and brilliant crowd represent the cultivation and refinement of our dear country; and, Beethoven being the greatest musical genius that ever lived, they positively adore him. True, appearances are against this statement; but what would you have? Society (with a capital S), like the property it represents, has duties as well as privileges. It may adore Beethoven, as it undoubtedly adores Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Shakspere, thereby exercising a privilege not to be denied; but, alas! duty comes with a prior claim, and puts all such matters in the background. The impersonal ruler of Society, who is veiled in greater mystery than the mystery surrounding the Grand Llama, ordains that to be done which in the doing must entail exquisite pain. It ordains, for example, that the gay and brilliant crowd shall run after a *prima donna* without reference to her work or workmanship, refusing to be comforted when she cannot be found; that a so-called opera shall be patronized, the music of which is contemptible, while the executants match it; and that when the highest representatives of a fashionable Mumbo-Jumbo give a concert they shall studiously ignore all that is great and noble in art. Who, then, can wonder to find Beethoven—he never wrote a show opera, purveyed music (!) for a Schneider, or wrote down to the level of (English) Court taste—neglected by the representatives of English cultivation and refinement? It is even possible that, had the Philharmonic Society forgotten the centenary, Society would have gone down to its country-house sadly conscious of an outrage on its artistic instincts, but comforted by the thought that the duty England expects every man to do had not been neglected. But the Philharmonic Society, an aristocratic institution, which gives concerts "by special desire," consulted the exigencies of Society, and Society will now go down to its country-house satisfied with having duly attended to everything—Beethoven included.

But how about the common people, who, in their way, have learned to hear Beethoven gladly, and who do neither suit nor service to Fashion? Are not the mighty masses to be considered? Will not somebody erect an altar whereon may be deposited their multitudinous offerings? In other words, are we to have no popular Beethoven Festival, to make an event which can come only as often as the aloe blooms? It would appear not. The Crystal Palace, which has been quick to honour illustrious men, and profit itself, by *fêtes* and festivals, is reserving the main of its energies for Handel next year, and devoting the balance to M. de Lesseps and the "Egyptian Salute." This means, in effect, that the metropolis will do nothing—unless South Kensington, desirous of earning a much-needed popularity, puts itself forward as the champion of the art it graciously means to patronise when the huge Stilton cheese is finished. There remain the provinces as a forlorn hope. What festivals are due in this centenary year? Hereford, which counts for little; Birmingham, which counts for much. Surely, at the latter, Beethoven will be honoured as he deserves. Turn to the preliminary announcements. O tremulously anxious reader, and see how the musical magnates of the hardware capital (so-called), have improved the occasion—that is to say, how they have laid themselves open to the charge of preferring anything living to a dead lion. Costa, Benedict, Barnett, Sullivan, Stewart, and Hiller are in the programme; but the giant by the side of whom these worthy musicians account themselves as nought, and to whom the present year emphatically belongs, is nowhere. And, so, the centenary will pass, with one or two straggling *immortelles*, as England's tribute to the greatest of all composers.

What a good thing it is we are not a sensitive people on matters connected with high art! Otherwise there would be shame and humiliation, as we hear from time to time of Beethoven *fêtes* and festivals. That there will be nothing of the kind in England is, happily, assured; and the friends of the greatest musical enthusiast, among us need not lock up his razors.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AN Austrian subject lately addressed a petition to the "très-illustre, très-puissant et très-clement" Emperor Napoleon III., in which he modestly asked of his Majesty a pension of two thousand florins, and admission to the Conservatoire of Music, promising that, in a little while, he should be able to astonish the world. The document was accompanied by its writer's *carte-de-visite*. His Majesty sent both to the commission now engaged in remodelling the Conservatoire, by whom the affair was treated as a matter for laughter. Not so fast, Messieurs; the Austrian subject merely failed to distinguish between having a high opinion of one's self and showing it.

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Mignon was performed for the last time this season, on Thursday evening to an immense audience. Its run has been interrupted by the necessary departure of some of the principal artists; but there can be no doubt that the masterpiece of M. Ambroise Thomas will be the favourite opera of next season.

M. TARRDOU, winner of the Grand Prix de Rome last year, having had enough of the Eternal City, flung up his position the other day, and returned to France. No wonder, poor lad. Studying music in Rome must be equivalent to studying the Beautiful in Leicester Square

AT Nancy, three subscribers to the theatre brought an action a few weeks ago against the director for giving 111 representations, instead of 112, the number announced. The cause was about to be called, when it was made known that defendant had consented to a verdict and payment of damages. The damages were assessed by an arbitrator, at one franc twenty-five centimes to each subscriber.

THE Italian musical journals give enthusiastic accounts of the production, at Genoa, of Signor Petrella's opera, *I Promessi Sposi*. At the second representation the *maestro* was called forty-five times after one particular romance. (How much simpler to have kept him on the stage during forty-five times the period usually occupied by a call!) At the third representation the same *furore* was manifested; and Petrella, a singularly absent man, was among the most uproarious of those who insisted on seeing the composer. "He was quite overcome," says an Italian journalist who relates the incident, "by the charm of his own music."

GERMAN newspapers announce that Herr Benedix, author of a hundred plays, is, at the age of seventy-one, in great distress. It is only just," says the *Gartenlaube*, "that the public should take measures for ensuring comfort, during the last years of his life, for one who has given it so much diversion." Herr Benedix is author of *Aschenbrödel*, of which *School* is a clever imitation. He is also author of the piece from which Léon Gozlan's *Dieu merci! le couvert est mis* is derived. It was from a Russian version of Benedix's dramatic sketch that the French version was prepared (Gozlan being ignorant of the original). If, after being played in Russia, France, and England, Benedix is little known out of his own country, it is not the fault of Benedix. The German actors are joining in the subscription opened for his benefit; and there would be propriety in foreign authors and managers, who have profited by his talent, doing the same.

ACCORDING to *Le Ménéstrel*, his Majesty of Bavaria, Defender of the Faith according to Wagner, has gone into business as an *impresario* and musicseller. We are gravely told that "ce porte-couronne" now owns a theatre and three Wagnerian scores, paying the Prophet for the use of the latter 16,000 francs per year. Herr Wagner has, undoubtedly, the best of the bargain; but what do the worthy German beer-drinkers think of their sovereign's new occupation. Will they diminish his civil list?—or will the theatrical and musical accounts form an item in the Bavarian budget? Again, if the tradsman be bankrupt, what becomes of the King? Could the brokers seize the crown? and, if the King be discrowned—for which there are Bavarian precedents—would he be permitted to retire behind the counter? Here are complications for German brains to unravel.

THE "grand spectacular romance," *Undine*, by Mr. R. Reece produced at the Olympic, suggests a serious question.—Why treat fairy tales in a burlesque fashion? Mr. Reece has followed La Motte Fouqué's story, and achieved a work which abounds with "effects." Had he set about his task in a serious spirit, there is no reason to doubt that something fanciful would have been the result. But he has been fettered by a desire to be "funny" without indulgence in those extravagances found so delightful at the Strand. He abstains from the normal pun, his songs are few, and he scorns the "break-down;" but he makes Bertalda talk about the "author of a play but newly damned." This is a concession to the popular belief that on the stage the fantastic can only be treated with irony; and here the irony is expressed by making people of the Middle Ages talk like the subjects of Queen Victoria. A thousand absurdities, with anachronisms among them, may make up a droll compound; but anachronism pure and simple is not more "funny" than a mistake in the multiplication table. We cannot conceive anything less provocative of mirth than a speech by Cicero on the Alabama claims. One effect of this half-comic treatment is the annihilation of distinctive character. Mr. G. Belmore can make nothing of the demon, Kühleborn; Miss Reinhardt cannot lift up Bertalda; nor can Miss Lizzie Russell derive inspiration from Undine. As a vehicle for acting of any kind *Undine* is naught.

ACCORDING to the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*, Herr Joseph Strauss lies in a hopeless condition. His medical man says that he is suffering from typhus fever, which, on account of his extreme bodily weakness, is exceedingly dangerous. Herr Johann Strauss has written to the papers, affirming that the cause assigned by the papers for his brother's illness is an utter invention, without a particle of truth in it. We are glad to hear this, for the sake of the officers of the Russian army, who are said to have approved of the course which their imaginary brother-in-arms had thought fit to take against the unfortunate conductor.

FORTUNATELY no lives were lost when the theatre at Brunn was burnt down, the other day, although a great many persons had already taken their seats. The theatre probably would have been saved, had the engine, hose, and tanks been in working condition; of course they were not. Perhaps if a law were passed ordering that the manager of every theatre should be securely locked up in a room within the building from the moment the doors were opened, and not set at liberty until after the performance, there would probably be fewer theatres burnt down. The room selected should be as near as possible to some fruitful source of danger, say the chandelier. The key, too, of the room should be handed, for safe custody, to some pious individual, such as a Churchman or Non-Conformist of fine bigoted principles, with a firm conviction that all theatres are snares laid by the Devil for the unwary, and that it is wicked to read Shakspere. It is very certain that the manager would not be released one instant before the time fixed by law.

THE *mise en-scène* of *Die Walküre* is said to have cost 50,000 florins. The scenery is very fine, especially "an interior," by Herr Jank, in the first act, and "the summit of a rocky precipice," by Herr Döll, in the third. The costumes, however, are not all quite correct. The costume of Wotan is especially open to criticism. The King of Bavaria is the proprietor of the entire *Nicbelungen Trilogy*, the price paid being an annuity of 8,000 florins to the composer. The pianoforte arrangement and the book, on the other hand, have been purchased by the publishing firm of B. Schott's Söhne, Mayence.—As a specimen of the diversity of opinion with regard to *Die Walküre*, we will quote two papers, the *Schwäb. Mercur* and the *Nürnb. Correspondenz*. The critic of the former says: "From the libretto, which sins against all moral feeling more, perhaps, than any other piece written for the stage, we turn in astonishment and disgust; as for the music, only in the first act does it exhibit any trace of Wagner's talent; after that, everything sinks down to the dead level of monotony characterizing *Tristan und Isolde*." As a set off to this, the critic of the second of the above papers observes: "From out the gigantic structure of this mighty creation there is wafted to us a sort of spiritual breath, compelling us to devotion, veneration, and inward enjoyment." The writer of the present paragraph, having carefully read the libretto in question, and being, moreover, of sane mind, can only say that—but he will restrain himself; he will content himself with observing that, if Lord Campbell's Act extended to Munich, the *Die Walküre* would be summarily suppressed. What a pity Lord Campbell's Act does not extend to Munich.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Signor Everardi, late of the Italian Opera Company, has been appointed professor of singing at the Conservatory, in place of Signor Repetto, deceased. Signor Everardi is an accomplished artist, and a fervent admirer of Bach and Handel.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

An evening concert took place in Westbourne Hall, in aid of the funds of the Amateur Authors' Club, on Thursday week. The following artists gave their services, and sang and played to the gratification of all present:—Mesdames B. Reeves, Deck, M. D'Etienne, Dela, S. Smith, and Hayes; Messrs. F. Elmore, H. Gordon, Koutski, F. Chatterton, Telesinski, and Schultz. Messrs. H. Parker, Ganz, and Lehmeyer were accompanists. The concert was a success.

Miss Ellen Jarman's concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, July 7th, and was well attended. Miss J. played Weidl's "Na pha ultra," Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 53 (by desire), a solo by Sivrai, and a *Galop di Bravura*, in all which she proved herself a remarkable pianist. Miss Jarman was assisted by a young vocalist, Mdme. Rivoldi (late of Manilla), who sang some Italian *scenas* and English songs. Miss Lindhurst gave ethe waltz aria, "The Nafades;" Mdlle. D'Elise, John Barnett's new song, "The Parted" (encored), and "A Summer's Eve;" Mr. W. Reeves, "Alice, where art thou?" and "Thy image o'er my pillow;" Mr. W. C. Bell, "The War Cry hushed" and "My Winsome Rose;" and Mr. C. J. Bishnsden, his new song, "Dearer to my soul than art." Some instrumental violoncello pieces by G. Macfarren, &c., were given, and the whole concert, conducted by Messrs. G. L. Cottell and Weber, proved satisfactory.

Miss Kate Gordon's annual concert took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. Miss Gordon played Thalberg's Second Fantasia, a "Galop de concert," a sonata by Beethoven for violin and pianoforte (with Herr Carl Deichman), and Osborne and De Beriot's grand duo from *Guillaume Tell*. She also took part with Mr. Oberthür in his brilliant duo, for harp and pianoforte, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, receiving in all loud and well-merited applause. Mr. Oberthür played his Harp Meditation with much effect. Madame Weiss, an old favourite of the public, sang Balfe's "Power of Love," and Tito Mattei's "Non è ver," besides joining in some concerted pieces with Messrs. James and Renwick. Mdlle. Draudil and Messrs. Albert James and Renwick each contributed songs, &c. Messrs. A. Carden, Van Noorden, and Oberthür were accompanists.

The concert given by Mr. Henry Holmes, at Stafford House, on the 27th ult., was generally of an excellent sort; and particularly noteworthy because of a quintet in E major (Op. 87), the work of the concert-giver himself. The quintet was played by Messrs. H. Holmes, Folkes, Burnett, Hann, and Pezze, whose interpretation of its various movements left no doubt in the mind of the audience that a valuable addition has been made to our store of (mostly one) of English chamber music. Mr. Holmes was assisted by, in addition to the artists already named, Miss Sinclair, Miss Watts, Miss Wynne, Herr Stockhausen, and Mons. Waldeck.

An entertainment, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, in aid of the funds of the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute, was held in the hall of Stafford House on Monday afternoon. There was a very fashionable attendance. The singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Poole, Miss Marian Severn, MM. Rorsow and Waldeck; the instrumental performers were Miss Field, Mr. W. C. Cowen, and Mr. W. H. Holmes (pianoforte); Mdlle. Therese Liebe (violin), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), and Signor Giulio Regondi (concertina). Mr. Benedict was conductor at the pianoforte. The dramatic artists were Mr. and Mrs. Rousby and Mr. Nelson, all gave their services gratuitously on behalf of the institution criticism would be out of place; but a mere recapitulation of what was done will suffice to show that the programme was both varied and interesting. Miss Marian Severn gave Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea;" Madame Rudersdorff contributed Haydn's canzonet, "She never told her love," Signor Randegger's Venetian song, "Beneath the blue transparent sky," and a Spanish national air; Miss Poole sang Mr. J. D. Chatterton's "My soul is dark" (accompanied on the harp by Mr. Balsir Chatterton); Mr. Korsow (baritone) an air from Meyerbeer's *Pardon de Ploermel* and a Russian romance; Mr. Waldeck an air from Verdi's *Due Foscari*. Other vocal pieces were in the programme, for which we were unable to stay. Not the least agreable performances were those on the pianoforte, which comprised Schumann's *Nachtstücke* and Stephen Heller's *Chasse* (Miss Field), two *pièces de salon* composed and performed by Mr. W. F. Cowen, and Mendelssohn's Song Without Words in A, from first book, followed by a brilliant fantasia, entitled "Scottish Chimes" (Mr. W. H. Holmes), Mdlle. Therese Liebe, one of the most talented of the lady violinists who now seem to multiply among us, played a well-known solo by Vieuxtemps, and Mr. Balsir Chatterton performed with Signor Giulio Regondi a showy duet for harp and concertina. Between the first and second parts of the concert the neat and pleasant little piece called *Delicate Sound*, in which Mr. Charles Matthews and the late Madame Vestris used to be famous, was represented in stage costume by Mrs. Rousby (Pauline), Mr. Rousby (Citizen Sangfroid), and Mr. Nelson (Alphonse), to the evident satisfaction of the audience, upon whom not a point was lost. After this Mrs. Rousby recited some verses written by Madame Una Howard expressly for the occasion, and inscribed to her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. It is believed that a considerable sum will have been secured for the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute by this well-planned and successfully carried out entertainment.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

A hundred years ago Beethoven was born, and Beethoven commemorations are just now in fashion. In Germany their number will be legion before the actual birthday arrives next December; while even New York has found time to keep the feast, burning gunpowder, hammering anvils, and singing "Hail Columbia" in honour of the mighty master, with as much zest as Boston displayed, not long ago, when making a similar noise in honour of peace. Observing all this, English music lovers have been anxious about the credit of their own nation, which cannot afford to let the event pass unnoticed. There was good cause for anxiety. The Crystal Palaeer, arely tackward in stimulating hero-worship, kept, as it still keeps, silence, and the programme of the festivals at Birmingham and Hereford showed, as it still shows, a neglect of Beethoven utterly unaccountable. Happily the Philharmonic Society came to the rescue, and on Monday last honoured itself as well as the master by giving a special performance of certain representative works. Our oldest musical institution could do this with singular propriety and grace. It had relations with Beethoven himself of the most honourable sort; engaging his services in health, and, when his countrymen neglected him in sickness, easing the burden of care laid by scanty means upon a sensitive nature. "Say to these worthy men that if God restores me to health I shall endeavour to prove the reality of my gratitude by my actions." This was all the acknowledgment Beethoven could make; but the Philharmonic Society may well regard it as the greatest distinction earned during fifty-eight years of labour. A connection begun thus, and sustained by frequent performances of the master's works, imposed an obvious duty upon the society which has been discharged with earnestness and success.

The programme showed the different styles of the master at several stages of his career; and did so in a manner to which little or no objection could be made, bearing in mind the conditions under which it was drawn up. With regard to several selected dates works more thoroughly representative might have been chosen; but the limits of a single concert are far too narrow for the adequate illustration of even a part of Beethoven's career. All things considered, therefore, the Philharmonic programme was a satisfactory scheme. It began with the Symphony in C, No. 1 (1800), and ended with the Symphony in D minor, No. 9 (1823), the years between being represented by the Choral Fantasia (1808); the overture to *Leonora*, No. 3 (1806); the *scena* "Ah! perfido" (1796); the *terzetto*, "Tremate, empi, tremate" (1801); and the Dervish chorus from the *Ruins of Athens* (1811). Both symphonies were well, if not perfectly given, the pastoral movements of No. 9 showing especial care in performance. As a matter of course the *Ode to Joy*—for which it is vain to wish a fanfless rendering—tried the choralists somewhat; but its difficulties were overcome with more than average ease. The solos were confided to Miss Aratella Smythe, Miss Elton, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, could hardly have been in better hands. The *Leonora* overture calls for no remark, but the Choral Fantasia has seldom been performed in a fashion more worthy of its surpassing beauty. Madame Arabella Goddard's rendering of the solo part, for example, was distinguished by exquisite taste and brilliant execution to a striking degree, and fairly won for the accomplished pianist a demonstrative recall. An encore was awarded to "Ah! perfido," which Mdlle. Nilsson sang with a dramatic power leaving absolutely nothing to desire; and a like honour fell to the Dervish chorus.

It deserves to be noticed, in conclusion, that during the Philharmonic season Mr. Cusins has directed the performance of all Beethoven's symphonies; and that, as a special feature of Monday's concert, a bust of the great musician, surrounded by flowers, had a conspicuous place.

DAY'S LITANY

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—I should feel greatly indebted to any of your readers who would give me any information on the following point:—

Day's Litany of 1560 gives the Litany chant thus:—C, D, B flat, C; which corresponds to—G, A, F, G,—instead of G, A, F sharp, G, which is the common form. I would ask, 1st—How is this to be accounted for? 2nd—Is there any other evidence in ancient English or Foreign Books of the existence of a Litany of this form?

I may add that the harmonies of Day's Litany are such, in one or two places, as to forbid the idea of the B flat of the plain song being an error.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. B. S.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Morning Post* of July 18th, speaks as follows of Madame Adelina Patti's Elvira :—

"The performance of Madame Adelina Patti as Elvira, in the opera of *I Puritani* is another piece of evidence in favour of the great versatility of her talent. The wondrously gifted lady sings Bellini's florid music with an astonishing freedom and effect. From the first scena to the last in which she appeared her singing and acting were so good and unusual, that each piece she sang formed a link in a chain of the most brilliant success. A well deserved recall after the scena, 'A quel nome,' was the first of a series of successes during the evening, and the aria, 'Son vergin vezzosa,' was so superbly sung by her that it was rapturously encored, and greatly applauded after it was repeated; her vocalization was neat, free, and effective, the high D frequently introduced being as clear as a bell and as light as a star. Her acting was also more individual and fitting than usual, and when during the temporary loss of reason she, as Elvira, sang 'Qui la voce,' she introduced some extraordinary cadenzas, touching a high E flat with great fulness and distinctness, the audience recognized her unexceptional vocal gifts and artistic power by a perfect storm of applause. The wondrous charm with which Madame Patti invests every part in which she appears seems to be intensified in her performance of Elvira; and as it was the first time that an English audience has had the privilege of hearing her astonishing interpretation of the music, and as her success was so great, there is no doubt but that the part of Elvira in *I Puritani* will form a very welcome addition to the operatic characters performed by her during any future engagement she may make in London."

Why Madame Patti has not played the part long ago is difficult to explain.

CHURCH CHOIRS IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The object of your correspondent, P.G., in his two letters upon Church Music, evidently has been to eulogize Messrs. Goss and Cooper. This has been the burden of his song. He should be appointed "Poet-Laureate" to the organist and composer to Royalty. But I would ask how is it that this choir, over which these immaculate musicians have presided for thirty years, is at present, and ever has been the *worst* in the United Kingdom. "A tree is known by its fruits." If the music of one is so elevating, and the administrative skill of the other so beneficial, how is it that no influence of such has been seen upon their choir? ARGUS.

[There is an easy and obvious answer to Argus's query, which we leave "P. G." to supply.—ED. *M. W.*]

STUDENTS' PRIVILEGES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—As a musical student, will you kindly allow me to ask why those studying for the profession should not be allowed some privileges with regard to the "Grand Concerts." At present, "articled pupils" have to pay precisely the same as the general public. This happens to be a matter of being able to afford (in addition to other educational expenses), the two lowest prices, one is either unable to get a seat, or is so far from the performer that the best *piano* parts, if not lost, are not that source of instruction they might be, if we were nearer. Theological students can attend lectures and receive nearly all their instruction free, at a very reduced rate, but a singer has to pay full price for all that he hears. It seems that all professions have provided encouragements for learners except the musical profession. The ablest lectures in other sciences may be heard by young men-students at a very low rate and often free. Why not place the pupil in music on a level with pupils in other theories of study? To become an orator one must *hear* oratory as well as study. Painting also ought to be *seen* by those who would become painters. And is it not true that the student of the voice should *hear* singing as well? True; but that which is calculated to inspire with fresh zeal for study is absolutely out of our reach. If some reduced rate of charge was allowed to *those articled for the profession* a great boon would be conferred upon many an earnest student. TENORE ROBUSTO.

Westbourne Square.

[We confess ourselves unable to see what claim "Tenore Robusto" has to admission to concerts *gratis*. Such a privilege might be extended to the advanced pupils of a recognized Academy. But there it must stop.—ED.]

THE Grand Prix de Rome, for this year has been gained by M. Maréchal, a pupil of Victor Massé's, aged eighteen. His composition is entitled *Le Jugement de Dieu*. The jury have decided, but their decision is seriously called in question, and much dissatisfaction exists.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—You very properly ask, on the ground that it is "new to you," for my authority as to Mendelssohn's low estimate of the *Creation*. If it is new to you, doubtless it is new to many others; any light, therefore, respecting the opinion of the most eminent musician of the century, upon a work so unboundedly popular throughout the whole civilized community, would be a valuable contribution to the common stock. Those who lived in *his* day, and in *his* circle could probably call to mind some occasion when Mendelssohn would have spoken of Haydn. It was before my time. My evidence is merely hypothetical; though without entirely excluding that in presenting it I cannot but express the hope that if to any one who knew the man, or who may have additional testimony on the very interesting point, the evidence I adduce may not be conclusive, they will kindly, by contributing what they know of Mendelssohn's expressed opinions, aid the public in a right and true verdict. To express an opinion of a brother-artist, when that opinion might not be in accordance with the general sentiment, would not be easy to perform gracefully; yet there are matters so far above all petty considerations in questions of art, that diffidence in respect to them ceases to be commendable. The greatest of our musical men preserved a firm reticence when leading remarks were addressed to him, calculated to "draw him out" as to his estimate of other musicians. Yet it is not difficult to read the innermost thoughts of the huge Titan respecting the works of others. Beethoven was unwilling to say much, if anything, concerning Haydn and Mozart. Mendelssohn about Haydn, so far as I have read his published opinions, is almost totally silent. From one who had the honour of a tolerably intimate acquaintance with him, and whose musical sentiments were always the echo of Mendelssohn's, I carefully inquired what he (Mendelssohn) thought of Haydn. The reply amounted to a very slight estimate of the symphonies and vocal music, with a slight exception respecting the quartets; and a very slender estimate of the greater portion of the *Creation*; a little reserve, if I remember rightly (for it was years ago) in favour of the chorus, "Awake the Harp." In the published letters of Mendelssohn there are some letters from his father to him. (Some think the letters of the father to the son better than any of the son to the father—this in passing.) In one of these letters, Vol. II. page 79, there is an apology from the pen of the father for the descriptive music in Haydn's *Creation*. When it is taken into account that in mentioning Haydn previously (page 9) he says: "Haydn's Mass was *scandalously gay*,"—and further on (page 10): "Unluckily, I could not find among *all* the music here *even one tolerable solemn Mass*, and not a single one of the old Italian masters; *nothing but modern dross*,"—the happy Felix must have written or said something concerning the "descriptive" music of the *Creation*, calculated to draw out from the father the following significant defence Although, both what Mendelssohn said or thought of it, as well as the general style and construction of the great work itself, offer tempting themes to dilate upon, I will content myself with these much at present; concluding with the father's significant and worthy words:—"It seems to me that both the oratorios of Haydn were, in their sphere, very remarkable phenomena. The poems of both are weak, regarded as poetry; but they have replaced the old positive and almost metaphysical religious impulses by those which are more nature, as a visible emanation from the Godhead, in her universality, and in her thousandfold individualities, instils into every susceptible heart. Hence the profound depth, but also the cheerful efficiency, and certainly genuine religious influence, of these two works, which hitherto stand alone; hence the classical effect of the playful and detached passages, with the most noble and sincere feelings of gratitude produced by the whole; hence is it also, that I, individually, could as little endure to lose in the *Creation*, and in the *Seasons*, the crowing of the cock, the singing of the lark, the lowing of the cattle, and the rustic glee of the peasants, as I could in nature herself; in other words, the *Creation* and the *Seasons* are founded on nature and the visible service of God—and are no new materials for music to be found there?"—Yours, very truly,

July 13th, 1870. IDEALIZER.

[We may remind "Idealizer" that Abraham Mendelssohn knew no more of music than Leopold Mozart, that both were pedants, and both shortened the lives of their marvellous sons, incomparably more valuable lives than their own, by overwork. Leopold made a wild beast show of his children. Abraham Mendelssohn tried to make his son Felix an Admiral Crichton. The world lost the one at the age of 36, the other at the age of 39. The world owes no gratitude either to Abraham or Leopold. On the contrary. What was Mendelssohn's real opinion of Haydn we are unable to say, but we know he had a great veneration for the German masters who preceded him. For our own part, if the descriptive music in the *Creation* were burnt we should not greatly care.—ED. *M. W.*]

MR. NIMMO was personally complimented by the Earl and Countess of Stamford and Warrington for the admirable way in which he had managed the "Three days' entertainment," got up in aid of the funds for the restoration of Enville Parish Church. The whole affair was a "brilliant success," and a large sum of money must have been collected on the occasion.

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ORGAN NEWS.

THE GRAND ORGAN FOR THE COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL.

Such progress has been made with the grand organ for the Colston Hall, that no doubt remains of its being opened on the 1st of September next. It is being built at a cost of £2,500, by Willis, of London. Many detailed particulars respecting it than have yet appeared will prove interesting. The compass of four sets of manuals will be from C C to C in altissimo, 61 notes, being four or five more than in any organ in this neighbourhood. The Pedals will be from C C C to G, 32 notes, giving also an unusual range.

The stops of the Pedale will be:—Double diapason, wood, 32ft.; open diapason, wood, 16ft.; violin, metal, 16ft.; violoncello, metal, 8ft.; octave, wood, 8ft.; mixture, three ranks, metal; grand bombard, 16ft. The stops of the Choir will be:—Dulciana, 8ft.; lieblich, gedeckt, 8ft.; clarabel flute 8ft.; violoncello, 8ft.; flute octaviante harmonique, 4ft.; flageolet, 2ft.; corno-di-bassetto, 8ft.; bassoon, 8ft.; posaune, 8ft. The stops of the Great organ will be:—Grand double diapason, 16ft.; open diapason, 8ft.; violin, 8ft.; clarabel, 8ft.; octave, C C C to G, 32 notes, giving also an unusual range.; octave, 4ft.; quinta, 5ft.; super octave, 2ft.; fourniture, four ranks; trombone, 16ft.; trompa harmonic, 8ft.; clarion, 4ft. The stops of the Swell will be:—Contra gamba (lower octave closed wood), 16ft.; salcional, 8ft.; open diapason, 8ft.; lieblich gedacht 8ft.; vox angelica, 8ft.; principal, 4ft.; fifteenth, 4ft.; echo cornet, three ranks; contra posaune, 16ft.; cornopean, 8ft.; hautboy, 8ft.; clarionet, 8ft.; vox humana, 8ft.; clarion, 4ft. Tremulant to vox humana and hautboy. The stops of the Solo will be:—Flute harmonique, 8ft.; concert flute, 4ft.; corno-di-bassetto, 8ft.; oboe orchestra, 8ft.; tuba major harmonic, 8ft.; clarion, 4ft. The couplers will be:—Sole to Great, Swell to Great, sub-octave on itself; Swell to Great, unison; Swell to Great, super-octave on itself; Choir to Great, Solo to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Choir to Pedals, Orisande. The patent adjustable combination movement will be applied, in four changes, to each of the manuals. Four pedals acting on those of the great organ will also affect the pedal organ, and adapt it to the power then obtained in the great organ. Four pedals also will act on the couplers, as composition pedals act on ordinary stops. A double-acting pedal will produce a P P pedals, even when the *tutti* pedal is arranged. The swell and great organs will be played through the agency of the pneumatic lever. The wind will be supplied from bellows placed beneath the organ in a chamber prepared for them. These bellows are to be constructed with suitable feeders for mechanical power, which will be supplied with wind by two of Duncan's hydraulic engines. They are also to draw their air down from an altitude somewhat above the pipes in the hall above. The wind thus obtained is to pass into reservoirs, constructed to obtain absolute steadiness, and from them to pass to the various sections of the wind-chests, at suitable pressures, for the various ranks of pipes. The wind-chests will be furnished with the patent prise-medal valves of 1862. The keys will be constructed of ivory, of great thickness, and fronted with moulded ivory. The combination pistons will be electro-gilt. The key fittings will be in wainscot oak, French polished; and the whole of the interior will be constructed in the same style as the organ now building for the Royal Albert Hall. The case for this instrument designed by Messrs. Foster & Wood, architects, of Bristol, will be in a style to correspond with its character, and with the style of the hall.

MADAME NADINE DUNORD.

The *Examiner and London Review*, in reviewing M. De Kontski's concert speaks as follows of Madame Nadine Dunord, the young Russian vocalist:—

"The dramatic *aria* from *L'Africaine*, 'Sur mes genoux fils du soleil,' was rendered with exquisite taste and feeling by Madame Nadine Dunord. We might almost go so far as to pronounce this the gem of the vocal performances."

The *Morning Post* writes as subjoined:—

"Madame Nadine Dunord, the Russian singer, who made so favourable an impression at St. James's Hall, will give her *matinee* at the Marquis of Downshire's, in Belgrave Square."

The *Era* has the followieg criticism:—

"Admirable in this German composition, she was heard to far greater advantage in the 'Sleep Song' from Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. It must be conceded that this lady's voice is not great, but her ability in using it to express variety in musical sentiment has been rarely surpassed. In the whole range of opera there is not a score trying air than the one in question. We have never heard it more intellectually rendered than by this lady."

At a Council of the College of Organists, held on June 30th, the following gentlemen were admitted to fellowship:—W. S. Bambridge, of Marlborough College; Edward Bunnett, of Norwich Cathedral, Mus. Doc.; F. E. Gladstone, of Chichester Cathedral; John Stainer, of Magdalen College, Oxford, Mus. Doc.; and E. H. Turpin, of London.

WAIFS.

M. Gounod has left Paris, on a visit to some friends in Bretagne.

Theatres figure in the French budget of the next year to the time of 1,600,000 francs.

Mdlle. Schroder has recovered from small pox, and gone to her native place, Breslau.

Herr Carl Formes has returned to America. He arrived at New York last month.

Mr. Henry Smart has just completed *King René's Daughter*, a cantata for female voices.

M. Pasdeloup was married last week, in a very quiet fashion—so says *Le Ménestrel*, without giving the name of the bride.

The King of Italy has conferred the order of the Iron Crown on M. Parodka, the singing master, now residing at Florence.

Mr. Charles Hallé and Mr. A. S. Sullivan have been elected members of the committee of the Mendelssohn Testimonial Fund.

Mdme. Gompertz-Bettelheim will take part in the Beethoven commemoration at Vienna. So will the Abbé Liszt, who has promised to conduct the Mass in D.

How little hot weather agrees with theatre-going is shown by the receipts of the Paris places of entertainment, which amounted, during June, only to 747,219 francs.

The death is announced, in Egypt, of Themistocles Solera, author of the libretti of Verdi's two operas, *Nabuco* and *Attila*. He belonged to the Viceroy's police.

M. Naudin is engaged as leading tenor in the theatre of the Khedive at Cairo. Signor Nicola de Giosa, a pupil of Mercadante's, and late of San Carlos, will be the musical director.

In our notice of Mdlle. Georgi's benefit at the Gaiety we inadvertently stated that Mdlle. Constance Georgi sang the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. The singer was the *bénéficiaire* herself.

More than £10,000 out of the £15,000 required to meet Earl Dudley's proffered donation towards the restoration of Worcester Cathedral has already been subscribed by the leading residents in the city and county.

M. Ledue, the music publisher, has undertaken a very serious task. Under the title of *Bibliothèque Lyrique* he has commenced the issue of 200 operas, arranged for voice and piano, at the uniform price of three francs each.

Mdlle. Thérèse Castellan, the accomplished young lady-violinist, had, on Tuesday last, the honour of playing before the Court at Windsor, and after her performance was highly complimented by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses, &c., &c. The honour may be the more highly prized, inasmuch as, if there could possibly exist such a phenomenon as an English lady who played publicly on the fiddle, it is certain that she would never be invited to "Court."

In the Biography of Charles Dickens, by Mr Hotten, attention is called to the novelist's use of blue ink. It is true that he always used a particular blue ink which has the advantage of drying quickly, and of not clogging the pen—advantages shared by the violet ink, now also in vogue. The fact that Mr. Dickens always used ink of a decided and unalterable blue is not more worth mentioning than that he always wrote on blue paper. Now blue ink upon blue paper will try the eyes of most men, and some have a vivid recollection of the difficulty of reading the painful dazzle of blue upon blue. The printer who had to read his minutely written manuscript must have had a fine time of it. The point is worth noting as an illustration of the physical perfection of his vision. Though he somewhere speaks of his eyes as being none of the best, there never was a man who surpassed him in powers of seeing. The physical organs were in their kind perfect, and did their duty with indubitable accuracy. Their quickness of apprehension was prodigious.

We read in the *Church Times*:—

"The second festival of the Ryedale Choral Union was held in the fine old Parish Church of St. Peter's, Pickering. Thirteen choirs, comprising two hundred and fifty voices, took part in the service. There was a rehearsal at 11.30. At 3.30 the clergy and surpliced choirs left the National Schools in procession, beginning in the churchyard to chant Psalm cxxi. Psalm cxxii. was also sung as a processional. The anthem, 'the Lord is my Shepherd,' the hymns, 'For all Thy Saints,' and 'Saviour, blessed Saviour,' were, like the Psalms, &c., well sung. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Pigou, vicar of Doncaster, after which alms were collected. Every part of the church was crowded, the vestry and porch were full, and great numbers were in the churchyard. After service, the choirs and others partook of tea in the Castle yard. The day was fine, and both Church-people and Dissenters vied with each other in making it a happy one."

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Mr. John Dunne, was made Doctor of Music, in the Examination Hall of Trinity College, Dublin, at the "Summer Commencement," on Thursday, July 7th. His cantata, for the degree was performed on the Saturday previous, in the Theatre of Trinity College. *The Nobleman's Son at Capernaum* is founded upon the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel, verse 46. The work consists of nine numbers,—a tenor solo, "Praise and glory to the Lord;" a symphony and chorus with short solos; a recitative and chorus, "What was the hour when he began to amend"? an air, "Thy life had almost gone, my child"; a chorus, "Thy story to us belief imparts"; an eight-part-chorus, (which of course Mr. Dunne was obliged to write in order to show his skill in harmony); and a final chorus and trio, "Night and morning we for him with our souls did yearn." Altogether, judging from what we hear, the work must have satisfied the authorities that Mr. Dunne was fully entitled to the degree.

Our correspondent, a Left tenant Kernel, is incorrect in surmising that Cob-nuts are a variety of the Horse-chesnut. The racing expression of "cracks" does *not* refer to either species. Commodore Nutt did *not* invent shell-jackets, though the famous crackers are their origin to his genius. The "Nut-brown Maid" was not composed by Shelley, as you seem to imagine, and the phrase "a nutter failure" need not of necessity apply to the fact of finding it a bad one. Yes, certainly, there is a town named Knutsford, in Cheshire, but it is principally remarkable for the thick heads of its juries, which may possibly explain your confusion as to *nuts*. What you say about "cracking the Gordian nut" we attribute to your ignorance or the heat of the weather, also your observations on the years of the Verze di Cocco, which are unworthy of you, and if the singer in question *did* exhibit too much of the "voce di testa" (we pass over your remark about "detest her" and so on, because, really—) or "nutty flavoured" voice, there are some, remember, who like that sort of thing, and who instead of the liquid "*ut de poitrine*" prefer a good strong heady whine. However, for all further information we must refer you to *Nuttall's Dictionary.—Punch.*

A sort of indignation meeting has been held in Dublin touching the supposed parsimony of the Government towards an Irish Academy of Music. The grant tendered towards the Irish Institute does not seem generous, but it is curious to observe the attempt to make political capital out of it. "There is not a man in the Irish community," writes an Irish newspaper, "who on reading the report of the proceedings yesterday will not say he is disheartened that the Irish Academy of Music would not be permitted to languish through want of means if a native Legislature controlled the exchequer of Ireland. Could not the Music question be allowed to stand over for a short time, without threatening us just now for its sake with an agitation for repeal of the Union or a Federal Parliament? Our hands have been pretty full of Irish difficulties this year, but our Dublin contemporary may feel assured that as soon as we have a little leisure we shall not neglect, in the interest of our neighbours, a reasonable share of the fine arts, *quæ ad humanitatem pertinent*. But business must be got through first. Meanwhile, the Irish Academy might go on as it has been doing without eleemosynary aid. The advantages of assistance to the English Institute have not been uniformly apparent, and three years ago the sum was placed on the estimates to its account. At any rate let us have no grievance established on the point, with a foregone conclusion to add it to the sum total of wrongs with which various kinds of agitators are trading across the Channel.—*Daily News.*

THE LATE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.—A man to whom Psalmody Reformers owe a great debt, passed away to his rest, on April 19th. In the early days of our interest in Psalmody, we remember hearing from the Rev. J. J. Waite, who afterwards did such a great work throughout the country, of Mr. Havergal. There can be no doubt that something of that enthusiasm for sterling tunes quickly sung, and for broad and simple harmonies, which Mr. Waite carried with him everywhere, was caught as an inspiration from the author of "Old Church Psalmody." When Dr. Lowell Mason visited this country, one of his first and most sacred pilgrimages was to Mr. Havergal's house in Worcester, and we well remember the heartiness and earnestness with which Dr. Mason acknowledged the obligations of American psalmodists to this good man. We believe it was Dr. Mason who, soon after that, undertook the publication of Mr. Havergal's interesting book, on the "History of the Old Hundredth Psalm Tune," which was printed in America. The man whose sanctified genius inspired two such other men as these we have named, was indeed honoured with great usefulness. We think it likely (though we do not possess, in these cases, such distinct information) that Mr. Mercer and Sir Henry Baker, whose publications have wrought so great an effect in the Church of England, would gladly acknowledge a similar obligation to Mr. Havergal. In 1829 he resided at Astley Rectory, near Bewdle, Gloucestershire, and it was here that he met with that accident which nearly deprived him of sight, and laid him aside from clerical duties for several years. During this period he found relief to a studious and active mind in the study of music, and afterwards, during a long life, employed the intervals of ministerial and pastoral activities in compositions for the Church. Many of these have become very popular. His anthems, in the severe and classical style, are constantly found in cathedral use. His Psalm tunes have been freely used in all modern collections. And some of his "Hymns and Sacred Songs" written for his grand children, are very delightful memorials of poetic as well as musical genius. His departure was peculiarly peaceful—more like translation than death.—*Tonic Sol-fa Reporter.*

BADEN.—The programme of the Fourth Musical Soirée of the Administration included a Concert-Overture by Signor Bottesini, which was well received. M. Alard played two fantasias, of his own composition, on *Robert* and *Faust*. Herr Woworsky, from the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, sang an air from Weber's *Euryanthe*, and took part with Mdlle. Bosse in a duet from Spohr's *Jessonda*. He was exceedingly successful, so much so that M. Dupressoir presented him in the name of the Administration, with a diamond breast-pin, and engaged him at once for next year.

BIRTH.

On the 8th inst., at 44, Burlington Road, Mrs. RAWDON HASTINGS COMYN (MADAME MARIE STOCKES), prematurely, of a son (still born).

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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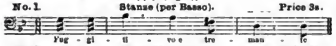

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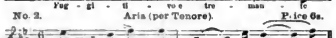

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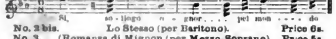

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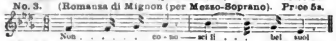
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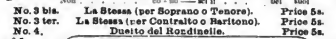

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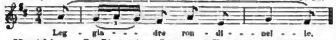

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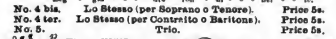

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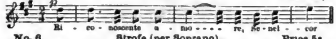

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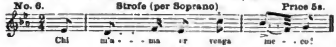
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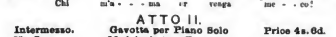

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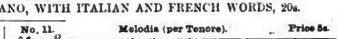

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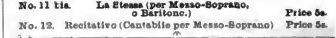
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A CONTRIBUTION TO THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

Professor Heinrich Dorn has published in the *Post* the following interesting article:—

According to an official report in the *Vaus Zeitung*, the Berlin Musikverein and the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein have applied to Herr von Hülsen, and requested him to act as chairman of a new Festival Committee, about to be formed. Very sensible!

We well know that Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald are most worthy men and sterling musicians; their efforts, by means of a *Congregation* which they founded, to improve the pecuniary circumstances of the poorer class of musicians, have already been attended with material benefits to the performers in small bands, and to the members of the Musical Exchange (*Musikbörse*) as it is called; but to do anything successfully in Berlin at the present moment, when the eyes of the whole artistic world are directed hither, and after Bonn, as the birthplace, and Vienna, as the residence, of the deceased master, have made every preparation for a Musical Festival of an extraordinary description—there needs a brilliant name, which these gentlemen do not possess, while the institution they represent does not enjoy sufficient credit to accomplish the task they would undertake. The intention, too, expressed in their first address: "Of laying, with the surplus from the Beethoven Festival treasury, the foundation of a Concert Hall on a grand scale, shows only too plainly that they are as far from having formed a correct idea of the expenses to be incurred, as they have of other points, unless Herr von Hülsen and were obliging enough to forward to a different address from the customary one the Opernhause receipts of *Fidelio*, and the Theatre Royal receipts for *Egmont*. Let the enterprising gentlemen, who have already retired, console themselves with the consciousness that their intentions were good, and let individual members of the Musikverein support, to the best of their ability, the forthcoming performances.

Just in the same way, the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein had no excuse for placing itself at the head of such an undertaking, save the very justifiable one, that some body or other must take the initiative. In former partner, the Musikverein, was, it is true, in a position to get up, unaided, grand musical performances, and consequently to assist effectually in any performances of the same nature; but this power is utterly wanting to the Tonkünstlerverein, the very small concerts its members able to play any instrument save the piano are either members of the Royal orchestras, or their substitutes, and so little independent that no reliance can be placed upon their promises of co-operation. As I myself, in my character of vice-president, am still an honorary member of the Verein in question, I am well acquainted with the praiseworthy efforts made by it, and I fully appreciate them; but I cannot see in them the foundation on which to raise a Beethoven Festival Committee for Berlin. I, therefore, repeat my firm conviction that it is a very sensible proceeding to change the whole plan, and, with Herr von Hülsen as chairman, form a fresh committee, with which—in just consideration of the original promoters, and also because he would make a most able secretary—Dr. Alsleben should be associated as delegate of the two Associations.

Other names are now mentioned on the committee: Herr von Hülsen, Joachim, Radecke, Ries, and Taubert; these are men whom all Germany knows; men who have not first to be looked up in the *Berlin Directory;* men with whom it is certain that the artistic notabilities in the commercial world, and among the aristocracy, will gladly ally themselves. For this reason we can no longer doubt that Julius Stern, though not at present in Berlin, will not refuse another invitation to co-operate in the undertaking. Without vigorous support from Stern's Verein and the Singakademie, it would be difficult to get up a really imposing Beethoven Festival. In order to ensure the co-operation of the last-named body, its chief director, Professor Grell, was, of course, also appointed a committee-man, though, on account of his health, he gratefully declined the office, which must necessarily entail great fatigue. The writer, too, of the present lines did not deem it becoming to accept the honourable call made on him; it is sufficient that the future conductors, and the virtuosos who will cast a lustre over the Festival, should be invited by the practical musicians to attend the preliminary deliberations; there is always ballast enough on such occasions—but the vessel must not be needlessly overladen. It certainly would not have been so by a man like Tausig, had he, in this instance, joined the cream of our artistic contemporaries in Berlin, but the act-of for his proposed co-operation was: that Richard Wagner should be offered the chief direction of the Festival. This ridiculously pretentious project was naturally at once rejected, and Herr Tausig subsequently thought fit to return his diploma as honorary member of the Berlin Tonkünstler Verein.

What a strange thing it is that certain persons never learn to distinguish what is becoming from what is unbecoming! For instance, the Vienna Committee asked Herr R. Wagner to be one of the conductors at the Beethoven Festival. Scarcely had the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of the 16th June published the fact that Herr R. Wagner, 'with grateful appreciation of the honour done him,' declined according to the invitation, than that gentleman trumpeted forth, in the columns of the Vienna papers, that he did not write and answer the committee, but had conveyed his refusal orally through a friend (because certain persons, not fanatic Wagnerites, were on the committee). That a man may be a celebrated composer, and yet not observe the slightest measure in his behaviour, is a fact which—as all the world knows—Wagner has sufficiently shown for years past. This incident, not in the least surprising on the part of the composer of *Tannhäuser*, would, therefore, hardly have been touched upon here, were it not so different from the conduct of another great artist, who behaved in a diametrically opposite manner under similar circumstances. The Vienna Committee requested Herren Wagner, Liszt, and Lachner, to conduct the most important works; Herren Joachim, Laub, and Madame Clara Schumann, to add lustre to the Festival, by taking part in it as solo instrumentalists. In consequence of the rude expectoration of a man like Wagner, Joachim, the master, stated that though he much regretted it, it was impossible that he could respond to the flattering invitation. He might easily have assigned some material circumstance or other as a pretext for his refusal, if, out of consideration for the persons included in the same invitation, he had not deemed it his duty to be truthful; he would, he said, have gone, had he seen a possibility of his being able to co-operate joyously.

"Had, for instance, the direction of the concerts been confided to one of the local conductors of Vienna, I should not, on such an occasion, have cared about the greater or less amount of partiality I feel for one name or the other, but, simply, like a pilgrim inspired by a hearty wish to dispose my best offerings on the holy shrine, have quietly accommodated myself to existing arrangements. But the direction of the concerts has been confided to artists from other places and with strongly expressed tendencies, and, though I must confess that it would have been impossible to select more celebrated names, I cannot, unfortunately, shut my eyes to the fact that in my opinion, the picture of Beethoven's sublime and simple grandeur, which in plain moral majesty has gradually subjected the entire globe, is thereby disturbed. As, under such circumstances, it would be impossible for me to enter, heart and soul, into the joyous work, I am, doubtlessly, acting in the spirit of the honourable Committee by keeping away from the Festival, in order not to interfere with the unanimous feeling of rejoicing."

This is the language and the behaviour of a true artist!

Although our Berlin Committee, at its first meeting, on the 12th June, selected the 17th December, and following days, as the date of the Festival, their decision may be considerd merely temporary. As regards the Theatre, it is, perhaps, a matter of indifference whether the Festival is held shortly before or long after Christmas; but for the concert-room and all the inconveniences connected with it, the proximity of Old Boguy, otherwise so profitable, might be attended with a certain amount of danger. *Videant consules ne detrimentum res publica capiat.*

SALZBURG.—The "Kaiser-Concert," as it is termed, was announced to take place on the 18th inst., in the *Aula Academica*. In September the Beethoven Anniversary Festival will be celebrated.

ALTENBURG.—A genuine Stradivarius, of the year 1708, and which, for a long time past has been in the possession of a family here, was lately purchased by the Russian violin *virtuoso*, M. Beseklirsky. He gave only the comparatively moderate price of two thousand thalers for it.

LEIPSIC.—The Abbate Franz Liszt left lately for Weimar, after staying here several days. He was present at a concert of Riedel's Verein, when portions of his *Missa Choralis* were performed. A *soirée* was also given him by Herr Riedel.—Herr Friederich Hasse, hitherto a member of the company at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, will be the new manager of the Stadttheater. Herr von Strantz, the stage-manager of the first-named establishment, will, it is said, accompany him.

WEIMAR.—On the 8th inst. the Abbate Franz Liszt left here on a visit to the Duke of Meiningen at Liebenstein. He then went to Munich, to be present at the performance of Herr R. Wagner's *Walküre*. Thence he directed his course to Oberammergau, to witness the celebrated *Passions-spiel*. It is his intention to return, by Regensburg and Vienna, to Hungary, and, in the house of his friend, Baron von Augus, at Sexard, to live in retirement some months, which he proposes to devote exclusively to his musical labours. Whether he will then return to Rome is a matter of doubt, since he has received a pressing invitation from his friend, and patron, the Grand Duke, to spend the autumn and winter here.

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ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Among the operas played last week were *Otello*, *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, and *Robert le Diable*. These were all repetitions, and it is only necessary to refer once again to *Faust*, in which a new tenor appeared for the first time. So many young tenors have failed to create any marked impression in the principal character of M. Gounod's best opera that when it is added that Signor Perotti's impersonation showed undoubted intelligence, and that his singing was more than average, we have awarded him considerable credit. That, in spite of his Italian name, the newcomer was not Italian, but German, could hardly fail to be detected. The peculiar quality of the Germao voice and the method of delivering it are unmistakable. Signor Perotti was very favourably received, and we shall doubtless hear more of him. The other chief parts were sustained, as before, by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (Margaret), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Siebel), M. Faure (Mephistopheles), and Mr. Santley (Valentine)—to replace any one of whom would not be easy. This was the only morning performance of the season, for which, inasmuch as the house was crowded in every part, it seems hard to account.

The long-promised Italian version of Herr Richard Wagner's romantic opera, *Der Fliegende Hollander*, under the title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night, with every mark of success. Thus Mr. George Wood has, though late in the season, redeemed another promise, and again justified the confidence reposed in his management. The utmost care has been taken in putting the opera upon the stage; while, to judge from the result, Signor Arditi must have bestowed even more than his accustomed diligence in preparing the music, which, like all Herr Wagner has written, even his earliest known dramatic work, the grand opera of *Rienzi* brought out some time ago at the Dresden Theatre Lyrique), is trying in equal degrees for orchestra, chorus, and solo singers. The abandonment of the first idea of introducing Herr Wagner as an operatic composer at our Italian Opera by his *Tannhäuser*, and substituting his *Fliegende Hollander*, was, we think, judicious; for though between the composition of *Tannhäuser* and that of the *Fliegende Hollander* there was only an interval of three years, the Thuringian opera is far more than three years in advance of its immediate predecessor. In the *Hollander* the composer may be said to have struck into the new system afterwards destined to make such a noise in the world, and to lead to such bitter and acrimonious controversy. Having thus felt his way, he developed it more elaborately in *Tannhäuser*; and from *Tannhäuser* to *Lohengrin* was but a step towards the goal which, through the successive stages of *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Meistersinger von Nurnberg*, was ultimately reached in the trilogy of the *Nibelungen*. If we are to welcome such music and ultimately to adopt the Wagnerian doctrine of the "*Art-work of the Future*," it is as well to begin from the beginning—with an opera, in short, composed when the Prophet was more like other men. We have always thought, moreover, that Herr Wagner's very best, because least extravagant, dramatic work, was the *Hollander*, which, amid much that is incoherent and formless, contains much genuine music, and the promise of much more to come. Every step since taken in advance of it seems to us a step in the wrong direction.

The opera is powerfully cast at Drury Lane; and to Senta and the nameless Dutchman, to save whom from perdition the Norwegian maiden sacrifices her life, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska and Mr. Santley are provided with parts which have, already in one performance, enabled them to win the highest possible distinction. The other characters are supported, and well supported by Signor Perotti (Erik the Hunter), Signor Foli (Daland, the Norwegian skipper), Signor Rinaldini (the Helmsman), and Madame Corsi (Maria).

Strange to say, considering the attraction one night suppose would attach to an opera by a composer who, in one way or another, has been the incessant talk of the musical world for more than 30 years, and scarcely any of whose dramatic music, occasional selections at concerts allowed for, is known in England, the house was not crowded. The revenge, however, the audience was uproarious from first to last. The overture which provides material for all the most important dramatic situations of the opera, was loudly encored; and, no wonder, the execution being beyond reproach. Happily, Herr Wagner allows few opportunities for encoring in the course of his work; and had Signor Arditi been satisfied with acknowledging the applause, instead of repeating the overture—perhaps the least coherent, certainly the noisiest piece of the whole—he would have acted more discreetly. However, almost every piece was applauded with more or less heartiness; and this may in a measure be explained by the fact that the audience, from the drawing up of the curtain and the exhibition of the Norwegian vessel at anchor, to the self-immolation of Senta and the disappearance of the Dutchman's ship in the last scene, found themselves in presence of something quite new and strange, something for the greater part unlike anything whatever they had previously witnessed. The calls for the principal singers at the termination of each act were hearty and unanimous.

The operas performed during this week (the last of the season) have been *Otello* (Monday); *L'Olandese Dannato* (Tuesday); and *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Thursday). A composite entertainment, including an act from *Traviata*, an act from *Martha*, and an act from *Lucia*—for the benefit of Mdlle. Nilsson, and her last appearance in England before her visit to America, is announced for this evening—the last performance of the season.

APROPOS OF THE *HOLLÄNDER*.

"But there arose a colossal genius, a flaming spirit, to whom was decreed a crown of fire and gold." The speaker is Abbé Liszt; the individual spoken of, Herr Richard Wagner, whose star, last Saturday night, was visible above the English horizon for the first time. Previously, nothing but scintillations of its brightness could be detected; and not a few sympathetic souls chafed under the deprivation. Let us hope that, at last, they are happy.

One or two general reflections arise out of the production of *Der Fliegende Hollander*, and may be best dealt with at the outset. We shall probably hear many quotations of "Magna est veritas," &c, and many remarks to the effect that the English press, having kept Wagner out of the country for years, has, at length, been overcome. There will be great jubilation at the supposed victory of truth over prejudice, and great kindling of hope, now that the Apostle of Future Music has gained a footing in the land. The sight of happiness is always agreeable to a well-constituted mind, and we have not the smallest desire to interfere with the pleasure of young Anglo-Germany. It must be stated, nevertheless, that the habit of persistently keeping Wagner out of England is a chimera, only a little less wild than the poet-composer's own theory as to the opposition he encounters. Herr Wagner went to sleep not long ago, and dreamed of a ubiquitous and omnipotent organisation of Jews, which met him at every turn, eager to be avenged upon the man who sneered at Mendalssohn, and called Meyerbeer "the most despicable music-manufacturer of the period." With regard to England, Herr Wagner saw in his dream that our religion, being largely influenced by the Old Testament, made us very susceptible to the operations of the Jewish league, and secured for his enemies an easy victory. Waking up, he wrote a pamphlet, in which these fancies were put forward as realities; and his disciples naturally imitate their master. Hence the latter was not more self-deceived than are the former. Supposing, however, that the charge made against the press were true, there is an obvious and sufficient justification. It is possible to look upon Herr Wagner's music as destructive to the interests of art; and inasmuch as music upon which all art-interests are staked wage war. To establish a sanitary cordon, in hope of keeping out such poison, would be, therefore, an act of which the doers need feel no shame. We should question its policy, nevertheless; at all events, with reference to the fully-developed Wagnerian theory and practice. Pope's dictum,—

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen"—

is thoroughly applicable to the art-vice of which we speak—applicable enough even to disprove the sequel; for under no circumstances should we "first endure, then pity, then embrace," say, *Tristan und Isolde*. It follows that Herr Wagner's opponents can desire no better thing than the production in England, of all his works, and if a manager could be found willing to sacrifice a fortune on their account, he would deserve recouping from the national treasury, with a bonus added.

The foregoing observations are however, very nearly beside the mark when connected with *Der Fliegende Hollander*. Whatever the fate of the opera may be, it can bear only in a slight degree upon the Wagnerian controversy—for the sufficient reason that the opera itself but faintly illustrates Wagnerian doctrines. The inventor of future music, if Herr Wagner be the inventor (which those will doubt who read the curious correspondence between him and Lelly in Raabe's *Cultusstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten*), is no Minerva, sprung, fully developed, from the brain of Jove. Like Beethoven he has had "styles," commencing with the Italian-French *Das Liebesverbot* and *Rienzi*, just "feeling his feet," to use a nursery expression, in *Der Fliegende Hollander*—where, also, he came in contact with his beloved legends—and finally running off on his own account in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and the *Nebelungen*. It is probable, therefore, that Herr Wagner now looks upon *Der Fliegende Hollander* as Jupiter looked at Gaia might have looked upon the toy-spear of his youthful days, and we can imagine how regretfully the composer of Lucerne has heard that London selected what he did at thirty years of age in preference to an illustration of his riper genius. Herr Wagner may, however, console himself with the thought that *Der Fliegende Hollander* is very good milk for babes, and that, when the digestive powers of English amateurs are stronger, a cry will be raised for something more substantial. Under the circumstances we have detailed, there is no need to argue for or against Herr Wagner's distinc-

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tive theories, which his third opera but dimly foreshadows. To those, however, who, knowing somewhat of their realistic character are attracted by daring novelty, we would commend the words of Lortzing: "If art is to be anything at all, it must indulge in a great many things that are unnatural; and herein lies the charm of art, that, notwithstanding its heterogeneous means, it can bring about an illusion that shall resemble real life." To these remarks may fittingly be added those of Goethe: "Herein lies the dangerous demon for you young-sters: You are quick to create new ideas, but how about giving them shape and form? *Every branch of art has its weak point in theory, which must be retained in practice, because by suppressing it you come too near to Nature and art is made inartistic.*" The passage we have italicised may thus be used as an exorcism, and ought effectually to "lay" the ghost of Future-Music whenever it appears.

THADDEUS EGO.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The operas represented last week were *Lucrezia Borgia*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Faust e Margherita*, and *Rigoletto*. *Lucrezia* was given for the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens, whose very striking impersonation of the Duchess of Ferrara there is not another word to say. Suffice it that the German songstress was greeted as she deserved. The other chief characters were sustained, as before, by Mdlle. Scalchi (Orsini), Signor Graziani (Alfonso), and Signor Naudin, who, most worthy of tenors, played on the same evening in *Massaniello*, two acts of which masterpiece followed the opera of Donizetti.

The revival of *L'Etoile du Nord*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Catarina, must always be a welcome event. It is four years since Meyerbeer's gorgeous lyrico-musical romance of history was last played at this house, when Madame Patti essayed Caterina for the first time, and proved herself equal to any Caterina in a musical sense, and in a dramatic sense superior to all. Four years in the accomplished lady have, in consonance with her entire artistic career, been virtually four years of progress, and it would be difficult now to find any point of her performance open to criticism. The characteristic air and dance when Caterina, in gipsy's costume, sings away the Cossacks, or "Calmo sia il mar" (in the libretto *les deux se disent*), and the expressive prayer and barcarole, when Caterina leaves her friends to follow the wars, in the first act, the animated incidents of the camp and the tent scene, in the second, and the gradual return of Caterina to reason, among old friends and faces, in the third and last, preserve all their old charm, accompanied even by greater spirit and greater finish of detail. The music of Peter is too low for that careful and meritorious artist, Signor Cotogni; who is by no means so much at sea, under other circumstances, as he might be. Nevertheless, there is much to praise in his general conception; and had the always solicitous M-yerbeer been living, he would, doubtless, have made the requisite modifications to ensure the excellent baritone's co-operation—especially since he will sing the romance in C—two movements of which were played on Saturday, and one a year ago—as a whole; so that we need do no more now than express a satisfaction far greater than is usually excited by new works. The *finale* is especially well constructed, and may lay claim to many merits of being original. Mr. Santley made his own soloist; but, with all due recognition of his skill, we hope the concerto will soon have the better rendering it deserves. Among the successful vocalists was Miss Ferrari, who sang Meyerbeer's "En rain j'espère" with a neatness of execution and a truth of expression warranting great hopes of her future. These remarks fairly apply also to Miss Rebecca Jewell's rendering of Donizetti's "La dea del lago;" and both ladies were honoured by very hearty applause. The orchestra, ably led by Mr. Weist Hill, was entirely composed of those who have at some time or other been connected with the Academy.

Between the parts the prizes of the year were distributed by Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, who was loudly cheered both at the beginning and end of a task which she performed in the most kindly and graceful manner. The list of forthcoming works read ever by Professor Sternlale Bennett, Principal of the Academy, ran as follows: Special letters of commendation for students who had already received silver medals were given to Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Linda Scates, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. W. Shakspeare, and Mr. S. Kemp. Silver medals: Miss Wade, Miss C. Gardner, Mr. T. Wingham. Bronze medals: Miss Goods, Miss Bairnsfather, Miss Jessie Ferrari, Miss Pocklington, Mr. Parry, and Mr. Cook. Prizes of books: Misses Westmorland, Whomes, Moultrie, Townshend, Channell, Burleigh, H. Watson, Newman, Taylor, Sophie Ferrari, Messrs. Beazley, Brion, Prentice; Dockes, W. Parker, Walker. Letters of commendation: Misses Field, Crawford, Martin H. Baillie, Bishop, Turner, Salmon, Hurley, and Smith; Messrs. Faning, Howells, and Waddington.

PILLNITZ.—Margarethe Binder died here on the 8th inst., and was buried in the cemetery at Hosterwitz, at which place Carl Maria von Weber passed several summers, and finished *Preciosa*. This lady was the first representative, both with respect to time and merit, of the heroine in the above opera, and the composer, when speaking of her to the Dresden public, said: "She is the Preciosa I imagined."

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THE REHEARSAL OF THE AMMERGAU "MYSTERY."

The interest which the representation of the decennial Mystery Play in the Ammergau has again excited among English tourists may warrant us in offering our readers an account of a visit lately paid by a German, Herman Schmid, for the express purpose of observing the preparatory arrangements and training of the actors. Herr Schmid had contributed an account of the Passion Play of 1860 to the pages of the *Gartenlaube*. He now sends to that journal a narrative of the visit which he paid to Ober Ammergau during Lent of the present year. He started in cold weather, passed frozen lakes and snow clad wood-lands on his upward ascent, and arrived late one evening at the Schabenwirth, the now somewhat noted hostelry of the village. Here he was at once greeted by the sound of a first-rate instrumental band, numbering thirty performers. It was the orchestra, practising the intended prelude of welcome to the audience. The company around him consisted mostly of young men, playing quietly at cards, and having the air of wandering artists. He found that they were mostly intended performers in the play, and, like three-fourths of the Ammergauers, carvers in wood by trade, whence a certain air of picturesqueness which they had imparted to the trimming of their hair and beards. The following morning was a Sunday, and having found that during Lent there was no Sunday acting-rehearsal every week, besides a Thursday musical rehearsal, Herr Schmid hastened to the abode of the parish priest to try whether it were possible to get a view of the proceedings. Herr Müller, the priest, shook his head. The exclusion of every stranger during the rehearsals was, he said, a fixed principle with the Ammergauers. But, indeed, as the snow had broken into the newly erected theatre, of which it had been intended to make the first trial that day, he was pretty sure no rehearsal would take place in the procession; he would inquire, however, he added, moved by the evident disappointment of his visitor and also by the infinential introdnctions which he brought with him, and should he find from the performers that there was to be one, he would lay the request before the assembled *corps dramatique*, with whom alone rested the decision. Back to his hostelry goes Herr Schmid. There is much busy passing to and fro; he is convinced that a rehearsal is in proparation—evidently he is forgotten or refused. But suddenly in comes the waiter, and summons him to the spot. It is now to be destined theatre that he finds the actors, but in a long, low, temporary apartment, formed by throwing several rooms into one. They are in the midst of their business. At a table near site the pastor, Herr Müller, together with his assessor in the cure, Herr Rochus Dedler, the author of the present text and arrangement of the Passion Play, who, after a quarter of a century's active work in the Ammergau, retired upon a small stipend to remain, *emeritus*, in the home to which his heart is given. A villager with the book open before him, and ready to act as prompter if needful. Tho visitor retires softly to a window, and at once feels the magic spell upon him. He shall tell his own impressions.

"I had already witnessed and borne a part," he says, "in many stage rehearsals; but at the first glance I saw plainly that this was something very different from a play in the ordinary sense. It was evident, for instance, that proceeded the very remarkable effect which the dramatic performance of these simple villagers unquestionably produces on the beholder. In the first place, I felt convinced that the solemnity of the subject, the thrilling import of its mighty tragedy, was present with and above all technical preparations, and took from them the haste, restlessness, and distraction inseparable from dramatic preliminaries in general. These performers are not occupied with the thought that they are acting a play setting forth as it were a representation of certain transactions apart from their own lives. Rather they are putting their whole selves into their assumed parts—they give the utterance of their own simple feeling without any sort of art or of study. And in this absence of premeditated effect, this spontaneousness, lies the secret of their truth to nature and of the deep impression produced on the beholder. No manager here conducted the arrangement of the scenes, no inspector watched over their succession; nor was any such functionary needed, for all the actors listened and looked their parts when mute, or spoke and moved when the right moment came. Scarcely twice had the prompter to interpose with some trifling correction. Every speech was delivered with precision, every gesture was in order, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions of the temporary stage, even the crowded scenes were performed with a method and accuracy perfectly astonishing; as, for instance, that of the seizure of Jesus on the Mount of Olives and the confusion of the soldiers at His approach; they fall back all at once, literally as if struck by lightning, and yet in well-arranged groups, without any word or sign to guide them beyond the words of the dialogue."

Herr Schmid goes on to observe, in explanation of this dramatic achievement of the Ammergauers, that they perform not from vanity or love of gain, but because they look upon their work as a kind of moral obligation. Then, again, the accuracy of representation has grown into a tradition among them, they have been brought up to know the whole drama by heart, and its decennial celebrations are matters of current history among them from their earliest years. Every posture, every grouping has its prescription. What with the 104 men and fifteen women with speaking parts, the 250 mutes (including children), and the orchestra, stage servants, &c., no fewer than 500 person—half the population of the place—bear a share in the Passion Play. It is a strict rule that none but Ammergauers, born or adopted may perform; and if occasional deficiencies of skill are observable, it is because some new inhabitant has not yet sufficiently imbibed the tradition of the local stage. The artistic taste displayed throughout the arrangements is no doubt partly attributable to the prevalence of the wood-carving trade among the population. The different "characters" are assigned by vote, and it is customary to retain each actor, as far as possible, for the part in which he has already shown his capacity. That Peter is represented again this year by Hett, who performed the part with such inimitable *naiveté* on a former occasion. Lechner resumes his part of Judas; Lang that of Caiaphas; Annas, Pilate, Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and others have also their former representatives. The individual who impersonated the Christ of the drama in 1860 has left the Ammergau and a new man has been appointed for the part, Joseph Meier, also a figure carver, a young man of tall, slight build, and pensive countenance, with a long thick beard and rich hair, good inien, and melodious voice. The character of Mary has likewise a new exponent in Franciska Pflunzer, daughter of a wood carver and drawing-master who performed the part of Christ in 1850, and since then acted that of Annas. Franciea is a slight, graceful girl, having a mild, attractive countenance, and a voice sweet, though not strong. It has an odd effect to see so young a person representing the Saviour's mother at the time of the Crucifixion; but the popular conventional notion of the Madonnas as always young is not to be dispensed with. St. John has a new representative in Johann Zwink, the very embodiment, when properly dressed, of the apostle's figure in the picture of some old master. The parts of Martha and Magdalene are well assigned, the expression being given to the former of activity of tone and the dreamy enthusiasm of the other. Herr Schmid was several times appealed to while the rehearsal was in progress to say what he thought of it, and what faults he could point out:—

"But I took good care, not to make any criticism. What did it matter if here and there the guttural tone which an Ammergau has in common with a Tyrolese, was a little too strong, or if at times the word *Vater* was pronounced *Vatter*, or if I could have suggested that this or that sentence might be constructed in a more scholarly style? I was strongly convinced that the character of the whole thing depended on its *naiveté* and originality, and that no infringement could be made on these qualities without introducing some sense of insecurity and artifice."

In the evening Herr Schmid found himself in a small social circle of the villagers. They had got over their shyness of the stranger, and were ready to make him one of themselves with cordial hospitality. There was the future Peter of the drama, a perfect model for the sculptor, with his natural bald head, full beard, and venerable aspect; Judas, with red beard, pale shrewd countenance, and intense eyes; Annas, with iron-grey beard and thoughtful, melancholy expression. He describes them all as simple, open-hearted, sensible men, content with their moderately gainful trade, whose placid lives are marked to them by the successive epochs of the Passion Play, and whose memories love to linger on the incidents of each repetition. It was with a reverend awe that Annas recalled the occasion when he had been required to perform the part of the Saviour; and his description of the sensations accompanying the mock Crucifixion managed by supporting the body with ropes on a cross so raised that there were three yards between the ground and his feet were very curious. The performers seemed to take great pleasure in the growing interest evinced by the outside world in their exhibition, and to be very anxious to support its credit on the approaching occasion. They gave Herr Schmid an account of the ordinary performances which constitute their theatrical education during the ten years' interval of the Passion Play. These consist chiefly of religious pieces, dramatized legends, and the like; but sometimes modern secular plays are performed, as at one time Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, an arduous effort for a village company. We have heard that Shakspere also has been acted. On the following day Schmid visited the hall where the scenic decorations were being painted. Both here and in the costume department great taste were being shown to rectify certain historic and artistic errors pointed out on the last occasion. And in this direction (it strikes us *par parenthèse*) may there not be possible room for fear? May not the poison of self consciousness be creeping in?

The stage on which the representation takes place is a very large space, nearly quadrangular, in the midst of which is curtained off a theatre of the usual form. The front of this constitutes a proscenium, and the spaces on each side represent streets of Jerusalem. At the two corners of the middle stage are the palaces of Pilate and Herod, with two stories each, so that no fewer than eight distinct spaces are obtained in which the play can be simultaneously conducted by a mass of per-

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formers greater than any ordinary modern theatre is made to hold. A scene like that in which Christ is shown to the multitude, who tumultuously demand Barabbas, has immense effect given to it by this arrangement. The proscenium is curious as a feature of so remote a country theatre, as it would seem to be somehow a relic of classic tradition. Its combination with the subdivided "mystery" stage of the middle ages is still more curious, and affords a hint, Herr Schmid thinks, which might be made available for future stage reform in polished capitals. In the evening he attended a musical rehearsal, where he was greatly surprised at the proficiency displayed by both instrumentalists and vocalists, the former numbering thirty, the latter twenty villagers. The music itself is the composition of one Dadloer-Rochus, a schoolmaster and native of the Ammergau, and is something in the style of Haydn's oratorios. It is simple but melodious, and not without grandeur in some of the choruses: the Hallelujah at the end is very powerful. The effect of the singing, however, was somewhat marred by the absence of a former female vocalist, who had retired to a convent. A deputation had just gone forth to procure leave from the convent authorities for her return to the world for this single occasion, the only one for which she could be induced to leave her retreat. What the success of the embassy might be no one knew, and much anxiety was felt on the subject.

FESTIVAL PREPARATIONS.

As the timely presence of a general with his troops is in itself an earnest of victory, it will be gratifying to all well-wishers of the Birmingham Festival to know that the generalissimo of the coming musical campaign joined his choral forces on Monday when the occasion was signalized by a grand review in the customary form. Sir Michael Costa's reception by his vocal *corps d'armée* was all that the most exacting conductor could desire, and the performers on their part certainly had no cause to complain of the manner in which their exertions were acknowledged. The subject of rehearsal was the cantata—our own work, *Naaman*, written for, and originally produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1864. The favourable verdict then passed upon it by an enthusiastic, yet critical audience, has been endorsed in the interval, by the musical opinion of London, and, indeed, every other town where the work has been heard, and *Naaman* has now taken its stand firmly among the most attractive and original productions of the oratorio class which belong to our time. It is somewhat and not altogether creditable to the gratitude of the Birmingham Festival managers, that so charming a work by a man moreover so closely allied to Festivals ows so much, should not have been heard again even in a fragmentary form, since the occasion of its first production; but we ne d not now dwell on that neglect, seeing that *Naaman* is announced for performance on the Wednesday of the festival week. In view of this event, of course, its rehearsal has become necessary, and as no one can be so competent to conduct that preparation as the composer himself, Sir Michael Costa has had to begin his Festival drudgery rather sooner than might otherwise have been the case. At the conclusion of the practice, Sir Michael courteously apologised for detaining the choir beyond their usual hour on the previous evening. He added that he would come down again for rehearsals on the 15th, 17th, and 19th of August, after which time he hoped further practice would be unnecessary. Till then, however, there would be three rehearsals weekly. Mr. Peyton, in the course of the evening, stated that he had just received a letter from Dr. Hiller, who was rather uncertain, in the present state of affairs, if it would be possible for him to come to England; but he hoped it might, in which case he would ask the choir to give him an extra night for rehearsal.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Daily Telegraph* speaks of the performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer* in these terms:—

"The general performance, while not free from shortcomings, did great credit to Signor Arditi's skill—band and chorus, for example, satisfying all reasonable demands. It need hardly be pointed out that the Hollander is by far the most prominent character in the opera. Even when absent from the stage he is present to the mind, so well has his personality been interwoven with the general structure of the plot. Any cast weak here is, therefore, certain to fail, however excellent in other respects. Happily the Drury Lane management could command the services of Mr. Santley, whose impersonation of the Dutchman was one of those great successes which come but rarely, even to the best artists. For England at least, our English baritone has "created" the part; and we can conceive nothing more natural or more safe than a recognition of this fact by his successors, should there be any. Art, garb make-up, Mr. Santley was perfect. His Hollander looked like a man weary and worn by present anguish, and by that "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick;" while every movement seemed labour against the weight of a fearful doom. No more pitiful figure can be imagined, nor one more likely to excite the devotion which, at length, terminated his wanderings. Not to dwell upon every detail, we may instance the second act as embodying Mr. Santley's most striking display of dramatic power. The eager yet melancholy gaze so long directed by the Hollander upon Senta; the pathetic expression given to his rising hope of redemption though her agency; and the rapture with which he receives an assurance of the maiden's love, are but a few from among many examples of art not far short of the highest. It may be superfluous to declare that Mr. Santley sang magnificently; but we must do so nevertheless, because we remember what sort of music he had to sing. Few things are more trying than the Hollander's soliloquy in Act 1; fewer still demand higher qualities in the interpreters than the duet in Act 2; but Mr. Santley was never wanting. Englishmen have had reason to be proud of this artist—they have now reason to be prouder still. The Senta of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska was worthy of Mr. Santley's Hollander. To no *prima donna* before the public is the *rôle* better suited, and assuredly none could have made it more effective. Mdlle. di Murska's dramatic resources carried her triumphantly through the very exacting situations in which she appeared, while the character was prevented wholly in the light properly belonging to it, as that of a woman animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice, not less unswerving than heroic. To say that the clever Hungarian lady sang with correctness and force is simply to declare what everybody is prepared to assume. Daland is but a commonplace individual, with no penetration, and little sympathy. As a master piece individual, with no penetration, and little sympathy. As a master piece individual, with no penetration, and little sympathy. As a master piece

ERRATUM.—The *New Valse de Salon* performed at Miss Ellen Jarman's concert, was the composition of Mr. Frederick Jewson, not of Mr. Frederick Lawson, as stated in our last week's impression.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

SQUABBLES.

OUR German cousins are unanimously shouting, "With God for King, and Fatherland," all their political differences and rivalries being lost in presence of a common object of hate. So much the better for their warlike prospects. Karl Blind and Von Bismarck charging a Frenchman, side by side, is an edifying and a hopeful spectacle,—save to the Frenchman, who can hardly be so much master of the situation as when those doughty heroes pommel each other. It would seem that German hate is stronger than German love. The face of an enemy unites Teutonic hearts and hands; the name of their greatest genius sets them quarrelling and scolding like female paupers over the last parish loaf. The contrast is not creditable, especially after the very tall talk in which they indulge respecting their great men. Nobody can use more lofty expressions than your German; he evolves out of his moral consciousness (whence the famous camel) an appreciation of merit in the abstract which is itself an abstraction; and so the quintessence of German humanity bows before the sublimation of German genius, the world and all its belongings—petty passions and the like—being removed to an infinite distance. This is the pretension; the reality appears to be somewhat different. Let us show it.

The folk of Berlin are, or were, getting up a Festival in honour of Beethoven, intending it to come off next December. One would have thought the illustrious name of the greatest musician competent to act as oil upon the waters of German musical controversy. Had the case been put to us beforehand, we should have pictured an instant cessation of strife, and a mighty unison of previously squabbling tongues, lifting a "Hoch" to the very heavens. Has this happened? Not a bit of it. The name of Beethoven has simply afforded a new pretext for mutual throat-catching and be-pommelling. The initiative of the Festival was taken, it appears, by Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald, Whereupon it was said by those who did not take the initiative—"These are men of no name; worthy men and sterling musicians, doubtless; but not brilliant. Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald, be pleased to remove your respectable individualities out of the way, and make room for those who do not require to be looked up in the Directory." *Exeunt* Herren Bumke, Phillip, and Thadewald, feeling very small indeed; and enter a band of men with names, not having among them Herr Tausig, the pianist. But Herr Tausig was invited—nay, pressed to give his services to the honour of Beethoven. "Come, O Tausig," said the Committee with names,—"come, let us worship and bow down at the shrine of genius." Did Herr Tausig gird up his loins and run? No. He thought of the living Tausig more than of the dead Beethoven, and tried to get out of the latter a means of honour to the former. "I, Tausig, the pianist, will make capital out of this matter. I will assert my power, advance my friends, and then do honour to Beethoven." He tried it on:—"Gentlemen of the Committee with names, I will join you on one condition—Herr Richard Wagner must be sole conductor." The Committee shook their illustrious heads derisively. "Very well, gentlemen, then there is no Tausig for you; and I forward, moreover, my resignation as honorary member of your Tonkünstler Verein." Poor Beeth——, no; poor Tausig!

The scene changes to Vienna.

Somebody or somebodies took the initiative of a Beethoven Festival in the Austrian capital, under the very shadow of Beethoven's tomb, where, if at all, the voice of squabbling should be hushed. These would have several conductors, and Herr Richard Wagner should be one of them, as became his position in the world o German music. So they called upon Herr Wagner; but the Prophet declined—said a Vienna paper—"with grateful appreciation of the honour done him." This statement Herr Wagner could not brook. Was it to go forth to the world that he, Richard Wagner, had behaved like a gentleman, and shown himself amenable to the ordinary courtesies of life? Perish the thought!—else, where would be the difference between Richard Wagner and other men? So the Prophet wrote to the Vienna papers:—"I never troubled to answer the Committee, but told a friend I should decline, who told somebody else." Thus Herr Wagner cleared his character of the grave suspicion of doing a civil thing, and rehabilitated himself in the estimation of his friends. Herr Joachim was also invited to co-operate, and he, too, acted characteristically—that is to say, he wrote a polite reply; but even Herr Joachim could not associate with some others to whom the committee's favour had been extended. Here are his words:—

"Had, for instance, the direction of the concerts been confided to one of the local conductors of Vienna, I should not, on such an occasion, have cared about the greater or less amount of partiality I felt for one name or the other, but, simply, like a pilgrim inspired by a hearty wish to dispose my best offerings on the holy shrine, have quietly accommodated myself to existing arrangements. But the direction of the concerts has been confided to artists from other places and with strongly expressed tendencies, and, though I must confess that it would have been impossible to select more celebrated names, I cannot, unfortunately, shut my eyes to the fact that, in my opinion, the picture of Beethoven's sublime and simple grandeur, which in plain moral majesty has gradually subjected the entire globe, is thereby disturbed. As, under such circumstances, it would be impossible for me to enter heart and soul into the joyous work, I am, doubtlessly, acting in the spirit of the honourable Committee by keeping away from the Festival, in order not to interfere with the unanimous feeling of rejoicing."

All who know Herr Joachim must feel the pain involved in this refusal, and the strength of the motives which induced him so to act. But is it not pitiful that over the tomb of Beethoven there should be discord among those who profess to reverence his memory? Contending Italian factions have been known to cease their strife and kneel side by side, till the Host had passed; when they rose and went at it again. Cannot our squabbling German friends take counsel by the lesson?

AT last one of the operas of Richard Wagner has been produced on the English stage. Judging from the scantiness of the attendance—the house was little more than half filled—the curiosity to hear it could not have been intense. The audience was in a great measure composed of professors of music, *soi-disant* amateur critics, their ancients and familiars. These, as a rule, are unprofitable customers. We remember seeing a letter from the publisher of a musical paper, requesting one of his contributors to discontinue a very remarkable series of original articles,—"for," said the publisher, "all our intellectual readers are on the

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free list." If the director of the Italian Opera Drury Lane ever chanced to see this letter, the first performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, under the Italian title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, may probably have brought it back to his memory. The real paying public kept away; but the professors, &c., went to the theatre in shoals. They were all, like the music publisher's "intellectual subscribers"—on the free list. Their enthusiasm was wonderful, almost as wonderful as that of the daily papers on the Monday following, and almost as unaccountable. Wagner is now, if the audience of Saturday last may be accepted as arbiters of taste, safely installed among us. In the course of time we shall be alive to his transcendent merits, and impregnated with the truth of his "system"—a system which sets aside music as an absolute art, denies the generally accepted relations of keys to each other, and scoffs at independent, rythmical melody.

So be it. If Wagnerism is truth we shall all find ourselves the wiser and the better for its adoption. But it should be clearly understood that the whole Wagner is not in the *Fliegende Holländer*—nay, not the twentieth part of the whole Wagner. In *Tannhäuser* there is more of him; in *Lohengrin* more still; but it is not till we come to *Tristan und Isolde* that we behold the man and his system in their edifying completeness. Strange to say, we prefer the *Fliegende Holländer*, which is both interesting and intelligible, to the "whole Wagner," which is neither interesting nor intelligible. Nevertheless, we urgently recommend *Tristan und Isolde* to the attention of our operatic managers; it will form a strong and healthy contrast to the *Sonnambula*, the *Trovatore*, and other works, popular in spite of their simplicity. Once conquer *Tristan*—

"Sir Tristram was a champion doughty"—

and the *Niebelungen* follows as a matter of course. When we have swallowed the *Niebelungen*—then, and not till then—we shall have swallowed the whole Wagner.

There is one little difficulty, however. To get up *Tristan* would alone occupy about a twelvemonth; so that two seasons of a London Italian Opera will have to be exclusively devoted to rehearsals—not a single performance, under the circumstances, being possible. The subscription then must be—for rehearsals only.

P.S.—At the second performance of *L'Olandese*, the professors, &c., again went in shoals, and the real paying public kept away. At the same time the work has many great beauties, and is admirably performed; moreover its production is highly creditable to the management.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SAPETE che cosa ha detto Pippo Pippi che ci vuole per giudicare la musica di Wagner? Nientemeno che "*lunghi e complicati studi; spirito educato sapientemente; senso dell' udito esercitato nelle sue varie manifestazioni; memoria molteplice per ben confrontare, e* finalmente *una specie di natura eclettica per saper discernere e gustare il bello negli stili* (e anche ne' pugnali?) *e nelle scuole disparate.*"—C' è da ringraziare ancora se per giudicare la musica di Wagner non ci sia bisogno di aver studiato l' astronomia, l'algebra, la geometria, l'ostetricia, e di aver una rendita di 50,000 lire . . . . ed i capelli lunghi!

"*Pourquoi prolonger la querelle?*" says Monsieur de Retz in *Le Ménestrel*, referring to his little difference with ourselves. Ah! why indeed? We have not the smallest desire to do so, because, having chastised Monsieur de Retz once, we wish to forget all about him till he offends again. But he will not let us forget; and, even in his last letter, there is a reminder of the famous twenty Hanoms. "*Le Musical World*," says Monsieur de Retz, "*est furieux que je me permette d'avoir un avis different du sien.*" Dear Monsieur de Retz, curb the gambols of that lively imagination which suggested the Hanoms, and look soberly at actual facts. We shall never wax furious at your differing from ourselves, but rather rejoice as at a proof that we are right. What brought down upon you our lash was a garbled translation made to back up your own opinions. Don't do it again, Monsieur de Retz, or, instead of visiting you with whips, we shall try the effect of scorpions.

IN a recent number of the *Economist* appeared the following, *apropos* of one of the analytical programmes issued by the Philharmonic Society:—

"We are in favour of analytical notices of the music performed at all concerts being distributed among the audience, but, very reluctantly, all concerts being distributed among the audience, but, very reluctantly, object to Mr. Macfarren's opinions, valuable as they are, being so positively expressed as they were in the programme on this occasion. An analysis of a composition need not be, and in fact should not be, a criticism. The object of the writer of such a notice should be to point out the salient features of each work, its progress and plan of construction, and leave the hearer to form his own opinion of the composition as a whole. Such an analysis assists the listeners in following the intentions of the composer, but a criticism, however just and impartial, is not required, and becomes objectionable when it is enthusiastic."

THE infinence of war upon music has already become apparent. They shout the "Marseillaise" and "Le Rhin Allemand," in France ceaselessly; while Germany retorts by vociferating any known song (Legion is the name) which "cracks up" the Fatherland. So far, there is no harm done. If the soldiers of William and Napoleon find their march to the grave relieved by such means, who will deny the poor fellows whatever consolation they may get out of it? But the war has estopped music of a different sort, elsewhere. This is the centenary of Beethoven's birth and Germany was preparing fêtes in honour. *Was* preparing, mark you; for the actual "is" preparations of another sort. Who knows but that next September, when the Beethoven statue at Bonn should have lowered above a worshipping crowd, the stone effigy may not be in as many pieces as ever was God Dagon before the Ark of Israel? Bombs are indiscriminating.

BETWEEN the parts of the Royal Academy Concert, elsewhere reported, Professor Bennett addressed Mrs. Gladstone on behalf of the Committee, thanking her for again undertaking to distribute the rewards to the deserving students, and stating that he felt sure she would be glad to know that at no period in the history of the institution had there been so many students as at the present, and that the result of the examinations had been most satisfactory. He then proceeded to say with regard to the rewards themselves they were divided into "letters of special commendation," silver medals, bronze medals, books, and "letters of commendation." The first named were given to students who, having already gained the highest prize that the Royal Academy bestows, cannot be rewarded otherwise than by a special letter of commendation from the Committee.

A CURIOUS piece of patchwork must have been the "Grand Requiem" proposed by Verdi to be written by no less than thirteen composers as a tribute to the memory of Rossini. The performance was not to take more than one hour and a half, thus allowing about seven minutes to each composer. No restriction of key or time was laid on any of them beyond the obligation of "beginning and ending in the initial key" (whatever that may mean). The following were the expected contributors to this strange work:—Bazzini, Bazzini, Pedrotti, Cagnoni, Ricci, Nini, Boucheron, Coccia, Gaspari, Platancia, Petrella, Mabellini, and Verdi. Whether it was ever completed or ever performed we are unable to say. *

Die Walküre has been completely "snuffed out," to use a homely but expressive form of speech, by the war. But the public at Munich had had enough of it, even before the outbreak of hostilities. Of course the Wagnerites will attribute exclusively to the war the want of interest shown for this last effusion from the bipenned Prophet of Lucerne. To them, at any rate, the war will prove useful, as it will furnish an

* It was completed, performed, and laid on the shelf.—A. S. S.

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exeuse for the non-success of *Die Walküre.—A quelque chose malheur est bon.* The artists, no doubt, are as tired of the work as the public, only they are not so anxious for its withdrawal, because it is for them a very generous milch cow. Mdlle. Kinderman and Herr Stehle receive five hundred florins every time they play in it, and the other leading artists two hundred florins each. Surely these are what Horace would call "*Attalica conditionea.*" Would that we could speak as favourably of all the new-fangled tenors employed by Herr R. Wagner in his operas as the singers can of the terms they obtain for appearing in those operas.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

We had unintentionally overlooked the concert given by Mdlle. Sedlatzek on the 15th ult., whereat the *bénéficiaire* sang, in excellent style, Engel's "La Rosa," Adler's "Voglein wo hin so schnell," Virginia Gabriel's "Bery," and, with Mdme. Lancia, Donizetti's "A figlia incanta." All Mdlle. Sedlatzek's efforts were well received; and the concert, as a whole, gave much satisfaction. Mr. Emile Berger was the conductor.

Miss Emma Wellisch's concert, on the 15th nit, was distinguished most of all, by her playing of the Introduction and *andante* from Beethoven's *Sonata Pathetique*, Osborne's dnet, "Les Huguenots" (with Mdme. Ward), and several selections of less importance. That Miss Wilfisch is a clever and rising painist those who noticed her facility and intelligence in different styles could not have the smallest doubt.

A successful inaugural meeting of the Bow and Bromley Institute was held last week in the recently built room over the Bow Railway Station. Mr. Samuda, M.P., was in the chair. The musical arrangements, under the management of Mr. W. J. Fielding, were most ably conducted. Tha glees, "My Love's like the Red Rose," "The Chafers," "The Chongh and Crow," and "Come, boys, drink," were excellently sung. Mr. Chaplin Henry's song, "Homeward bound" and Mr. Fielding's "Birth of St. Patrick" were deservedly encored; whilst Miss Palmer's "Rescued," Mr. Cummings' "Tripping through the Meadow," and Miss Wells's "Old Cottage Clock," were all in good taste and highly applauded. Mr. Joyce Fielding was an efficient accompanist; but the special favourite of the evening appeared to be Miss Amy Weddle, who, for her playing of a grand fantasia, and "La danse des Fées," received quite an ovation.

A concert was given in St. James's Hall on Monday week, in aid of the funds of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester Square. The artists were Mesdames Dunord, Banks, Crellin-Pyne, Baxter, Faulle, Deck, Della Motte, Crevelli, Cassell; Messrs. Jules Lefort, Urio, Belletti, Deck, and Montebelli, vocalists; Mdlle. De Bono, Chevalier De Kontski, Herr Oberthür, M. Paque, and Signor Gene, instrumentalists. Miss Banks sang "Ah, my heart is weary!" (Kate Ward) and "The Faithful Echo" (Gans). Madame Dunord gave "L'Enchantress" (De Kontski), and (with Signor Urio) Verdi's "Miserere," in excellent style. Madame Baxter sang "Quando a te lieta" (Gounod), accompanied by M. Paque; Madame Faulio gave "O mio Fernando" (Verdi); Signor Urio sang the tenor *romanza* from *Faust*; Mdlle. De Bono played a solo for violin (Vieuxtemps), and Chevalier De Kontski a fantasia of his own. Herr Oberthür's solo harp was much applauded, as was M. Paque's fantasia for violoncello The audience was large.

The pianoforte recitals given by Miss Kate Roberts are always interesting, and attract considerable attention both on account of the selection of music and the way in which she executes every number. The last recital was no less attractive than the previous ones, and drew together a numerous audience. The principal features were Schumann's Quartet in E flat, Bach's Concerto in C minor for two pianofortes, Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriciuso*, Chopin's *Polonaise*, for pianoforte and violoncello, and Handel's Hornpipe. The quartet of Schumann is one of those compositions which makes large demands on the executive skill of a pianist, and can only be done justice to by one of the *première force*. It is, however, one of Schmann's best appreciated compositions, and, well performed, cannot fail in producing a favourable impression. The *scherzo*, as well as the other movements, was done full justice to by Miss Kate Roberts and her able coadjutors—Herr Wilner (violin), Mr. Ellis Roberts's (viola), and Mr. E. Howell (violoncello); Miss Kate Roberts's performance of Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriciosa* is too well known and admired to need comment. The introduction of Handel's "Gigue" or "Hornpipe," was, however, a novelty, and received especial attention. Miss Kate Roberts was called upon to repeat it, so charmingly was it rendered. In Bach's concerto Miss Roberts was joined by Mr. A. Barth as pianist, and Mr. Reynolds as contra-bassist. Miss Ellen Glanville contributed some vocal music, which agreeably varied the proceedings.

A morning concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on the 15th inst., by Herr Ferdinard Ludwig, a pianist whose pretensions lie in the direction of classical music. Herr Ludwig played first, Beethoven's Sonata in D major (Op. 10), doing so in a style which showed him to be an able exentant, as well as a conscientious and intelligent artist. He was loudly applauded, not with conventional applause but with the genuine article, which, when found, there is no mistaking. Herr Ludwig also distinguished himself in an *Andante Religioso* for soprano voice, violoncello (Herr Daubert), harp (Mr. Chatterton), and piano. The composition, a very pleasing one, was ably rendered; Mdme. Rudersdorff, doing every justice to the vocal solo. A selection of smaller pieces by Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c. was next performed by the concert-giver, the result being to convince his audience that a pianist of no mean rank had appeared before them. Besides the artists already named Herr Ludwig was assisted by Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Alice Fairman, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; each of whom materially promoted the success of the concert.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

Miss Fanny Holland's first benefit at the Gallery of Illustration took place on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, when her admirers assembled in large numbers. The programme consisted of *Ages Ago*, a new operetta, *The Bold Recruit*, by Mr. F. Clay, and Mr. Corney Grain's "Musical Sketch." So much has been already said about the admirable performances at this popular place of entertainment that we have only to state now that *Ages Ago* had all the merits of previous representations; that *The Bold Recruit* was received with much favour and is likely to prove attractive, and that the applause bestowed upon Miss Holland must have been as gratifying to her as the acknowledgment of her merits undoubtedly was to her numerous admirers.

REVIEWS.

The reviewer's pen may have been idle through the crush of the season now drawing to an end, but composers and publishers know no rest. Like Tennyson's "Brook," they "go on for ever;" and we must either marvel at the faith displayed in an omnivorous musical appetite, or the appetite itself which can absorb so much that is worth so little. From the huge pile of new works before us we select immediately a batch of songs, most of them capable of being easily dealt with, and, therefore, such as become the present high temperature, both for critic and reader.

"Oh, meet me at the stile" (a very slight variation upon "Meet me in the lane") is a simple and correctly-written ballad by Richard Fletcher, who publishes it at 10, Winsley Street. There is really nothing more to be said about the work, save that the verses are, here and there, of doubtful quality. Why, for example, does the poet talk of hours meeting "as the rain?" when "as the snow" would have been more correct. But—we beg pardon—"rain" rhymes with the last syllable of "again," and poetry is *crépiante*. "My Native Land" (C. Lowdale), a song by Mr. Frederick Boscovitz, has the true ring of nationality about it, a bold and fluent melody being especially noticeable. We must, nevertheless, object to the heterogeneous character of the accompaniment, which boasts of three different styles in each verse. By-the-by, British hotel-keepers should combine to sue for the gratis distribution of copies. Let them mark this sentiment:—

> "My native land, my native land,
> I love, I love but thee,
> In other lands I will not dwell
> Nor other countries see.
> I care no more for sunny France
> Nor any distant shore,
> My boast shall be my British home,
> The land where I adore."

Where is "mine host" who does not believe that these verses do equal honour to the poet's head and heart, especially at the beginning of the touring season. It is to be hoped, however, that the fraternity will not count too much upon the success of Dr. Rabies's song, and postpone that long-delayed reduction in the price of claret.

Miss Virginia Gabriel is, as usual, a diligent contributor to our stock of ballads. In her "Desirée" (Chappell & Co.) She had to contend with verses not of the most inspiriting sort, and the result is far from happy. Moreover, both melody and accompaniment are commonplace. "Cleansing Fires" (Cramer & Co.) has often been sung by Mr. Santley; and its character is, therefore, known. We may say, nevertheless, that the song does Miss Gabriel very great credit; and if favour be secured by worth, will take a high place in public esteem. "Sowing and Reaping" (Chappell & Co.), a sacred song of somewhat original construction, though presenting no originality of theme, will find many admirers, by whom an instance of consecutive octaves which occurs in each verse, is not likely to be regarded as of much importance. Such

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blemishes, however, occur frequently in Miss Gabriel's music, and should be guarded against. Mr. J. L. Molloy's song "The Wandering Jew" (Boosey & Co.) is more remarkable for Mr. C. L. Kenney's powerful verses than for anything else. The music is an obvious imitation of Schubert; and all its effects are echoes, more or less faint, of what the great German-song composer has made familiar. But Mr. Molloy should be credited with having chosen a noble model; and followed it closely enough to prove that, if not an original writer, he is the next best thing—a good imitator. "There was a Rose" (Duff & Stewart) presents an excellent example of Mr. Berthold Tours's peculiar style and skill. We like its melody and general construction very much; but not Mr. Tours's fondness for roaming about in search of keys. His use of the minor seventh is incessant, and the effect is as though one had got into a labyrinth without the convenient ball of thread which serves as a guide out again. Mr. Tours is a musician of ability, and, we are sure, has no need to shelter weakness behind a cloud of chromatics. The words are mystical and, sometimes, awkward; as when the poet says:—

> "The world could never tear it, love,
> That gem of gems from me"

—we know, of course, what he means, but the form which conveys the idea is an extremely queer one.

"The Bright Sun is Shining" (Weeks & Co.), by Catherine Few, has the merit of timeliness, and is, undoubtedly, a well-meant, not altogether unsuccessful, effort. But what may be the fair composer's reason for writing D, C, in the melody, against C, B flat, in the bass; Anybody able to produce a song so generally correct must have a motive when committing such an offence, and we are lost in wonder at its nature. Perhaps, however, the printer is to blame and not the composer. "Sibyl" has written two songs, "Up-hill," and "When I am dead, dearest" (Weekes & Co.). The first is a sort of dialogue between a traveller and an unimpersonal responder; the traveller asking, among other things, the superfluous question, "Does the day's journey take the whole long day?" "Sibyl's" music is of such a quality that we cannot waste time upon it. She should submit it to a corrector who knows what are the accepted rules of composition. This course she apparently took with "When I am dead, my dearest," a song so good and so well written that we can hardly imagine it as coming from the same hand. The subject is mournful, but to those who see in this no objection, "Sibyl's best effort will prove acceptable. Herr Reichardt's new song, "I love and I am loved" (Duff & Stewart), is written in the composer's well-known style, and equally deserves popularity with the best of his previous effusions. In construction it is somewhat elaborate, but there is an appropriate meaning belonging to every distinctive feature, while the effect of difficulty nothing stands in the way of general use. The original French verses have been translated by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman with his customary care and success. "Fire-side Dreams" (Cramer & Co.), Herr Reyloff's latest song, has been rendered familiar by Madame Sainton, and we need not enter into details about it. Enough that the music is not much to our liking, and that the words, if they teach anything, hold no second marriage as the best consolation for afflicted widowers, which may, or may not, be true. Mr. C. H. Couldery's "Come, May, with all thy flowers" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), is a lively and pretty effusion, appropriate to the season it invokes, and, therefore, likely to have a favourable reception. There is nothing particularly original in its melody or accompaniments, but the qualities we have named go a great way. Another song by the same composer, "Oh, Charity, blest Gift of Heaven" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), supplies another example of Mr. Couldery's ability, and, with its companion, deserves the favourable notice of those who would encourage efforts worth encouragement.

"I'll twine for thee a wreath of flowers" (Ashdown & Parry) is a setting of Lord Byron's well-known words, by Robert Hilton, a member of the Salisbury Cathedral choir. As a rule he does well who expects little of anything from cathedrals, especially of anything good in music. The song before us makes no great pretensions, and is exactly what a singer might purvey for himself who has to meet the requirements of a dinner connection. Of its kind, however, it is a good thing. The melody is pleasant, if not striking, and the unassuming accompaniments claim the merit of correctness. "On the Crest of the Green Wave dancing" (Chappell & Co.) is a spirited song by W. S. Rockstro, written with freedom and effect, while not suggestive of previous effusions upon the same attractive subject. The words present rather a curious jumble. In the first verse we have a sketch of the fisher-boy "drenched by the angry sea, and numbed by the pitiless cold." In the second verse the boat comes to the front and the poet says of it:—

> "The saucy craft sits laughing,
> As though she would fain implore
> Oh here let me ride, on the full spring tide,
> And be tossed by the foam no more."

The idea of a "saucy" craft sitting and laughing out a prayer to rot under the pier head is certainly original. The third verse brings forward the boy again; and, assuring us that he is destined to be drowned, offers up a prayer for his ultimate safety to the Great Harbour above. But the singers of songs are not, usually, particular about their words, and, Mr. Rockstro's music being what what we have described, there is no reason why "The Crest of the Green Wave" should not be lifted into popular favour. A ballad by the same composer, "He's none to love but me" (Chappell & Co.) may claim the credit of being a true ballad alike for the narrative embodied and the simplicity of the music. Mr. Rockstro has been content to write an unpretending folks-tune, leaving the singer to make his own effect; this being we need not say, an essential feature in all such compositions. The subject illustrates filial devotion exemplified by a young lady who refuses to marry while her "dear old Dad" survives; and who, when at last "in bridal raiment clad" resolves not to go far from his grave; all which is very touching and laudable, though as a general rule, it might prove slightly inconvenient.

"The Star's Message" (Chappell & Co.), by Berthold Tours, has a familiar though fanciful subject. It represents a mother rocking her fatherless child to sleep, and singing of the message conveyed from heaven by a star which shines upon the cradle. There is much scope in the verses for effective writing, and Mr. Tours has taken advantage of it after his fashion. We are disposed to think, however, that music less obviously striving to make an impression would be more in keeping, especially as those passages where simplicity is apparent—the "Twinkle, twinkle little star," for example—are the best. But the song is, after all, far above the average in point of merit, and deserves corresponding attention. Six melodies for the piano (Cramer & Co.), by T. M. Mudie, complete a set of twelve, the first six of which we noticed some time back. It has often been our agreeable task to point out the elegance with which Mr. Mudie writes, the fluent, Haydn-ish character of his melodies, and the scholarly finish that distinguishes all he does. These qualities are apparent in the works now before us, and entitle them to the favourable regard of every amateur amateur. To give an adequate criticism of each melody would take up more space than we can afford, and it must suffice to mention two or three which strike us as particularly noteworthy. These are a *Scherzo* in G minor, full of lightness and grace; a Pro-cession March in B flat major, characterised by great dignity and breadth; and a *Barcarolle* in G major, which ought to become a favourite with all amateur pianists whose taste rises above the ordinary *morceau de salon*. Mr. Mudie does well to furnish regard of every in some degree, against the twaddle of mere "pot-boilers."

A set of waltzes—"Dreamland" (Lafleur & Son), is the work of G. Reading, and has been, the title-page informs us, "Entered Stairs' Nail," with all mysterious announcement we do not pretend to explain. The same title-page also shows a lady reclining in an easy chair, and gazing steadfastly at the ceiling; near which three angels, much encumbered by wings and robes, are kneeling on a slice of London fog, playing the pipes and harps supposed to be affected in heaven. We presume the angels are playing Mr. Reading's waltzes; if so, we can only say that the fact does not add, in our estimation, to the charm of their celestial company. "O Charity, best gift of Heaven" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), by Claude H. Couldery, shows considerable feeling for the words. The words are excellent, and the song, as a whole, meets with our entire approval. Another by the same composer, "Come, May, with all thy flowers" (Lamborn Cock & Co.), deserves equal commendation. It is pretty, graceful, and appropriate as regards the music; while the verses are of more than average merit.

We have a curious title in a "Welsh Waddeer's Lullaby" (R. W. Ollivier), by G. L. E. Raggett, and our first impulse is to ask why a Welsh waddeer? and why a lullaby? But we cannot expect to get an answer, but the second is met by the fact that a wakeful baby in a "leafy lair" has to be soothed to slumber. The music is pleasing, though the accompaniment is heavy. Miss Elizabeth D. Crose is the authoress of some verses entitled "Lead me forward, O my star" (Boosey & Co.), to which Mrs. G. Holman Andrews has set music. We must congratulate both ladies upon their work, about which there is nothing lugubrious or morbid, such as the title might indicate. Given with taste and expression the song would not fail to make a considerable effect.

Dr. Ferdinand Ræhles has our thanks for his pianoforte arrangement of the Fandango in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, a charming example of dance music, till lately cut out of the opera to its manifest advantage. Dr. Rahles has done his work well, and presented those lovers of the piano who also love Mozart with an opportunity of gratifying both preferences. Mr. Brinley Richards' fantasia, "Ireland," (Chappell & Co.), is a transcription of "The last Rose of Summer" and "St. Patrick's Day," done in the free and showy style which makes the transcriber so popular. The piece requires considerable executive power, but when well played it is undeniably effective. An autumn song, "When the days draw in

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again" (Chappell & Co.), displays to advantage the ability of a composer, Mr. Samuel Reay, whose skill has long been recognized. A more charming song we have rarely met with. The melody is a perfect thing of its kind, and the accompaniment, though simple, everywhere reveals the hand of a musician. We can give the autumn song a hearty and unqualified approval. Mr. George Barker's "Dora" (Chappell & Co.) hardly comes up to the same mark. Its phrases are more commonplace; and the whole is less striking. Nevertheless, it has merit, and those who can imitate the brogue of the Green Isle will welcome the song. Schubert's "Gute Nacht" (Chappell & Co.), with German and English words, has been added to the publishers' *répertoire* of the Monday Popular Concerts. We need not write a line in its praise, such music pleading its own cause with sufficient eloquence. Let those who do not know the song buy it.

WAIFS.

The following gentlemen have been elected Directors of the Philharmonic Society for the ensuing season:—Messrs. G. F. Anderson, J. B. Chatterton, J. T. Calkin, Ferrari, J. McMurdie, Williams, F. B. Jewson.

The first secretary of the late Prussian Embassy to Paris is a nephew of the famous *danseuse*, Taglioni, whose name he bears.

A grand international musical festival is to take place at Antwerp next April should events permit.

M. de Lauzières has undertaken the translation of M. Flotow's *L'Ombre* into Italian.

M. Pierre Dupont, perhaps the greatest French song writer since Béranger,* has just died at Lyons.

The agent of Mr. Max Maretzek is said to be in Paris organising an opera *troupe* for New York. Report talks of 150 engagements already made. Why not 1,500 at once, and have done with it?

L'Europe Musicale announces that Mdlle. Sessi has returned to Paris from Covent Garden, "ou elle a été très-fêtée trois mois durant." Has she, indeed!

The French War Minister allowed the young men of the Conservatoire de Musique fourteen days before joining the reserve, in order that the Concours may take place as usual.

A French paper says that the marriage of Mdlle. Reboux will not interfere with her public career. Her husband, we are informed, resides at Cardiff.

The friends of Dr. Spark, of Leeds, will be pleased to hear that he has returned to England, after his lengthened ramble among the organists of Germany. Dr. Spark was compelled to come back *vid* Hamburg, not being allowed to cross the French frontier.

La Comédie informs us that Mdlle. Nilsson has received at Drury Lane 3,750 francs (£150) per night, the highest sum ever given to an artist, Jenny Lind excepted. We compliment *La Comédie* on its lively imagination.

In the year 1865 Rossini wrote to the reporter on the bill relating to mechanical musical instruments, which passed the French Chamber by a large majority, a letter in which he said he felt great pleasure in hearing airs of his composition played by the instruments against which the bill was directed.

The Comite des Etudes Musicales, in connection with the Paris Conservatoire, have published a very flattering report on Signor Bottesini's *Method for Double Bass*. They give, without reserve, their approbation "to this conscientious work of an eminent artist." The report is signed by MM. Auber, Ambroise Thomas, and Victor Massé, among others.

Miss Clara Gottschalk, sister of the late lamented pianist and composer, L. M. Gottschalk, intends to publish, added by Monsieur R. M. Espadero, of Havana, a composer of great talent and friend of her late brother, all the posthumous works of the celebrated artist. The family state that they recognize no edition whatever of the posthumous works except that issued by themselves.

Is a man mad because he loves Scotch music and the bagpipe? We should scarcely expect to be answered affirmatively by a jury North of Tweed; but an Edinburgh Court lately pronounced against the will of a certain Maxwell Stewart. His testament was of a strange character. All young women of seventeen on the lands of Carnoch were to receive a certain sum. The estate of Lochnagar, in New South Wales, was to be applied for the encouragement of Scotch music, especially reels and strathspeys, and the music published by Neil Gow & Sons; and a professor of Scotch music was to teach the violin and the music of that firm, in the parish of Inverkip. The equilibrium of evidence would perhaps have puzzled the Scotch jury; but one fact made the scale of Lochnagar's sanity kick the beam. Maxwell Stuart used to throw open his window every Sunday morning and play the fiddle while people passed to church. That was enough for the twelve good Sabbatarians and true. Stewart might be *compos mentis*, and yet love a reel; might like a farm-wench, and live like a beggar-man; "play the fiddle o' the Sabbath"!—that was decisive. The jury found he had been as mad as a March hare.

The subjoined letter, *apropos* of the "Marseillaise," was published in the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday:—

"SIR,—Have the kindness to inform your Paris correspondent and your readers that the melody of the "Marseillaise" is German holy music, found in an old church of the German village Holgheim, to which the French adapted only their words.—Yours, &c., G.

July, 23.

The scene in the Champs Elysées, with the rival open air concerts, singing the "Chant du Départ" against "Monsir pour la Patrie," on Sunday night, was one of extraordinary excitement; but let me note a curious fact, as applicable to the pins and the maps as to street singing—nobody knows the "Marseillaise," just as nobody can make out the line of campaign. The tenor at the Alcazar broke down a night or two ago at the second verse, and there were none present who could put him right. The first verse and the last only trickle easy to men's lips. Everybody can sing "Amour sacré de la Patrie"—but how many understand the reference to Bullier in Rouget de Lisle's verse?

The "Rhin Allemand" was to be sung last Tuesday evening in Paris with much pomp and circumstance. It appears that at the time these verses were composed every one was talking of Becker's lines, which were read out in presence of a select company at Madame Emile de Girardin's house. "You should answer that ode," said the hostess, turning to Alfred de Musset, who immediately lighted a cigar and retired to the garden. Before the cigar was finished he came back with his now celebrated reply, which was warmly applauded by the assembled *littérateurs*. In those days M. Bulos, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to whom all Alfred de Musset's efforts belonged by contract, was afraid of awaking German susceptibility and losing subscribers; so he printed "Le Rhin Allemand" in a review with a very limited circulation.

On one occasion last year Madame Adelina Patti was announced to appear in the *Figlia del Reggimento*, but after the doors were opened and the audience had begun to arrive, notices were posted that Madame Patti was suffering from severe hoarseness, and unable to sing. Another opera was substituted. It was trying after paying fancy prices to hear Patti in the *Gazza Ladra* or *Figlia* to be put off with the everlasting *Trovatore*; but the charming singer's many admirers were, at least, consoled to learn that her recent attack of illness had not been of an alarming kind. The severe hoarseness which prevented her from appearing at Covent Garden had not disabled her from singing at Marlborough House on the same evening, where, it was said, she never warbled more enchantingly.

STOCKHOLM.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* was produced here for the first time a week ago. Mad. Michaëli was highly applauded as the heroine.

* A greater than ever was Béranger, because more healthy in sentiment and more universal in sympathy.—D. F.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

BOOSEY & Co.—"Nocturne," for the Piano, by Joseph McKewan.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"Two Spirits pierced their wings," by Anne Fricker; "If a man does his duty," by J. L. Hatton; "Teach me, white Swan, thy Lay," by Alfred B. Burrington.

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THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

(From the "Saturday Review.")

Before proceeding with our review of Drury Lane it is as well to say what remains to be said about Covent Garden. This may be done in a few sentences. To the three-and-twenty operas already enumerated four more have to be added—*Le Domino Noir*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*. The delightful work of Auber, the perfection of that type which may be described as the representative type at the Opéra Comique, seems destined to mishap on our Italian stage. Either the Italian conductors undervalue it, or, which is more likely, are unable to catch its spirit; for it must be owned that *Le Domino Noir* fared no better under Sir Michael Costa, two years ago, than it has fared this season under Signor Vianesi, who is very far from being a Costa. Nor is Mdlle. Pauline Lucca more at home in Angèle than was Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. Her predecessor. True, Mdlle. Lucca imparts more vigorous life to the character; but her singing is as inferior as her acting is superior to that of Madame Lemmens—neither one nor the other, as actress or as singer, be it understood, approaching the desired ideal. The less further said about *Le Domino Noir* the better. A more generally unsatisfactory performance of an opera which, for its due effect, requires the utmost care and finish of detail it would not be easy to recall. *I Puritani* was revived for the sake, we presume, of exhibiting Madame Adelina Patti in a part which she had not previously essayed in London. Madame Patti did all that could be done under the circumstances, singing the music of the Elvira (especially the polacca, "Son' vergin' vezzosa") as it had not been sung since Angiolina Bosio's time, and investing the character with more than ordinary dramatic significance. But even Madame Patti's genius is unequal to the feat of galvanising a corpse; and Bellini's opera at the present time is little else. For a long time *I Puritani* survived on the strength of its melodies. A beautiful air, a brilliant cabaletta as these undoubtedly are, they have, in the natural course of things, become almost exclusively the property of street organs; though it may be taken for granted that some of them (for instance, "A te o cara," and "Qui la voce") will exist long after the opera to which they belong is forgotten. Moreover *I Puritani* without an Arturo is virtually impossible; and Signor Vizzani, the Arturo with whom Madame Patti had to co-operate, was even below the average of Arturos of recent years. So that, as, in addition, the two basses (Giorgio and Riccardo) were not remarkable, the interest appertaining to this revival centred mainly in Elvira. In Meyerbeer's gorgeous musico-melodramatic spectacle, *L'Etoile du Nord*, Madame Patti, whose admirable impersonation of Caterina need not again be praised, was scarcely more fortunate. But the chief associate—this time not a tenor, but a bass, or rather bass-baritone—was Signor Cotogni, to whom was assigned the weighty character of Peter. The music of this half savage, half heroic personage lies throughout too low for Signor Cotogni's voice; and all the modifications he introduces serve to make his name no better. *L'Etoile du Nord* had been shelved four years, for want of an adequate representative of the Imperial drunkard—Signor Attri, the Peter of 1866, being no better fitted for the part than Signor Cotogni. As presented now, almost the entire responsibility devolves upon Madame Patti, whose performance, musically and histrionically, may defy criticism. How enchanted Meyerbeer himself would have been with this perfect embodiment of one of his pet creations those who knew him best can certify. M. Neudin is a fair Danilowitz, though not comparable with Signor Gardoni, formerly at the Royal Italian Opera. Most of the other *dramatis personæ* are inadequately sustained; and Corporal Gritsenko, with his obstreperous and interminable clatter, is a more formidable bore than ever. Gritsenko was a bore even with the late Lablache, for the sake of whose name and co-operation Meyerbeer, in an evil hour, consented to swell out that insignificant personage into undue proportions, thus destroying the natural balance of his work; and if a bore with Lablache, how much more a bore with Signor Ciampi may be readily imagined. To atone for all shortcomings, we have the *mise-en-scène*—a feast which, at most amateurs, however rare we are disposed to think, would cheerfully dispense with half the scenery, machinery, costumes, &c., for a little extra precision and refinement in the delivery of the musical, vocal and instrumental. *Norma* was performed once, with Mdlle. Tietjens as the heroine, the occasion being for her "benefit." The last week was a week of "benefits." Madame Patti selected *Faust* for her's, and gave a portraiture of Gretchen which we must still persist in thinking stands alone; Mdlle. Lucca, with considerable hardihood, fixed upon the Zerlina of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—a part which by no means comes within so naturally as the Zerlina of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*; and Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, Mr. Gye's new and versatile soprano, chose Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, her performance neither adding to nor detracting from her reputation. The second representation of *L'Etoile du Nord* terminated a season more remarkable for activity than for enterprise. One only novelty was produced—the *Esmeralda* of Signor Campana, which is not likely to be heard of again, and which, by this time, in all probability, has gone to join in oblivion the scene composer's *Almina*, its senior by ten years, and in every respect its worthy companion.

CREMONA.—M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* will be produced during the approaching season.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS—DRURY LANE

In an article on the Italian Operas, some time since, we said that "the co-existence of two houses, whatever risk it may entail upon speculators, is an advantage to the public." The experience of the season now at an end has proved that we were right. No frequenter of the Opera can have forgotten the meagre fare provided last year by Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, with their respective companies thrown into one. Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane, and Mr. Gye at Covent Garden, the year previous, each singly provided more attractions than when, rivalry thrown aside, they afterwards united their fortunes. But we need not further dilate upon a subject already worn threadbare.

If Covent Garden has been accredited this season with an efficient company, Drury Lane must be accredited with one even more so. The singers who abandoned the Gye-Mapleson coalition would have sufficed to form the nucleus of a highly attractive troop. With Mdlles. Christine Nilsson and Ilma di Murska, leading sopranos, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, leading contralto, and Madame Sinico, leading *seconda donna* (*prima donna* on occasions); with Signor Mongini, the "Wachtel of the South," Signors Gardoni and Bettini, principal tenors, and Mr. Charles Lyall, *tenore buffo*; with Mr. Santley and M. Gassier, chief baritones, Signor Foli, leading bass, and Madame Corsi, Mdlle Vinta, Signor Zoboli, &c., more or less capable representatives of subordinate parts, Mr. Wood, the new director, might complacently have folded his arms, and exclaiming, "Here is my company," have awaited the issue. But as unfamiliar faces are welcome, and reinforcements useful on emergencies, he was well advised in making other engagements. This he did with a liberal hand. The ladies' department was strengthened by Mesdames Volpini and Monbelli, Mdlles. Reboux and Pauline Lewitsky (sopranos); the gentlemen's by Signors Perotti and Rinaldini (tenors), Signor Castelli (*basso buffo*), M. Verger, Signor Raguer, and last not least, M. Faure (baritones). It the outset was mentioned that Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi, Mr. Gye's new star, was announced to appear as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, but she not forthcoming, an engagement was subsequently made with Madame Caroline Barbot, to fill her place. Operatic amateurs are aware that Madame Barbot was at one time recognised as a great artist, both in Paris and St. Petersburgh; but four years ago she lost her voice, and a single performance of Valentine at Drury Lane Theatre sufficed to show that she had not recovered it, and that there was small likelihood of her ever recovering it.

The orchestra (with Herr Strauss as leading violin), a body of instrumentalists now at least equal to that at the other house, has enjoyed the advantage of performing throughout the season under one conductor; and it is not high treason against Covent Garden to insist that the unaided efforts of Signor Arditi are not the theatre have been more efficacious, more fruitful in results, than the combined efforts of Signors Vianesi and Bevignani at the other. The chorus at Drury Lane, once more, with the exception of some twenty resident singers, gathered from all parts of the Continent, but chiefly from Italy and Spain, is a strong a body of young and fresh voices as could be desired. Imperfectly trained at the beginning, and unfamiliar with a majority of the operas advertized in the prospectus (especially those tracing their origin to Germany and France), it has, nevertheless, done excellent service in the course of the season—for which no little credit is due to Signor Santi, the diligent chorus-master.

Although Drury Lane opened its doors three weeks later than Covent Garden (April 16th), no fewer than eighteen operas have been given. Considering that not merely the interior of the theatre had to be entirely transformed, but new music to be copied, new costumes made, and a new *mise-en-scène* provided for each separate work in succession, this shows enormous vigour and despatch, the more so inasmuch as all the operas were decorously put upon the stage—without extravagance it is true, but with a scrupulously strict view to completeness. We subjoin a list of them, in chronological order as they were brought out:—*Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Faust*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *La Sonnambula*, *Abu Hassan* (Weber), *L'Oca del Cairo* (Mozart), *Robert le Diable*, *Martha*, *Dinorah*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *Otello*, the *Huguenots*, *Mignon* (A. Thomas), and *L'Olandese Dannato* (Wagner). Those operas to which the creations of new composers are here added were heard on a London Italian stage for the first time.

Verdi's *Rigoletto* was performed on the opening night, with Mdlle. di Murska as Gilda, Signor Mongini as the Duke, and Mr. Santley as Rigoletto. Mdlle. di Murska made simply in deference to Mdlle. Nilsson, while singing the music admirably, gave a reading of the part of the Jester's daughter more thoroughly dramatic than we have been accustomed to, and who, although she had never played it before (at least in London), achieved an unquestionable success. We have heard and read of this gifted lady as "the eccentric *prima donna*." Why "eccentric" we are unable to divine. Eccentric or not, however, since her first appearance here in May 1865, Mdlle. di Murska has maintained a very high position, and what is better, maintained it by legitimate means. In spite of certain defects of style, now, we believe, ineradicable, she is both a singer and an actress of the first class, and during the season just terminated has conferred invaluable services upon the theatre to which she is attached. It was as the heroine of Donizetti's eternal *Lucce di Lammermoor* that Mdlle. di Murska made herself known among us, and what strikes as forcibly now as it did five years since, when she came upon the

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operatic world with all the interest belonging to a strange phenomenon, is the absence of conventional stage business in her entire assumption, the originality of her conception, and the manner in which she goes through scene after scene in a way of her own, never at any moment recalling the peculiarities of other singers. This, we may add, is as noticeable in her Gilda as in her Lucia. In both operas she has had much ado to contend with Signor Mongini, whose very powerful voice and unrestrainable enthusiasm too often lead him into excesses which, while detracting from the effect of his own performance, impart the semblance of caricature to what he intends most earnestly, and sensibly interfere with the convenience of his associates. Instances to the point have been as frequent with Signor Mongini as they were in the case of Mario; but especially noticeable in *La Sonnambula*, the third opera in which he appeared with Mdlle. di Murska. When, in 1859, as Elvino, also at Drury Lane Theatre, he made his *début* in London, Miss Victoire Balfe being thy Amina, Signor Mongini was criticised for the same want of self-control we are condemning now. Eleven years might surely afford time enough for improvement; but it is to be feared that this artist's particular malady is incurable. True he is "*journalier*," as the French express it, and on some occasions does far better than on others; but he is never quite satisfactory, always keeping his hearers in apprehension of an outburst, which may come at any time or place most inappropriate. With such splendid means as he possesses the more is the pity.

Madame Monbelli, one of the new comers, made her appearance in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, and if nothing but a pleasing and flexible voice, with the easy command of florid vocalization, were demanded for Rosina, her success would have been complete. But much more is wanted for the adequate presentation of such a character. The deportment of Madame Monbelli is neither easy nor graceful, and, indeed, she seems to be unfamiliar with the usages of society on the stage. That she excels as a concert singer was proved in the summer of 1869; and that she has maintained her position this year is entirely owing to her achievements in the concert room—more particularly, it should be added, to her brilliant execution of "Una voce poco fa," in some passages of which it is difficult to recognize the composer, so profusely are they embellished. The fame Madame Monbelli had acquired through the medium of Rosina's familiar *cavatina* doubtless caused the manager of Drury Lane Theatre to select Rosina for her *début*; and "Una voce" made the one solitary impression of the evening. The second part essayed by Madame Monbelli rather helped to confirm than to modify the opinions induced by the first. Her lack of histrionic talent was perhaps still more conspicuous in the half dreamy, half mischievous page of Beaumarchais and Mozart. Whoever advised her to attempt Cherubino gave her ill counsel. Nor is the music of *Le Nozze* so well suited to her voice as the music of *Il Barbiere*; and neither in "Non so più cosa son" nor "Voi che sapete" did she appear to catch the spirit of the text. Madame Monbelli in the direct opposite to Mdlle. Lucca, being just as coldly correct as Mdlle. Lucca is impulsively incorrect. Neither gives the legitimate readings; but their incapacity springs from very different sources. Perhaps the best thing Madame Monbelli did in the season was the *scena* and air from *Il Pegno*, in *Il Flauto Magico*; into this she threw something like animation, and the duet between Papagena and Papageno (Mr. Santley) was listened to with satisfaction at each representation of Mozart's romantic opera.

Mdlle. Mélanie Reboux, another of the new comers, is an artist of quite a different stamp. Although her face and figure do not lend themselves favourably to stage illusion, it is to characters in which serious emotion has to be exhibited that Mdlle. Reboux now most strongly inclines. This may surprise many who remember her, at Her Majesty's Theatre (in 1864), playing the small part of Vincinnette, in M. Gounod's *Mireille*, but who are ignorant that ambition has since directed her steps to a higher walk. We question whether the art, or the lady herself, has gained by the move. That Mdlle. Reboux has laboured hard to become dramatic, and in a great degree succeeded, can no more be justly denied than that she reveals intelligence in all she does. On the other hand it is as little to be questioned that her voice, not naturally fitted for such work, has suffered through the exertions she must have used in compelling it to her will. The result is that, while still equal to Mdlle. Reboux's parts, besides of one who by constant and not always wisely directed labour has hope lessly impaired her physical resources. To give out the upper notes with force demands a painful effort on her part, and when obtained they are almost as frequently out of tune as the contrary. Mdlle. Reboux was unfortunate in choosing such a character for her *début* as the heroine of *Faust*. All the first dramatic singers, all the most engaging artists of the day from Tietjens, Miolan Carvalho and Désirée Artot, to Patti, Lucca, and Nilsson, besides others of lesser note, have played Margaret in London. Mdlle. Reboux equals none of those we have named, and surpasses few of those we have left unnamed; and indeed we can praise little or nothing in her performance beyond its intense and abiding earnestness. Charm it has none, either vocal or dramatic. Mdlle. Reboux only played in two other characters—*Norina* in *Don Pasquale* and *Don Giovanni*. Her Countess Almaviva and her Donna Anna were much of a kin, distinguished by the same quality of earnestness, counterbalanced by a vocal inefficiency most detrimental in the one instance to "Dove sono," and in the other to "Or sai che l'onore"—the precise tests by which the competency or incompetency of a representative of either character is tried.

Mdlle. Pauline Lewitzky, a prepossessing stranger, with good credentials, is very young, and it is said that until her appearance at Drury Lane, in the *Ora del Cairo* of Mozart, she had never set foot on any stage. Her voice is a light soprano, agreeable in quality, but not at all powerful. Her engaging appearance and unobtrusive demeanour would alone suffice to exercise a certain attraction; but we are not prepared to say that she is destined at any time to reach a very high position. That Mdlle. Lewitzky has talent, however, was proved by her undertaking important parts in two of the operas of Mozart, and coming forth from the ordeal with fairly earned applause. As a piece of acting her Zerlina is to be preferred to her Cherubino, neither (which, her extreme youth borne in mind, we are glad to record) being at all "demonstrative." On the other hand, she seems more at home in the music of Cherubino than in that of Zerlina; at any rate she sings the airs and the *Canzonetta* with much more satisfactory general effect. Mdlle. Lewitzky, Russian by birth, is a pupil of M. Wartel, the same master who directed the riper studies of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Last not least, among the recently acquired *prime donne* is Madame Volpini, a very sprightly lady, with a clear and resonant soprano voice, who may also be remembered at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the same year as Mdlle. Rebeux, playing a small part and singing a pretty song ("Io sono pastore"), in *Mireille*, that same unaccountably neglected opera by M. Gounod. Since 1864 Madame Volpini has been winning laurels abroad, more particularly at St. Petersburgh, where she is reported how truly we cannot say, to stand almost as well in public favour as Madame Adelina Patti herself. This is no affair of ours; but taking Madame Volpini as we find her, we confess our inability to discover qualities entitling her to such exceptional consideration. She is no doubt a lively, natural actress, and a thoroughly competent musician; but that she should have selected the part of Lady Enrichetta in Flotow's hackneyed *Martha*, for her first appearance in London after a retirement of six years, was greatly to her disadvantage in favour of her taste; it absolves us, however, from saying more than that she plays Martha much in the same way as every other practised actress plays Martha, and sings "Qui sola, vergin rosa" ("The Last Rose of Summer"), much in the same way as every other practised vocalist sings it. Of the vocalization of a far more legitimate test of Madame Volpini's capabilities was afforded by Susanna (*Nozze di Figaro*), in which piquant character she replaced Madame Sinico, and, what is more, surpassed Madame Sinico. Later in the season Madame Volpini rendered valuable aid by her impersonation of Filina in the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas. The remaining new acquisitions may be dismissed in a sentence. Signor Perotti, a young German tenor, with an Italian name, made a tolerably good impression in the character of Faust, afterwards distinguishing himself more prominently as Erik, the Huntsman, in Herr Wagner's *Olandese Dannato*; the chief distinction earned by Signor Rinaldini, another and still younger tenor, was in a subordinate part belonging to the same opera: Signor Vergara, a baritone from the Théâtre Italien, has done nothing fortunate to talk of; Signor Castelli, a basso, in various characters, and especially in Leporello, has, with a good voice and considerable cleverness, declared himself one of those "*bouffe qui ne font pas rire*" who did not exactly hit the taste of a certain King of Prussy; and Signor Ragusei, baritone, has been more or less useful in minor parts, the most important being Giarno, in *Mignon*—of which opera, and of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's very remarkable performance in the character of the heroine, we shall have by-and-by to speak.

The talk of M. Faure as a *débutant*, and to parade before our readers a history of his artistic claims, would be alike superfluous. Although he has been four years absent, he was as cordially welcomed on stepping forward in the well-known costume of Mephistopheles, as if he had always been among us. M. Faure is now precisely what he was before him four years since—the "*gentilhomme par excellence*" of the operatic stage, with the voice sympathetic though trembling, broad vocal phrasing, studied declamation, and keen perception of dramatic colour, which need not again be described. Not merely M. Faure, however, but other topics of interest connected with the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, remain for consideration; and of these, or some of these, we hope to treat in another article.

(To be continued.)

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mrs. Dauncey Maskell, the eminent elocutionist of the London Academy of Music, gave a dramatic performance at this Hall on Thursday evening, the 4th instant, assisted by the pupils, with unqualified success. The opening drama, *Nine Pins All*, calls for no special mention, if we except the favourable impression made by Mdlle. Honoria Elphi, who enacted the part of Laura Leeson with much grace and tender feeling. The feature of the evening, however, was the *début* of Miss Laura Joyce (pupil of Signor Schira), who, as the unsophisticated Gertrude in Planché's charming vaudeville, *The Loan of a Lover*, carried the house by storm with her natural style of acting and her excellent singing. This young lady has a pure contralto voice of great compass, and bids fair, with energy and perseverance, at no distant date, to take up a leading position, both in operas and oratorios. She was repeatedly encored.

GENEVA.—Signor Guattiero Sanelli's opera, *Il Fornaretto*, a novelty here, has been produced with success, at the Anfiteatro della Peschiere.

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BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE SONATAS.

From Domenico Scarlatti down to Frederick Chopin, a series of cembalists, clavecinists, and pianists, rich in talent, art, and genius, have produced such a collection of select works, that the like of it can probably be shown by no other branch of musical literature. But there are two collections pre-eminent above the rest in this abundant store of rich musical creations: the *Fugues and Preludes* (the *Wohltemperirtes Klavier*) of Johann Sebastian Bach, and the *Sonatas* of Ludwig Beethoven. Both works have been so fully discussed and so fully analyzed; such varied meanings have been attributed to them; they have been so celebrated and praised from so many different points of view, that every person who thinks about the matter must come to the conviction that they are inexhaustible. And so they are. They are a never-failing source of study for the composer and the pianist, and of delight for the educated listener. At present, however, our business is confined to the Sonatas of Beethoven, and these we will now proceed to consider.

Most of our German composers have grown up at the piano. They learned to employ practically this compendium of instrumental sound, vocal melody, harmony and polyphony, and it became for them an organ, a second tongue, a part of themselves. Upon it they could adequately render even the slightest musical emotions—could, so to speak, lend words to every momentary mood of their tone-filled soul. What Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven expressed upon the piano in their hours of solitude, exceeded, probably, in purport, if not in finished form, anything they ever noted down. But this confidential intimacy between a composer and his instrument, strikes us in no case with such marvellous clearness as in that of Beethoven. If, in his mighty Symphonies, he speaks like, as it were, some ideal popular orator to the masses, raising them to the highest sentiments of refined humanity; and if, in his stringed Quartets, he endeavours to attain almost dramatic multiplicity of form, in his Pianoforte Sonatas he talks to himself, or, if the reader prefers it, to his instrument, as to his most dearly loved friend. He tells his most secret joys and woes, his yearnings and his love, his hopes, and his despair. We perceive bared before us an entire, full, genuine, inward human life—healthy, solid, and manly. Whether Beethoven gives way to the outpourings of passion, or to mournful laments; whether he jokes, plays, dreams, laughs, or weeps, he is always simple and true. We discover in him nothing far-fetched, nothing stilted, nothing affected, and nothing falsely sentimental; the profoundest things appear before us unvarnished and unpretentious. There are some great and extraordinary men who utter the most important things, without desiring them to be heard; and, at the same time, have no reason to dread anyone hearing their slightest utterance—and this is the case with Beethoven in his Pianoforte Sonatas.

We frequently come across people who have a notion that, contrary to other composers of the highest rank, Beethoven is more especially the singer of sorrow and of mourning, of the most violent and passionate anguish of the soul. Nothing can be less true. It is certainly a fact that he has lent the night sides of the mind such tones as no one ever lent it before. But, if we glance over his compositions as a whole, we find, even in his latest and most rugged ones, that the most prominent feature in them are vigorous cheerfulness, good natured joy, pleasing reflection, serious and resolute vitality. How often does he sink into blissful dreams? how often give himself up to the most childlike enjoyment? The high spirits of a youth seize on him, even after he has attained ripe manhood; the battle of life renders him serious, and sometimes gloomy, but never down-hearted, far less sick of existence. "He was a man—take him all in all," we never looked upon his like before.

The application of what has been said to the various Sonatas separately would lead to nothing. Just as it is indisputable that these Sonatas run through an endless circle of human sensations and moods of mind, it would be difficult to designate, in the case of each one, those sensations and moods, by words, the assumed precision of which would in the end prove insufficient after all. It is no empty phrase, though it has been so often repeated, that music commences where speech leaves off—provided, of course, that the former is content to exercise sway in its own proper sphere. How often would the character of different compositions, even though a man possessed Goethe's copious vocabulary, have to be described by similar, nay, by counterpart, words; and yet how great would be the variety of tone-forms apparent to the most musically ignorant hearer!

A much more important occupation than discovering or accepting expressions pourtraying our various mental moods, is, without a doubt, for those who intend devoting themselves to the study of Beethoven's Sonatas, the task of obtaining a clear idea of the structure of those Sonatas, both in the general outlines and in the details. By doing this, they will more easily understand the Sonatas, and derive higher intellectual gratification from them. Is it not something elevating to see how the boldest fancy, after seeking sustenance in the deepest recesses of the soul, willingly performs a subject's duty under the ordering mind? Never, not even in what was apparently the wildest flight of his genius, never did Beethoven lose the reins; however high the regions to which his Pegasus may rise, he is able to guide and manage him.

No serious, conscientious teacher should neglect explaining to those entrusted to his charge the principles and nature of the laws developed, for centuries, by a sort of natural necessity, in the forms of instrumental music. They are so simple that their leading characteristics may be made clear to the most childlike intellect—every step forward will of course enable the student to penetrate into them more deeply. That Beethoven, in close connection with his great predecessors, submitted to these laws renders him doubly great; he did not come to annul the law, but to fulfil it.

Would that our art, which is more full of soul than any other, were not bound by so many tight bonds to matter! Would that Beethoven's Sonatas were as accessible to every educated man, as the poems of our great lyric poet! But the nature of our art not only forbids this—it even deprives the majority of those who busy themselves with music and the piano, of the full enjoyment of these high works, at least in their entirety. For these works make demands upon the executant which it is not easy to satisfy. The necessary natural gifts are found here and there; would that the indispensable seriousness and industry were always found with them!

Beethoven's pianoforte music—even leaving out of consideration the few extraordinarily difficult pieces—requires thoroughly good and solid execution. But the first requisites of such execution are, likewise, almost the rarest—a vigorous, and yet soft touch, and the greatest possible independence of the fingers. Beethoven never writes difficulties in order that the executant may gain laurels by overcoming them, but he is deterred by no practical inconveniences which may be necessary to express decisively and clearly his idea. Thus we meet in works which are reckoned among his easier ones, detached passages presupposing a tolerably high degree of digital dexterity, and if a fine style of execution always demands, properly speaking, that whatever the performer executes should be half play to him, this is an almost indispensable condition with compositions of such intellectual profundity as Beethoven's. It is, therefore, not advisable that his Sonatas should be taken by, or confided to, hands not properly prepared for them. If anyone is so far advanced as to be able to master their execution, he will derive double pleasure, and double advantage from a thorough study of them, and be able to raise himself without hindrance by their aid.

The most essential figures employed by Beethoven are based upon the scale, and upon broken chords. They belong to that style of playing which is described more especially as the Clementi-Cramer school. The *Studies* of these noble representatives of sterling pianoforte playing will always constitute the best foundation for playing Beethoven's works, and the practice of the former should be uninterruptedly pursued with the study of the latter.

Fortunately, Beethoven's fertile creative powers have produced fruit for every epoch of life, and—of pianoforte playing. We may reward even the zeal of a studious child by letting him play the two short Sonatas published after the composer's death, Sonatas which seem to us rather as though written for beginners, and not by a beginner. But care should be taken not to offer young minds, while too imma-

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ture, pieces which, though easy (but, in some degree, easy only apparently) as far as absolute execution is concerned, demand a power of conception and of realization far beyond the demands which can be made on the fingers. What person with any experience of musical life does not remember, for instance, having heard the pathetic Sonata played with a *naïveté* of style proving how near the Sublime and the Ridiculous lie to each other! Such mistakes are of everyday occurrence.

We have endeavoured to append to those lines a list of Beethoven's Sonatas, arranged with regard to the demands they make on the heart and mind, as well as upon the fingers of the performer. It is hardly necessary to say that such a list could not be drawn up with mathematical accuracy, and that, besides this, it was necessarily influenced by personal views, perhaps more so than was right. What is more or less easy to master or to comprehend depends, in every case, on different premisses. But if our well-meant experiment simply resulted in our reordering the task of selection more easy for any one, or in our saving him from any very great mistakes, we should not consider the pains we have taken as being thrown away.

The present system of music-publishing has facilitated, in a manner which would formerly have been incredible, the acquisition of our classical masterpieces. New editions of them, especially of those by Beethoven, are published everywhere. Any one can purchase his Beethoven for a very little. It is only to be hoped that the master will be as frequently played as purchased, and realized by the finger as beautifully as by the graver; in which case he will become an inmate not only of every house but of every heart.

FERDINAND HILLER.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

On Wednesday afternoon a large crowd was attracted to the Crystal Palace by the announcement that the "annual concert of the 4,500 certificated singers of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association" would be held. There were other inducements—such as a series of orchestral performances by the Crystal Palace Band, under the direction of Mr. Manns, an exhibition of the Terrace Fountains, a selection of pieces from various composers, played by Mr. James Coward, official organist of the Crystal Palace Company, &c.; but the conspicuous feature among the entertainments of the day was the programme of vocal music set down for the members of the "Tonic Sol-Fa Association." The immediate objects of this association need not be explained to our musical readers; nor would it be requisite, even had we space at disposal, to weigh the chances of ultimate success attendant upon a system one of the admitted purposes of which is to substitute a new method of "notation" for that which has obtained since music became an art, and which has long made that art universally intelligible. Not absolutely to shirk the question, however, we are ready to own that, in our opinion, the idea of changing the signs which represent the language of music all over the civilized world is simply preposterous. There is no likelihood of its ever winning general acceptance; but, even supposing there were, we are unable to see what advantage could accrue. The whole library of musical compositions recognized as "classic" would, for instance, have to be reprinted, in characters intelligible only to a certain few—a manifest inconvenience, and of the gravest kind, without taking into consideration that to do this effectually, supposing it under any conditions possible, would require at least a century. But, implicitly believing what the promoters of the "Tonic Sol-Fa Association" themselves tell us in their prospectus—that "the system, *as such*, would be complete without the notation"—we refrain from further discussing a scheme, to designate which as "Utopian" would, while suggesting its impracticability, at the same time be paying it a compliment.

The performance of Wednesday afternoon, in the great Handel Orchestra—which was crowded to the roof by the "4,500" singers (we take the numbers for granted)—was supposed to give a fair sample of what the labours of the "Tonic Sol-Fa Association" had been able to effect since 1857, when they held their "first great concert" at the Crystal Palace. It was not the "children from the schools in and around London" who officiated on this occasion; *they* did their work fairly enough last June; it was for the most part the advanced adult members of the evening classes—"each possessor of, *at least*, the first, or 'Elementary' Certificate." Admitting, as we do, that a finer body of voices, young, fresh, and vigorous, could scarcely be heard in combination, admitting that more or less judicious training has brought these voices in a measure under control and helped them to a certain degree of proficiency, we cannot shut our eyes (or ears) to the truth that 13 years of practice and experience (we purposely date from the "first great concert" at the Crystal Palace, in 1857) have proved less fruitful of results than might have been anticipated. There was in many of the performances yesterday not only a want of style, but a want of precision. How far the conductors, Messrs. Sarll and Proudman, were answerable for this we do not pretend to say, although those gentlemen's reading and conception of several of the most familiar pieces might fairly, in some instances, be objected to. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Soli and chorus, "National Anthem."			
Chorus "The King shall rejoice"...	...	...	Handel.
Soli and chorus, "Hear my Prayer"			Kent.
Anthem, "Cry aloud and shout"...	...	...	Croft.
Chorus, "God of Israel"...	...	...	Romini.
Swiss Hymn, "Morn awakes"	...	...	Frant Abt.
Sanctus, "Holy, holy" (12th Mass)	...	...	Mozart.
Psalm XLIII., "Judge me, O God"	...	...	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Prize Glee, "Fairies' Song"	...	...	F. L. Robertshaw.
Part Song, "The Three Chafers"	...	...	H. Trubu.
Part Song, "Parting"	...	...	Mendelssohn.
Glee, "Red Cross Knight"	...	...	Callcott.
Chorus, "May no Rash Intruder"	...	...	Handel.
Part Song, "John Anderson my jo"	...	...	Scotch.
Glee, "Blow, Gentle Gales"	...	...	Bishop.
Soldier's Chorus, "Faust"	...	...	Gounod.

The National Anthem was a matter of course; but we do not think that either the chorus from Handel's "Coronation Anthem," or Kent's "Hear my Prayer" (which Mendelssohn has set so much more eloquently) were well chosen. Dr. Croft's anthem is made of very different stuff from that of Kent, though Kent's anthem was sung much better than Croft's. The chorus, "The God of Israel," taken from one of the operas of Rossini, and in some places admirably, in others rather comically fitted to the words, was given with spirit, encored, and the first verse repeated. Abt's "Swiss Hymn," a piece of smooth twaddle, was also well sung; and as much may be said of the "Sanctus" from the 12th Mass, attributed to Mozart. Better than any of these, however, was Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God" (43rd Psalm), the extremely good execution of which showed that vocal writing in eight parts offers no difficulties to the "Tonic Sol-Fa" singers. The "Prize Glee" and the "Part Song" (so-called) with which the second part of the concert opened, were unworthy a place in the programme. Both are rubbish; but the last is rubbish of the most offensive, because demoralizing kind. Nevertheless, the last was *encored*; and thus whoever may have been answerable for its selection was justified in his choice by the verdict of a numerous and enlightened audience. That it made the judicious grieve, and that the tranquil and exquisite beauty of Mendelssohn's part songs, immediately following, it went far near to nothing, mattered little. All that had been done creditable and decent was undone by this piece of imbecile drivel. Dr. Callcott's well-known glee went well; not so the chorus from *Solomon*—altogether out of place. "John Anderson my Jo, John" was no better than a burlesque, so slowly was it taken, and so silly was the reading of the last line of each verse—"John—An—der—son—my—jo"—each syllable uttered "*staccato*," with a breath between one syllable and the next. Bishop's melodious glee was equally spoiled by being taken nearly twice as slow as the composer intended. The chorus from *Faust* made a loud and brilliant *finale*.

On the whole this concert did not speak highly for the progress of the members of the "Tonic Sol-Fa," whether the "system" be taken into consideration or the contrary.

Fines for Music.*

Now from all parts the swelling kensels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go,
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as such torrent drives its rapid force
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's, shape their course,
And in huge confluence joined at Snow Hill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn Bridge;
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

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MR. BENEDICT'S *ST. PETER.*

The critic of the *Birmingham Daily Post* attended the band rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival, held in St. George's Hall this week, and wrote long reports thereupon. We may doubt the propriety of comments upon mere band rehearsals, but we reprint our contemporary's observations upon Mr. Benedict's oratorio—observations which are certain to be read with interest:—

"Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, which constituted the second and weightiest subject of rehearsal yesterday, is still in too imperfect a state to allow of detailed description or definite judgment, more particularly in the absence of the choral effects; but it is evident, by the care and elaboration bestowed on the instrumental parts, and the general elevation and refinement of the principal vocal themes, that the composer has laid himself out in this instance for a test work—one that may bear the same relation to his *St. Cecilia* as Mendelssohn's *Elijah* did to his *St. Paul*. The theme is certainly a suggestive one, and worthy of the loftiest effort of musical art which it may inspire. Mendelssohn long ago recognised its suitableness for musical treatment, and in a long and thoughtful letter which he addressed to Pastor Schubring, the friend to whom he was so deeply indebted for suggestions and contributions for *St. Paul*, he discusses at considerable length the merits of the theme. 'Several out-ward reasons,' he observes, 'are in favour of choosing St. Peter' for the particular festival he had then in view; but independently of these, he had a great wish in connection with some plan for a later oratorio "to bring the two chief apostles and pillars of the Christian Church side by side in oratorio'—in short, that he should have a *St. Peter* as well as a *St. Paul*. There were sufficient internal grounds to make him prize the subject, chief among them being the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, which he thought should form the central point or chief object; but he was apparently in doubt if the position occupied by St. Peter in Scripture, and apart from the dignity he enjoys in the Catholic and Protestant Churches as Pope and Martyr, would suffice for the purposes of a symbolical oratorio, and it was chiefly to resolve this doubt that he consulted Pastor Schubring. What was the issue of that consultation we are not informed, but, inasmuch as the projected oratorio was never begun, we may assume that Pastor Schubring's reply did not favour the possibility of a treatment of *St. Peter* derived from Scripture. As Mendelssohn's ideas of the manner in which this subject should be treated necessarily possesses great interest in connection with Mr. Benedict's work, we extract the passage in which his difficulties are expressed. It is as follows:—'The question, therefore, is and this you can decide far better than I can (because you possess the knowledge, in which I am deficient, to guide you), whether the place that Peter assumes in the Bible divested of the dignity which he enjoys in the Catholic or Protestant Churches, as a martyr, or the first Pope, &c., &c.—whether what is said of him in the Bible is alone and in itself sufficiently important to form the basis of a symbolical oratorio. For, according to my feeling, the subject must not be treated historically, however interesting this was in the case of *St. Paul*. In historic handling, Christ must appear in the earlier part of St. Peter's career, and, when he appears, St. Peter could not lay claims to the chief interest. I think, therefore, it must be symbolical; though all the historical events probably be introduced, such as the betrayal and repentance, the keys of heaven given him by Christ, his preaching at Pentecost—but all this, not in an historical, but prophetic light. If I may so express myself, in close connection.' * * * 'The chief thing, however, in the first point, for I am still in the dark about it, is in fact, about the possibility of the whole undertaking. Write to me as soon as you can on the matter. In thinking it over, my first idea was that the subject must be divided into two parts: the first, from the moment of forsaking the fishermen's nets down to the 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' which it must close; the second to consist of the Feast of Pentecost only; from the misery after the death of Christ and repentance of Peter, to the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.' We have been thus circumstantial in setting forth Mendelssohn's views as to the mode in which the theme might be treated, not only on account of the interest always attaching to the plans of so accomplished a master of oratorio, but because we are still in the dark as to that which Mr. Benedict has followed. At present, our only information regarding either the text or the music, is derived from the vocal solos and band parts rehearsed in London, yesterday; and even these, we understand, were not complete. Under these circumstances it would be manifestly impossible to furnish any outline of the oratorio, and we can only speak in the most vague and general terms of its distribution and style. As well as can be gathered from the skeleton programme contained in the Festival scheme, the work consists altogether of some fifty-four numbers, comprising, besides the more ordinary elements and combinations peculiar to oratorio, an orchestral interlude suggestive of evening prayer, followed by the rising of a storm, a dead march, a choral recitative, an unaccompanied quartet, and choruses, for male and female voices separately. Many of the most effective numbers consist of solos accompanied by, or interspersed with, chorus—a combination to which Mr. Benedict is very partial. Even a *catalogue raisonnée of so* lengthy a series of movements would be beyond our time and limits, besides being unfair to the composer in the present stage of his work: and we must therefore defer all analysis. We may observe in general terms, however, that the writing is in a much stricter style than any of the composer's previous works. The fugal form is freely employed in more than one of the choruses, and in all the ideas are developed with great thoroughness and elaboration, and with every diversity of contrapuntal treatment. Although the composer appears to have chosen for his oratorio the historical, in preference to the symbolical form favoured by Mendelssohn, and to have relied mainly, if not wholly, on Scriptural texts, the treatment is less dramatic than might be supposed from the known predilections of Mr. Benedict. Nevertheless there is a striking example of tone painting in the orchestral interlude already referred to, and the accompaniments to the contrary recitative, 'But the ship,' All the phases of a sea storm are here suggested in forms as impressive as they are artistic and appropriate; and not even the composer's old master, Weber, could have depicted the fury of the winds, and the trouble of the waves, or the flashing of the lightning or the rolling of the thunder, with more vividness and vigour, than they are here represented. The unaccompanied quartet which ushers in the final chorus of the first part is remarkable chiefly for the skill and ingenuity of its modulations; but its melodic beauty is not in proportion to its harmonic subtlety as the extreme difficulty of the music for unaccompanied voices renders a certain loss of tonality in the course of the performance scarcely avoidable. Though the chorus was absent yesterday, the general effect of some of the choral numbers could be fairly gathered from the morning's rehearsal performance; and among these may be mentioned as specially impressive the opening chorus, 'They that go down to the sea,' an exceedingly graceful and captivating movement, in six-eight time; the so-called 'chorus of Benediction' commencing 'The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet,' a sweet and soothing *andante* very charmingly instrumented; the descriptive storm chorus, 'The deep uttereth;' the grand final chorus of the first part, 'Praise ye the Lord,' which is developed with impressive breadth and vigour; 'How art thou fallen?' an exceedingly spirited and dramatic *allegro*, in six-eight time, and the angry and not less dramatic chorus, 'They are deceivers,' with its fine antiphonal effects and agitated accompaniment. All the solos and concerted pieces are of great merit, and several of them are extremely captivating. There is an exceedingly brilliant and effective *bravura* for the tenor voice, with chorus, 'The Lord hath His way,' in which Mdlle. Tietjens yesterday produced a great sensation; and in a different style the tender, plaintive wailing air, 'I mourn as a dove,' for the same voice, is also deserving of high praise. For the chief contrasts there is abundance of excellent recitatives, in addition to a fine air in triple time, 'O thou afflicted,' which is as melodious as it is plaintive and expressive. Madame Patey's fine voice was heard to great advantage yesterday in this music. In the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves from the rehearsal, we can only faintly imagine how his voice is likely to be suited in the principal tenor music of *St Peter*; but the composer, at all events, has provided ample opportunities for the tenor voice in the airs, 'I am the voice,' 'O, house of Jacob,' and 'The Lord is very pitiful' to say nothing of numerous recitatives and concerted pieces. Mr. Santley, who is always in earnest in what he attempts, produced a great impression by his singing of the fine baritone air, 'How great, O Lord,' 'Now know I,' 'Though all men shall be offended,' 'O that my head,' 'Remember, O Lord,' 'I call upon Thy name,' and the solo with chorus 'As thy soul lies.' Indeed the baritone voice has been specially favoured by Mr. Benedict."

MUNICH.—In consequence of the war, both the Theatre Royal and the National Theatre are closed by order of the King.

CARLSRUHE.—In consequence of the present state of affairs, the Grand Ducal Theatre was not re-opened on the 1st inst., as announced. It remains closed till further notice.

GRATZ.—Suppé's *Jungfrau von Dragant*, a three act operetta, has been produced with great success. The overture and principal pieces were encored, and the chief artist called on several times at the fall of the curtain. *Die Jungfrau von Dragant* is, it may be observed, a parody on Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*.

VENICE.—Two new operas will be produced during the ensuing season at the Fenice. The first, entitled *Gustavo Wasa*, is by Signor Apolloni. The second, of which the title is at present not generally known, the public will owe to Signor F. Maliplero, as far as regards the words, and to Signori Sagglotti and Bonmartini, as far as regards the libretto, which is said to be of a fanciful and romantic nature, affording great scope for spectacle.

VIENNA.—Herr Joseph Strauss was buried on the 25th ult. He was accompanied to his last home by thousands, including all his relations and friends, the only one among the former who was not present being his brother, Johann Strauss, who was himself lying on a bed of sickness. The violin of the deceased was laid, with broken strings, in the coffin with him.—The separate ballet performances have now been brought to an end, and the Imperial Operahouse is closed until the 31st inst.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has left his villa near Wilsbaden, and taken up his residence here during the present disturbed state of things in Rheinland.—Mad. Clara Schumann accepted the invitation to take part in the Grand Beethoven Festival only on condition that Herr R. Wagner did not conduct.—The King of Wurtemburg has conferred the large gold medal for Art and Science on Herr Franz Suppé, conductor at the Carithtaeter.

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MARRIAGE.

On the 9th inst., at St. Nicholas Church, Brighton, by the Rev. J. O. Davis, ALBERT BEATUS PROLER HOLMES, of No. 1, Cambridge Gardens, Notting Hill, elder son of W. H. Holmes, Esq., of 36, Beaumont Street, Portland Place, to CATHERINE, youngest daughter of the late WILLIAM NEWMAN, Esq., of Charleston, Sussex.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1870.

FESTIVAL ARRANGEMENTS.

HAVING laid before our readers the Hereford scheme last week, we come, now, to the much more important programme of Birmingham. Something like despondency appears to exist with regard to the greater Festival, if we may judge by the local *Daily Post*, which uttered the following jeremiad in a recent number:—

"In presence of the stirring national events of the last few days, it would almost seem as if some apology were necessary for alluding to a matter of such purely peaceful interest as the preparations for the forthcoming Birmingham Musical Festival It is not every one who is gifted with the composure of the Roman Emperor of old, who fiddled whilst Rome was burning, and it is not to be supposed, therefore, that the Birmingham Festival will engage much attention outside the circle immediately concerned, whilst the Franco-Prussian war is raging almost at our doors. Nevertheless, the interests involved in the success of our Festival are so great, not to Birmingham only, but to Charity and to Music also, that even at the risk of being neglected, we think it right to remind our readers that Peace hath her triumphs as well as War, and that Birmingham is taking every precaution to insure a very substantial one on the four busy days commencing with the 30th instant. For the moment, we must confess the prospect is rather cloudy. What with singers who won't sing and with composers who decline to compose, to say nothing of the war and the money market, and the badness of trade, it is impossible to deny that our Festival generals are taking the field under very serious disadvantages. Still the *morale* of their troops, as another general would say, is excellent, and after the experience of Monday's rehearsal, we have every confidence that, with average good luck, the Birmingham Festival of 1870 will come out in the end all the brighter for its temporary obscuration."

We shall not presume to set our opinion against local knowledge; but it may safely be asked what the writer means by "composers who decline to compose," when the Festival programme abounds in novelty to an extent which has already called forth the remonstrances of those who think it is possible to have too much even of so good a thing. If the *Post's* other remarks are as wild as this, there need not be the slightest foreboding of evil in anybody's mind. At all events, we will presume to anticipate success. Now for the programme:—

TUESDAY MORNING.—*Elijah.* Indispensable at every festival, Mendelssohn's greatest work has a prescriptive right to the place of honour at Birmingham. It is, in some sort, the child of the "Hardware Capital" (so-called); and to omit it would be not only bad policy, but a gratuitous disowning.

TUESDAY EVENING.—Novelty No. 1. Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*. We remember the successful performance of Mr. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* three years ago; and have noted how the work has, since then, achieved a far-reaching popularity. Another composition from the same pen does not surprise us, therefore; and we have but little doubt but that *Paradise and the Peri* will be worthy the *Ancient Mariner*. It is tolerably certain, moreover, that it will speedily become better known than Schumann's cantata, on the same subject, which our young English musician very properly thought left room and to spare for his own ideas. The second part of this concert consists of detached pieces, all, more or less (greatly more than less), known to London concert-goers, and not worth mention here.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.—*Naaman.* The performance of this work is a very natural compliment to its author, and the conductor of the Festival, Sir Michael Costa, as well as a proper recognition of the fact that it was written for Birmingham. A very fine rendering may be expected, judging from the pains taken at the band rehearsal of Monday last, on which occasion *Naaman* had the lion's share of notice.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Novelty No. 2. Professor R. P. Stewart's *Ode to Shakspere*, about which we can say nothing, and the character of which we dare not even venture to anticipate. But the Professor is an able man (though a Professor), and it may safely be assumed that he has done his best for a great occasion. Novelty No. 3 is Mr. A. S. Sullivan's *Ouvertura di Ballo* (why not *Ball Overture*, Mr. Sullivan?—you are English, are you not?)—a very gay, lightsome, and effective piece of work, but not such as should *alone* represent the composer of the *Prodigal Son* at a Birmingham Festival. The second part faintly recognizes the Beethoven Centenary by being all Beethoven; moreover, while inadequate as a commemorative act, the selection is more inadequate as a selection. We welcome the E flat Concerto and eke the *Egmont* overture; but why has not one of the "immortal nine" a place? A Beethoven programme without a symphony carries its own condemnation between the lines.

THURSDAY MORNING.—The *Messiah*.

THURSDAY EVENING.—Novelty No. 4. Herr Ferdinand Hiller's *Nala and Damayanti*. Compared with the story of this work Homer's *Iliad* is a modern poem; but, though written at a period so remote, that to go back thither is to jostle against Shem, Ham, and Japhet, the Hindoo narrative is instinct with beauty. Herr Hiller, we may venture to say, has done it more or less of justice. Beethoven's sonata for piano and violin (Op. 24) follows the new work; and the second part is an *olla podrida*, concocted after the well-known benefit concert recipe.

FRIDAY MORNING.—Novelty No. 5. Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* and Mozart's *Requiem*. The former is anticipated with much interest; and we may indulge a tolerably confident hope of success for the veteran composer, whose most serious effort it is. After so long and absorbing a work, the *Requiem* (still called Mozart's by people who cannot be persuaded that Süssmayer was a great genius) will fall on well-nigh unheeding ears.

FRIDAY EVENING.—*Samson*, with which the Festival ends. Let us hope there may be vigour enough left in band, chorus, and principals, to carry them safely through a work that exacts a good deal of effort.

Comment upon the above is annecessary, and if the case were otherwise, we should decline to forestall observations which will have more weight in their own proper time.

It appears from a case in the Common Pleas that the manager of the Alfred Theatre let a box and ticket office for from £360 to £400; that his net profit was from £10 to £4 a week. The programmes he disposed of yielded a fair return, selling from 3d.—his lowest charge—to 2s. 6d. An opera-glass ought to have been a modest annuity to Mr. Hirschfield, as he hired it out at from 2s. 6d. in the boxes to 2s. and 1s. 6d. elsewhere. His scale of charges to different classes of clients reminded one of Douglas Jerrold's innkeeper's soda-water—sold for 3s. 9d. a bottle to the rich and 2s. 6d to the working classes. Mr. Hirschfield's labour and responsibility in taking charge of coats was moderately recompensed by over £150 annually. Are charges in St. James's and in the Strand much more reasonable than in Church Street, Edgware Road?

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Signor Schira has left London for Milan—his native city, which he visits as an annual custom. Among the greatest disappointments to subscribers at the Drury Lane Italian Opera this year, and to amateurs of the opera generally, was the non-production of Signor Schira's new opera, *Selenopia*, which had been announced in the prospectus, and was, indeed, one of the chief attractions. Signor Schira, however, can afford to wait another season. What he composes in the dramatic way is, as all amateurs are aware, sterling stuff that cannot spoil by a twelvemonth's keeping.

That inclination of the French to express political feeling in song, so manifest during the Wars of the Fronde and in the days of the Revolution, is again conspicuous. At almost every theatre somebody has sung, is singing, or is about to sing the "Marseillaise" and "Le Rhin Allemand." The last of these, by the late Alfred de Musset, is the song of the day, the old melody being thrust into renewed eminence by a vague sort of patriotism, analogous to the enthusiasm of Irish demonstrators, who consider that "*Vive l'Empereur*" and "*Vive la République*" are synonymous expressions. "Le Rhin Allemand," music by M. F. David, was sung at the Opéra Comique by M. Achard. The poem was written by De Musset just when Becker's celebrated "Rhine song" had begun to make a noise. A French translation of the German *Lied* became a subject of discussion in the *salon* of Madame Emile de Girardin, and the hostess expressed a wish that it should be answered by a poet. M. de Musset, one of the party, asked for a cigar, with ten minutes' leave of absence, and, his request granted, he descended to the garden. When he returned, the cigar was not finished, but the poem was. M. Musset's song was followed at the Opéra Comique by the "Marseillaise," executed by Madame Galli-Marié, draped as the Genius of Liberty, and bearing a tricoloured flag. On a subsequent occasion the singers were M. Melchissédek and Mdlle. Marie Rose. At the Vaudeville there was a special performance for the benefit of the wounded, and the lyrical part of the entertainment was found so attractive that it was repeated on subsequent evenings. Here the "Marseillaise" was sung by Madame Marie Laurent, and "Le Rhin Allemand," by M. Roger, who also made public "La Française," a new patriotic effusion by M. Gustave Nadaud. At the Opéra, de Musset's poem, the music by M. Deminex, was sung by M. Faure and chorus, in front of an appropriate decoration. The programme of a performance at the Palais Royal on Saturday week, for the benefit of the wounded, announced the "Marseillaise" by Mdlle. Reboux—the trio from *Guillaume Tell* (why?), by MM. Villaret, Devoyod, and David, "Le Rhin Allemand," by Roger, and the "Bataillon de la Moselle en Sabots," by Darcier.

We hear a good deal about the "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness" which reign in the bosoms of artists, and it is generally believed that musicians share among them the very strongest specimens of that class of natural phenomena. We would, however, back the professed religionists at long odds. In a ritualistic print called the *Church Herald*, certain Portsmouth petitioners against "Catholic" innovations are styled "a pack of ill-conditioned petty tradesmen and adulterous wine-bibbers." There, let the most rival-hating artist who does *not* profess to be made "a child of God" by sacraments, beat that if he can.

Florence is no longer an economical abode. House rent is up to the level of Paris or London. The hotels are more numerous and much improved, and the *restaurants* were always excellent for those who look on tobacco as Molière's blue stocking did on Greek—"Monsieur, avec *du Grec* on ne peut gâter rien;" smoking and eating going on in them together. Progress is not, however, uniform. The opera is bad. Cosmo III. pronounced the music in England and in France inferior to that of Florence, and Rousseau at a later period wished to be blind at the Italian and deaf at the French opera. But Mendelssohn in his "Letters" says, "If I desire to hear Italian music I must go to London or Paris." On the other hand the Florentine ballet is among the best in Europe. Victor Emmanuel, like Napoleon I., is peremptory that his *danseuses* shall be pretty.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Coalition Opera.

In a general notice of the past season at Covent Garden, the *Sunday Times* remarks:—

"The past season at Covent Garden will be remembered as the last of a coalition management which had no *raison d'être* in the presence of a rival house. When Mr. Mapleson joined his forces to those of Mr. Gye, he did so on the assumption that the resultant strength would secure unchallenged possession of the field; that, in other words, nobody would venture to oppose resources so great, or hope to outdo the attractions of an establishment commanding the very flower of lyric artists. This assumption was not unreasonable; and we may safely venture an opinion that upon it alone the coalition was based. We doubt if, under any possible circumstances, it could have been justified by results, for monopoly is an unpleasant word in the public ear; under the actual conditions there was no chance of success. The coalesced directors acted as though bent upon making their management obnoxious to all who looked upon the opera as other than a fashionable lounge. We need not bring forward any facts in proof, the reader's recollection being able to supply them abundantly; nor need we state how sharp ayes noted the blunder and active brains prepared to turn it to account. Very soon the resources of the coalition began to disintegrate and fall away. The end of the first season brought with it the secession of nearly all Mr. Mapleson's contingent, and Covent Garden lost the services of Mdlle. Nilsson, Madame Sinico, Madame Trebelli, Signor Mongini, Signor Bettini, Mr. Charles Lyall, Signor Foli, Mr. Santley, besides others of less note. This was a heavy blow and sore discouragement, but the alliance was threatened in its very existence, when Mr. Wood's prospectus appeared, and Drury Lane opened its doors as a second Italian opera. From that time Messrs. Gye and Mapleson were check-mated, and there was nothing for it but to fling up the game, dissolve partnership, and resume the old tactics of each one for himself. This has been done, and the coalition is at an end. For well nigh over the month, especially as the second season, though carried on in the face of opposition, was no improvement upon the first. The directors, like the Bourbons, seemed able to learn nothing, and the tactics which failed to conciliate the public in 1869 were reproduced with minute exactness in 1870."

PROVINCIAL.

Morpeth.—We take the subjoined from the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of the 5th inst.:—

"The new organ just erected, in the north transept of St. James's Church, Morpeth, was opened yesterday, by Mr. H. A. Oakeley, Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh. The instrument, was built by Mr. T. H. Harrison, of Rochdale, and its case of stained pine has been designed so as not to interfere with the architectural features of the building. The cost is 1,000*l.*, and as it will rank as one of the largest organs in the North of England, the following description will be read with interest:—It has three manuals of 4½ octaves each, and 2½ octaves of pedals. The height is 31 feet, the breadth 19 feet, and the depth 12 feet; this exclusive of the space occupied by manuals and pedals, which are brought forward as far as the back of the choir stalls, so that the organist may be near the choristers. Including couplers, there are 48 stops, and the number of pipes is 2 292. The wind, supplied by two large double action bellows, runs at three inches, and regulated by a parallel motion, is also an invention of the builder. By means of the above the touch of the manuals, when fully coupled, is as easy as that of a pianoforte. Professor Oakeley presided at the organ at both services. The voluntaries were a prelude, Bradley; Aria from Cantata No. 68, Bach; Occasional Overture, Handel; and Motet, 'Insane at Vanæ Curæ,' Haydn. At Even-song the voluntaries were Andante, Lefebure-Wely; Andante, Quartet No. 2, Mozart; extemporaneous Prelude; Fugue in G minor, Bach; and Handel's 'Let their celestial concerts.' In the morning the preacher was the Rev. T. Harris, Dean of Honolulu; in the afternoon the Rev. W. Dunn, incumbent of North Gosforth. In the evening the Professor gave a recital upon the organ, and displayed its powers by many combinations of the stops."

Milan.—The worth of the numberless recalls, with which it is at present customary in Italy to greet a composer on the first night of his opera, may be gathered from the following little anecdote. A short time since a new opera, entitled *The Three Musketeers*, was produced at one of the theatres here. At half-past eight o'clock the audience, including the critic of our facetious contemporary, *Il Trovatore*, amounted to 25—twenty-five! Towards the end of the performance, however, a number of persons, friends of the composer and of the management rushed in, and called on the former four or five times.

Salzburg.—Herr Joachim has again come to spend his annual holiday, at the Villa Mac Caffri, as he did last year.

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BEETHOVEN AS A "POSTILLON D'AMOUR."

In an article headed "A Contribution to the Beethoven Festival," in the *Neue Freie Presse*, appears the following account of the meeting of Beethoven and Herr Ludwig Löwe, of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna. The circumstance was known probably to but very few, and was never before published.

Ludwig Löwe—says the writer of the article in question—that ever-lastingly youthful artist, who is quite as captivating a *virtuoso* in narrating in private, as he is in impersonating on the stage, told me a good deal of his eventful life one evening as we were sitting in the gardens of the jovial "Spezi-Wirth," at Velden, on the banks of the Wörthersee. We were about separating, when Löwe stopped me by exclaiming, "Halloa! I must tell you about my acquaintanceship with Beethoven." What! did you really know Beethoven?" I enquired with joyful curiosity. "Aye, that I did. He was my *postillon d'amour* at Teplitz." Taking a complacent puff at his pipe, Löwe continued: "It was in the summer of 1811. I was a perfect novice, and obtained an engagement at Prague, under the celebrated manager, Liebich. At his order, I began, however, my professional duties at the watering-place of Teplitz, where a part of his company performed during the summer. I used to dine regularly at a modest inn called the Blue Star, between the 'Plata' and the Post Office. It is no longer in existence. The landlord's daughter, a well-behaved, charming creature, used, in the old patriarchal fashion, to wait upon the customers. She and I soon took a liking to each other; our glances kept meeting more and more frequently, and growing more and more expressive, but the number of other customers, who were impatient and wanted to be served, rendered all conversation between us impossible. 'Come at a later hour,' she whispered to me one day, 'when the other customers are gone. At three o'clock you will seldom find any one, except Beethoven, the composer, and he will not be in the way. His hearing is bad.' I joyfully took the hint, and used to go every afternoon at three o'clock, Beethoven, who dined at a side-table, really being the only person there. As he paid little attention to us, he proved not merely not to be in the way, but was even welcome as a means of diverting suspicion. My liking for the maiden was profound and passionate, and it was my intention to marry her. Her stern parents looked, however, askance upon her acquaintanceship with the poor young actor, and at last, without more ado, forbade me their house. How great was our despair. We wanted to correspond secretly, but through whom? Suddenly I thought of my neighbour at table, Beethoven. He should help us. Despite his serious taciturnity, he had struck me as not being unfriendly. A gleam of kindly feeling frequently shot from out his bold and defiant face. He was accustomed to take a walk every morning at eleven o'clock, in the most retired part of the Park., I lay in wait, and approached him with a most respectful salutation. He recognized me instantly, and enquired why I did not dine any more at the Blue Star. The question greatly facilitated the introduction of the subject for which I had come. With the utmost frankness, I told him all about the state of my heart, and my expulsion from my Paradise, concluding with a timid interrogation as to whether he would not take charge of a note, and give it, unobserved, at dinner time, to the maiden. 'Why not?' he exclaimed, seemingly pleased at my confidence in him, 'You mean nothing wrong; so hand it over.' With these words he stuck the note in his pocket, and was again about to set off at a trot. 'I beg your pardon, Herr van Beethoven,' I said, detaining him, 'that is not all.' 'Oh! what else is there?' 'You must also in; tack the answer.' 'All right! Then wait for me to-morrow in the walk.' I really received the coveted answer through Beethoven. In this manner, like a good fellow as he was, he carried our love-letters backwards and forwards for five or six weeks, until he—and, shortly afterwards, I myself—was obliged to leave Teplitz."

Such was Löwe's story; I cannot convey in writing the charm with which it was told, but (with Löwe's express permission) I have given a correct account of its purport. I have simply to add that Löwe corresponded for a year or so with the landlord's pretty daughter. Typhus, the unfailing follower of a period of sanguinary war, carried her off. Löwe, whose brilliant talent had soon displayed itself at Prague, obtained an engagement, in 1824, at the Burgtheater, Vienna. He lost no time in visiting Beethoven. He found him very much aged; broken physically and morally, and completely deaf. Beethoven did not recollect his visitor, who despite all his endeavours, could not make himself understood. So their second meeting was their last. But Löwe preserves a grateful remembrance of the service which Beethoven rendered him at Teplitz, and which was probably one of the most original and friendly episodes in the great composer's life.

DR. HILLER'S *NALA AND DAMAYANTI.**

The poem, *Nala and Damayanti*, is founded on a Hindo poem of great antiquity — the *Nala*, which in itself only one of the episodes of the *Mahabharata*. The two great epic poems of Ancient India, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Raymeyana*, bear something like the same relation to Hindu literature, with respect to national importance, as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to the literature of Ancient Greece. The *Mahabharata* is an aggregate of epic poems founded on popular legends. Though impossible to fix the date, it may be mentioned that the compiler is said to have been Vyasa, who lived about 500 years before Homer.

The episode of *Nala* occurs in the *Mahabharata* as incidental. A holy Brahmin, to restore hope to a fallen prince, ruined by gambling, relates to him the history of the Raja. *Nala*, who, in older times, had, like him, lost everything at two games at dice, and nevertheless had not sunk into despair. This episode is the subject of the third of eighteen cantos, or parvas, of the *Mahabharata*. King Bhima has a fair daughter, Damayanti. Nala hears praises of Damayanti, and the Princess like praises of Nala. Though at a distance, they fall desperately in love, and miraculous swans convey tidings of fondness. The king desiring to marry his daughter, there is a competition of princes for her hand, but Damayanti will not accept anyone but Nala. Nala appears at last in person, but has a message to deliver from the gods, who have bound him to declare to Damayanti that she must choose one of the immortals. Fortunately the gods do not insist. The marriage takes place, and Nala conducts his wife to the kingdom of Nishadha. Misfortune comes. The god, Kali, jealous of Nala, induces him to play at dice with his brother, and Nala loses all—wealth, chariots, robes, kingdom, and wife. Nala flies to a wild forest: his wife will not forsake him, but he cannot bear the idea of dragging her into his misfortune. He flies again from her. Damayanti wanders in search of him; each encounters dangers and sufferings, racked by the thought of the possible fate of the beloved one. The constant lovers, wife and husband, at last succeed in finding each other, and, by a fortunate occurrence, Nala wins again his treasures and his kingdom, and lives happily with Damayanti.

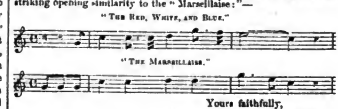
The subject of the dramatic cantata, set to music by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, is the earlier part of the story of the loves of Nala and Damayanti. It comprises the desolation of the princess, dreaming of her unseen lover; the ceremony, ordained by King Bhima, of disposing of her hand by choice among royal suitors; the communication of the behest of the gods to Nala; Nala's despair; his appearance on the scene of competition at the climax of Damayanti's anxiety, only to give his stern message; Damayanti's refusal and choice; the appearance of the gods, offering her immortality, and their retirement before the unflinching resolve of the Princess; the cantata concluding with the union of Nala and Damayanta.

* To be performed at the approaching Birmingham Festival.

A QUERY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Amidst the present race for national songs, and when the authorship of most of them is matter of curiosity and comment, perhaps you can inform a humble enquirer as to who composed the song known as the "Red, White, and Blue," and to what cause can be assigned its striking opening similarity to the "Marseillaise:"—



Yours faithfully,

INQUISITOR.

OBER-AMMERGAU.—It has already been announced that the run of the celebrated *Passions-spiel* was brought to a premature termination, in consequence of the principal actors having to join the Bavarian army-corps. The representative of Peter rides in a light cavalry regiment, and the young man who sustained the part of the Redeemer is a corporal of artillery.

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ECHOMETRY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—PARENTHESIS—In the early period of his brilliant career an astute statesman and splendid orator of the British House of Commons was wont to say that he never expected "justice." Neither, Sir, do I. But what Mr. Disraeli had to complain of *too little* recognition, I get *too much*. Too much "justice" is dealt out to my expressed opinions and remarks; casual observations being commented upon as though they were the greatest imaginable deliverances. Not only by means of editorial foot-notes, but by inquiring correspondents am I requested to give "additional information" and "further particulars," just as though, instead of being a peaceful "day-dreamer," I was a "war correspondent." To one's thoughts a portent never conceived; to one's words an import their primary meaning never suggested, and to one's aims and proceedings a significance I would fain disclaim. One, "Nibbs," knows my effusions by perusing them from beginning to end—then exalts me by esteeming it his mission to occupy the chair of critic concerning "my style." So unexpectedly, and so undeservedly heaped upon me, how could I rest without attempting some meagre return for such fulsome and unmerited compliments. I would much rather, seriously, he had found fault with me, for then I could not have failed to profit more greatly thereby. But, perhaps, he wisely concludes, "censure is the sincerest flattery" (ah! Tom Hood, or somebody else has said), and has mercifully decided not to spoil so promising a fellow by making him over-vain. Be that as it may, I thank "Mr. Nibbs" for his notice of me, not quite equal, I am afraid, to a just appreciation of *all* his generous *humour*, and will endeavour in reply to his queries. Since he appears not to have consulted his "Johnson" (those dictionaries are horrid dry reading), I will save him that trouble in this instance. He asks for the meaning of the word, *acroteria*; here it is:—"Todd's Johnson," quoted "Acroteria" (*Architecture*), "the extremity of the body, as the end of a finger." The word *ir*, of course, in both numbers. "Manual *acroteria*" means fingers; more particularly their ends—that is to say, the *thirty* articulations (joint-) branching from the palms of the hands. The "*development*" of each of those thirty powers, so as to produce all the varied delicacy and expression residing in that wonderful gift of heaven, the human hand, is usually the *first* object of the pianoforte player. Beginning from the root of the central finger, the lowest joint should first be cultivated; (it is presumed that, dating all thought- and action from the brain and heart, the shoulder, arm, forearm, including the wrist, and but of the hand, have been at least recognised, if not otherwise prepared for work;) then the next-joints of the fore finger and thumb, and the fellow: next the ring finger, lastly the little finger. Next the middle joint of the middle finger should be exercised and all the others in the same way. Of course the whole process may go on almost simultaneously, each separate division tiring after a few dozen efforts. This much, even when practised with but a dumb piano or with no instrument at all, cannot fail to impart both vigour and smoothness to anyone wishing to master the pianoforte. Especially if commenced and persevered with when young. By enabling the student, when wishing to play *four*, as well as one, two, or *three*, notes at a time; *two*, or *three*, at will, a valuable faculty will be given him. With the extreme joint a "reliable" yet "gentle touch." "Kaleidoscopic, from an optical toy." The allusion here is to those exercises which, from being composed of the same *primitive* notes, yet ever changing their *patterns* within a described *radius*, without altering their component parts. Some students term them "gown-patterns," "vest-patterns," others "kaleidoscopics," which last has been regarded as a fairly expressive school-boy name. Such are the dactylion paradigms of Herz, Schmidt, Chaulieu, Dreyschock and others; without attention to some of which no one, however gifted, can hope ever to develop the manual acroteria, so as to perform respectably upon the pianoforte. I shall pass over your eccentric orthography; no doubt it is exceedingly amusing to those who have a taste for it. I had once; but since the decease of Mr. Jeames Plush and Artemus Ward, I have lost my relish for that sort of thing. It must be funny or the editor could not have inserted it; I must get you to explain it to me when we meet. Various-tinted is not grammar: "*variously* tinted." Nor, as I previously hinted, I don't intend to use anything I may have been the means of communicating to you a matter of obligation on your part. No, not indeed. Not the spelling, nor the meanings, nor the grammar, nor the music; for have you not generously become the means of instructing me in that invention of my own propositions, "good humour," the chief point in which intricate study, as I understand it, is,—with the view of prom-ting friendship in its highest form,—to put the best possible construction upon another's words, and even upon his "animadversions." End of parenthesis.

Echometry, or the art of measuring the duration of sounds, suggests a wide field of observation to the thoughtful musician. "Sounds are either long or short," so runs the catechism. It is, indeed, the first instalment of information in most of them. Two kindred ones following:—viz., sounds are either *high* or *low*; sounds are either *soft* or *loud*. Let me solicit, at the outset, that no one will conclude the subject too recondite on account of one "unfamiliar" word; nor too elementary because of the "simplicity" of certain premisses; Not that they will bear me through. Of the paramount importance of a correct estimation of the comparative duration of sounds, not one word need be said. It is this *first* amongst all musical gifts—it might even be placed *before* that, commonly-called, an "ear" for music—that imparts such a marked difference to each other in various players, and, to my mind, that distinguishes a rare performer on the organ or pianoforte more than any other quality. Since on these instruments the notes are prepared to the performer's hand by the builder and tuner, no indiscretion on the part of the player could alter the intonation in the least degree. The chief distinguishing feature, then, in the master-hand is that wonderful sense as to the *relative duration of sounds*, possessed in a remarkable degree by so few that the gifted ones stand apart from all their kind, separate and alone: that impassable gulf betwixt them and all competitors—that gulf is innate sense of time. To those who would demur might I beg again to wait a little. Recall your impressions when a really great player has enchained you? Was it not more than in anything else by your impression of the deliverance as a "whole?" What is that inexpressible charm which, in some musicians more than in any others, compels recognition and commands attention? It is the perfect periodicity of the utterances. The notes fall so steadily, with such unswerving exactitude, that the very physical frame of the listener is enthralled, and his pulsations are literally linked with the music. The very atmosphere becomes alive and pendulous. If, however, the waves of air become disturbed by irregular percussions in the sounds, they will militate against, and destroy, one another. A slight effort of the memory will recall two or three great names who could thus awe to silence, and impress at will, ten thousand listeners. Other qualities are indispensable, it is granted; but this gift of "echometry" I place first. Even if there be multitudes of notes, or two or more themes, the perfect equality of the subsidiary ones only charms us the more. Six to one, or twelve, twenty-four, forty-eight or more notes in one part against one note in another, but increases the general satisfaction. However intricately the parts may be woven, the unfailing march of the rhythm still imparts many most sympathetic delights. And upon the rhythm symmetry, all but imperceptible trifle of time is gathered up in one place, it is immediately repaid with such rigid accuracy that expectation, apparently for the moment frustrated, is only the more completely captivated by the exactness of the compensation which keeps the periodicity of the phrasing completely unimpaired. Such a musician is in harmony not only with all minds but likewise with the spheres themselves, as it would be by no means difficult mathematically to demonstrate. But it may be asked—"Do not all play by the metronome?" They do; just as all sing an accurate scale. Yet some singers can be more perfectly in tune than others (as I remarked at length in my first letter on Melody), having in their nature a more subtle conception of musical scales than others; so if you persons performing a piece of music in the same number of seconds, the divisions of time and niceties of phrasing may cause the performance of the one immeasurably to transcend that of the other. In the compass of a letter such as this all I can do is to indicate a line of thought afterwards to be followed up with some practical suggestions. I will conclude by stating but one idea. What we gain in speed we necessarily lose in power. How, therefore, skilfully to blend the two, the slow notes with the quick is one of the most important and interesting inquiries that could possibly engage the attention of the musical composer, and is of no less moment both to the conductor, executant, or choralist.—Yours very truly, IDEALIZER.

August 9th, 1870.

P.S.—On "change of *air*" we are perfectly at one. That is precisely what, more than anything else, every lover of music desires.

La France Musicale, to which paper we have often been indebted for both information and amusement, has ceased to appear. So, at all events, says the *Gazette Musicale*.

New Songs and Music of the Future.

"Looking Back:" a Companion to "The Snow Lies White." By Arthur Sullivan.

"The Stationary Gentile:" Companion (as far as possible) to "The Wandering Jew." By J. L. Molloy. This (the "W. J.") has been sung, and, of course, well-sung, by Mr. Santley. Our great baritone has lately identified himself with two cheerful characters, *i.e.*, "The Flying Dutchman" and "Wandering Jew." Here Wagner might be invoked to consider these two subjects together, and combine the ideas. The notion of the plot would be, perhaps, something of this sort:—Act 1. The Wandering Jew, while walking, annoyed by the Flying Dutchman.—W. J. tries to catch the F. D.—and fails. Of course, they will both be in love with the same young woman; and, in the last Act, the Flying Dutchman flies off with the lady, struggling. The Wandering Jew (now more than "wandering," in fact, almost mad) seizes a gun and shoots the F. D., who falls with his lovely burden (this would be the burden of a trio) on the luckless wanderer, and all three perish in the crash. Punch.

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MAJOR AND MINOR.—JOY AND GRIEF.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Some composers of note appear to entertain the idea that music, *per se*, is capable of expressing all the emotions of the human soul, and that, in this connection, its language is almost as copious and facile as the vernacular of any civilisation. This assumption has betrayed them into absurd excesses, and lured them blindfold into invading the regions of poetry, painting, and sculpture. Whatever the merits of any composition touching its individual conception and total mechanism, it can express definitely but one of two sentiments only—that of joy or sorrow; and this it does because the one or the other is in natural accord with the major or the minor mode, either of which is an essential of every individual composition, and may be termed the light or shade—the smiles or tears of music. You may laugh, or free yourself from care in the major; but in the minor you must weep, or, at least, give way to some shade of melancholy. When, therefore, you would force either of these modes out of its natural channel, or constrain it to become analytical, or descriptive of foreign sentiments or their outgrowth, it ceases to be intelligible, unless accompanied by words or some exponent outside its own resources. Hence the impossibility of purely dramatic compositions for instruments only, and the insurmountable difficulty of expressing clearly through a simple orchestra any sentiment beyond the two already mentioned. Where this has been attempted the composer has not philosophised. He has not perceived that he has built a model that he himself comprehends only, and that the musical garments in which he has clothed it may suit various others differing from it in almost every particular. The mood that can be expected in this relation, is appositeness of the costume to the subject that it is intended to drape, which subject, if the composition would be at all comprehensible, must be familiar to the listener. Scarcely an air from Mozart, Rossini, or any of the great masters, but has the sentiments set half a dozen different stories, as the libretto chances to determine: but in no case can a thorough expression of grief be achieved through the major, or of joy through the minor. Outside these two sentiments we have nothing but neutral tints, so to speak, which, if they are to perform any missionary mood that involved in exquisite combinations of sound, must receive their colouring from without, through the agency of language, spoken or implied. To attempt, then, to pourtray with unerring fidelity any of the passions save joy or grief through the medium of music, is to fail; for in so far as the sentiments are concerned, music has but little, if anything, to say in any other relation than the two already mentioned; and with them even, it deals in but a general manner. These few observations are thrown out in the hope of eliciting some more competent opinion on this subject. GRADGRIND.

New York, July, 1870.

WAIFS.

M. Flotow's *L'Ombre* will shortly be produced at Brussels.

Mr. Charles Lyall has left town on a visit to the Channel Islands.

Don Ramon Vilanova, a Spanish composer of eminence, died recently at Barcelona.

Miss Laura Harris has signed a five months' engagement at San Carlos, Lisbon.

The septuagenarian, Déjaset, sang the "Marseillaise" at Passy's theatre a few days ago.

M. Fanre has been unable to appear in public of late, owing to another family affliction.

Madame Adelina Patti has left, or will soon leave the Isle of Wight (if she ever was there) for Boulogne.

M. Offenbach, dining with M. Sardou, called the King of Prussia "Le Roi Carotte." Surely the French are avenged.

Mr. Santley is engaged for a series of performances at the Gaiety Theatre in the "fall." [*Quid tum postea?*—A. S. S.]

We are informed that Mr. Vernon Rigby has declined to sing at the approaching Birmingham Festival. The reasons for this step will doubtless appear when the proper time comes. [If it ever does come.—A. S. S.]

Among the artists engaged at the Barcelona Cirque are Mesdames Artôt, Scalchi, and Trebelli; MM. Graziani, Bettini, Gassier, Junca, and Ronconi.

It is rumoured that Mr. Bryant, encouraged, we presume, by the success of his version of the *Iliad*, is devoting himself to the task of translating the *Odyssey*.

Marguerite Blinden, the original Precious of Weber's opera, died on the 8th of July, and was buried at Hosterwitz, where the German master wrote his work.

M. Deldevez, late *chef d'orchestre* at the Grand Opéra, has been succeeded by M. Farrand, *sous-chef* at the Opéra-Comique, and Secretary to the Conservatoire concerts.

It is said that Mdlle. Fioretti, who recently married M. Verger, has definitely retired from the stage. If this be true, the stage has lost one of the best dancers of recent years.

Mr. C. A. Barry has returned safely from Germany, having barely escaped the declaration of war, and bravely endured six of Wagner's operas. Mr. Barry must carry a charm.

Mdlle. Nilsson passed through Paris the other day, on her way to visit the Duchess de Frias at Biarritz. She found time, says *Le Ménéstrel*, to call at Madame Ollivier's and leave her subscription for the wounded. [How much?—A. S. S.]

Mdme. Patti, Mdme. Volpini, and Mdlle. Nilsson have agreed to give their services at a concert of Italian artists in Paris, the proceeds of which are to benefit the Patriotic Fund.

The Maharajah of Rewah has given 2,000*l.* to the pundits of Benares, who composed a poetical garland of flowers for the Duke of Edinburgh, on his Royal Highness visiting the sacred city.

Mr. Sims Reeves was to have been singing during the past week at the Ryl Eisteddfod. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Kate Roberts, and other artists were also to take part in the Welsh Festival.

Mr. G. Hodder has died of the effects of the injuries he received some weeks ago at Richmond. Mr. Hodder, educated at Christ's Hospital, was long and honourably known as a London journalist.

Mr. Strange was to open the Théâtre Châtelet last Wednesday as a Parisian Alhambra. M. Mangin is appointed *chef d'orchestre*, and, on the first night, the "Marseillaise" is orchestrated by Berlioz, was to be performed, with a chorus of 200 voices.

The performances at the Gallery of Illustration, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, terminate this evening, and will be recommenced in November, Mr. Reed having obtained from the lessees an additional term of the property.

There will be no gratuitous performances at the Paris theatres on the 15th inst., the Patriotic Fund benefitting by the amount usually devoted to public pleasure. But the *fête* itself may not take place. Who knows where the Prussians will be on the 15th?

Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Cox and Box* is now playing at the theatre in the Crystal Palace, with full orchestral accompaniment, and Messrs. Shaw (Cox), Rouse (Box), and Ainsley Cook (the "Military Man"). This performance alone is worth a visit to the Crystal Palace.

The *Gazette Musicale* says that a new opera in four acts, by Verdi, will be performed at Cairo in January. Its title is *Aida*, its subject ancient Egyptian, and its libretto the work of M. du Locle. The Viceroy, says our French contemporary, has given the director unlimited credit.

If report may be credited, among the engagements already made by Mr. Gye for the Royal Italian Opera are Signor Mongini, the celebrated *tenore robusto*, and Mdlle. Ferneci, a soprano, hitherto unknown to England, but in certain parts of the Continent vaunted in equally glowing terms for the beauty of her voice and the comeliness of her person.

At a moment when the Pope is putting himself on an equality with God, it may be of interest to know that in the year 1707 the French Academy offered a prize for a poem the subject of which was that the French Monarch was at least superior to humanity. The theme for the poet to illustrate was "That the King's wisdom renders him superior to all manner of events."

The following was the patriotic programme of the Théâtre Français on Saturday last:—*Les Ouvriers*, by Mons. E. Manuel; Chorus, *Enfants de Paris*; Recitation, *Le Rhin Allemand*; *Horace*, tragedy by Corneille; Recitation, *Le Départ*; Dialogue, *Pour les Blessés*; Chorus, *Les Girondins*; *Le Lion Amoureux*, comedy by Ponsard; Chorus, *La Marseillaise*. The proceeds of this performance went to the Patriotic Fund.

Revised estimates have been published for the following public Services:—Science and Art department buildings, new building at South Kensington, 62,500*l.* increase, 28,500*l.*; auxiliary museum in the East of London, 5,000*l.* increase, 2,000*l.*; total increase, 30,500*l.* In aid of the expenditure of certain learned societies in Great Britain, 12,450*l.* in addition, to advances for the new Courts of Justice buildings, 21,450*l.*, of which 16,000*l.* is intended for the erection of the building. Of course this will be repaid to the Treasury out of the surplus interest on money in the hands of the Court of Chancery. For the National Gallery enlargement, 40,000*l.* is asked, of which 20,000*l.* is for the acquisition of land, and 24,000*l.* for clearing the site acquired, and for new buildings.

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According to an American contemporary, the literary men in the States are to be privileged with hearing Mdlle. Nilsson's first song in the New World, the favourite artist having engaged to sing before the members of the Lotos Club immediately after her arrival. If the members of the Lotos Club be lotos-eaters, we can understand the meaning of our American contemporary.

Why do not Ritualists invoke George III. in defence of sundry peculiarities? In all accounts of their ceremonial, we hear of bowing to the altar. They should turn to Mdme. D'Arblay, and see how the "Head of the Church" behaved in 1787, when an installation of Knights of the Garter took place at Windsor. There to solemn music, as soon as the Dean began "Let your light so shine before men," the King advanced up the chapel, and about a third of the way, stood and bowed to the altar; then walked forward and bowed again; after a third bow reaching the altar and making the accustomed offering of ten pounds in gold and silver.

M. Ingres, the French painter, who died not long since, was not only a member of the Senate, but a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, historical painter to the Crown, Member of the Institute, and past director of the French Academy at Rome. His foreign honours were hardly less conspicuous. He was knight of the Order of Civil Merit of Prussia, Commander of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, Knight of the Order of St. Joseph of Tuscany, and honorary member of the Academies of Florence, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, and Antwerp. Had M. Ingres been an Englishman in favour at Court, he would, perhaps, have died a knight, and being a good portrait painter, President of the Royal Academy.

Nicolini goes to the Lisbon San Carlos for the winter. Consequently he is no longer able to sing with Patti, Trebelli, Wilhorst, Marimon, and others:—

We've got no work to do-o-o-o-o,
We've got no work to do-o-o,
We're all drummed out, poor opera folk,
And we've got no work to do.

The death, on the 26th ult., Mr. Edmund Foster Blanchard, youngest son of Mr. Laman Blanchard, is announced. He was well known in literary and journalistic circles, and much liked on account of his genial nature, and for the spirited and generous manner in which he treated the subjects with which he had to deal. He contributed to many magazines and reviews, and was for a considerable time connected with *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Jointly with Mr. Edward Wilberforce he published, a few years since, a small volume of poems.

No words have been more frequently quoted in England as Goethe's than the following:—

"Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben."

This makes a plausible Alexandrine, but is only a misremembered passage from one of the *Gedichte*, in which some god is supplicated to pardon sins of commission and omission perpetrated against him. The half-drained glasses is the subject of this confession, and the singer promises for himself and companions earnestly to strive in future:—

Uns vom Halben zu entwohnen,
Und im Ganzen, Guten, *Schönen*
Resolut zu leben.

The rhyme makes an alternative reading impossible.

On Wednesday morning Messrs. Thomas & Homan, of Rochester, commenced selling the effects of the late Mr. Charles Dickens at Gadshill Place, and every article of furniture, all the china, glass, plants, carriages, even the broken jars about the place, will be disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer. There was not a large assemblage, but those who were present bade high for what was offered to them. The day's sale comprised the articles from the yard, meadow, garden, vinery, conservatory, coach-house, harness-room, stable, and chalet—upwards of 277 lots in all. Amongst the lots were such as the following: "Twelve spring mouse-traps and long-spouted waterpot;" "twelve paving stones, old tub, sundry wood, old iron door, and quantity of bricks;" "six birch brooms, five flats, and two flower-boxes." Flowers in pots, worth a few pence, sold for as many shillings; and garden implements, much damaged, brought more than their original cost. Some Chinese lanterns which hung in the conservatory fetched high figures, the purchaser in one case being a butcher. The old grey cob, Trotty Veck, brought 20 guineas; and the brougham, by Offord, 34 guineas. A smart competition took place for the possession of a set of horse-bells, five in number, affixed to a piece of leather. They were ultimately knocked down for 3*l.* 10*s.*; but there was a dispute even then about the bid. When the miscellaneous articles had been disposed of, the auctioneer proceeded to the Swiss châlet in the shrubbery. In the upper two rooms Mr. Homan stated that Mr. Dickens spent the last afternoon of his life, and the competition for the tables, stools, and chairs in the room was very keen. A bird's-eye maple cane chair, which Dickens used, realized 11*l.*; the oak table, 4 feet by 2 feet, on which he wrote, brought 5*l.*; the stools from 14*s.* to 18*s.*; and the looking-glasses, 36 inches square, in maple frame, prices varying from 32*s.* to 36*s.* An empty oak tool box, which was in the lower room, and which happened to have "Charles Dickens" on the lid, sold for 3*l.* 6*s.*

REVIEWS.

Three Short Pieces for the Organ, intended as Introductory Voluntaries. By Edward J. Hopkins, Organist to the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. [London: Metzler & Co.]

We are glad to see the third set of Mr. Hopkins's "Short Pieces," because, while not accepting every movement as perfect, we esteem the entire work as a very valuable contribution to organ music—all the more valuable for its thoroughly practical character. The pieces before us are an *andante* for the diapasons; an *andante cantabile*, with solo for great organ, swell accompaniment; and an *andante gravioso*, which employs the great and swell manuals in very effective fashion. The same hand is apparent in all three—a hand that works after the model of Spohr, with fidelity and skill; but their merit is not equal. The first we account somewhat dry; the second presents greater interest; the third is best of all.

Te Deum Laudamus, with Chant Music written specially to it. By E. J Hopkins. [London: Metzler & Co.]

Benedictus, with Chant Music in A major. By E. J. Hopkins. [London Metzler & Co.]

The *Te Deum*, we take it, will be more often chanted than sung, spite of all that is said against the practice, and Mr. Hopkins does well to make the best of a popular resolve by providing good and well-arranged music. His three chants to the grand old hymn are excellent, and their arrangement to the words are simple and intelligible in the highest degree. The *Benedictus* is set upon a similar plan, the only difference being one instead of parts for the congregation, and a free organ accompaniment, in which Mr. Hopkins appears to special advantage.

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THE ITALIAN OPERAS—DRURY LANE

(*Continued from p.* 538.)

The production of Weber's *Abu Hassan* in an Italian dress, conjointly with *L'Oca del Cairo*, a comic opera begun by Mozart with great enthusiasm in 1783, the year after *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, but, when scarcely half completed, abandoned for *Le Nozze di Figaro*, would alone have conferred a mark of distinction upon the Drury Lane season just expired. It is refreshing now and then to get away from the well-worn groove which has confined us for so many years to certain works of Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Flotow, &c., comparatively excluding even Mozart and Rossini, and positively excluding other composers, Italian, German, French, and English, who have written much that is worth hearing, but who rarely, if ever, get a chance of being heard. That the musical public were indebted for these interesting operas of Weber and Mozart to the same praiseling intelligence which at Her Majesty's Theatre was the cause of several neglected masterpieces of Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Otto Nicolai, &c., being revived, is, we believe, a fact. Mr. Jarrett has done for Mr. Wood at Drury Lane what he did for Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre. He would be just the "acting manager," if permitted to follow the dictates of his own conscience, to give us an operatic season without one single performance of *Lucia, Lucrezia, Linda, Norma, La Sonnambula, Martha, Il Trovatore, La Traviata*, and the like. What a refreshing season that would be for musicians and connoisseurs! But "Fashion" stands in the way; and "Fashion" would have nothing to do either with *Abu Hassan* or the *Oca del Cairo*. Nevertheless, both were most effectively presented. The *Abu Hassan* of Weber, a comic opera in one act, built, as everyone knows who cares to look upon the tale of "The Sleeper Awakened" in the *Thousand and One Nights*, is as pure Weber as *Der Freischütz* itself, though produced in 1811, some ten years earlier than *Der Freischütz*. The *Oca del Cairo*, while in some sort a concoction—pieces from *Zaide*, the *Sposo Deluso* and other works being introduced to fill up the gaps left by the composer, those numbers which he left barely sketched being instrumented for the orchestra by a modern hand, and a new libretto founded upon the original one of Abbe Varésco of Salzburg,* with whom, as his correspondence shows, Mozart was dissatisfied, contains nevertheless, for music produced when the genius of the author of *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* was in its prime. The whole, moreover, is so skilfully arranged that few unacquainted with the historical facts would guess that the opera had not come from Mozart's own portfolio just as it is now heard at Drury Lane. Mr. Wilder, who prepared the new libretto for the French theatre at which the *Oca del Cairo* was first produced, deserves great credit; and still greater credit is due to Signor Bottesini, who has set the dialogue to musical recitative for the Italian version. Both pieces, we have hinted, received every justice at the hands of the chief performers at Drury Lane. Mesdames Trebelli-Bettini and Monbelli, as Abu Hassan and Fatima, especially distinguished themselves in the opera of Weber—for which, by the way, Signor Arditi had composed recitatives with facility not less considerable than that displayed by Signor Bottesini in the *Oca del Cairo*. In Mozart's work the principal singers were Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Lewitzky (of whom we have already spoken), Mr. Charles Lyall, Signors Gassier and Gardoni. We need not go into details; but we must add, with great regret, that the united attractions of these scarcely known works of Weber and Mozart amounted to little. *Abu Hassan* and *L'Oca del Cairo*, in fact, did not "draw," and were consequently played but twice or thrice at the most.

To say truly, our great operatic public, which arrogates to itself the prerogative of *arbiter elegantiarum* in matters connected with musical art, cares little or nothing for music in the abstract. It cares for executive "combinations"—as, for example, in the *Flauto Magico*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Figaro*, when a number of recognized artists of the first class can be heard together on the same night; and it cares still more for the popular *prima donna of the hour*. That the popular *prima donna* just now, and likely to be so for some time hence, is Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, can hardly be denied; and the mere announcement in the bills that Mdlle. Nilsson would appear in such or such a night in such or such an opera, sufficed to keep numbers away from the theatre, in anticipation of that glad event. Her first part was the well-worn Lucia, in which though evidently (not affectedly, as was afterwards clearly shown) indisposed, she brought back the old impressions, and again with her incomparably beautiful voice, reminded her hearers of the *ars celare artem* which lends to her singing a charm so strong, so fresh, and so abiding. Shortly afterwards, however, she achieved a still greater success in *Robert le Diable*. Her impersonation of Alice was by many amateurs thought less than compared with that of another celebrated Swedish songstress, who when, in 1847, Mr. Lumley revived the earliest French opera of Meyerbeer at Her Majesty's Theatre, made her *début* among us in the same character. We do not care to institute comparisons, but are willing to own that there is much in common both as to conception of character and execution of the music, between the Alice of Mdlle. Nilsson and the Alice of Jenny Lind. Nevertheless, if our advice be worth anything, we urgently counsel Mdlle. Nilsson to play such parts very seldom, and indeed, as a rule, to avoid Meyerbeer as much as practicable. Her voice is not fitted to stand the necessary strain and consequent fatigue attendant on such exacting music. After two or three performances in *Robert le Diable* and one in *Faust* (with M. Faure) Mdlle. Nilsson fell ill; and her illness endured so long as almost to ruin the theatre. Nothing else would attract—not *La Nozze di Figaro* or the "combination;" not Madame Volpini, with her well-feigned *espiéglerie*; not M. Faure, with all his popularity; not even what was perhaps the most admirable performance of *Dinorah* ever witnessed in this country, when Mdlle. Rina di Murska, the most genial, shadowy, and best of all Dinorahs, Mr. Santley, the best Hoel, Signor Gardoni, the best Corentin, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini as the Goatherd, combined their talents in honour of Meyerbeer. Nothing would attract; and thus we had another exemplification of the questionable tendency of the "star" system. Fine music and a fine *ensemble* pass for nought; but let once the popular lady of the hour show herself, and all is immediately *couleur de rose*, all goes well and smoothly, every one is pleased, and art may take its chance. On her recovery Mdlle. Nilsson appeared as the Countess in *Le Nozze* and as Elvira in *Don Giovanni*—both revealing her as an adept in the classic school of Mozart. Elvira she had played already; but the Countess was a new part, and a new success. It would be difficult to sing "Porgi amor" and "Dove Sono" better. Rossini's *Otello* came next, and afforded Mdlle. Nilsson yet another opportunity of distinction in a part she had never previously assumed. No character in the established repertory can be imagined more happily suited to her than the gentle, suffering Desdemona; and few who witnessed her graceful delineation, or listened to her touching accents in the "Willow" song, with which Desdemona mainly tries to alleviate her sorrows, could have left the theatre unmoved by an exhibition of art at once so genuine and effortless. With the florid music of Rossini's earlier period,† of which *Otello* contains many striking examples, Mdlle. Nilsson showed herself thoroughly conversant. But we must not linger on details. It will answer all purposes to add that the Desdemona of the accomplished Swede more than came up to general expectation—great as that expectation had been. The opera was in almost every instance well represented. If Signor Mongini's vocal proficiency and dramatic intelligence were equal to his physical gifts, he would be the precise Othello Rossini must have had in his mind. Donselli himself could not have a more magnificent voice. The Iago did not. Faure has only been surpassed by the Iago of Rossini; Signor Gardoni is an excellent Roderigo, Signor Foli is an imposing Elmiro, and Mdlle. Cari an Emilia alike prepossessing and unobtrusive. It was, moreover, a treat to listen once again to melodies which time cannot make stale, and to contrast pieces as ingenious in design as they are masterly in treatment. Either of the *finales* in *Otello* would be the fortune of a modern opera.

Upon *Mignon*, which followed *Otello*, and, thanks chiefly to Mdlle. Nilsson's impersonation of the heroine, became the attractive feature of the season, we need not dilate. Our musical readers are acquainted with all that they need care to know about it. How MM. Barbier and Carré have accommodated Goethe and his famous romance to their purpose has been described at such length by our contemporaries, daily and weekly, that we refrain from approaching it, after all, but over-fertile topic. Besides, it little matters. *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and other works of genius, have been handled in the same fashion, and with a similar object in view. On the whole, too, what MM. Barbier and Carré have done (the custom being winked at, be it understood) they have done so cleverly that we have no wish to arraign them for high treason against the majesty of Goethe. M. Thomas was, we think, more successful in finding pleasing and appropriate music for *Mignon* than after-wards, when undertaking the same duty for *Hamlet*. The subject lies easier within his grasp, inasmuch as while Ophelia remains more simple and more or less supernatural, Mignon is surrounded with types of ordinary humanity. M. Thomas has given to each of these a distinguishing character. Filine, the coquette, Lothario, the old harper, and above all, Mignon, stand out in well-defined individual prominence. The overture, if not strikingly original, is full of stir and bustle, and the passages in which Mignon is directly concerned are sentimental without any approach to that maudlin expression which, especially with French composers, so often passes for sentiment. The general performance of the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, as well as the manner in which it was put upon the stage, reflected credit on the theatre. Nothing could be more impressive than the Lothario of M. Faure, nothing more brilliant than the Filine of Madame Volpini. Of Wilhelm Meister himself (as those acquainted with the German romance might have guessed in advance) neither the authors of the book nor the composer of the music could make anything; it was therefore not surprising that Signor Bettini, a very useful and painstaking tenor, should equally fail to endow that personage with interest.

Not less unanswerable to dramatists and composer was Frederick, Wilhelm's rival in the graces of Filine; and though M. Thomas added a song, expressly to reconcile Madame Trebelli-Bettini, that practised singer could succeed in making little out of the music and less out of the character. But in her impersonation of Mignon Mdlle. Nilsson achieved one of those successes which, in French idiom, "*font époque*." Reports from abroad had been circulated about this unique performance; but the reality surpassed anticipation. Each phase in the life of the dreaming maiden is poetically realized;—used drudgery under Giarno, her cruel master, before Mignon is conscious that she has a heart; the growing love for Wilhelm, her deliverer; the jealousy of and

* Who also wrote the libretto for *Idomeneo*.

† *Otello* was composed in 1816, just after the *Barbiere* and just before the *Cenerentola*. Rossini was then in his 25th year.

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subsequent hatred for Filine, her dazzling and unscrupulous opponent; the despair turned into unbounded rapture when she finds that at last her love is reciprocated by Wilhelm—each and all were depicted to admiration. The liberty taken by the French dramatists in causing Mignon to live for happiness, instead of dying suddenly of a broken heart, is forgotten, or at least forgiven, under the attractive spell of Mdlle. Nilsson's delineation. Her singing equals her acting; and so charmingly does she recount to us through the music of M. Thomas the characteristic features of her lost home, that we would give something to hear her tell the same story in the healthy and vigorous music of Beethoven—himself of opinion (and who could judge better?) that his own setting of "Kennst du das Land?" was perfection. That Mdlle. Nilsson is an unqualified success is notorious. But for the unavoidable departure of Madame Volpini, and the difficulty of finding at a moment's notice a substitute, it might have been repeated, from time to time, up to the end of the season, instead of being given thrice and then abandoned. Why Madame Sinico, who is in every way competent, had not been advised to understudy the part of Filine, is hard to explain. In fact, with Madame Sinico in the theatre, we cannot see how Madame Volpini, who is in no way her superior and does not possess half her versatility, was wanted at all. *As a result of this embarras de richesses*, the opera was laid aside, and works already too familiar had again to be resorted to.

At length, however, Herr Wagner came to the rescue, with his *Fliegende Holländer*, "done into Italian," by Signor Salvatore Marchesi, under the name of *L'Olandese Dannato*. We have several times been threatened with *Tannhäuser*, and more than once with *Lohengrin*, in the prospectuses of Her Majesty's Theatre. *Tannhäuser*, we understand, was even put into rehearsal, and the chorus of the indefatigable Signor Sanelli had almost mastered the first of the score. But, for reasons unexplained, season after season went by, and no opera exemplifying the "Art-work of the Future" appeared to enlighten while charming us. This time we are in luck. Whoever hit upon the idea of bringing out the first, and therefore the simplest among the operas in which is revealed the system by which all operatic art-work must henceforth be regulated deserves the thanks of the community. *Rienzi*, its immediate predecessor, would not have served the purpose half as well. In *Rienzi* we find nothing of the real Wagner, but, on the other hand, a great deal of weak Meyerbeer. The *Fliegende Holländer*, however, is the production of a wholly independent mind—we mean as regards *form*, because in so far as simple melodic invention is concerned, we are scarcely able to point out an original idea from the beginning of the score to the end. Nevertheless, the entire thing is more or less interesting; and the music, in many respects, bears so close a resemblance to the music of ordinary mortals, that we can follow it without pain, and hear much of it with satisfaction. But it should be borne in mind that, although the *Holländer* is the first of three operas of which, in 1852, Herr Wagner published the librettos (*Drei Operndichtungen*), as models, with an explanatory communication "to his friends," it came into the world, somewhat spontaneously, before the infallible formula had been issued, which, condemning all past attempts, asserts that "the error in opera, as a species of Art, has consisted in the fact, that a means of expression (Music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (Drama) has been made the means, so that the actual lyric Drama has been forced to rest upon the basis of absolute music;" thus at once disposing of Mozart, Cherubini, Beethoven, Rossini, and (excepting Rameau and Gluck, by the way) the rest of them. The *Holländer* also came long before that other tremendous oracle, abolishing the "*patriarchal* system of modulation," and proclaiming about that—"all keys being equal and essentially related, *the privileges of one families are abolished!*" It was happy enough to be conceived in more bucolic times, when Herr Wagner was not a self-constituted demigod, and before *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, *Kunst und Revolution*, *Oper und Drama*, and other remarkable treatises had seen the light, before their author enjoyed the patronage of Liszt, and before Herr Brendel, the Leipsic publisher, had declared, in the *Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik*, that in Wagner's operas, and in them only, was the hope of music.

The *Olandese Dannato* was brought out too late in the season to enable us to judge what might have been its success under more favourable circumstances. We are inclined to think that it would have been real, and, not unlikely, to be permanent. The well-known legend of the Flying Dutchman is treated by Herr Wagner in his libretto with wonderful terseness and simplicity. Each of the characters is sharply defined, the most interesting being of course the fatestruck sea captain, and Senta, the pensive and enthusiastic maiden, who, at once deeply interested in the story of his life and ensnared of his person, determines an inward hope that the task of rescuing him from perdition may one day be her own. Daland the skipper, Senta's father, the unconscious instrument of fulfilling his daughter's aspirations, makes a pleasant contrast to this somewhat gloomy pair; while Erik, the hunter, Senta's human suitor, effectively completes the quartet of principals—choruses of Norwegian sailors and Norwegian peasant girls forming an effective and enlivening back-ground. Of the music we have not space to say more than that it is characteristic, dramatic, highly coloured, and occasionally beautiful. The orchestration, proceeding from a composer who contends that music should only play a subordinate part in the lyric drama, appears to us overwrought and extravagant; but those acquainted with the subsequent operas of Herr Wagner will bear us out that, in spite of the storm which, from the overture to the end, is almost incessantly raging, the share assigned to the orchestra in the *Fliegende Hollander* is comparatively modest. In one respect the system of Herr Wagner is as clearly exemplified in this work as in any of the successors; a certain number of characteristic phrases, each appertaining to a particular character, a particular emotion, a particular incident, or a particular reminiscence, constituting the material out of which the entire fabric is constructed. One or more of these phrases, or passages, is invariably present, heard in this or that shape, and conferring a kind of homogeneity by no means either illogical or unacceptable.

The performance at Drury Lane Theatre was for the most part so good as to deserve not only applause but crowded audiences. Of applause there was plenty, but of the latter, to spare; but at Saturday's matinée it was fairly attended. What had become of the "faithful" it was impossible to say. Every absent Wagnerite lost an opportunity of fortifying his belief that, for some time at least, may not again occur. The overture to the *Hollander*, a boisterous prelude, in which all the individualizing phrases we have referred to as helping to make up the musical structure are jumbled together pell-mell, was grandly executed; and, indeed, the perfection generally of the orchestral accompaniments bore witness to the pains Signor Arditi must have taken in rehearsing a work the major part of which to a well-ordered Italian mind could hardly represent anything better than cacophony. The chorus, too, was efficient, if not quite as well up to the mark as the orchestra. The chief characters were mostly in competent hands, the exception being that of Erik, in which Signor Peretti exhibited more zeal than discretion. Signor Foli was excellent as Daland, and Signor Rinaldini excellent as the Helmsman. But Senta and the Dutchman were of course the prominent features. Mr. Santley, who, all through the season, in opera after opera, has been rendering valuable service to the cause, and who, at the eleventh hour, undertook the part, afforded of creating for himself a new part—an opportunity of which he took signal advantage. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, his associate, has never produced a more marked, or a more legitimate effect than in the character of Senta.—*Der Freischutz*," and Herr Wagner himself calls her, in the *Mittheilung seine Freunde*, the preface to the book already cited. These two were absolutely irreproachable, and their united efforts contributed more than anything else to the triumph of *L'Olandese Dannato*. We cannot enter into details; but let us express a hope that next season should there again be two Italian houses, which, as Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have dissolved partnership, is not unlikely, a fairer chance may be vouchsafed to the musical public of appreciating this, the best of Herr Wagner's contributions to the lyric stage—in operas which, compared with *Tristan* and its successors, is as harmony to chaos.

A miscellaneous entertainment, for the benefit of Mdlle. Nilsson, brought the Drury Lane performances to an end. Much has been done since the 16th of April, when the theatre opened; but the promise of *Mignon* and *L'Olandese Dannato* alone suffice to stamp the first season of the new management as exceptional. That the opera of M. Thomas should have drawn money, while Herr Wagner's opera did nothing of the kind, involves a question which may be discussed on some future occasion.

A POLONAISE BY CHOPIN.

So rarely does a musical thought gain, by a change of the language in which it is transmitted, that when an exception is met with, it may be worth noticing.

Most pianists, it is to be hoped, now that the Polonaises by Chopin,—of their kind, as incomparable and original as his Mazurkas—and among the most picturesque and characteristic pianoforte music in existence. One or two of them, however, may be cited as almost impossible to be performed, so as to work out the conception of the author, which includes gorgeous pomposity of sound, as well as dignity of idea. The Polonaise in A major is of the number. Even when given by the accomplished hands of the greatest pianists, and the most penetrated by the characteristics of the music, it must disappoint the ear, because keys and strings and fingers are limited in their power of expression. I have heard it again and again—always with the same result. This shortcoming suggested the idea of arranging it for a band of "harmony music" (to use Beethoven's German phrase). The experiment has been carried out lately by the excellent conductor of the music at Scarborough—Herr Meyer Lutz,—and the result was as magnificent and inspiriting as that of the "Torch Dance" of Meyerbeer to be heard here, concerning which a paragraph will be found in a former number of the *Athenæum*. Indeed, Chopin's "Polonaise," because simpler and nobler in its phrases, produces the greater effect of the two,—even under the disadvantage of its being an arrangement; whereas Meyerbeer's was calculated for the instruments which perform it, and if presented on the piano would lose no small part of its stately brilliancy. I have never heard a more superb piece of pageant music nor one more fitted for the most magnificent locality—or for the largest assemblage of instruments, be it as overpowering as that which Herr Wipprecht, of Berlin, brought together for the memorable serenade at the Bruhl Palace, near Bonn, given when our Queen entered the Rhineland, for the Beethoven Festival. As an exception I repeat, which proves an established rule—the effect of this splendid piece of music will not soon be forgotten by any who have "ears to hear."

Scarborough, August, 1870. HENRY F. CHORLEY.

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THE DRAMA IN SPAIN.

The intensely local character of the Spanish stage in its best days has given posterity so clear an insight into the life of the period, that its decadence must ever remain matter for regret. The Spanish stage of to-day, somewhat like our own, is fed by importations from Paris: occasionally originality finds an audience, but an attempt by one of that school of dramatists who maintain that Julius Cæsar in his toga was, after all, a human being, has proved a failure; not from want of merit in the author, but because the Potts and Slurks of a Spanish Eatanswill have damned it utterly.

A curious scene, or rather an unmistakable row, has lately occurred in the Theatre of Lope de Rueda, at Madrid. On the introduction of a comedy called *La Carmanola*, depicting, in the author's idea, the inner life of this hour, he seems to have dispensed with those set appliances which make up the fun of a Spanish comedy,—the comic man—the triangle of cupboards, where somebody is always hiding from somebody else—where nobody overhears a word, although everybody is within ear-shot; no tables were upset, or hats crushed, for the amusement of the gallery:—in fact, none of the ordinary aids to success were used. The author essayed a realistic "dress suit" comedy, and the press, not relishing its satire, while they deny its truth, have condemned it. *La Carmanola*, having been produced at a time of great political excitement, created a sensation which should have brought profit to both author and manager.

La Carmanola had already been before the public some months; the author published it last year, but suppressed his name, and adopted that of "A Wit of this Court." His preface is as follows:—"This comedy is printed without having been represented at any theatre. The reason of this will be plain to the reader taking into consideration the times and circumstances of the hour; but if now, or at any future time, a manager shows the desire to represent it, it is hardly necessary to say that the author will not object." So much for the printed comedy. Of the acting one, the author, the manager, the Carlist press, the radically liberal press, and the outside public, those who paid to hear it and did not, are only competent to speak. The second representation has not taken place; the more sober Madrileno is, therefore, precluded from taking part in this misunderstanding. The first scene set is an editor's room: a round table, of gigantic dimensions, covered with inkstands, pens, &c.; piles of periodicals fill the centre of the stage; authors writing, others scissors-and-pasting, &c.; the walls, according to stage directions, are covered with ink-splashed announcements and pictorial representations, but not of saints; broken or ricketty stools fill in the foreground. In this den sits supreme the director of *La Carmanola*: the author has chosen that the journal he seeks to immortalise shall be of the scurrilous and scissors-and-paste school. The editors are rather black sheep. One has brought nothing away with him from Salamanca but slang songs and a recipe for salad. He has been successful in an official capacity, and thinks it capital fun to turn editor, finding the occupation profitable. Another has written bad comedies by the dozen, which no manager will accept, and spends five hours daily in writing about everything, understanding nothing.

Don Rafael, the director, whom the author leads you to believe is to be the villain, but who turns out in the end to be all virtue and abnegation, foods his small vanities by printing constant eulogiums upon himself. Eduardo, an assistant, whom Don Rafael is supposed to have perverted, and who, forgetting the lessons of virtue and abnegation taught by his parents, pens and publishes a scurrilous article vilifying a most respectable gentleman and the wife of his friend. Edmardo has not the slightest knowledge of the individuals calumniated; has overrun the constable, and a money-lender becomes trouble-some; Don Rafael finds the money, and Eduardo the brains for the article. Presently Don Rafael desires to be introduced to Eduardo's parents, and becomes enamoured of his sister, who, he has heard, has been visiting the sick during the cholera epidemic. When Eduardo returns home, his father, Don Antonio, is furious; the lady calumniated is his wife, and of course Eduardo's mother. Don Antonio is determined to have judicious, not judicial satisfaction: he will not fight a duel because he may get the worst of it; so he determines to call on the director, and, "six-shooter" in hand, compel him to write, print, and publish a retraction. Don Rafael refuses to name the author or retract, and induces Don Antonio to withdraw, pocketing his six-shooter: and so ends the first act. The second is set in the house of Don Antonio. Don Rafael presents himself as a suitor for the hand of his daughter, Eduardo's sister. Don Antonio, ashamed of his choleric course of action, turns his choler upon his wife and his old friend, Don Manuel, who, it now turns out, went together in a hackney-carriage to secure the overdue acceptances of Eduardo. Don Rafael recognises in the father of his *amante* the gentleman who violently assaulted and threatened to shoot him in his editorial capacity: Maria discovers her would-be lover to be the monster of iniquity vituperated by her parents. Eduardo now finds that he has vilified his own mother and his own and his father's best friend, on the occasion of their seeking to become possessed of the overdue documents. They strike—picturesque attitudes; and so closes the second act. In the third, Eduardo, to facilitate the *dénouement*, attempts suicide. Don Rafael prevents it. The latter decides to hand over to Don Manuel the directorship of *La Carmanola*, as a set-off against the vilification. Don Manuel accepts the post, although he does not think much of journalism in general, and less of journalists in particular. He moralises thus upon military matters:—"It appears to me undesirable that rogues should parade the streets armed with muskets, while honest people go about their business unarmed"—a sarcasm on the volunteers of liberty. Don Antonio at last becomes reasonable, pardons his son, offers his friendship to Don Rafael, seeks forgiveness of his wife and his friend, Don Manuel; and thus ends the play. "We can hardly forgive the author (says Señor Cos-Gayon, from whose article in the *Revista de Espana* we quote), who, desiring to present a type of rectitude and good sense, makes Don Antonio from first to last act as a madman or a fool."

This is the outline of a comedy which set all the press of Madrid in motion, and brought the Potts and Slurks to the Lope de Rueda to applaud or hiss. The little preface, and the other means taken to call public attention to the production of *La Carmanola*, led up to this *dénouement*. "What was the author's object in vilifying the press? No doubt journalists commit errors, are like other men mortal, and if an author chooses to burlesque a profession, why not? If the play was slow, the dialogue was chaste and elegant. Nothing can discredit journalism: those who abuse it are like dogs who bark at the moon. Still, if the dogs who bay heavenward cannot stop the motion of a star, they may annoy the neighbourhood. *La Carmanola* will not slay journalism; but after the manner which was decided upon of announcing and discussing it the result was not doubtful. The press on this has shown itself to be the enemy of the press; for any scenic representation which shall rival the unwholesome food of the *café chantant* should not only be tolerated, but applauded. Serfior Nocedal's sin is, that he has burlesqued the press. His comedy is a caricature, but it offends neither in word nor deed, as too many others have offended, and do offend, the eyes, ears, and consciences of decent people. The press is, indeed, weak, if it admits of no other solution but violence and disorder when it is clumsily burlesqued, as in *La Carmanola*.

F. W. C.

Song of the Day.*

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With sabre and with gun,
To glory on the battle-field
The warrior hosts march on.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
And still they onward go,
To fight for country, wife, and child,
And crush the daring foe.
Ah! why is it that thus,
For kings' ambitions greed,
So many loving, gallant hearts,
Should in the struggle bleed?

But, tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With trumpet, fife, and drum,
With flag and banner waving high,
The cry is "still they come!"
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
With cymbal's clashing sound,
On, on they march to victory,
Or death upon the ground.
And yet, oh Lord, how sad!
For kings and kaisers show,
That man with man should madly fight,
And blood in torrents flow.

But, tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
In rank and serried file,
Let's pray that such may never be
In this our happy Isle.
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
But should e'er danger show,
Then Britons all with one accord,
Would rise and beat their foe.
Yet, Lord, protect our land
From all such horrid strife,
We war not—tho' we fear not—
And in peace would pass our life.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

August 10, 1870. LOUIS EMANUEL.

[We recommend these verses to the careful consideration of Mr. Charles Braham, who set to music Oxenford's renowned song of "Havelock."—A. S. S.]

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ON ECHOMETRY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—You complain that I have set forth facts as to classical music being considered too weary for many people. It was not my own sentiment, therefore, in stating it, my responsibility ceases if I can make good my facts. Nor am I the first or only one who has noticed that such is frequently the case. The last time I was present at two great performances, I noticed especially that many people went away before the *finale* had begun. In one instance some Royal visitors took their departure: there followed, of course, quite an exodus. The two pieces escaped from on these two occasions were the Choral Symphony, and the Septet in E flat, both by Beethoven, each lasting about an hour. As I was never present when either of these works were performed previously, I can of course only speak from my impressions caused by what actually occurred. Heaven forfend the time when gasconading should become so much the rule that to record facts should be deemed "idiotic." Let us look the facts steadily in the face. Pray do not for one moment imagine that I can have any sentiment save such as can be comprehended in the word "reverence" for standard classical works, nor that I can treat the honestly conceived and faithfully-expressed opinions of any worthy man otherwise than with sincere respect. I say unhesitatingly that our classical works are too few. If an individual has heard, for instance, a symphony of, say, Mozart's, one hundred times over (and very many have heard *all* the good symphonies one hundred times over), is his judgment to be deprecated because he asks for a change of diet? Two of the best men of the century possessed such good musical memories that the first bar of most sterling pieces was enough for them—memory supplied the remainder. This is, of all things else, the essential first quality of an original mind, in music, as in other matters. Perfect satisfaction with "things as they are," never yet gave the primary impetus to statesman, philosopher, or artist. If his "ideal" be not in advance of the actual, there is an end to progress. The first essential experience, then, of the musician comprises a memory of *all* the good that has been achieved before him, and a certain dissatisfaction with what is fast arising from a perception within his own mind of more beautiful ideas yet to be embodied. Were every artist to coincinde that the best had been done art would die. So, if a musician, possessed with one of these "iron memories" (such men are to be found in every age), were invited to sit out for an hour a classic work already heard many times and clearly remembered, would it be a matter of wonder if he ventured to enquire for "change of air?" I think not. The wonder would be if he did not desire a change? What would be said if the Royal Academy Exhibition opened every year with but *two* new pictures; all the others newly exhibited having been on the walls for a generation at least? That is just the aspect of affairs in music. *All* the great symphonies, except about *two* each season, have been (the very youngest of them), heard over and over, again and again, for forty years a perfect ritual and rubric of symphonies and overtures. And then the impudence of the public (who are willing to pay their guinea at last) asking for "change of *air*?" "I never go to the play now," replied an elderly friend, whom I had asked if he was going to see *Macbeth*; "I saw Mrs. Siddons once, Sir, and I don't want to have my recollection disturbed." Can it be looked upon as strange that after hearing an artist, who, perhaps, stands alone, render a choice classical work, that a true lover of music, with even but a *fair* memory should dread an infinitely inferior reproduction of the *same* work by some unknown Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Smith may have made a very good copy of a Raphael; but is one to be blamed for preferring the original, and desiring not to have his recollection disturbed respecting it?

So much for controversial gossip. I will offend no more by wordiness. *One* object I have distinctly in view in treating of the "duration of notes," is to assert that, "What we gain in speed we lose in volume." If in one part there are four notes and in another but one, other things being equal, the part having the fewer notes will be much weaker than the part having but one note. Perhaps but a fourth part of the power will be manifested by the short notes: some would think this too much difference. Something depends upon speed (as to both), but yet I do not think the proportion excessive. Put eight notes in one part against one in another, and you will have but one-eighth of the power. Sixteen, or thirty-two, and a band of that number of very rapid notes (say if the passage be in violins) be reduced in power to the volume of one note drawn by Joachim. If it is thought I am over-stating the facts, let those who doubt recall their experience. The stridulous sound of the bows of thirty violins, when playing a rapid passage, is a material increase of their united small volume of actual noise; but even with this accretion, I feel that I am safely within the bounds of fact in stating that a solo violinist produces more in one long note than the thirty in thirty quick notes. However, I make the suggestion for those who care to think about such matters, without in any way vouching for mathematical correctness as to quantity. If what I have said sets any one enquiring, that is all I can wish or hope. Next, the rapid notes fail from the impossibility of all the atoms of atmospheric air in any apartment being, as a whole, so quietly set in motion as to become all *media* for the production and conveyance to the ear of the same harmony. (I am really very anxious not to be wordy, and with this remark I will cease altogether. By conscience will, upon this score at least, then be easy.) Just as a small drum can be quicker sounded than a large organ-pipe, so a small room quicker resounds than an expansive hall. The room should be imagined as one vast "organ-pipe." In large assemblies, therefore, the music has rarely time to reach all must be apparent. How to better the building is for sound, the more necessary should this conception be realized. If a large cathedral, small notes—pretty to those near—will be altogether lost to those at a distance. Illustrations of these fundamental principles so crowd upon me that I know not which to select, and I know that the briefer I am the better you will love me. Suppose, then, the rapid passages on the violin reached one hundred feet, the passages half as rapid, twice that distance; the slow ones, without any exaggeration, will reach the ear at half-a-mile. These considerations should guide conductors a little—composers a great deal. If a passage occurs—some of Handel's great cadences illustrate this—where the chorus in one part have a holding note for four or more slow bars, by the time the fourth bar is reached, if in such a place as Exeter Hall or the Crystal Palace, that note (like the old prophet's rod) will have swallowed up all its contemporaries. So that at certain points the conductor would do well to consider from such a basis as this:—If it takes the hundredth part of a minute to elapse between giving the valve and the full discharge of sound from a sixty-four feet organ-pipe —(I think it will take more)—what period is required for the perfect reverberation of a space so many times larger than the guage mentioned? Until such a calculation enters into the mind, in some sort, of the musical director or composer, his conceptions, in proportion to the extent of his orchestra, or the grandeur of the music before him, must fall short of their possible result. In the *chorale* this is of the first importance. Conductors who overlook this are constantly urging their choirs to a speed that entirely destroys the music. If, in striking at the root of what I believe to be an evil, I have expressed myself too strongly, forgive me. If my statements are incorrect, no one would be more pleased than myself to have them contravened. Far beyond this very slight statement of the case the difficulty extends, in fact, to the very *heart of all* music, or indeed I should not go thus far out of my way to risk the disapprobation of many estimable people in making known these sentiments. You cannot move a "division" as you would a "light brigade." What is "*echelon*" but a suggestion that "full points" are necessary? How gratefully do we hail a bar's rest in grand choral music, that we may hear the "echo." Above all, let the young writer trace in Handel (more than other knew the elements of the principle) how he keeps one slow subject, such as "I will sing," in *Israel*, or "For the Lord," in the "Hallelujah," always going. He gives his notes "time to speak." And yet he *is* by no means dull, because he has the counterpoint all the time, both lovely and lively.—Yours very truly,

IDEALIZER.

August 12th, 1870.

DR. STEWART'S NEW ODE.

(From the "Birmingham Daily Post.")

By way of overture to the day's proceedings the orchestral parts of Dr. Stewart's *Ode to Shakspere* were again tried over, under the direction of the composer, but as the result showed, the precaution was superfluous, and the band had practically nothing either to learn or unlearn. Further experience of Dr. Stewart's music serves only to confirm the favourable impression we have already expressed of it. So far, at all events, as concerns the instrumental score, it must be pronounced an exceedingly creditable piece of work—broad, rythmatical, well-balanced, and spirited. If the ideas do not quite rise to the level of the subject—we do not speak of the text—it is perhaps, because the subject is, intellectually considered, beyond the reach of musical art. Handel or Beethoven might doubtless have formed an adequate conception of the sublimity of Shakspere's genius, but even they must have failed to realize its many-sidedness. Dr. Stewart has not apparently aimed at exemplifying or delineating the genius of the immortal bard. He has been content to extol it, and this, judging from the instrumental portion of the work, he has accomplished in a highly satisfactory manner. If there be a fault to find with the orchestration, it is that it lacks the relief which a judicious economy of power would impart. It is of a too uniform strength and consistence throughout, and in many places, therefore, greatly over-weights the voice parts, especially in the solo passages. The ideas, though neither very profound nor very original, are often ingenious and always pleasing, while their treatment, as already intimated, leaves little or nothing to be desired.

THE Choir Benevolent Fund is to hold a Festival Service at Lincoln Cathedral on the 27th proximo.

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THE LATE JOHN COOPER.

Somebody should give us a sketch of John Cooper. He was a type of the conventional actor, but he was a very good actor, minded his business conscientiously, and always did all that he knew. Jacopo was his name in a Drury Lane adaptation of the American Mr. Cooper's *Bravo* (I think that was the novel, and that the drama, which was musical, was called *The Red Mask*), and on the first night Mr. Cooper knelt at the block and was duly beheaded. But audiences had not then learned to love the horrific, and the Drury Lane people made such a terrible disturbance about the execution of their favourite—like the "Cornish Boys" when Bishop Trelawny was in danger—that on the next night, as the death procession was crossing the grand square, a white handkerchief flew out at a window, and the chorus exultingly struck up—

> "Doubt is ever; see, of mercy
> Yonder waves the happy sign."

Many who read this will remember Cooper as the Prince in that splendid spectacle and very effective drama, *The Jewess*, which has never been beaten except by some of the Covent Garden Meyerbeer representations. He had behaved ill to the heroine (exquisitely played by the lady who was then Miss Ellen Tree), and she went in search of him, and fell exhausted at the door of the palace, in an attitude which still dwells on one's eye, just as does that other wonderful bit of silent effect, Charles Kemble's "stroll into Angiers with indolent grace." But I am told that Cooper's Othello had singular merit. I should have thought him a good deal over-parted there; but I have heard the reverse from men who went to theatres when there were great actors. His Cassio was exceedingly good—the remorse of a genteel kind of person who had had the misfortune to get drunk, and who thought the world was therefore at an end, was just, I think, what we wanted. You did not feel in the least with the donkey; but Cooper made him manly enough at the end, and said, "Dear General, I never gave you cause," in a tone that I remember after twenty years. At one time no Drury Lane play in which he did not appear seemed complete; and the *Times* expressed what we all felt when it called him "our friend." He has helped me through many a pleasant evening; I am very glad that his own evening was pleasant.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

—o—

THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.

That master of humour; that wondrous pen-and-ink photographer of men (under which head are included women), and manners, Augustus Mayhew, once gave a highly amusing exemplification of Virgil's celebrated lines:

> "Fama, malum que non alind velocius ullum;
> Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo," etc.

drawing the said exemplification from the apparently harmless fact that a worthy and respected family once lived in a London "Row," or "Crescent," and asked some friends to stop with them for a few days. The result of their hospitality was that tradesmen after tradesman first ceased to call for orders, and then refused to serve them any longer; that the Water Works requested immediate payment of "those arrears;" that the Gas Company threatened to cut off the supply; and that their neighbours looked on them with an evil eye—or, rather, with as many evil eyes as they possessed eyes among them—and were evidently not particularly proud of their acquaintance. And what was the cause of this series of annoyances, this of credit, and eventually almost ruin, which overtook this luckless family? Their visitor's name happened to be Sheriff! "Mr. and Mrs. Sheriff are stopping at No. 20," says No. 1 in the Row to No. 2. "The Sheriffs are at No. 20," says No. 2 to No. 3. "No. 20 is done up; the sheriffs are in the house," says No. 3 to No. 4. The reader may easily imagine with what keen satire and rollicking humour the story is carried out by Augustus Mayhew. A somewhat similar specimen of the mode in which facts may be distorted has just occurred in relation to M. Offenbach. A great many leading papers of Germany announced that M. Offenbach, a born German, being a native of Cologne, "had not blushed to compose, on the outbreak of the war, a hymn antitled, 'Dieu garde l'Empereur,' thus playing the traitor to his country," and much more to the same effect. The *Vossische Zeitung*, which was one of the said papers, contained, however, the following notice in its issue for the 6th inst.:—"Out of respect for the German name, we expressed, in our Parisian correspondence of yesterday, our doubts about the report that the well-known composer, Jacob Offenbach, had composed a new French war-song, 'Dieu garde l'Empereur.' As we expected, the refutation follows quickly on the heels of the charge. We beg to-day to call attention to the fact that the composition in question dates from the year 1862 (as is proved by a catalogne of the publisher's), and was placed among the novelties of the day by being advertised afresh at the present moment."—"The sheriffs are in at No. 20!"—"Lor! are they though? Well, I never *did* think much of that lot!" These are not your words, Augustus Mayhew, but they are what you have proved beyond a doubt some one in the "Row" *must* have said to some one else.

—o—

THE LAST OF THE "MASTER-SINGERS."

"Master-song" ("*Meistergesang*") survived, at Ulm, the horrors of the wars of the first French Revolution. As late as 1830, there were, in that city, twelve old "Singmasters," who, after being expelled from their "*Schaustube*," or "Show-room," in the Town Hall, as well as from many other localities belonging to the Corporation, used to meet in the inns and lodging-houses frequented by artizans, and there sing their old tunes, without printed music or words, but simply from memory, so that it was quite incomprehensible how the artificial verses and the still more artificial melodies could have been preserved so long by mere tradition. In the year 1839, there were four of these old men still left. They represented the crafts of the gunsmiths, the locksmiths, the "*Werkmeister*," and the "*Kronmeister*." On the 21st October, 1839, they solemnly closed the old Mastersong, formally handing over to the Ulm Liederkranz the books, the books of notes, school-boards, &c., &c., with a prayer that "Just as the tablet of the Mastersingers had for centuries invited their pious forefathers to listen to their songs, the banners of the Liederkranz might wave for centuries to come, and its songs be heard by a remote posterity." A few years after the dissolution of the guild, there was only one Mastersinger remaining, a linen weaver, of the name of Haberle. He was not averse to strong drinke, and his business was not so flourishing as he could have desired—and did desire, by the way. In order to ameliorate his circumstances, from a pecuniary point of view, he made up his mind, without more ado, to become towo watchman. He possessed a good strong pair of lungs, and the musical education requisite for the post to which he aspired and which he obtained. His humour and facetious remarks caused him to be a welcome visitor at the wine shops and inns, and many a glass of liquor did he earn by his jokes and his singing. If ever he took a little too much, he used to jump on the table, and begin, with all his might and main, the old Master-Singers' strains, interpolating many a full-flavoured joke, and finally dropping into the usual watchman's cry. If, however, anyone indulged in the insulting quotation:

> "Die Leinweber haben eine herrliche Zunft,
> Titscharum, Titscherum, Titscharum,
> Am Galgen ist ihre zu sammenkunft,
> Titscharum, Titscharum, Titscharum!"*

he would boil over with rage, resembling in appearance a perfect maniac, and swearing like an entire regiment of troopers. He would jump off the table, gulp down a glass of beer, seize his tremendous halberd, and rush out. Then would be heard the melancholy sound of his watchman's cry, growing gradually faioter and fainter:

> "Hört, ihr Herrn, und lasst Euch sagen,
> Die Glock hat elf geschlagen."†

And with this cry, the respectable old songs of the German Mastersingers died out. The *Minnegesang* had stepped down a hundred years previously from the the proud princely castle and into the workshop of honest burghers, where it grew so coarse and ossified as to be no longer recognizable. It disappeared from the world on the lips of a watchman.

* "The linen-weavers boast a fine craft, do you see,
Titscharum, Titscharum, Titscharum!
They'll all hang some day on the tall gallows tree,
Titscharum, Titscharum, Titscharum!"

The sarcasm in these lines does not certainly strike a dispassionate person as excruciatingly severe, still, if he be impartial as well as dispassionate, he will frankly confess that it is quite as scathing as that lurking beneath the question: "Who eat the puppy pie under Marlowe Bridge?" a question in it-elf apparently harmless, not to say, stupid, but which, nevertheless, will lash into foaming fury any Thames Bargee to whom it is addressed.

† The above German doggrel may be thus rendered in the subjoined English doggrel:

> "'Tis eleven you're just heard;
> That's the time, upon my word."

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DEATH.

On the 12th inst., Emma Mary, the eldest daughter of Frederick Kingsbury, of 18, Cecil Street, Strand, aged 23 years—deeply mourned.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

MUSIC AND WAR.

THE connection of Music and War is one of very old date, but no advance of time seems to loosen the chain that binds together these apparently uncongenial allies. What the one was to the other when Joshua's trumpets blared round the walls of Jericho, so it is now, as Frenchman and German commit musical slaughter on the plains of Champagne. It might even be said with truth that at no period did music play a more important part in this connection than at present. Napoleon let slip the "Marseillaise" as though it were one of his most trusty dogs of war; and ever since the "Marseillaise" has raged up and down France with the effect of the Fiery Cross upon a Highland clan. King William had no need to let slip anything upon his people, because, always addicted to shouting themselves hoarse about their river god—the Rhine—the Germans had only to shout themselves quite hoarse to be equal to the occasion. So, from the one side come the determined phrases of "The Rhine Watch," and "Where is the German's Fatherland?" answering to the passionate strains of Rouget de l'Isle's hymn; and "Mourir pour la Patrie" from the other. With these notes upon their tongue, and ringing in their ear even above the din of battle, many a sturdy Teuton and daring Gaul die, as their fathers died before them. We, who love a beautiful art for its own sake, may regret to see it thus prostituted, and made the machinery for unscrupulous monarchs, and still more unscrupulous ministers, to work out their vile designs. We may sorrowfully look on as the power of music over men's passions is used to stir them up to mutual hatred and a common bloodthirstiness; but we cannot deny that the machinery is obvious, and the power great. Neither can we deny that the homage thus paid to the influence of music and song is the greatest it is possible to conceive. At times like the present we see, as at no other, what a mighty spell the art exercises over the minds and resolves of men. We can understand why great emperors have trembled at the sound of a people's hymn; and why, when it suits their purpose, they can bid it ring from frontier to frontier. The oft-quoted saying of a nameless philosopher—"Let me make the nation's songs, and I care not who makes the laws"—is no exaggeration, depend upon it; but rather one of those profound truths which, always visible to some, are seen by the many only when convulsions throw them on the surface. Out of a lamentable prostitution of art, therefore, some crumbs of comfort may be gathered; especially may he whose business it is to create or interpret the people's songs learn to magnify his office and measure his responsibility. As is the power exercised, so is both the importance and accountableness. That the power may be beyond measure, the spirit of Rouget de l'Isle, supposing it able to take note of passing events, can testify.

The tendency of war to enlist on its behalf every possible auxiliary is proverbial; and when the religion of peace and love is made to do duty in both the opposing ranks, music can hardly expect to escape. We have seen within the last few weeks an Emperor and a King declaring, with hands upon each other's throats, that the God of Battles is on their side, and invoking His aid with a pious unction many a Dissenting parson might envy. We have seen the King (the Emperor seems to have thought a like act superfluous) order his people on their knees to pray for victory; and we have seen the King (the Emperor has not had the chance) returning thanks for victory as though the Lord had fought against the French as He did against the Canaanites of old. This is very pitiful; but the mention of it may serve to show what an all-absorbing demon is War, and how the noblest and purest things are not safe from its blood-stained hands. There is need for patience, while we listen to those instinctive utterances from our inner nature, which speak of the halcyon time when the nations shall learn war no more; and Art and Religion—twin sisters of equal loveliness—may walk as unmolested as did Una under the protection of her chastity.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We have heard the story of the man who offered a reward to be informed of the most extraordinary profession, and gave the prize to a poet who lived by his profession. The profession of a poet nowadays is not such a bad one—if we may judge by the balance-sheet which M. Victor Hugo, with that modesty which distinguishes him, has published in a French paper. "I am possessed," writes the author of the *Legende des Siecles*—

	Yearly.
In Belgium, of 300 shares in the National Bank, producing about.....	£1,360
In England, £17,000 of Consols, producing annually	500
In France, from the Institute.....	40
In Guernsey, Hauteville House	40
Total	£1,940

M. Victor Hugo adds that his property in his works is disposed of for years to come; that he pays over to his children £1,200 a year, and lives himself on £500. To this should be added the *droits d'auteur* from the theatres of France and Belgium—a considerable source of revenue, no obstacles being now placed by the French Government in the way of M. Victor Hugo's pieces. Even *Le Roi s'amuse*, prohibited under Louis Philippe, has been performed at Nantes. A part of M. Victor Hugo's fortune is placed in the country which, in *L'Homme qui Rit*, he has so ridiculously misrepresented.

If the accident at the Alhambra leads to any improvement it should extend to the clothing, or, rather, underclothing, of the dancers. It would be presumptuous to question the taste of the present day. We might point out that the ballets at the Alhambra are not exactly like the ballets in which Taglioni, Duvernay, and Carlotta Grisi were wont to perform. The world has made a considerable advance of late in appreciation of art, and there is little doubt that the present generation, which applauds the contortions of half-naked women in Leicester Square, is a vast improvement on our ancestors who only patronized the legitimate drama. Still there is something wanting at the Alhambra, and that is—clothes.

Dresden.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* has been revived, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, the first ones having been destroyed at the burning down of the Operahouse. Judicious "cuts" have been made in the long-winded score. The author-composer is extremely indignant at this, but the management has taken no notice of his displeasure.—Nothing definite is yet known concerning the erection of the new Theatre. The old building was insured in the Madgeburgh Insurance Company, for a sum of 120,000 thalers. This sum the Company refused to pay, for reasons which they, no doubt, deemed valid, and the matter was referred to the legal authorities. Unfortunately for the Company, the latter took a different view of the reasons aforesaid, and the Company had, therefore, to pay.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

August, the great excursion month, has already brought large numbers of visitors. The three last fireworks evenings alone have attracted between 60,000 and 70,000 persons. The next display has been postponed a little longer than usual, in order that a great representation of the blowing up the railway bridge over the Rhine connecting Kehl with Strasburg may be prepared. Considering the interest taken in all matters connected with the present lamentable war, it is thought that such a representation will possess special attraction.

The mammoth shells displayed by Mr. Brock on the last occasions were of great splendour. Some of them were twelve inches in diameter; and, bursting into thousands of stars of all colours, the effect was surprisingly beautiful. The two greatest gatherings in August have hitherto been the Foresters and Temperance League Fêtes, each attracting between fifty and sixty thousand people. The Foresters' Day this year was on the 16th, and the Temperance League Fête will be held on the 30th. Balloon ascents, ballad operas, processions, and great fountains, are attractions common to each. In addition to these the Temperance League gives a choral concert of 5,000 children, and holds meetings in the grounds on behalf of its cause. A new Fête has this year been organised which will doubtless compete with the two last-named bodies for high numbers. It is in aid of the Metropolitan Police Orphanage. Amusements will be provided to last throughout the day. Nineteen police bands will compete for prizes, and there will be cricket and other matches in which members of the force will take part. The grounds now look very beautiful, the recent rain having freshened them considerably. The flower beds on terrace and round the rosary never looked more gorgeous.

MR. JOHN COOPER.

This name, once so familiar to old playgoers, has appeared not in a play-bill, but in the obituary. John Cooper died, last week, at Tunbridge Wells, aged seventy-seven. He may be said to have been the last actor of the Kemble school, which, no doubt, was what Mrs. Crawford called it, a "a paw and paune school," but which had one merit, in the clear and distinct enunciation even of words (like *tejious* for tedious, *Room* for Rome, *suerin* for sovereign, &c.) which were excruciatingly mispronounced. John Kemble recognised young Cooper's adhesion to his school, by presenting him with a sword, as a testimony of the old actor's admiration of the young player's Romeo. That young player came from Bath to the Haymarket, in 1811, at which time he was but eighteen years of age. He made his *début* as Count Montalban, in *The Honeymoon* (Elliston was the Duke Aranza). Cooper soon withdrew, to make himself more practised, if not more perfect by a course of provincial stages. He chiefly distinguished himself at Liverpool, whence his old colleague, Elliston, invited him to Drury Lane, where, in 1820, he made his first appearance as Romeo to the Juliet of his cousin, Mrs. W. West. From that time till Charles Kean left the Princess's a few years ago, Cooper was constantly before the public, playing everything, from Shakesperean heroes to rattling gentlemen in farces, and in later years the heavier personages generally. He played everything well, without showing any brilliancy of genius, but he had sound common sense, carefulness, and was in every respect a conscientious actor. He was the last of the many players of the second order whose industry and thriftiness begat riches. John Cooper might have sung "My banks are well-furnished." But we chiefly notice this highly-respectable player, to contrast the labour which the performers of his time had to undergo, with the luxurious ease enjoyed by actors now. In our days, pieces run for hundreds of nights, and the player has no new study during the whole of that time. Some actors have but two or three characters in their *repertoire*, and these are played till the public are wearied. It was different in Cooper's time. Take for instance his first season at Drury Lane. During that season Cooper played three dozen different parts. He appeared in nine or ten characters, in old plays, for the first time; and he was the original representative, that season, of twelve parts in new pieces, some of which were five-act plays. What like this would make the young stagers of to-day go mad. The Dolittles of this age have no conception how their grandfathers in the drama laboured. Among the varied characters which Cooper created in his first year at Drury Lane, were the Doge in Byron's *Marino Faliero*, and Prince King in *Monsieur Tonson*; Gerald Duval, in the piece so-called, and Mr. Nicodemus in *The Spectre Bridegroom*. He also played Captain Smith to Mrs. W. West's Pocahontas in a melo-drama by Barker, which was first played in Philadelphia, in 1808, under the title of *The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage*. At Drury it was called *Pocahontas, or the Indian Princess*. In this piece, the Indian Opechancanough was acted by Booth, the father of the man who shot President Lincoln. We have only to add, that Mr Cooper's home was at Ealing, where he was much respected. The figure of the upright, gentlemanlike, old player walking sedately cheerful, to or from Ealing Church, will be missed with much regret by those among whom he lived in that pleasant village.

The death, at Pilnitz, of Madame Bender, for whom Weber composed *Preciosa*, is announced.

PROVINCIAL.

The *Carmarthen Journal* of August 12th has the following :—

"The inhabitants of Cross Hands, a colliery district about 12 miles from Carmarthen, have a resident amongst them in Dr. Norton, of Manigias (Norton Brothers, proprietors of the Cross Hands Colliery), who spares no trouble nor expense in getting up yearly a concert of vocal and instrumental music in aid of the School-Church, which has but a short time since been erected at Cross Hands for the spiritual benefit of the mass of colliers and their families, who inhabit the neighbourhood. On this occasion, the 31st ult., a most efficient company of amateurs gave their services, and Herr Hauptmann, of Cheltenham (late of Tenby), the celebrated violinist, as well known in Carmarthen, being on a visit to Dr. Norton, also lent his powerful aid, and enraptured a large audience by his extraordinary and impressive playing, which comprised De Beriot's first *Air Varie*, charmingly accompanied by Mrs. Higginson, another on popular airs from *Lucia*, and the ever popular 'Yankee Doodle,' which he gave as an encore after a most vociferous demand."

DR. SPARK ACROSS THE LEEDS ORGAN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—I have just returned to Leeds from the Continent, and find the organ controversy still going on. I wish to say, with reference to the very sensible letter of the Rev. Henry Greeves, of Selby, in your issue of July 2nd, with which I entirely agree in all respects, that I think it only right to explain that those commendations of the Leeds Town Hall organ which originated with the Corporation authorities, and which he might think unjustifiable, were, in my opinion, rendered absolutely necessary by the long course of malicious attacks made upon this instrument, without the slightest semblance of fair criticism, obviously from interested personal motives, and which we found to be really operating to prevent people from coming to hear the organ for themselves.

I am glad to say this necessity has now disappeared, and with it the remedy we thought it desirable to apply. The Leeds organ can speak for itself to all who listen with unprejudiced ears, and, for my part, I wish nothing better for it than that all who take real interest in the matter should thoroughly hear and examine for themselves, and they would soon be able to discover how far the statements of which I have complained are founded on truth.—Faithfully yours. Wm. Spark.

Leeds, 3rd August, 1870.

THE ORGAN CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Dear Sir,—After perusal, by the kind permission of my captors, of the straightforward and very comprehensive account of the organ in the Leeds Town Hall, given in your number of this date, and in order that there may be no further dispute as to which is the largest organ in the world, pipes, accessories, and all included, and granting that a stopped diapason bass, and a stopped diapason treble, constitute two *draw* stops, I beg you will notify to your multitudinous subscribers that in addition to the data given regarding the organ in question, this fact, an important one, must be taken into account when comparing it with the much-vaunted Liverpool monster. That, as the official in charge of the bellows of the latter instrument has only *one leg*, and a wooden "accessory," while the superintendent artificer at Leeds possesses *two bona fide fleshly supports*, that organ must be credited with one leg, and that seems to be the only one it has to stand upon in the comparison. We take great interest in the controversy here, and hope to see some of your correspondents are long. My love to the American. He knows what an organ is, he does. We think we have seen him on one, busily confined by a chain round his waist. Why not let him go, poor beggar? He's no madder than I am, and I live here, in perfect harmony, with five other fellows, but we want a flat seventh. Mad Tom.

Hanwell, 6th August, 1870.

Leipsic.—Herr Stägemann has been starring in *Hans Heiling*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Wilhelm Tell*, *Le Nozze*, and *Don Juan*. *Die Meistersinger* was to have been produced somewhere about this time but, for some reason or other (on account of the war, perhaps), that great treat—for the Wagnerites—has been postponed.—The Stadttheater is now under a new manager, Herr F. Haase, as celebrated an actor in Germany as his English equivalent, Hare, is in England.

Vienna.—Herr Abert's opera, *Astorga*, has been produced at the Carl Theater, under the auspices of Herr Sontheim. It proved a complete failure. The press are particularly unfavourable to it.—The post of Artistic Director has been offered by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde to Herr Johannes Brahms, in the place of Herr Herbeck, resigned. As yet, Herr Brahms has not accepted.

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MDLLE. NILSSON AND THE APPROACHING AMERICAN MUSICAL SEASON.

The *coming* of Mdlle. Nilsson, now so near at hand, is looked forward to with all the more interest from the fact that it is so long since we have been visited by a really great *prima donna*. Those we have had have become almost traditions. Grisi and Sontag were of the number, but both of these illustrious singers were past their prime when they arrived in this country. Grisi helped out her failing powers as a vocalist by her noble presence and fine acting, but at times it was the reverse of pleasant to listen to her endeavours to repeat her former triumphs in some great aria that had already passed beyond her reach. Bosio and Patti were young when they went from here, and it was reserved for Europe to mature their powers, and hear them at their best. Steffanone was great, but unreliable. La Grange stayed long enough to let us all witness the decay of her fine powers. Miss Kellogg, charming singer that she is, has never been able to cope successfully with the great tragic parts, and has given us satisfactorily only the comedy side of the lyric stage. Parepa was accepted as a *prima donna* on account of her great ability as a vocalist, but it was always somewhat under protest, and with much abutting of the eyes to the many obvious incongruities and shortcomings.

But Nilsson comes without any drawbacks. She is in the prime of her youth and beauty, in the meridian of her powers as a singer, at the full tide of her triumphs upon the European stage. She comes of a people who have already given to us certainly one of the greatest singers that ever lived, being born of humble parents, in the south of Sweden. She is the eighth child of the family.

As has been almost without exception the case with all truly musical natures, hers was one of inheritance, and, as has always happened, the musical instinct manifested itself at a very early age. Her father was an ardent lover of the art, and had charge of the music at the church in the little village of Hnsaby. He was but a peasant, but his life was refined by this beautiful art. He taught his son Carl the violin, and Christine, the fifth sister, would get the boy's fiddle and play it out for herself on the tunes she had heard him play. Her proficiency soon became so great that the neighboring people came to listen and admire, and finally Carl took her with him to the country fairs at the market towns, and there she attracted great attention. Happily, she attracted that of the good Themerlund, magistrate of Lhnby, who offered to provide for her musical education.

The offer was accepted, and Mdlle. Valerius afterward Baroness of Leuhusen became her earliest instructor. The little peasant was soon put to school, and afterward sent to Stockholm and placed under the care of a composer and teacher of talent, Mr. Franz Berwaid. From Stockholm she went to Paris, and there studied carefully for three years before she went upon the stage. Her *debut* was made in 1864, in Verdi's *Traviata* a character not specially to her taste, and in which she failed then to make a great success. Mozart's music suited her better, and in the *Magic Flute* she gained her earliest triumph. From that time to the present her career has been one of uninterrupted success. Marguerite in Gonnod's *Faust*, Alice in *Robert le Diable*, Cherubino in the *Marriage of Figaro*, Lucia in Donizetti's opera, and Ophelia in Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet* have been among her important *rôles*. Of late she has been singing at Drury Lane, in opposition to Patti at Covent Garden, and has, so far as popular enthusiasm goes, certainly borne away the palm. The marvellous purity of her voice, her great beauty, the excellence and loveliness of her private character, the charm of her acting which gains constantly in fervour, seem to be the principal elements of her success.

That she will be fully appreciated in this country there can scarcely be a doubt. Her renown as an oratorio singer is in no way inferior to that she possesses as a *prima donna*. At the Handel Festival in 1868 at the London Crystal Palace, and at the Birmingham Festival of the previous year, she took the same position that Mdme. Parepa holds with us. It is almost safe to say that the company that supports her will be a good one, and that the whole success of the enterprise may not be made to depend on her single talent. If she is really well supported we may look for a more brilliant season of opera than we have seen since the days of the Havana Italian company.—*New York Sun.*

CERDAT JUPLES APELLA.—According to the Continental press, a French provincial manager has invented a mechanical *claque*, to supply the place of the human aforesaid, which was dear, and not particularly popular, having, on several occasions, been lustily hissed by the respectable portion of the audience. The mechanical *claque* consists, in the first place, of some hammers concealed in the four corners of the theatre, and which, when set going, imitate the sound of sticks rapped on the floor; and, in the second, of pairs of castagnettes covered with leather, and which, when struck together, produce a marvellous imitation of the clapping of hands. The wires leading from these castagnettes, situated under the rows of benches, termieate in a kind of massive keyboard, with six large wooden keys, in the manager's room. Whenever the manager thinks it necessary, he presses down those keys, or as many of them as he chooses, and a storm of applause breaks forth, electrifying the public, who, on the principle of "follow my leader" a principle much more prevalent than most persons suppose—zealously continue the applause thus begun by the manager.

DICKENS'S FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

There are certain books of which Dickens liked to talk during his walks. Among his especial favourites were the writings of Cobbett, De Quincey, the Lectures on Moral Philosophy by Sydney Smith, and Carlyle's French Revolution. Of this latter Dickens said it was the book of all others which he read perpetually and of which he never tired—the book which always appeared more imaginative in proportion to the fresh imagination he brought to it, a book for inexhaustibleness to be placed before every other book. When writing the "Tale of Two Cities," he asked Carlyle if he might see one of the books to which he referred in his history; whereupon Carlyle packed up and sent down to Gad's Hill *all* his reference volumes, and intrusted them faithfully. But the more he read the more he was astonished to find how the facts had passed through the alembic of Carlyle's brain, and had come out and fitted themselves, each as a part of one great whole, making a compact result, indestructible and unrivalled; and he always found himself turning away from the books of reference, and re-reading with increased wonder this marvellous new growth. There were certain books particularly hateful to him, and of which he never spoke except in terms of most ludicrous raillery. Mr. Barlow, in *Sandford and Merton* he said, was the favourite enemy of his boyhood and his first experience of a bore. He had ae almost supernatural hatred for Barlow, "because he was so very *instructive*, and always hunting donkis with regard to the veracity of 'Sinbad the Sailor,' and had no belief whatever in 'The Wonderful Lamp' or 'The Enchanted Horse.'" Dickens rattling his mental cane over the head of Mr. Barlow was as much better than any play as can be well imagined. He gloried in many of Hood's poems, especially in that hitting "Ode to Rae Wilson," and he would gesticulate with a fine fervour the lines:—

> ". . . . the hypocrites who ope Heaven's door
> Obsequious to the sinful man of riches,—
> But put the naked beggar by
> In parish *stocks* instead of *breeches*.

One of his favourite books was *Pepys's Diary*, the curious discovery of the key to which, and the odd characteristics of its writer, were a never-failing source of interest and amusement to him. The vision of Pepys hanging round the door of the theatre, hoping for an invitation to go in, not being able to keep away in spite of a promise he had made to himself that he would spend no more money foolishly, delighted him. Speaking one day of Gray, the author of the *Elegy*, he said: "No poet ever came walking down to posterity with so *small* a book under his arm." He preferred Smollett to Fielding, putting *Peregrine Pickle* above *Tom Jones*. Of the best novels by his contemporaries, he always spoke with warm commendation, and *Griffith Gaunt* he thought a production of very high merit. He was "hospitable to the thought" of all writers who were really in earnest, but at the first exhibition of floundering or inexactness he became an unbeliever. People with dislocated understandings he had no tolerance for.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

WAIFS.

Herr Ferdinand Ludwig has left London for Germany.

Mr. Henry Haigh is engaged for the operatic performance at the Gaiety Theatre.

Fraschini is once more engaged by M. Bagier for the Theatre Ittiliena at Paris.

Don Ramon Vilanova, a Spanish composer of sacred music has just died at Barcelona, in his seventieth year.

Miss Laura Harris, who sang some seasons since at Her Majesty's Theatre, has been engaged for the San Carlos at Lisbon, in October.

The church of St. Andrew, Plaistow, has been completed and consecrated, and will, we are leformed, be supplied with an efficient choir.

Mdme. Asea Bishop is about to visit Canada with a company from New York, for a series of out-door concerts at Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, and the other chief cities.

The Nilsson party will leave Paris for America on the 27th of August, and will give their first concert in New York on the 19th of September.

Watson's Art Journal describing a performance of "Since first I saw your Face," at the recent Beethoven Festival, says it was sung in "a psalm-smiting manner."

An Association has just been established in West Cornwall, called "The West Cornwall Plain Song Association," to promote the use of the plain song music of the Church, and the dignity of the Eucharistic service.

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There is a talk at Dresden of building a large theatre in the Neustadt. Hitherto the drama has had its chief — we may say only — home in the well-known *Hof-theater*, which was burnt down some time ago, and is rebuilding.

Non è vero, secondo Filippi, che la musica sia per il popolo. No; essa è fatta soltanto "*per le persone educate, per quelle che assistendo a un dramma in musica debbono conoscerne ed apprezzarne le ragioni storiche ed estetiche!*"—Starebbero freschi allora gl'impresari!

Signor Francesco Coletti, the best modern writer of Italian farces, has just published, at Milan, a collection of his farces in two volumes, which afford the reader nearly as much amusement as if they were being acted before him; such genuine fun and humour are to be found in these pages.

At a recent meeting of the Worcester Cathedral Restoration Committee Lord Lyttelton and Sir John Packington reported the result of the appeal to the diocese for funds. Including the contributions of Earl Dudley, and the Dean and Chapter, the sum obtained was nearly £16,000.

Madame Cora De Wilhorst (Miss Withers that was, of New York) has been singing with moderate success in Paris; and has now been engaged for the Italian Opera at Homburg, to sing, with Patti, such parts as Margaret of Valois, in *The Huguenots*, and Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*.

The Life of our Saviour, written by Dickens for his children, is to be published soon. Blanchard Jerrold says in an article in the last number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"*The Life of our Saviour* was written by Charles Dickens to guide the hearts of his children; and if ever a labour of love was done by that most affectionate parent, this was pre-eminently it. By the eloquent pages that now will shortly be put within the reach of every English and American household, the children of Charles Dickens were taught their first lessons of Christian love and Christian chivalry."

Oxford wit at Commemoration-tide is generally obvious, and the pun are, as a rule, intelligible even to the mildest of undergraduates; but we question whether anything more common-place was ever perpetrated than the cry for "some *Corfe* mixture," which was heard from the gallery when Dr. Corfe took his place as conductor for the performance of the ode at the Chancellor's Installation. Bad as the joke was, however, it served to raise a laugh, and resulted in a word of advice to the worthy doctor, that he must be content for once to play second fiddle to Sir Frederick Ouseley, who, as the professor, occupied the seat of honour.

Of our two *prime donne*, an American contemporary says:—

"It is hard to imagine anything more exquisite than that wondrous voice of the lovely Swede, whose liquid purity and crystal clearness reminds the hearer of the fountain of molten diamonds celebrated in the Eastern fable. Nilsson has been reproached with a want of dramatic fervour, and it is true that her voice is of too celestial a quality to adapt itself readily to the accents of earthly passion; but the innocence of Marguerite and the sublime devotion of Alice have never found a more perfect interpreter. In the latter rôle (in *Robert le Diable*) she is the embodiment of a guardian angel. Patti has changed wonderfully little since the days when New York first went wild over the marvellous little singer. The rosebud has bloomed into a rose, that is all. Beauty and voice have alike developed into fuller perfection, and are alike unchanged in every other respect. She is still the dark-eyed, winsome damsel of pre-accession days, and her voice still possesses that exquisite, bird-like carol which distinguishes her notes from any songstress I ever heard. Patti reminds one of 'the lark that at heaven's gate sings,' but the voice of Nilsson seems a strain from the other side of the gate."

DICKENS'S HOME AT GAD'S HILL.

The spot is one of the loveliest in Kent, and must always be remembered as the last residence of Charles Dickens. He used to declare his firm belief that Shakspere was specially fond of Kent, and that the poet chose Gad's Hill and Rochester for the scenery of his plays from intimate personal knowledge of their localities. He said he had no manner of doubt but that one of Shakspere's haunts was the old inn at Rochester, and that this conviction came forcibly upon him one night as he was walking that way, and discovered Charles's Wain over the chimney, just as Shakspere has described it, in words put into the mouth of the carrier in King Henry the Fourth. There is no prettier place in England than Gad's Hill in all England for the earliest and latest flowers, and Dickens chose it, when he had arrived at the fulness of his fame and prosperity, as the home in which he most wished to spend the remainder of his days. When a boy he would often pass the house with his father, and frequently said to him, "If ever I have a dwelling of my own, Gad's Hill Place is the house I mean to buy." In that beautiful retreat he has for many years been accustomed to welcome his friends, and find relaxation from the crowded life of London. On the lawn, playing at bowls, in the Swiss summer-house, charmingly shaded by green leaves, he always seemed the best part of summer, beautiful as the season is in the delightful region where he lived. In a letter written not long ago to a friend in America, he thus describes his home:—

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss châlet (where I write), and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

There he could be most thoroughly enjoyed, for he never seemed so cheerfully at home anywhere else. At his own table, surrounded by his family and a few guests, old acquaintances from town,—among them sometimes Forster, Carlyle, Reade, Collins, Layard, Maclise, Stone, Macready, Talfourd,—he was always the choicest and liviest companion. He was not what is called in society a professed talker, but he was something far better and rarer.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Your musical critic has made a serious mistake in his report of the concert at the Crystal Palace, which I hope you will allow me to correct. He speaks of *the* 4,500 certificated singers connected with us as though these were the only results of our efforts in individual examination. The truth is that, during the past year only, we have granted 9,872 Elementary Certificates, and 1,827 Intermediate Certificates. The full total of those who have successfully passed is—68,000 Elementary, and 16,000 Intermediate; besides 250 Members, and 140 Advanced—making, altogether, more than 85,000. As some intelligent friends have been misled by your critic in this matter, and as this constant process of individual effort and examination never pauses and never lessens, and is a thing to be proud of, I trust you will insert this note.—YOURS, &c.,

JOHN CURWEN.

Plaistow, E., August 13.

OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.—Some short time since, Mad. Alboni was asked by a lady, with whom she was stopping on a visit, for a line from her hand. Taking up a score of Rossini's *Cenerentola*, she wrote on the title-page: "This is really the music of the future."

Say, my Heart, can this be Love?

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Ever still he hovers round me,
And his presence wakes a thrill;
Yet, while others hourly praise me,
His alone is mute and still.
Though sweet flattery pleases ever,
And the sternest hearts can move,
Praise is tame unless he praises—
Say, my heart, can this be love?
Wayward heart, can this be love?

Night and day his image haunts me,
In each breeze his sighs I hear:
Some strange feeling thrills my bosom,
Is it love?—it is not fear!
Fear, oh no! those eyes so tender,
Voice so soft, his kindness prove,
Not from fear do I so tremble—
Say, my heart, can this be love?
Wayward heart, can this be love?

He shall never know my feeling;
I will hide it from all eyes!
Silly heart, thy love concealing,
Let no tell-tale blushes rise.
Should he never seek to woo me,
Time my heart can never move;
Vainly would another sue me—
Own, sad heart! this, this is love!
Wayward heart—ah, this is love!

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New York papers assert that Mdme. Lind-Goldschmidt will sing in the United States during the autumn and winter.

A correspondent of a contemporary reminds us that in the first Great Exhibition of 1851, were exhibited sets of steel bars, straight and circular, for use instead of church bells, giving a clear ringing note, and much cheaper. He asks whether any reader can give information as to where such bars can be obtained.

Mr. Willert Beale, son of the late Mr. Fredrick Beale, who was the manager of the Royal Italian Opera, when it was opened in 1847, is conductor of Signor Mario's farewell tour. Signor Mario will have the co-operation of Fräulein Liebhart (vocalist), Signor Sivori (violin), and the Chevalier de Kontski (pianist).

There are two competing operahouses in the capital of Catalonia one at the Liceo, with Mesdames Marinali, De Ballieu, Ferrer, Mas-Porcell, Signori D'Antoni, Minetti, Varvaro, Baraldi, Merely, Rodas, and Bargagiia; and the other at the Circo, with Mesdames Peralta, Ariôt, Scaichi, Trebelli; Signori Graziani (tenor), Palerni, Bettini, Fagotti, Padilla, Gassier, Junca, Zucchini and Honconi, to whom the Sisters Marchisio, will be added for a few nights. The Circo has decidedly the more formidable *troupe*.

The advisability of the use of the orchestra in church, though frequently debated, is so seldom put to the test that it is worthy of notice, that at the recent consecration at Arkesy Church, near Doncaster, by the Archbishop of York, the absence of an organ rendered some such expedient necessary, and a militia band accompanied the choir throughout the service. As there seems to have been no lack of money for the restoration, which has been carried forward under the superintendence of Mr. Scott, we conclude that the organ will soon be supplied.—*Choir*.

A discovery in printing has recently attracted notice, namely, photographing the copies of the parts from the original score, and transferring the photographs to the printing-press. This process is a great saving of time, and secures accuracy in the instrumental parts, the correction of which occupies so long, and is a tedious interruption to the continuity of rehearsals. In Mr. Sullivan's *Overture di Ballo*, at the first rehearsal in St. George's Hall for the Birmingham Festival, there was not a note to correct in the copies, all the string parts having been supplied by the new process.

As Madame Patti (Marquise de Caux) was unable to go to Homburg on account of the war, the committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival offered her an engagement, but the terms asked by the *prima donna* being £200 for each time of singing, which for eight performances would amount to £1,600, it need scarcely be added, that the negotiation came promptly to an end. This is an illustration of the pernicious "star" system, which has the effect of making *prima donne* believe that their services are indispensable. Firmness on the part of the managers would soon undeceive them.—*Athenæum*.

Whatever degree of truth there may be in the report which has gone the round of the Church papers with reference to St. David's Cathedral, there can be very little question that the service as rendered in anything but a creditable manner. According to the account given by the correspondents of the *Church Times* and its contemporaries, the service is not even choral, and Tate and Brady furnishes the hymnal of the congregation. At first sight such a statement seems to be incredible, but the ominous fact that it remains uncontradicted lends no slight weight in favour of its truth.—*Choir*.

The example of the Queen in providing English part music as one of the attractions of her last "garden party" was, we are glad to see, followed by Sir Edmund and Lady Lechmere, in the entertainment they offered to the Prince and Princess Christian, at Blydd Court, near Worcester. A trip up the Severn in two steam frigates formed a part of this excursion; and on a raised platform in the vessel where the royal guests were assembled, was stationed a party of glee singers, including three lay vicars of Worcester Cathedral. On their return to Sir Edmund's mansion, a selection of glees and madrigals was performed on the lawn, including German and English compositions.—*Choir*.

Old and middle-aged Italian operahouse frequenters will be shocked to learn the misfortunes which have befallen Signor Tamburini, the once-renowned baritone-bass. He had divided a large fortune in Paris, where he resided since his retirement from the stage, amongst his children, reserving only a portion of capital, which was left in the hands of his eldest son, who was an "*agent de change*." Heavy speculations on the Bourse, and the fall of prices on account of the war completely ruined the younger Tamburini, who committed suicide last week. Although the father has lost all his earnings by this sad event, he has, fortunately, an affectionate son-in-law in Signor Gardoni, to provide for his old age; Signor Tamburini being now upwards of seventy.—*Athenæum*.

REVIEWS.

Select Practices for the Pianoforte, consisting of Forty-two Progressive Lessons, intended as an Introduction to the Works of the Great Masters, selected, edited, and fingered by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE title of this work is itself a recommendation. Bearing in mind with what distressingly vague notions pianoforte improvers (and some pianoforte teachers) choose subjects for study, the term "Select Practice" brings comfort, especially as the themes are progressive, and act as an "Open, Sesame!" to the works of the great masters. The name of Mr. Benedict makes satisfaction complete. Nobody could wish a safer guide than this distinguished pianist and musician, or hesitate to follow him in implicit reliance upon his directions. The field from which Mr. Benedict has selected his examples is a wide one, embracing composers as various in character as Cherubini, Hummel, Glück, Bellini, Handel, Dussek, Haydn, Liszt, Schubert, Beethoven, and J. S. Bach. This being the case, it is hardly necessary to say that thoughtful students may find in the work before us an epitome of the pianoforte *répertoire*, and so get a first insight into the diverse styles it is necessary they should know. A progressive character is well sustained from beginning to end. Commencing with a simple *soldnied*, by Weber, the work concludes with a *presto* by Mendelssohn; and takes the learner from one extreme to the other by stages so easy that he may well be surprised to find the journey so pleasant. Mr. Benedict has arranged all the pieces with a due regard to their educational character, and his fingering serves as a guide to wellnigh every passage likely to be met with elsewhere. For all these reasons we give the work our heartiest recommendation.

Twenty Popular Melodies for the Pianoforte, selected, arranged, and fingered by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS extract from the author's "Instructions in the Art of Playing the Pianoforte" will be found very valuable by young students. The melodies are well known, with few exceptions, and their arrangement is simple enough for the most elementary use.

The Major and Minor Scales for the Pianoforte, with Preliminary Remarks and fingered by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

IT is unnecessary for us to point out the supreme importance which belongs to a correct knowledge of the pianoforte scales. No time nor attention can be thrown away upon this essential study; and the publishers of Mr. Benedict's pianoforte instruction-book have done well to print the chapter on scales in a separate form. The fingering is all cases may not be that usually adopted, but Mr. Benedict supplies an alternative as well as his own suggestions; and it must be remembered, moreover, that anything from so great an authority carries with it no little weight. Let these scales be once mastered, and the student is more than half-prepared to face any executive difficulty.

My Nora. Song. Words by T. J. Onsely, Esq.: Music by ARTHUR FOX [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE words of this song are very graceful, and, though sentimental enough to gratify the most *exigeant* of drawing-room tenors, have no trace of the sickliness affecting many of their kind. Mr. Fox has written very appropriate music. The melody has sufficient character to distinguish it from the mass of tunes poured forth by song-composers; and the accompaniment shows in addition to correctness, a facile adaption to the changing sentiment of the poetry. We see no reason why this song should not win favour both in public and private.

Two Epitaphs. Herrick. (As One Compositioo.) For Three Equal Voices. With Pianoforte Accompaniment by J. MCMURDIE, Mus. B. OXON. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.]

WE think the design of this work unhappy. The two epitaphs, though each good by itself, do not harmonize, either in style or subject, while even the grammatical "person" is different in the one to what it is in the other. The result is that the transition from epitaph to epitaph has the effect of a very unpleasant jerk. Mr. McMurdie has endeavoured to imitate the formalism of old English music, and to some extent with success. The composition, however, is not a pleasant one.

Journal of the London Society of Amateur Flute-Players. No. 5, "Sonata for Flute and Pianoforte," by G. A. MACFARREN. [London: Rudall, Rose, Carte, & Co.

THE amateur flute-player who can take part with efficiency in this important work may pride himself upon no small skill. Mr. Macfarren has produced a regularly-constructed sonata, of full average length. Moreover, he has brought to it all the resources of his undoubted talent, and thus paid the special public for whom he wrote a compliment we hope they appreciate. Without discussing the work minutely, we may say the flautists have now a classical composition of their own worthy all the attention they can bestow.

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"A PRODIGY;" A TALE OF MUSIC.*

A man's written works may fairly be considered as affording an accurate indication, no less of his acquirements than of himself, his mind, and the manner and fashion of it. But it may be doubted whether a three volume novel is in this sense to be regarded as an "opus," an *opyon*, the outgrowth of the man, or an accident of a particular mood assumed for the occasion. And, indeed, it is well that this should be so; for otherwise we should be driven to say that the author of *A Prodigy* was a gentleman (or lady) of the most confiding simplicity, combined with the weakest credulity. For what are we called upon to believe? First, that a child of ten years old may possess prodigious talents for music, for conversation, for repartee, for practical joking, along with the most headstrong violence of passion and of will, and the most complete abscence of wisdom in opinion and propriety of conduct —an imp of darkness and an angel of light at one and the same time. Secondly, we are to believe that we live in a world where a man residing in an insignificant town, without a pound to start with, may, by the time he has reached the age of 50, amass a stupendous fortune; that he may, simultaneously with the purchase of a landed estate, be created a peer of the realm, without either having had a seat in Parliament, or having, so far as we know, done one atom of good to his fellow-men; and that Royalty may invite itself to visit him, *en famille*, out of curiosity to see his newly-built palace. Again, we must believe that the mother of a prodigy of genius, in whose life and its success her own life is entirely bound up, upon whom she lavishes affection at once extravagant and unjust, may with little apparent difficulty be brought to give up the darling of her heart for the sake of a second husband as rich as Croesus, and the acquaintance of a month. We confess to thinking that events such as these do not occur in the world in which we are living, and we are very glad they do not.

This marvellous young gentleman, after fascinating half Germany with his music, his beauty, his waywardness, and his curls, before he has reached the age of twenty, goes in search of the young sister of a school friend, who like Mr. Dickens's Smike, seemed to have been hardly used by every body, but unlike him, came to a miserable and untimely end by being drowned on the very night that would have made him a hero. The young lady was worth the search, being represented as a very queen of beauty and loveliness, and endowed with every conceivable charm and grace of person. She was to have been a *danseuse*, and it is to be feared that the indispensable training for her profession had sadly interfered with other less showy branches of education; her mind had received little cultivation, and we suspect it was not capable of receiving much more. The Prodigy finds her at last in most questionable company, has his first interview with her on a certain evening; at midnight he runs away with her; by good fortune a carriage and a priest are at hand, and the happy pair are made man and wife before morning. But angel though Marie is in form and feature, she can deceive. Her husband goes to England to fulfil a professional engagement; she chooses to remain in Germany, on the plea of approaching maternity, but nevertheless follows him within a fortnight, that she may appear in London as a ballet-dancer. Her *début* is unsuccessful, an uproar ensues at the opera; Charles, whose suspicions of her arrival in England have been aroused, rushes to her arms, to not be recognised (for his wife has become insane) but to be disowned, cursed, and ultimately stabbed by a knife, which, we are informed, "she drew from her bosom," though we should rather have supposed it came from under her pillow. The wound is not mortal, for a hint is given at the end of the story that Charles most probably married a little Quaker girl whom he had known in childhood, and whom he had met on some few subsequent occasions.

The reader will have gathered from this survey that there is no lack of startling incident in the book, and if this were all we cared to look for in a novel, we might heartily commend it. But our sense of the fitness of things refuses to be entirely satisfied with a work of fiction unless it introduces to us some character to admire, to love, or at least to be interested about. Now, there is nothing of the sort here. We cannot be brought to care a pinch of snuff about any one of the actors in the drama. To be sure Marie is devoted to her husband; that is, we are told so, but her conduct and even her language fail to shew it. Yet, if there is no one to love, there are many to hate, especially a grand villain, who reminds us of Wilkie Collins's Fosco, with much of his cunning and very little of his cleverness. We close the book with this very devout hope, that no one belonging to us may have a son of such surpassing genius for music as Charles Einstern, or a daughter with such a passion for dancing as his unfortunate wife.

Clerk of Oyer.

The "Rhin Allemand" has been set in Paris by M. Deboux, M. Félicien David, M. Vanocrbas, M. Jules Lefort, M. Paul Herlon, M. Ernest Poignée, M. Michel de Borse.

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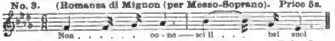
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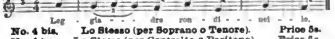

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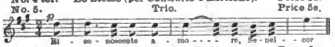

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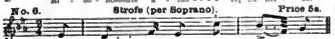

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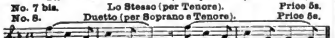

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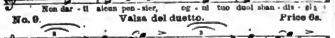

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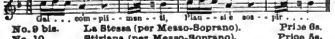

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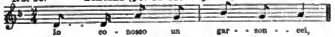

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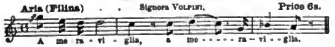
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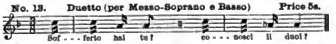

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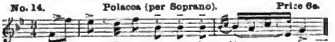
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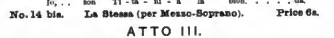

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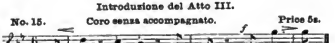

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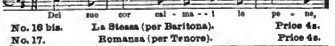

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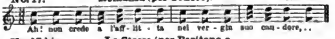

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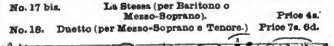

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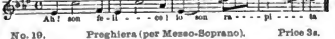

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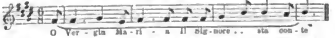
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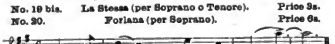

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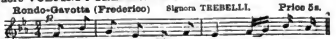

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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HEREFORD, *August 23rd*, 1870.

The Three Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester began their 147th Festival to-day with full choral service in the justly-admired Cathedral of this ancient city. The almost continuous rain of yesterday went far to shake anticipations of a prosperous result; but this morning the weather had cleared up, and should it continue fair during the week there can, we are informed, be little doubt of a successful meeting. The origin, purport, and history of these mid-England festivals need not be told now, nor is it requisite again to dwell upon the attempts that from time to time, and proceeding from quarters more or less influential, have been made to put a stop to them—the more so inasmuch as such attempts have almost invariably proved unsuccessful. The temptations resisted by Worcester last year were a constant theme of discussion, and now Hereford goes further in what certain well-meaning persons insist on condemning as the wrong path. Not only are we to have the full number of day performances of oratorio at the Cathedral, but, as a substitute for the traditional miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall on Tuesday, we are promised Parts 1 and 2 of the *Creation*—the sacred building to be lit up with gas for the occasion. That this is an improvement will hardly be denied. The credit of having suggested it belongs to Mr. Townshend Smith, the local organist, who, besides acting as honorary secretary and superintending the musical arrangements, conducts the performances morning and evening. There is another substantial excuse for the innovation—the three miscellaneous concerts never "paid," but there is little cause to doubt the attraction of Haydn's chaste and beautiful music when presented under such exceptional circumstances.

The Festival this year is well backed up by those whose co-operation is of material importance, there being upwards of 60 responsible "stewards," including the Lord Lieutenant of the county (Lord Bateman), who acts as president. Among them we are glad to remark the names of not a few of the clergy, whose countenance is as welcome as it is beneficial, and who should feel an especial interest themselves in this admirable charity, of which these meetings have for so long a period been one of the main supports. In engaging his artists, vocal and instrumental, and in making out his programmes, Mr. Townshend Smith has displayed his customary intelligence and activity. His chorus, including many if not all the members of the Three Choirs, strengthened by delegates from various societies in the neighbourhood, and some few singers from the capital, is no less zealous, and, it should be added, no less efficient, than on former occasions; while his orchestra, chiefly selected from London players of eminence, is more than 60 strong—numerous enough for all that is required of them, the acoustical properties of the church and the limited accommodation of the Shire Hall taken into consideration. An orchestra of "60," moreover, was presisely the orchestra which, according to Beethoven himself, was required for Beethoven's symphonies; and Mr. Smith has done well, if on this account alone, to include the Symphony No. 4 ("B flat") in one of the evening programmes. The names of the principal vocal performers may speak for themselves:—Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Sinico (sopranos); Madame Patey and Miss Marion Severn (contraltos); Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Montem Smith (tenors); Messrs. Santley and Lewis Thomas (basses).

Mr. Done (of Worcester) plays the organ at the performances in the Cathedral, and Dr. S. S. Wesley the pianoforte (and organ first evening), Conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith. The general programme of the week having already appeared in the *Musical World* it will suffice to notice each performance in particular as it occurs.

The Cathedral was not so fully attended this morning as might have been expected; and this seems the more extraordinary inasmuch as the members of the Three Choirs are afforded no other opportunity of distinguishing themselves apart from the general proceedings of the Festival. True, their combined efforts are not always exactly what they ought be; but it should be remembered that at one time the Three Choirs unaided were virtually the Festival, and that a large party even now exists which would, if it could, restrain once more the Festivals within the same narrow limits—or at least confine them to choral services on a grand scale to the exclusion of oratorios and other forms of sacred music. We are not called upon to criticize an act of worship, and need, therefore, only say that the musical part of this morning's services (which the Mayor and Corporation attended in State) comprised Orlando Gibbone's well-known service in F, and Attwood's not less familiar anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord;" besides a hymn—

> "The Church's one foundation
> Is Jesus Christ our Lord,"

—set to music by Dr. Wesley, in which the congregation might, had they chosen, have also taken part—such being the evident intention of the composer in writing it. That the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Jebb (Canon Residentiary), who selected for text, 68th Psalm, 5th verse —"He is a father of the fatherless and defendeth the cause of the widow, even God in his holy place"—was an appeal on behalf of the "widows and orphans" it is superfluous to say, or that in the course of it the preacher made becoming reference to Chancellor Bysse and his famous inaugural sermon at the institution of the meetings of the Choirs, nearly a century and a half ago. Though somewhat long and entering into what, under the circumstances, we can hardly think an appropriate critical digression upon the present method of conducting the Festivals, which Dr. Jebb by no means entirely approves, the discourse was otherwise earnest, unostentatious, and to the purpose. The organ voluntary was an elaborate fugue, the composition of Dr. Wesley, played in masterly style by his pupil, Mr. Pyne, who has shown his proficiency on similar occasions.

About to-day's performance of *Elijah*, which, owing to the previous service, did not begin till 1 o'clock, we have little to say; and had we ever so much to say, there would be but scant time to say it in, as the mail leaves here at 5 p.m. In so far as the chorus and orchestra were concerned it may be pronounced a more than fair average Three Choir Festival display. Some of the choruses were admirably executed; but in fact by this time our country choirs, just like our London choirs, know Mendelssohn's great work pretty well by heart, while our London orchestras could almost play the overture and accompaniments without book. Much of the solo singing was beyond praise. Mr. Santley has never given the music of the Prophet more impressively, nor Mdlle. Tietjens declaimed the great air, "Hear ye, Israel," with its brilliant pendant, "Be not afraid," more superbly. To Miss Edith Wynne was assigned the soprano music of Part I., which could scarcely have been in more competent hands. The contralto music was divided between Miss Marion Severn and Madame Patey; the tenor music between Messrs. Montem Smith and Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas taking part in some of the concerted music. All did their best; and for the greater part that best was all that could be desired.

WEDNESDAY, *Aug.* 24.

The substitution, last night, of sacred music, in the Cathedral, for the ordinary miscellaneous concert at the Shire Hall, which, time out of mind, has been the custom, on the first day of the Festival, proved a genuine success. The attendance in the sacred building was more than double what it used to be in the secular one, and the performances lost little or nothing by the absence of the audible marks of approval in the shape of applause and encores, which, under the altered circumstances, would of course have been intolerable. Much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which the church was illuminated, though the argument that a glare of artificial light would be indecorous in such a building is perhaps not wholly without its weight. At all events, the performance was thoroughly enjoyable. Why Haydn's very popular and perennially beautiful oratorio was shorn of its third, last, and, tuneful as is all that goes before, assuredly its most tuneful portion, we are at a loss to explain. Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* is not long, and the serene and flowing strains put by the genial master into the mouths of his Adam and Eve—strains as primitively innocent as becomes the theme—would have left the audience in a frame of mind so happy as to dispose them to look at all things rather from an indulgent than from a critical point of view. The execution of Haydn's familiar music, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith,

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was generally effective. The only serious objection to be urged was against the somewhat slow time indicated by the conductor for a good many of the movements, which in the case of the bright and animated "Heavens are telling" (the chorus with trio at the end of Part I., otherwise admirably given), was particularly noticeable. Among the most entirely satisfactory of the choral displays were "Awake the harp" and "Achieved is the glorious work." The solo singers in Part I. were Mdlle. Tietjens, to whose share fell "The marvellous work" and the ineffably melodious "With verdure clad;" Mr. Montem Smith, always a favourite here, who gave "Now vanish" and "In splendour bright;" and Mr. Lewis Thomas, to whom were allotted "And God made the firmament" and the recitative and air, "Rolling with foaming billows," the three combining their voices in the trio which is ingeniously mixed up with "The heavens are telling." In the second part Madame Sinico took the place of Mdlle. Tietjens, and Mr. Santley that of Mr. Thomas—for Mr. Montem Smith (a special mark of distinction) being assigned the tenor music here, as in the introductory part. To Madame Sinico was allotted the florid air, "On mighty pens;" to Mr. Santley the important recitative and air, "Now heaven in fullest glory shine," in which the creation of the lower animals is descriptively set forth; and to Mr. M. Smith "In native worth and honour clad," dedicated to the primary apparition of man. The trio which forms an integral portion of the final chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work" was thus no less fortunate than its predecessor, already cited. How the familiar solos were delivered by these practised and well-known artists may be readily imagined; and it will suffice to add that not one of them ever sang better, often as they have taken part in the same oratorio.

Mr. Joseph Barnby's *Rebekah*, appropriately styled a sacred idyll, was, though it has once been given in London, as good as new to those who heard it last night in the Cathedral. The "libretto" (if such it may be termed), by Mr. Arthur Matthison, is of the simplest possible construction. It is apportioned into a couple of scenes. The first scene relates to the mission of Eliezer, enjoined by Abraham, to seek out from among their kindred a wife for his son Isaac; and his interview, at the well of Nahor, with Rebekah, whom, after explaining the reason of his coming, he persuades to accompany him. The second scene comprises the meeting between Isaac and Rebekah; their mutual declarations; and a song of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty. Nothing in substance more bucolic, however fantastically idealized in working out, could well be thought of; and the wonder is that Mr. Barnby should have found music, which, while everywhere thoughtfully and carefully composed, is, at the same time, in character the very reverse of the story which Mr. Matthison has built upon one of the most primitive passages in the Jewish Testament. Such, however, is the case. Among the choral pieces there are even two lengthy and elaborate fugues, while the approach of Rebekah is illustrated by a march ("the Bride's March"), the chromatic harmony and restless tonality of which are strangely out of keeping with the subject. The most enthusiastic disciple of Spohr himself,—for whose manner, not so say mannerism, Mr. Barnby appears to entertain a rooted predilection, — in the moments of most laboured inspiration, could hardly have produced anything more laboured. There is, however, a great deal that is good in *Rebekah*; and the promise of something still better. Mr. Barnby's chief effort now should be to seem natural instead of seeming artificial. He has genuine feeling, a certain vein of melody, which, if he would only let flow unimpeded, might serve him to good purpose, and considerable fancy in his management of the orchestra. The chorus for women's voices, "Who shall be fleetest and first?" Eliezer's air, "The daughters of the city come," and Isaac's air, "The soft southern breeze plays around me," to instance no other numbers, are enough to show this, and more. Moreover, Mr. Barnby is young, and, with his evident ambition and resolve to make progress in his art, there is no knowing what he may do hereafter. With the performance of his "sacred idyll," which he conducted himself, Mr. Barnby could hardly have felt otherwise than satisfied. The Herefordshire singers did themselves infinite credit by the manner in which they got through choruses not merely strange to them, but complex and difficult as well; the orchestra, which has no very easy task to accomplish, took infinite pains; and the solo singers Mdlle. Tietjens (Rebekah), Mr. Vernon Rigby (Isaac), and Mr. *Lewis* Thomas (Eliezer), were fairly irreproachable. To have heard his music, and some of the best passages in it, sung as it was sung on this occasion—more especially the solos of Mdlle. Tietjens, who always does her utmost towards insuring the success of a new work—should encourage the young composer to new exertions.

The success of Mr. Townshend Smith's innovation was so unequivocal that there can be little doubt that it will be accepted as a precedent, and invariably acted upon at future meetings. Perhaps, eventually, the miscellaneous evening concerts may be altogether done away with, and the performances exclusively confined to sacred music in the Cathedral. That such a result would enhance the dignity of the Festivals is unquestionable; and that it would add to their attraction in a financial sense is more than likely.

The performance this day at the Cathedral was a very long one, consisting of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment* entire, and Mozart's so-styled "Twelfth Mass." The Prince and Princess Christian, who came to-day from Stoke Edith, accompanied by Lady Foley and a large party, intend, it is understood, to pass the Festival week at Hereford. As they did not arrive till half-past one, they could only hear the second half of the selection; and thus escaped the *Prodigal Son* and Part I. of the *Last Judgment*. Nevertheless, the very admirable performance of Mr. Sullivan's work, under the composer's own direction, with Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Santley in the solos, was, for reasons easy to understand, the most interesting feature of the programme; and the Royal and distinguished visitors may, therefore, be condoled with on having experienced a decided loss. The *Prodigal Son* gains with each new hearing; and on that account alone it is to be hoped that its composer may be already engaged in something else of the kind, if not on something of a still more ambitious form. For more about the performance of to-day—which did not terminate till half-past four—there is no time at present.

THURSDAY, *Aug.* 25.

The first miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall (yesterday evening) was not so well attended as might have been expected. The sacred performance in the Cathedral on Tuesday had probably something to do with this. If so, it further encourages a hope that, not long hence, the Festivals of the Three Choirs will be able to dispense altogether with concerts of secular music. Everything seems to point that way; and the idea surely, if slowly, gains ground. The programme provided last night by Mr. Townshend Smith was, on the whole, better than usual, containing more music worthy the name of music. According to custom, the programme is here submitted *in extenso*:—

PART I.

Overture—"In Memoriam"	...	...	...	Arthur Sullivan.
Aria—Madame Patey, "Per Pieta"	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Song—Mr. Santley, "A life that lives for you"	...	...	...	Arthur Sullivan.
Cavatina—Madame Sinico, "Qui la voce"	...	...	...	Bellini.
Concerto Violin (No. 6)—Mr. H. Blagrove	...	...	...	Spohr.
Song—Mr. Montem Smith, "Spring-tide of youth"	...			Mendelssohn.
Air—Miss Edith Wynne, "Scenes that are brightest"	...			Wallace.
Duetto—Madame Sinico and Mr. Vernon Rigby"	...			Donizetti.
Selection from "Loreley"	...	...	...	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Symphony in B flat, No 4	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Aria—Madame Sinico (Faust)	...	...	...	Gounod.
Aria—Madame Patey (Abu Hassan)	...	...	...	Weber.
Song—Mr. Vernon Rigby, "The Message"	...	...	...	Blumenthal.
Cavatina—Mdlle. Tietjens, "Com's bella"	...	...	...	Donizetti.
Ballad—Miss Marion Severn, "The Lady of the Lea"	...			H. Smart.
Trio—Mesdames Tietjens, Sinico, and Patey (Falstaff)	...			Balfe.
Song—Mr. Lewis Thomas, "Oh, firm as Oak"	...	...	...	Sir H. R. Bishop.
Welsh Air—Madame Patey "Ash Grove"	...	...	...	
Air—Miss Edith Wynne, "O bid your faithful Ariel"	...			T. Linley.
March and Chorus—(Ruins of Athens)	...	...	...	Beethoven.

It was satisfactory not only to find so many good things in the selection, but also for the greater part they seemingly gave pleasure to the audience. Mr. Sullivan's overture (conducted by himself)

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was well played and loudly applauded. The absence of an organ was a drawback to the performance, as may be easily understood by those who know how materially the composer has strengthened and enriched his score by the introduction, in the *coda*, of that solemn and weighty instrument. *In Memoriam* is unquestionably the best piece of orchestral music Mr. Sullivan has written; and it is rapidly winning the place in general estimation to which it is entitled. Madame Patey's beautiful contralto voice is always heard to such advantage in songs intended expressly for its register that she need not have borrowed the slow movement from Beethoven's grand *scena*, "Ah! perfido," and transposed it for the occasion. She imparted the true expression, however, to the melody, and thus deserved and obtained unanimous approval. Mr. Sullivan's new song is tuneful and spirited, and, sung with uncommon earnestness by Mr. Santley, it won a general encore. Madame Sinico was recalled after the hackneyed *cavatina* from *I Puritani*, and Mr. H. Blagrove's brilliant execution of the *adagio* and first movement from Spohr's sixth violin concerto was warmly appreciated. The song chosen by Mr. Montem Smith, one of the least pretentious from Mendelssohn's Op. 59, was much liked, and the popular romance from Vincent Wallace's *Maritana*, Miss Edith Wynne's singing of which was nothing short of perfection, even more. That the pretty duet from the garden scene in *Don Pasquale* was done full justice to by Madame Sinico and Mr. Vernon Rigby need hardly be stated. The great feature of the first part, however, was the selection from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, comprised in the "Ave Maria" (with chorus), Miss Wynne's tranquil and unpretending delivery of which was exactly to the purpose, the jovial "Song of Vintagers," admirably given by the chorus (encored and repeated), and the superb *finale* to the first act, the solos of Leonora being magnificently declaimed and sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, although the general execution of orchestra and chorus was too uniformly loud to be uniformly effective. Of the symphony—listened to for the most part with attention—the movement best understood, and, indeed, best played, was the *adagio*, which many regard as Beethoven's most perfect achievement of the kind. Madame Patey is to be thanked for bringing forward the air from Weber's *Abu Hassen* though the accompaniments were not altogether in order. To say anything about such familiar things as the *cavatina* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, the "Jewel song" from *Faust*, "The Message," or the "Lady of the Lea," would be superfluous; nor is it necessary to add more to this cursory notice than that the very animated and dramatic trio from Mr. Balfe's Italian opera was capitally given; and that Bishop's vigorous ballad, the pretty Welsh ditty (harp accompaniment, Mr. Lockwood), and Thomas Linley's once admired air were each and all extremely well sung by the well known artists whose names are affixed to them in the programme above quoted. The fault of this concert was its undue length. If one song had been allotted to each singer, instead of two, and occasionally three, the enjoyment of the listeners would have been enhanced. A miscellaneous performance of three hours and a half in duration is just one hour and a half *de trop*. It would have been advisable, under the circumstances, even to omit the symphony.

This morning their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian again visited the Cathedral, and arrived in time to listen to the whole of the first part of the performance. As the distinguished visitors were led to their places the theme of the National Anthem was heard from the orchestra, the first verse being then sung, with true earnestness, by Miss Edith Wynne, the rest, or so much of the rest as was given, being confided to the chorus.

The programme was once more a lengthy selection from various sources, the first part being exclusively devoted to Mendelssohn, who, though standing in little need of such honour now, was luckier in obtaining the ear of Royalty, than our clever English composer, Mr. Sullivan. A more imposing prelude to the day's proceedings could hardly have been thought of than the *Reformation Symphony*, that noble work long withheld from the musical world but now already, within so short a period of its first hearing at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham (1868)—in England at all events—everywhere popular and everywhere appreciated at its worth. Although the performance under Mr. Townshend Smith's direction can at the best be pronounced with justice only a tolerably fair one, it is questionable whether on any previous occasion the symphony has created a deeper and more lasting impression—upon those, be it understood, capable of entering into the spirit of such music. Its effect was surpassingly grand. The peculiar acoustic properties of the sacred building seemed to favour the design of the composer in bringing out emphatically the diverse themes and contrasts of tone and colour which are special characteristics of the first and last movements. Nothing could be more solemn and majestic than the introductory *andante*, in which some of the distinguishing features of the splendid *allegro con fuoco* which forms its sequel are set forth. Even the playful *allegro vivace* with its exquisitely tuneful episode (standing in place of *minuetto* and *trio*) seemed thoroughly in keeping, and this may be attributed to the fact that there is not a touch of levity in them from beginning to end, each phrase, in its serene and gentle course, suggesting rather the notion of innocent candour than of anything more worldly. The pathetic slow movement which follows and prepares the way for the first utterance, by a single flute, of the people's choral, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—afterwards so wonderfully developed in the final movement—still further heightened the impression, which culminated with the delivery by full orchestra, *fortissimo*, and in graver measure, of the theme which is the key stone of the work. A hearing of the "Reformation' Symphony under such exceptional circumstances must have brought to many the conviction that if, at any future time, what has been briefly hinted should be made a rule, and the whole of the Festival performances be held in the Cathedral, there is no reason why the orchestral symphonies of the great masters should be excluded. God made art as God made all things, and the symphonies of Beethoven, as well as many of those composed by Haydn and Mozart, being among the highest manifestations of an art which, worthily employed, has not been inappropriately termed "divine," would surely not be out of place on such occasions as those referred to. Of course, a severe discretion should be exercised in the choice of the works to be given, and even single movements might be detached from the rest where the character of an entire symphony would appear to be in the slightest degree unsuitable.

Of the fragments from the unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, the 42nd Psalm, Mr. Henry Holmes's new cantata, and the selection from Handel's oratorios, also included in to-day's performance, we must speak next week.

The second miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall to-night, and the *Messiah* in the Cathedral to-morrow bring the Festival to a close. Of its success, we believe, there is now no doubt; but this and other matters connected with the meetings must be left for another occasion.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1871.—We are requested by Her Majesty's Commissioners to state, that there is no foundation for the rumour that the International Exhibition appointed for 1871 is to be postponed by reason of the war. The first of the series of Annual International Exhibitions of selected Works of Fine and Industrial Art and Scientific Inventions will take place next year, as already announced.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Hagen, formerly conductor of the Opera here, died on the 18th inst., of apoplexy.

STUTTGARDT.—Having completed his engagement at Vienna, Herr Sonntheim has returned here.

MOSCOW.—Herr Wilhelm Fitzenhagen has been appointed professor of the violoncello, in the place of Herr Cossmann, at the Conservatory.

TRIVES.—The Town Band, which was established in 1865, the funds to maintain it being guaranteed for six years by the Corporation, has just been dissolved.

COBURG.—Herr Caspar Rummer, who enjoyed a high reputation both as a performer on, and as a writer for, the flute, died here lately, in his seventy-fifth year.

ROME.—Connected with the recent declaration of infallibility, a new Papal Hymn has just been composed. It was recently performed before the Pope.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."—and Herren Niemann and Betz, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, are now playing on it the part of "*Krankenwärter*, in the Second German Army Corps. *Krankenwärter*, as most of our readers are, doubtless aware, means in English, "attendants on the sick, or wounded."

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THE PARISIAN STAGE.

We read that the French theatres were never more crowded than during the old Reign of Terror. This fact, if fact it be, proves the danger of reasoning by analogy when we strive to derive practical wisdom from the study of historical records. Several Parisian playhouses are now *closed*; and a theatrical journal that has appeared twice a week for nearly half a century declares that it can only appear once a week till the arrival of better times. The editor is in a position like that of another editor who one day shut up his shop and posted up a placard declaring that as no news had arrived no paper would be published.

Nevertheless a few theatrical events crop up, looking like the shipwrecked companies of *Æneas*, *Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. At the Théâtre Français, *Une Fête de Néron*, a tragedy by M.M. Alexander Sommet and Louis Belmontel, originally produced at the Odéon in 1869 with enormous success, has been revived. A French version, by M. E. Taillade, of *Der Fechter von Ravenna*, a play by Friedrich Halm, which found great favour all over Germany, has been brought out at the Ambigu-Comique with the closely translated title, *Le Gladiateur de Ravenne*. The incidents of this piece occur under the reign of the Emperor Caligula. Thumelica, the widow of Arminius, a German chief defeated by the Romans and consequently massacred by his own subjects, has been taken to Rome, where, when the curtain rises, she has been a captive for twenty years. The sentiment which keeps her alive is the desire of finding her son, who was stolen from her cradle by the Romans. She at last discovers him in the lowly condition of a gladiator, one among fifty hirelings, who are chosen to fight with each other in the Circus for the entertainment of the Emperor. She reveals herself in her true character, gives the degraded Thumelica (as he is now called) "le sabre au poing," and tries to awaken in his heart something like a feeling of patriotism. Thumelica is, however, not only degraded but degenerate. The word "Vaterland" or "Patrie" has with him no significance, and his sole notion of honour is the applause that he gains by his exploits in the Circus. Another drawback to his elevation is his passion for a courtesan slave, named Lycisca. The favourites of Caligula, wishing to afford their master a highly seasoned recreation, and having learned the relation between Thumelicus and Thusnelda, hit on the happy thought of making the son fight with a dangerous adversary in the presence of his mother. Thumelicus finds the proposition reasonable. In vain do his mother and his mistress entreat him to abstain from the combat; the voice of the only honour which he understands calls him to the Circus, and to the Circus he would go, did not Thusnelda stop him in his downward career by killing him with his father's sword. He dies still stupid, wishing prosperity to Cæsar, as all good gladiators should, and Thusnelda stabs herself over his corpse.

The Palais Royal has made some noise with a one-act farce by MM. E. Grange and V. Bernard, entitled *La Belle aux Yeux d'Emaille*. The beauty in question is a doll, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Coclarius, a mediæval constructor of automata, who like Pygmalion, falls in love with his own work. He is not alone in his predilection. Fritz, a German student, who has seen the doll at the window, becomes enamoured likewise, and enters the house of the great mechanist. He is discovered and ejected by Coclarius, who, freed from the intruder, reflects on the possibility of conferring a soul on the inanimate object of his affections. Chance throws in his way a leaf torn from a book, which reveals a strange system of psychology—namely, that a soul can be made out of a quarter of pepper, with the aid of a little pepper, salt, and vinegar. While he is in the kitchen, reducing this theory to practice, Floristin, a young lady attached to Fritz, enters his sanctum, and, hearing his approach conceals herself in the cupboard appropriated to the doll. Saucepan in hand, the sage commences his invocations, and is almost terrified with his success, when Floristin, who has substituted herself for the doll, leaps from her hiding-hole. So mischievous, indeed, does she appear, that Coclarius feels convinced that he put too much vinegar into the mixture. After a series of odd incidents, Coclarius is forced to repair a pecuniary wrong which he has done to Fritz, and discovers the mistake which led to his operations in the kitchen. The stray leaf belonged to a cookery-book, and, this being produced, it turns out that the instructions conveyed referred to the preparation of an *Epigramme d'Agneau*. The fragment *Epig* was on the preceding page, and the remainder, *amme*, did duty for *âme*. We conclude that, although the action of the piece takes place in Germany, the cookery book was in French, as it would be difficult to conceive the name of any dish with "seele" as its latter half.

N. D.

"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I call your attention to an article in the *Kolnische Zeitung* of Sunday the 14th inst., written by Dr. K. Hundeshagen, Professor of Theology at this University, who reveals to the world the author of the poem, "Die Wacht am Rhein," in the mouth of every German at the present time. The author is Max Schneckenburger, who died in 1851. The poem was produced in February, 1841, at Burgdorf, near Bern, and set to music by G. Mendel in 1842. It is now the favourite song of the German troops, and the Queen of Prussia has conferred the dignity of Poet Laureata on the author.

Bonn-am-Rhein, Prussia, Aug. 15. A SPECTATOR.

AMERICA.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, *July* 28.—I do not know precisely what "going to blazes" is, but what we are at present enduring in New York is probably something very like it. For the last fortnight we have been "among the nineties," the temperature varying from 95 to 99. The *Herald* has termed the present "heated term" as being "without precedent in North America," and has recently been publishing every morning a list of deaths by sun-stroke, which occurred the day before. One day last week they amounted to no less than sixty! It is quite common, too, to see horses drop down and die on the street. Every imaginable annoyance which a fierce sun can produce seems to afflict us at once. "Prickly heat" is a sensation akin to that which might be created by the simultaneous application of stinging nettles all over the body, only much more prickly and considerably hotter. Everybody has the "prickly heat." Mosquitos are graceful little creatures with long, slender legs—they pounce upon you with inconceivable rapidity, stinging as they pounce, and no one was ever yet known agile enough to dodge this inconceivably rapid pouncing, which generally eventuates in the closing of an eye or two, or fiery swellings somewhere. Roaches are of a somber hue, but yet uncommonly sprightly; they run nimbly up and down the walls, over your bed-clothes, your table-cloth, or papers; glide swiftly across your face or limbs, but do not bite (fortunately), unless very sharp set indeed. They seem destined to excite unmitigated disgust rather than to inflict corporal punishment. Roaches, and mosquitos, like the "prickly heat," are inevitable. I could mention some more agile evidences of an American summer, which would find their way even into the king's chamber, if America had a king; but I have said enough to show you how very pleasant the "happy land" is just now, more especially to foreigners, and most especially in New York City, the most scorching and sultry place I know of. Of course all leave it who are able at this time of year, to seek refreshing breezes at Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, Cape May, White Mountains, Cat's Hill, &c.; but I just now belong to the "can't get away club," and therefore must seek my shade and breezes in the parks, and my watering-place and rural gossip from the hordes of press reporters and "interviewers," whose powers of exaggeration and utterance of an infinite deal of nothing could not be matched throughout the world.—What the beautiful Mrs. —— is at the afternoon promenade. How the lovely Mrs. —— was attired at the midnight "hop"—how the luscious Mrs. —— looked in her bathing dress—how the Long Branch *belles* are "after" Lord Wodehouse and Lord Alexander Campbell, two "sprigs" of British nobility—how John Hay (whose wife is one of the fashion-leaders here), drove Lord Wodehouse behind a team of 2.30 trotters, and how his lordship declared that they were "*dooced fawst, pon honour*." This kind of small talk, accounts of the races and other amusements, with gushing descriptions of scenery familiar to everybody, are what we get from the gentlemen "detailed," as they say here, by the various New York journals, to write about the watering places. It does not amount to much.

The President is at Long Branch with his family, where, in spite of a publicly expressed desire to have peace for a while, he is awfully bored. A strange news the other day took General Grant in hand in the matter, and held it tightly for some time, while he vainly endeavoured to get an opinion from the Chief Magistrate with respect to Cuba. It is really astonishing what the President of the United States has to put up with.

The New York theatres are nearly all closed, the overpowering weather is so bad for theatrical business. Notwithstanding there have been some highly successful novelties quite recently; two at Wallack's Theatre from the prolific pen of Mr. John Brougham, entitled respectively, *The Red Light* and *Minnie's Luck*. Brougham, who, whether as author or actor, is an immense favourite throughout the States, took prominent parts in both these pieces, and, by his inimitable histrionic abilities, contributed largely to their success. In the latter he personated a newspaper "interviewer" (a character, thank Heaven, unknown to British journalism), presenting a most life-like picture of that audacious intruder upon everybody who has been unfortunate enough to attract public attention in any way. In *Minnie's Luck*, too, a young lady named Leona Cavender made her *début* before the New York public, and pleased very much. She possesses a large amount of that frolicsome gaiety and sparkling vivacity which characterise the famous Lotta, who, by the way, is now in London, and going, I presume, to play there. A *débutante* of more mark and likelihood than Miss Cavender in the special line of business she has chosen I have not seen. The other novelties are Mr. Gazler's *Brits, our Cousins Germans* (Wallack's Theatre), and the grand ballet of *Gazelle, or the Willis*, at "General" "Commodore" Fisk's grand operahouse. The former was written by Mr. Gazler to exhibit the peculiar abilities of Mr. Emmet, who seeks to introduce a new line of business to the New York stage—that of the German American. With so large a lager-beer-drinking population and the high estimation in which the "Dutchman" is generally held as the best of naturalized citizens, Mr. Emmet's talent, which revels in the delineation of robust jollity, racy humour, and hazy metaphysical ideality, all essentially Teutonic in character, has every chance of appreciation. In England his success would be problematical. The ballet of *Gizelle* with Adolph Adam's charming music and the delightful dancing of Madame Kattie Larmer and her Viennese *corps de ballet* drew crowded houses for a time, but soon failed

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to attract. But everything, in short, droops or slopes off at this time of year. Even the sensational persons are breaking down, though one of them, at least rejoicing in a cool name,—Snow—Bishop Snow, has not yet melted, for quite recently he was vigorous enough to attack Gordon Bennett's paper in very stirring language. The rev. gentleman opened his discourse from the pulpit by accusing one morning journal of having told a "blasted lie," and then turned upon the *Herald*, saying, "it is written for by rogues and liars, inspired by the devil," characterising it generally as a "dirty, ignorant, shabby, filthy, infernal rag," which he finally left with other hideous sheets to the vengeance of God! Another parson, the Rev. Mr. Orr, has been displaying his Christian meekness by pitching into the late Charles Dickens, with respect to whose works he says, "the regenerate soul would loathe such *garbage*. I pass no sentence on this *poor foolish creature* who will have to appear before his Judge and Maker, but I feel and am grieved for the people who can enjoy such company and such *trash!*" Such manifestations are really acceptable in the dull season; and then we have had something more than words to shake us out of the torpor produced by what they describe in the *Herald* as the "deadly sun." Recently there was a sanguinary "faction-fight" in New York between Catholic and Protestant Irishmen. The Orangemen had determined to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by a grand picnic in Elm Park, and their Catholic countrymen had equally determined that they should not. So, just as the farmers with their wives and children were beginning the festivities, an alarm was given that the Park was surrounded. Immediately after several shots were fired, and volleys of stones flung among the revellers, several of whom fell mortally wounded. The Orangemen then drew their revolvers, and armed themselves as they could and commenced a terrible retaliation. The battle soon became general—hundreds took part in it; pistols, pikes, knifes, pickaxes, and stones, being freely used on both sides. Women and children were frightfully mixed up in the belligerents, who intentionally, or unintentionally, trampled them under foot, and injured them dreadfully. From the Park the mob fought their way into the streets, and the horrors of the scene naturally deepened. Some of the combatants, anxious at last to escape with their families from the strife, sought refuge in the street cars, but were stopped by an infuriated crowd who fired shots into the densely crowded vehicles at the risk of killing anybody or everybody; and for a long time there were only *nine* policemen present, out of 2,500, the effective force of New York, to quell this outrageous riot, which might easily have been foreseen, as a similar scene took place last year on the same occasion, and, doubtless, was foreseen. But what could Irish police authorities, elected by the Irish population of New York, do? Were they to break the heads of their constituents? Who can fail to see here the splendid working of the Republican system. About the same time there was a terrific "firemen's fight" in the "City of Brotherly Love." One party set a house in flames on purpose to bring an old quarrel to an issue. Stones, revolvers, knives, &c, were used indiscriminately, and many lives were lost.

The death of Charles Dickens made an immense sensation here, and I believe there was genuine sorrow for the unlooked-for event all over America; but now nothing is spoken of but the great European war the ocean yacht race, and Christine Nilsson, whose pretty face may be seen in every shop, and to whom six columns of the *Herald* were devoted the other day, besides a leader, in which the writer (who has not yet heard her), fully endorses the six column puff.

The German-Americans are most enthusiastic in the cause of Prussia; and, indeed, the general feeling both of the American press and public is against France. It is only the Irish here who throw up their caps for the Emperor. They are going to make a grand demonstration in his behalf by parading the streets of New York with banners, &c. If this be allowed, there will be more blood shed to a certainty.

I have been waiting to close this dispatch for news of the ocean yacht race, which was hourly expected. It is come. I need not tell you what you must have known immediately after the event, by telegraphic cable, but may give you some idea of the impression made here by the *Gambria's* victory. It is that of profound disappointment, and mortification from one end of America to the other. No European war news—no gold panic, no anything could have created half the excitement which this ocean yacht-race has occasioned here during the last few days. Every American, I am sure, thought the *Dauntless* would win. Immense sums were bet upon her, while British seamanship and British pluck seemed to be held in no account. Imagine, then, the state of feeling produced here by the generally-unexpected result! From the moment when the fine French steamer, the *Ville de Paris*, arrived with the unwelcome news that she had seen the *Cambria* at sunset the only 200 miles from Sandy Hook, all New York was on the *qui vive!* Reporters and interviewers, *en masse*, were dispatched to Sandy Hook, a frightfully barren region, where they had to endure dry, scorching heat, and the exquisite tortures which only sand-flies can inflict, for many dreary hours. As time progressed, so increased the general anxiety. Captain James Cosgrove, a well-seasoned old salt, placed in command of the light ship (the winning-post of the race), who had been on the "look-out" for more than a week, could scarcely exercise his functions in consequence of the troublesome crowd which surrounded him. Eager reporters and "interviewers" plied their race-glasses in vain; they could make out nothing in the vasty deep like what they fondly expected. In fact, they could make out nothing at all beyond a limited distance. It requires an experienced sailor's eye to scan the ocean. Old Cosgrove, taking little notice of his fussy companions, steadily keeps the faithful telescope close to his eye, while those who surrounded him listened breathlessly for a word, as the heathen believers would have listened for the voice of an oracle. Now and then he lowered the glass and gave a kind of nautical grunt, which his observers were at liberty to interpret each in his own way, not much information being gained by anybody. At length, after very long and painful waiting, some one ventured to ask if he saw anything. "Hmm!" said he "I see something now; but it is a speck." On the instant no end of glasses of every description was raised under the direction of his telescope; but no human being but Cosgrove could see anything. The excited reporters and "interviewers" declared their ocular inability with something like a reproachful tone, thinking, perhaps, they were being "chaffed." "Ha!" said Cosgrove with an odd nautical grin, and then relapsed into silence. At last the oracle spoke—"I make out something with queer looking sails coming towards us at a tremendous pace—it is a yacht—but not the *Dauntless*." And so she came on and on—the gallant little British ship—until there could no longer be any possible mistake; and a mighty cheer rent the air—a cheer honourable to those who gave as to those who received it. The *Cambria* was alongside the light-ship; the owner, Mr. Ashbury, shouted from the deck through his speaking-trumpet—"*Dauntless* arrived?" to which old Cosgrove promptly shouted "No;" and then the gallant little crew of the gallant little Cambria cheered—not to crow over a rival's defeat, but because their hearts were full and they could not help it; and then everybody cheered, and hundreds of guns were fired, and hundreds of gay colours displayed, and dipped in honour of the victors. The *Cambria* could not have had a more generous, a more magnificent reception than she had from American yachtsmen and the American public. In the midst of this great scene, in which so many thousands took part, there was no accident, so well was everything managed. One daring act, on the part of a *Herald* reporter and "interviewer," might have led to disastrous consequences, but fortunately did not. In his eagerness to obtain news he threw himself from the light-ship into Mr. Ashbury's vessel where he fell upon his back, but fortunately without injury, for, once there, he refused all assistance, saying that he had no time to get up, and taking out his note-book as he lay screamed loudly for Ashbury's log-book and instant information about everything. At least so runs the story. I send you some extracts from the New York papers that you may observe the general tone of the press here upon this most remarkable contest.

[We have observed the general tone.—A. S. S.]

SANS WAGNER.

'Au Redacteur du "Musical World."

Monsieur,—Récemment (avant la guerre, bien compris) on a donné *Oberon* au théâtre royal de Munich, et cet opéra, qui exige, comme on sait, un grand luxe de décors et de machineries, laissa beaucoup à désirer, surtout sous ce dernier rapport. Le roi, informé des inconvénients qui avaient accompagné la première représentation de cette intéressante reprise, s'empressa d'assister à la seconde; et y resta du commencement jusqu'à la fin. Après le spectacle, sa Majesté monta sur le scène pour faire de nouveau tous les changements à vue et faire jouer toutes les machines. Sa Majesté, pour se rendre un compte exact, fit également essayer le char en forme de coquille traîné par des paons, dans lequel monta d'abord l'intendant, puis le directeur, ensuite le régisseur, et enfin le roi lui-même.—Et voilà comme on s'amuse à la cour de Bavière . . . . quand Richard Wagner n'est pas là.—Agreez, &c.,

D'Ortillon d'Engelbac.

In Sig. Carlotta Patti.

From the Rio Janeiro "Journal of Commerce."

Ecco alla fine, a voi giunta, la Patti
Sciogliere il dolce canto in sulla scena,
Ove di popol scelto immensa piena
Vede il promesso a ognun ridotto a fatti;

Eccola in suoni artistici ed esatti,
Spiati fuori a bell'agio e senza pena,
Spiegersi d'armonia si larga vena
Da farne gli uditor stupiti a matti.

E il rider suo, che in gorgheggiar sfavilla
Sul gentil labro, che soave incanta,
Due sensi slentica, e all'anima ci brilla.

Donna non è, ma un usignuol che canta;
Che dico?... augel nessun tanto ben trilla:
Mai fior avemmo qui d'arte cotanta!

De. L. V. De-Simoni.

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MARRIAGE.

On the 24th inst., at the Parish Church of St. John the Baptist, Kentish Town, by the Rev. George Jones, M.A., uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. George J. Monnington, M.A., RICHARD D'OYLEY, eldest son of RICHARD CARTE, Esq., of 2, Dartmouth Park Road, and 20, Charing Cross, to BLANCHE JULIA, youngest daughter of WILLIAM PROWSE, Esq., of Strood Green, Horsley, and 48, Cheapside.

DEATH.

On the 19th inst., J. N. HARRISON, Esq., first President of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in the 80th year of his age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

ARGUS.—Not exactly. It was Nadine de Névédomsky-Dunord. In the other particular "Argus" is wrong.

BASILISK.—By no means. It was Leona Ferrari de Campoleoni. In the other particular "Basilisk" is not right.

S. T. TABLE.—Cherubini composed thirty-two operas, commencing with *Quinto Fabio* in 1780, and terminating with *Ali Baba* in 1833. *Elisa*, his sixteenth, was produced at the Feydeau, Paris, in 1795. *Lodoiska* was brought out in 1791.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

IN accordance with a rule, perhaps necessary, certainly inexorable, London is just now without music. Impresarios and concert-givers are resting from their labours with grief or gladness, according to circumstances; while singers and players rusticate, or, disdaining repose, make what they can off "fresh fields and pastures new." It is not our present business to inquire why this should be to the extent it is. Otherwise we might pnt and follow up certain very pertinent questions; asking, for example, why London, always inhabited by from two to three millions of people, crowds its music into those few months when the highly-exalted "ten thousand" are supposed to grace the metropolis with their lofty presence? Our belief is that if no further query be pnt till this be satisfactorily answered the querist will need patience. Happily, however, there are signs, even in this matter, of the levelling process which is gradually but surely exalting every social valley and bringing low every social hill. The purveyors of music are beginning to see that "well born" folk are not their best patrons, and they will soon learn that insulting millions by becoming inactive when thousands draw down the blinds of west-end houses and leave Belgravia desolate is not a profitable course. As soon as this happens the provincial festivals will pass a very bad quarter of an hour. Now they are exalted into a sort of fictitious importance by the total collapse of music elsewhere, and the consequent fact that they alone are, *pro tem.*, the representatives of a popular art. For these reasons London journals give a national dignity to the country gatherings, and send forth men who duly and faithfully record for the benefit of an admiring world how Mr. Townshend Smith conducted the *Messiah*, and how Mr. Santley was encored in "O Ruddier than the Cherry." We do not say that, under the circumstances, this is wrong. Readers of musical reports and criticisms count by the hundred thousand, and their desire to know all that is going forward at a generally stagnant time ought to be gratified. We do say, however, that when the London music season lasts all the year round, instead of a few months, the provincial festivals will have seen their best days.

Our readers must be aware that the ancient Meeting of the Three Choirs began at Hereford on Tuesday morning last, and lasted till Friday night. This year the gathering seems never to have been in such danger as it was last year at Worcester, and the year previous at Gloucester, through the opposition, direct and indirect, of Ritualist or Puritan, or both combined. Either these zealous parties have no influence in Hereford, or their influence is so small as to be powerless even for self-assertion. Anyhow the Festival preparations were made without let or hindrance, the managers even going so far as to give a first evening performance in the Cathedral. We do not expect that this will at all discourage the fervent opponents of "desecration." Knowing very well that success in one of the three sister towns, means the ruin of the Festival in the other two, they are likely to redouble their efforts in Gloncester next year, and it may even be that victory will render unnecessary the exodus of the Cathedral clergy and the locking up of their uncontaminated surplices

Apart from the evening concert in the Cathedral, the general arrangements at Hereford differed in no respect from those of previous gatherings. Mr. Townshend Smith, by virtne of a system, wielded the conductor's *bâton*, and a body of London artists, including Mdlle Tietjens, Mdlle. Sinico, Miss Wynne, Mdme. Patey; Messrs. Rigby, Smith, Thomas, and Santley, were engaged as "principals." Mr. Blagrove again acted as leader of an efficient London orchestra, and the chorus came from well-approved sources. In all respects the Festival was well equipped.

Referring to the programme, we find *Elijah* and the *Messiah* occupying a prominent place; those being, in fact, the only works which had an entire concert to themselves. Decision in their case must have cost the managers little reflection; for long ago Mendelssohn's great work joined the masterpiece of Handel in claiming, as of indisputable right, the first honours at every festival. The remaining two morning programmes had crowded into them many things, some of small value, but all, we must presume, more or less acceptable to a Hereford audience. Thus, the scheme of Wednesday morning comprised Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Mozart's 12th Mass; that of Thursday being devoted to the *Reformation Symphony*, *Christus*, Mr. Holmes's psalm, "Praise ye the Lord," and a miscellaneous selection of sacred pieces. We doubt, nevertheless, whether the choice of one great work at each performance would not have better agreed with the dignity of the occasion. At the Cathedral evening concert on Tuesday, Haydn's *Creation* (Parts I. and II.), and Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* were given; both works being sufficiently light to extort a groan from those jealous for the "house of the Lord." This time there were two, instead of three, evening concerts in the inconvenient Shire Hall; the programmes consisting, as usual, of hackneyed pieces familiar to every London concert-goer, and, therefore, unnecessary to specify. We look in vain, however, for a recognition of the fact that there was such a thing as a piano, not a single piece for that instrument being set down. Bearing in mind its importance and the nature of the music written for it, we may well call for an explanation, which, at the same time, we never expect to get. On Friday evening (last night) a concert of chamber music was to take place in the little College Hall; and here, again, where we should most have looked for it, the piano was absent. Has Mr. Townshend Smith an antipathy to the popular "box of wires," or are there local prejudices.

The Birmingham gathering commences on the morning of Tuesday, and, like that at Hereford, closes on the ensuing Friday night. Its arrangements are on the usual complete and extensive scale, Sir Michael Costa again acting as general-in-chief, and having under him the following band of principal artists:—

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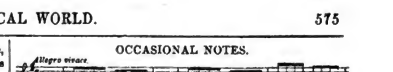
Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Madame Arabella Goddard, and M. Sainton. The orchestra, led by M. Sainton, consists of twenty-eight first, and twenty-six second violins, seventeen violas, seventeen violoncelli, seventeen double basses, and a double proportion of "wind;" making, in all, 137 instruments. The chorus numbers 363 voices —a small body for so great an occasion; but it must be borne in mind that none are "dummies," and the difference between the paper strength of a choral host and its effective strength is generally as great as that we sometimes read of in connection with hosts martial. On the whole, there is every reason to anticipate a Festival musically up to the high standard of its predecessors, and, therefore, one of which, not Birmingham alone, but all England will be proud. The programme would have satisfied those ancient Athenians who, a high authority tells us, were always on the look out for some new thing. It contains not less than five novelties, some of the greatest pretensions, and, possibly, of the greatest importance. In the order of presentation, they are Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*; Professor R. P. Stewart's cantata, *Ode to Shakspere*; Mr. A. S. Sullivan's *Overtura di Ballo*; Herr Ferdinaud Hiller's cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*; and Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*. We shall be excused from passing any criticism upon these works so far as they are yet known to us—criticism which, based upon imperfect acquaintance, may possibly be unjust—but we have a right to acknowledge the spirit which determined upon producing so many new things. Clearly the Birmingham managers put our metropolitan societies and concert-givers to shame. The latter think they do well if, after much goading from the public press, they bring out one novelty in the course of a season. The former, working at high pressure, but without noise and fuss, give us five in four days. We are bound to say within hearing of Exeter Hall, "Well done, Birmingham!" The not unfamiliar items in the programme consist of the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, Sir M. Costa's *Naaman*, Mozart's *Requiem*, and Handel's *Samson*; in addition to which the following important works have a place at the secular evening concerts:—The overtures to *Der Freischütz*, *Egmont*, and *Guillaume Tell*; Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor; Beethoven's pianoforte concerto, in E flat, and his sonata for piano and violin (Op. 24), "Adelaide," and a long selection from *Fidelio*. The vocal pieces are numerous and generally such as justify their choice, so that, from the highest matter to the lowest, the Birmingham Festival is well arranged with a view to complete artistic as well as pecuniary success. Whether both objects have been secured, it will soon be our duty to tell.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The concluding choral rehearsal of Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* was held on Tuesday evening, when the composer expressed his warm thanks for the care bestowed upon his work, which he said had cost him many sleepless nights. Dr. Hiller will be present on Thursday evening for the rehearsal of his cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*. The application for tickets and requests for lodgings are said to be numerous, and there is every prospect of the forthcoming Festival being quite as successful as the last, which was the best on record.—*Birmingham, Aug.* 24.

THE MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Our readers will be grieved to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Bowley, the well-known manager of the Crystal Palace and treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society. He accidently fell from a river steamer near Greenwich on Thursday, and though promptly taken out by Inspector Goode, of the Thames Police, life was extinct before he could be got on shore.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.



VERY much more than a pleasant volume—a book of sweet and permanent interest, commanding serious attention, and giving deep and enduring delight—is *Arne: a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life*, translated from the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson. (London: Alexander Strahan.) Björnson is a writer in the prime of his powers, which are great and unique; and yet it does not strike the reader of this beautiful little book that he is likely to leave much work behind him. There is a wild flavour in his character and life, so far as we are informed of them, which does not suggest high productiveness. The characteristic of his *style* is such a *naïveté* as might exist in a high-born well-nurtured child that had been stolen and brought up by gipsies. The characteristic of his *matter* (to adopt for a moment a distinction which can never be made absolute) is a free poetic humour which reminds you now of Richter and now of Andersen. The essence of it is, that the mind of the writer is vitably possessed by the humour of life as a whole and the poetry of life as a whole. This is a thing which rarely happens. For a thousand who can catch the humour and poetry of particular situations there is barely one, if one, who can see everything in the light of the humour and poetry of the whole spectacle. That Björnson does this is the secret of his peculiar power. There is humour, awful humour though it be, in the dreadful scene in which the lad Arne takes up the axe to his own father, who, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, is trying to throttle the wife; and there is scarcely a page of the book which will not provoke a gentle inward smile, though there is scarcely a page without a passage of poetic description such as this:—

"It was twilight; and Eli stood at the window, looking away over the ice which lay bright in the moonlight. Arne went to the other window and looked out also. Indoors it was warm and quiet; outdoors it was cold, and a sharp wind swept through the vale, bending the branches of the trees, and making their shadows creep trembling on the snow. A light shone over from the parsonage—then vanished—then appeared again—taking various shapes and colours, as a distant light always seems to do when one looks at it long and intently. Opposite, the mountain stood dark, with deep shadows at its foot, where a thousand fairy tales hovered, but with its snowy upper parts bright in the moonlight. The stars were shining, and northern lights were flickering in one quarter of the sky, but they did not spread. A little way from the window, down towards the water, stood some trees, whose shadows kept stealing over to each other; but the tall ash stood alone, writing on the snow."

It is not often that one is prompted to speak so warmly, but we are unable to say less of *Arne* than the best of our contemporaries have said—namely, that it is one of the most beautiful love stories ever written.

M. A. (*M. A.*)

DR. JEBB'S sermon in Hereford Cathedral was in many respects an excellent and appropriate one. But we would respectfully submit that the Rev. Dr. would have given a more effective justification of the Festival if he had confined himself to the enforcement of the claims of the charity in support of which it is held, instead of rushing into topics calculated to provoke controversy. We expect the clergy on these occasions to remind their hearers of what is due to the spirit of religion; and we should be very sorry to find the Cathedral turned into a place of merely secular entertainment. But to insist in the first place that the Oratorio shall only be given in the Church as a part of its established form of Divine Service, and then, secondly, that it shall never be given anywhere else but in the Church, is to set up an utterly impracticable theory, which would circumscribe the freedom of the religious spirit, on the one hand, whilst doing gross injustice to the claims of high art as such on the other. What would Dr. Jebb say if we were to insist that he should never discourse on anything but theology, and that he should never discourse on theology anywhere but from the pulpit? He is

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a good theologian and an eloquent speaker. *In* the pulpit let him be reverent by all means, but a sermon is not a legitimate means of doing good simply because it is delivered in connection with a set service of worship, and religious oratory does not necessarily become impertinent or mischievous when exercised for philanthropic objects and in good faith on the unconsecrated public platform.

On Tuesday the experiment was made of an evening occupation of Hereford Cathedral, and the result proved that the idea was a happy one. The novelty of the thing created a haze in the minds of some people as to whether it was to be regarded, as, we are glad to say, it was regarded up to a certain point, as a religious service or an evening entertainment. It was satisfactory, therefore to find that those who were present observed the same laudable decorum as was noticeable in the morning. It was unsatisfactory, however, to see that the good behaviour, of which the sanctity of the place in which they were assembled ought to have sufficed to ensure an observance, forsook some of the audience at the end of the proceedings. When the last chorus of *Rebekah* commenced, approse ladies and gentlemen in all parts of the Cathedral, just as they are accustomed to do before the conclusion of a concert, and sought to evade a crush by obtaining an early egress from the sacred building, of course distracting the attention of those whose sense of decency compelled them to keep their places until the proper time of departure had arrived. This was bad enough, but when the example was set by a steward it was utterly inexcusable. What would have been thought if every twentieth person in an ordinary Sunday evening congregation were to start upon a race for Booth's porch immediately the Bishop commenced the Benediction? Still more, what condemnation would there be if the clergy in the choir were, upon the Bishop beginning his concluding utterance, to commence their departure from the building?

It is curious to compare the war-songs of nations—those not written in time of peace, commemorating great events, but struck off at fever heat, in which the resolve and the rage of the people may find expression. Our literature is singularly poor in battle-songs. It would be difficult to name one worthy a great nation, those only being redeemed from mediocrity which commemorate our naval battles; we have no song to rouse the people, and serve, words and music, as fitting outlet for enthusiasm, which else might be dissipated in mere shouting. The best we have are the Jacobite songs of Scotland and the patriotic songs of Ireland. It proves the pacific tenour of English thought, and illustrates the fact that for six generations no battle has been fought on our soil—the '45 troubles excepted; that not one war-song has become popular among us, even when such songs were plentiful and the war fever high. We neither have nor wish to have a poetry of war. On the Continent things are different. There we find the war poetry of the last ninety years, and singularly illustrative of the national genius of each country. Take Germany and France. From their war songs the character of either land may be read. The German goes to war with words not the less burning because there is a depth of melancholy in them. He leaves his home, wife, children, with sorrow. Says Korner, who, at twenty-two wrote his last song on the field of Rosenberg, an hour before he fell:—"If tears rise at the thought of home, tears disgrace not the eyes of valour." The pageant of war awakes little joy in the German. He fights well when he loves his cause, and in the piety which lies at the bottom of his heart, can pray in the midst of battle. The buoyancy and joyousness of war are seldom to be found in German songs. There is none of the rattle and activity of camp life; no beat of drum and blare of bugle. The German sings in his tent songs tinged with sadness; he fights for no glory, thinking of those at home who love him well and bid him do his duty. But while the German is the armed custodian of his own, the Frenchman is the agressor. The songs of Germany breathe resistance, those of France a crusade. "The French nation," says Carlyle, "distinguishes itself among nations by the characteristic of excitability, with the good, and also the perilous evil, which belongs to that." The good is, perhaps, that hope which, in disaster, perennially renews itself in a Frenchman's heart. Easily disheartened, he is easily revived. Ragged, barefoot, starved, the Republican armies marched to the fight as to a wedding feast. Every man was a missionary; before him trembled tyrants; at his aspect mercenary hosts broke ranks and fled; their guns were avenging arms of Providence; they represented liberty and the love of country. Has not every French army since 1792 thus marched to war? Italy and Mexico have seen the Eagles of Deliverance; Algiers, the Eagle of Civilization. Casimir Delavigne, in the "Parisienne," Rouget de l'Isle, in the "Marseillaise," Chenier, in the "Chant du Départ," have all harped upon this strain. Not that every French soldier is fired with the consciousness of a divine mission, but that his love of war, for war's sake, its splendour, excitement, dangers, pride, is deepened by a conviction that he is fighting for great ideas, and that the French army is the vanguard of civilization.

The subjoined is an extract from a letter to an American paper describing Madame Goldschmidt's last appearance in Exeter Hall, London:—

"We waited very impatiently through Herr Goldschmidt's ambitious 'Instrumental Prelude,' and through the first of his jerky choruses. It was not entirely the fog which made our eyes see dimly the sweet-faced woman sitting on his left-hand; thinner, older, sadder, but still with the same winning, pathetic atmosphere about every pose, and every expression which conquered all hearts twenty years ago, disarms all criticism to-day, and will continue to do so so long as Jenny Lind's soul dwells in Jenny Lind's body. If there be such things as perfect grace of clumsiness, perfect beauty of homeliness, she has them; and they are more lasting than the grace of gracefulness, or the beauty of good looks. As it is with her face, her movements, her attitudes, so it is with her voice. Sacred above all it has lost, it has kept something of such individuality that one would know it for Jenny Lind's voice. In spite of the husky chest tones, in spite of the strained and hardly reached upper C, there is a peculiar soulful quality in it which has been rarely heard on any stage, except when Jenny Lind has sung. Critics would say—and perhaps, by rules of art, the assertion cannot be contradicted—that Jenny Lind's voice is gone. But men and women are still moved to their hearts' depths by her singing. I believe if she sings when she is three-score years and ten it will be the same."

The German papers complain of the patriotic songs with which they are overwhelmed, and which they are obliged to refuse *en bloc*. Occasionally, however, exceptions are made. Thus the *Cologne Gazette* published three poems, one by the veteran Simrock, another by Giebel, and a third, in English, by a minstrel who as yet has only initials. Simrock's poem, entitled "Kugelspritz-neultur," begins in this wise:—

"Marschirt Du an der Spitze
Der Civilization
Mit deiner Kugelspritze [mitrailleuse]
Dritter Napoleon?

Des frommen Landmanns Saaten
Zerstampfen wider Zug,
Wär' Dir nicht Gräu'ls genug,
Du willst im Blute waten?" &c.

Of Geibel's "Kriegslied" we give the first and last stanza:—

"Empor, mein Volk, das Schwert zur Hand,
Und rück hervor in Haufen!
Vom heil'gen Zorn um's Vaterland
Mit Feuer lass dich taufen!
Der Erbfeind bent die Schmach und Spott,
Das Maas ist voll—zur Schlacht mit Gott!
Vorwärts!

Flieg, Adler, flieg! Wir stürmen nach,
Ein ewig Volk in Waffen;
Wir stürmen nach, ob tausendfach
Des Todes Pforten klaffen,
Und fallen wir: flieg, Adler, flieg!
Aus unsrem Blute wächst der Sieg.
Vorwärts!"

The Englishman, become a poet through indignation, sings:—

"O, England, England! once so proud,
When on thy glory's sunny *light*,
How are thy spirits now so *low*!
How are thy stars so little *bright!*"

And then follows another "word-play" upon *glad stone*-still, which we, however, will spare our readers.

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BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

I returned this morning from the concert which the incomparable Madame Arabella Goddard has given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. It would be impossible for me to give you the slightest idea of the enormous sensation she has created. The immense hall was full to suffocation, and the receipts I am told were over 10,000 francs. When Madame Goddard was led on the platform by the gentlemanly director of the Cursalon, a storm of applause greeted her. Her majestic appearance, and the beauty of her person, made quite a sensation; but when she performed, with that wonderful *maestria*, the grand fantasia from *Maanniello* the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and on that occasion, as also after the fantasia on airs from *Der Freischütz*, by Benedict, she was called on again and again until she favoured the public with Thalberg's transcription of "Home, sweet Home." Princess Metternich, Duchess of Mouchy, and other of the most fashionable ladies of Paris, who are now here, expressed their delight at the marvellous performance, and assured Madame Goddard that if she would come next winter to Paris, she would have such a recognition which has been accorded to no pianist since the time of Lisst, Thalberg, and Chopin. Can you now imagine what a excitement Madame Goddard would create if she would play, besides the pieces she has performed here, some of the concertos or sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn, where no living pianist comes near to her. I cannot hide the immense pleasure I feel at Madame Goddard's triumphant success here, as I always prophesied it, that she would receive immense satisfaction if she would come to France.

M. S.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The Theatre has been nightly crowded during the past week to witness the excellent performances of Mr. Sothern. *Lord Dundreary* and *David Garrick* have been given, as well as *A Regular Fix*, likewise a new comedy by Madame Morton, entitled, *A Threepenny Bit*, of which all can be said is, that it succeeded in making the audience laugh. It is a pity that Mr. Sothern had not better assistance, as, with the exception of Mr. Shenton and Miss Roselle, the company was very indifferent. As an artiste, Mr. Shenton deserves more than a passing word of praise for the professional manner in which he played his parts. As the Gardener, he made quite a hit out of a mere stock character in the new comedy, and as Chivey in *David Garrick* he received a hearty recall on each night of its representation. Miss Roselle has talent which we shall hear of in London, no doubt. She has been nightly called before the curtain, in conjunction with Mr. Sothern."

SWANSEA.—The *Cambrian* informs us that:—

"A brilliant assemblage welcomed Miss Edmonds at her annual concert. The room in every part was densely crowded, many of the principal families of the town and neighbourhood being present. Upon making her first appearance upon the platform, our fair artist (Rhedodd Cymru) was received with deafening applause, a pleasing proof of the approval and esteem in which she is held by all who can thoroughly appreciate real merit and artistic taste. The programme, which had been drawn up with great care, was of a varied character. Miss Edmonds was exceedingly happy in all her vocal emanations, and she never appeared to better advantage than last evening. She displayed great taste and purity of execution in her rendering of the quaint old English air; but the attraction of the evening, so far as Miss Edmonds was concerned, was the Welsh song, 'Deryn Pûr,' which she gave in true Cellic style, and in the costume of the Cymry. The dress worn was the same as that in which she appeared at Lady Llanover's Welsh entertainment, when she sang before some of the members of the Royal family. Her complete transformation—her *naïveté* as the fascinating Welsh maiden—was the occasion of the loudest cheers from all parts of the house, and it was some minutes before she could proceed with her song. We need scarcely say that Miss Edmonds rendered the air in a manner worthy her high repute and acknowledged taste and expression. She received a most determined encore—again and again repeated, and the audience expressed their gratification at her singing by their heartiest marks of approval. The artists who were engaged to assist Miss Edmonds, were Mdlle. Drasdil; Miss Lizzie Moulding, (pianist); Mr. Arthur Byron (tenor); Mr. Henry Lazarus (clarionet), and Herr Sjoden (harpist). In every respect the concert was a most complete success, and all present seemed thoroughly to enjoy the rich musical treat which had been provided for them by Swansea's fair and talented cantatrice and her accomplished *confrères*."

FLORENCE.—A new ballet, *Bianca di Nevers*, by Sig. Pratesi, has made a hit at the Teatro Principe Umberto.

THE "APPRENTICESHIP" OF GREAT MEN.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Whether for or against their works, your constant criticisms of our great men in music has contributed to throw around each and all of them a halo of interest that cannot fail to enchain everyone. It matters not whether the criticism be adverse or favourable provided the work or the man who does the work be worth "powder and shot," the attention of the young musician is kept in pleasurable excitement; and he, in common with every lover of the art, delights to trace the infant footsteps of true greatness. If this idol come in for a fair share of just animadversion, he takes, in Emerson's words, the flattering unction to his soul, that "To be blamed is to be blessed."—his idol, if not his ideal, remains his idol still. Blame or praise only increases his interest and his adoration. This, of course, refers but to "representative men;" by no means to those who are not worth even blaming. Silence in such cases is better than any "tongue" known or unknown. Though, in a few isolated instances, great men have "waked some morning to find themselves immortal"—that is to say, they have appeared to reach the pinnacle of fame at a single bound—yet this is not the *rule* but the *exception*—the *rarest* exception; and even such examples will probably become further instructive by further scrutiny. Men, though divinely gifted, do not usually vault into high places in the esteem and love of their fellows without great labour, pains, and patience. Everything, as in nature, of whom Burns sang:—

> "Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O!"

is the result of a gradual and certain growth. Since to everything, even to nature herself, an "apprenticeship," an intermediate period betwixt seed-time and harvest, is imperative, it may be worth while to turn attention for a moment to the apprenticeship of the celebrated musicians. The gift of composition, even as the art of poetry, is regarded as being beyond the pale of an ordinary or extraordinary education to impart. Yet, given the genius, education can do so much towards shaping its ends and purposes, that without this necessary assistance the creations of genius could not be ushered into being, could not live; unless, indeed, the word "live" could with justice be applied to notes as transient as the nightingale's song. Without education in some sort there could be no tangible existence, no permanent endurance to the utterances of poet or musician. To reduce to written signs, as the means of communication between mind and mind, an education alone can supply the indispensable caligraphic art which alone gives vitality to the emanations of the imagination and fancy. But after the art of writing has been acquired with the additional aid of all the adjuncts of rhetorical science, there is yet a "something" more subtle than power, elegance, or fluency; a *something* which some few possess, though the many do not possess it; and, it is to the cultivation of this latent faculty; this hidden gift; the furnishing of the clever Aladdin's lamp, that might be termed the "apprenticeship" of the man of genius. Their very diligence is amazing; their earnestness appals one. The less real stand aghast, dismayed at the enormous quantity of work they do, and at the persistently untiring momentum of their daily lives:—

> "Never hasting, never resting; like a star."

Two modes appear to have been pursued by the musicians in perfecting their 'prentice han'—one, to re-write over and over again the same thing, as did Mendelssohn with his *Elijah*; the other to get his apprenticeship out of the public, by writing rapidly a succession of fresh works, as did Handel. It is noteworthy to remark the proportion of Handel's works that live after him. Of Handel's thirty or more operas, only a few (six, I believe) have been printed. Of his thirty oratorios, about a like number hold their ground; three of them transcendently so, though there is no reason why Bach's *Passion* should not be classed with either *Judas*, *Israel*, or *Messiah*. I want chiefly to call attention to the enormous practice in composition, the long apprenticeship this thirty years of ephemeral opera-writing gave to our greatest master. If informed that one-sixth part of his works would have been in after years preferred before the remaining five-sixths, he would, at the time of their production, be scarcely in a position to indicate with certainty which would be the favoured compositions. Shakspere, it would seem, destroyed the ladder by which he rose to Herculean capacity; yet, about a like proportion, six or eight out of forty great works, have been preferred uniformly to the others, by the popular vote. Such was the case with our chief metrical hymn writers; Watts and Wesley producing some five hundred each, only about a sixth part of them find now general acceptance and approval. Far from being any occasion of continuely on the labours of these good men, this is only a fair average proportion. Of Mozart's Masses, of Haydn's Masses, the proportion of popularity is about the same. Bach's "apprenticeship" is still more strongly marked. An excep-

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tional man in every aspect, Bach, he would occasionally re-write, often polish and embellish; still the evidences abound that he obtained the larger amount of his unrivalled "manipulation" (I use the word in the sense of having a wide comprehension and minute disposal of material "to hand"), from those innumerable little fancies thrown off apparently without the slightest effort in some felicitous "idle" moment. These he by no means patched up; but wrote on, and on, and on, thus acquiring by slow and sure degrees, a giant's grasp. So in the bagatelles and simple variations of a still more exceptional man, Beethoven, we have some slight, but by no means unimportant "footprints" of greatness; he did not go back and write and re-write his trifles until, by accretion, they became symphonies. He let them go for what they were worth and "tried again." So likewise with Mozart and Haydn. The subject offers unbounded scope for thoughtful attention; more than space permits. Perhaps Haydn's symphonies and quartets might be thinned out much about in the same ratio. Of his quartets, eighty-four in number, about one-sixth are more popular than the rest; of his symphonies, numbering about a hundred, about the same proportion. The twelve he wrote for *Salomon* are all, perhaps, equally good; but then he had written fifty or sixty before that time, and thus got, during forty years of labour before he came to England, a very fair apprenticeship. In Weber, chiefly in his operas, the same gradual growth can be pleasantly traced; his "apprenticeship" must have extended over a quarter of a century (for he began young) before his genius culminated in *Oberon*. Rossini also evinces the various stages he passed in his "apprenticeship" in a most transparent degree. Out of his thirty operas about five take marked precedence of the others. So with Donizetti, Auber, Balfe, Bishop, and others, if there be any others who have written so extensively as these composers. Out of something like two hundred vocal works, about twenty of Bishop's are greatly preferred to all the others. Dibdin, who exceeded this large number of original songs, is now popularly represented by some half-a-dozen ballads; but these are models of the highest excellence of their kind. Better ballads were never written than a *few* Dibdin has left to perpetuate his name. Suppose the early efforts of these distinguished men—the operas of Handel, the lessons of Bach, the bagatelles of Beethoven, the juvenile sonatas of Mozart, the first quartets of Haydn, the operas of Weber, Rossini, Donizetti, Auber, Balfe, Bishop, or Dibdin, had been subjected to the scathing crucible of an exacting public criticism through the press, at the outset of their career, the composers must have possessed nerves of iron to have gone on, and on, through all the steps of their tedious apprenticeship to the production of such works as the *Messiah, Passion-Music, Choral Symphony, Giovanni, Creation, Freischütz, Guillaume Tell, Lucrezia, Masaniello, Bohemian Girl*, "Should he upbraid" or "Tom Bowling." The "moral" I would draw is this: that difficulties do not daunt genius. They were doubtless all well criticized in select circles, and the best abused amongst them was perhaps the best man of all. Again, they did not anticipate that every work would be received with equal favour. Further, they did not always know which would eventually prove their best work. They were possessed of unfailing patience, and a belief in themselves that sustained them ever. Would it not be well for our young aspirants to emulate the greatness of their patience; to work on not knowing which shall prosper—this or that." To work on, because only by actual and constant work can the indispensable qualities arising from a thorough apprenticeship become theirs. Mendelssohn, who is said to have been nine years polishing his *Elijah*; also Meyerbeer and some others, proceeded in their "apprenticeship" in another method; if not with more success, they are worthy of all honour for their conscientious devotion to their own principles. The sets of symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart are beyond the pale of a gossiping communication like this. To say they are perfection would be but to paint the lily," or "gild refined gold." There is, I believe, evidence to show that portions of these were re-written with most assiduous care; showing how essential, even to men of their colossal mould, unbounded experience, and long apprenticeship, was a constant and patient comparison of their own actual achievements with the ideal of perfection that was within them.—
Yours very truly,
IDEALIZER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Will you kindly insert the following notice in the *Musical World*.—Yours obediently, DR. FERD. RAHLES.
Aug. 23, 1870.

STEEL BARS INSTEAD OF CHURCH BELLS.

Information can be obtained through Dr. Ferdinand Rahles, who is entirely conversant with regard to the manufactory, price, and form of the Steel Bars. Letters may be addressed at the office of the *Musical World*.

WAIFS.

Mr. H. Jarrett accompanies Mdlle. Christine Nilsson to America. The steamer sails on the 3rd of September.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti is singing with great success at Rio Janiero.

Signor Mario and family are staying at present at Eastbourne.

From *Il Trovatore*, we learn that Signor Ciampi is at Milan.

A son of Taglioni has been killed in one of the recent battles.

Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was given with great success at Buenos Ayres, on the occasion of the benefit of Madame Giulia Gasc.

The corner-stone of a new concert-hall at Sheffield will be laid on the 31st inst., by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

Philadelphia will have five theatres next season. A theatre is designed for Baltimore to accommodate 5,000 persons.

Mr. Charles Reade is in treaty for a play to be produced at the Holborn.

A new difficulty has arisen to perplex the managers of Parisian theatres: all the firemen have been taken for active service.

A new *opera buffa*, by Signor Usiglio (*La Scommessa*), the libretto by Signor B. Prado, has been successful at the Principe Umberto Theatre, Florence.

The Princess's Theatre will we understand, be opened under the direction of Mr. Boucicault. A new drama of Irish life (*The Rapparee*) is in rehearsal.

Letters from Paris say that the English, terrified by the "Marseillaise," have been practising the "Chant du Départ," and are coming home "in thousands."—U. or S.

As one of the results of the war *La Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, a theatrical paper of more than forty years' standing, which was regularly published twice a week, has announced that for some time to come it will appear once a week only.

A son of Tamburini has committed suicide, having sustained heavy losses on the Bourse, where he held the responsible position of an agent de change. The whole of Tamburini's fortune is said to have been involved in the speculations which brought about this catastrophe.

The Empress has been putting the *Crown Diamonds* to rights in view of "eventualities." We are sorry for the distress of a beautiful woman; but if "eventualities" force her to reside at Sevenoaks, she will find *Love in a Village* more satisfactory than *Les Diamans de la Couronne*.—U. or S.

As Madame Patti (Marquise de Caux) was unable to go to Homburg on account of the war, the committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival offered her an engagement, but the terms asked for the *prima donna* being 200*l.* for each time of singing, which for eight performances would amount to 1,600*l.*, the negotiation came promptly to an end.

Che cosa è il *Guglielmo Tell* per chi non conosce la rivoluzione Elvetica, domanda l'*eco dell' avvenire* (come egli si batterzy). Che cosa sono gli *Ugonotti* per chi non conosce la strage di San Bartolomeo? —Glielo diremo noi: è musica così potente da far capire anche senza le parole che cosa sia la *rivoluzione Elvetica* o *la strage di San Bartolomeo* a coloro per i quali l'*eco* non vorrebbe fosse fatta la musica!

The *Melbourne Argus* of June 18 states that the principal event in theatrical circles for some time had been the *début* of Mrs. Charles Mathews. Mrs. Mathews appeared as Harriet Routh, in *Black Sheep*, and met with a very kindly reception. Subsequently Mrs. Mathews performed as Medea, in the burlesque of *The Golden Fleece*, and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews brought the season to a close on Friday, the 3rd of June with the performance of *London Assurance*. At the end of the entertainment Mr. Mathews made a speech.

We read the following in *Watson's Art Journal* (U. S.):—

"The world-renowned cantatrice and traveller of every clime, Madame Anna Bishop, visits Canada with a view of giving out-door concerts in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, as well as at Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Halifax. The first performance was to take place at Toronto on the 26th ult. Madame Bishop is accompanied by some leading artists from New York."

We have been requested to State that the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, which for many years has maintained a crowded out-patient department at No. 56, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, and more recently another of equal extent at No. 13A, Finsbury Square, has lately been anonymously presented with a £1,000 Bank of England note. The committee of management have devoted this addition to their resources to the purchase of the lease of their premises in Great Marlborough Street and to the establishment of an in-patient

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department, which is much needed for the proper treatment of the severer cases of disease that are daily applying for relief. But the sum so generously placed at their disposal, large as it is, falls far below what is necessary for the maintenance of the in-patients whom they will shortly be ready to receive. They hope, however, by the aid of further contributions, to be enabled to utilise in the manner proposed the munificent gift that has been entrusted to them. For those who may desire to aid so meritorious a work we may state that contributions of one shilling and upwards in stamps, or by post-office order or cheques, forwarded to Mr. Alexander Rivington, the hon. sec., at No. 56, Great Marlborough Street, will be thankfully acknowledged by him.

In the patriotic demonstrations recently made in Paris by means of song, the "Marseillaise" has commonly been supplemented with the "Rhin Allemand" of Alfred de Musset. The poem was written as an answer to a German Rhenish song by Herr Becker, and its force cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the previous effusion. We therefore give the words of Herr Becker, which originally appeared in the *Rheinisches Jahrbuch* for the year 1841:—

Sie sollen ihn nicht haben Den freien deutschen Rhein; Ob sie, wie gier'ge Raben, Sich heiser danach schrein.	So lang sich' hehe Dome In seinem Spiegel sehn! Sie sollen ihn nicht haben Den freien deutschen Rhein, So lang dort kühne Knaben Um schlanke Dirnen frein.
So lang' er ruhig wallend Sein grünes Kleid noch trägt, So lang'ein Ruder schallend In seinen Wogen schlägt!	So lang' die Flüsse hebet Ein Fisch in seinem Grund; So lang' ein Lied noch lebet In seiner Sänger Mund.
Sie sollen ihn nicht haben! Den freien deutschen Rhein, So lang' sich Herzen laben An seinem Feuerwein.	Sie sollen ihn nicht haben Den freien deut-schen Rhein, Bis seine Fluth begraben Den letzten Mann gethan.
So lang' in seinem Strome Noch fest die Felsen stehn,	So lang' in seinem Strome Noch fest die Felsen stehn,

This song has been made known to the French through a prose translation, in the *Poésies Nouvelles* (1836-52) of Alfred de Musset, and we may conclude that de Musset read the German original, from the fact that the six stanzas, in which he replies to Becker's seven, overlook the stanza omitted in the prose version. This is "Le Rhin Allemand," written in February, 1841:—

"Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Il a tenu dans notre verre
Un couplet qu'on a su va chantant,
Effacé-t-il le trace altière
Du pied de nos chevaux marqué dans votre sang?

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Son sein porte une plaie ouverte,
Du jour où Condé triomphant
A déchiré sa robe verte.
Oh ! près s passé, passera bien l'enfant.

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Que faisaient vos vertes germaines,
Quand notre César, tout puissant,
De son ombre couvrait vos plaines ?
Oh donc est-il tombé ce dernier ossement ?

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin Allemand,
Si vous oubliez votre histoire,
Vos jeunes filles, sûrement,
Ont mieux gardé notre mémoire ;
Elles nous ont versé votre petit vin blanc.

S'il est à vous, votre Rhin Allemand,
Laves-y donc votre lèvres ;
Mais parlez-en moins fièrement.
Combien, au jour de la curée,
Êtes-vous de corbeaux contre l'aigle expirant ?

Qu'il coule en paix, votre Rhin Allemand,
Que vos cathédrales gothiques
S'y reflètent modestement ;
Mais craignez que vos airs bachiques
Ne réveillent les morts de leur repos sanglant."

The song of the German, by no means celebrated in Germany, is better than that of the Frenchman, very celebrated in France. The bluffness of the one expresses a national sentiment more directly than the smartness of the other. Had an arbiter in the days of Theocritus pronounced sentence in the case of "Becker *v.* de Musset," he would have awarded a quart of the best beer to the Teuton, and a bottle of cheap champagne to the Gaul.

The sketch of Michael Kelly, who knew Mozart—nye *Dwight's Journal of Music*—strangely omits to mention that very interesting book of *Reminiscences*, published in his later days, and even reprinted in this country many years ago. Copies are rare, but it is well worth reading. [A reprint of this interesting book will shortly be commenced in the *Musical World*.—ED.]

The following is extracted from a private letter:—

"Mdlle. Emilie Tate's tour in Germany has been discontinued in consequence of the war. At Ems the young pianist was favourably received by the King. Thence she proceeded to Wiesbaden, but the war put a stop to absolutely, although the theatre was kept open by "command;" the receipts on one occasion amounting to *three thalers!* At a concert and performance given at the theatre on the 13th. Mdlle. Emilie Tate played Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*—a *Spinnlied*, by Liliell, a fantasia on *I Lombardi*, and 'Gott erhalte den König," with variations. She was recalled after each. Since then the fingers of the young pianist have been exclusively employed in manufacturing *charpie* (lint) for the wounded. Mdlle. Tate leaves shortly for Brussels."

The Paris *American Register* says:—

"Miss Minnie Hauck, the American artist of whom we have already spoken in our columns, has been gaining repeated and brilliant success before critical and appreciative audiences in Vienna. She made her first appearance on the 6th of May, in the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*. Her youth, her graceful acting, added to the extreme power and richness of her voice, at once enlisted the sympathies of the entire house, and confirmed the opinion we had already formed, that her artistic career is certain to be a series of successes. The clearness of her low notes surprises and captivates the hearers. The German press was unanimous in predicting for our fair countrywoman a high, if not higher, reputation than that obtained by Sontag. Miss Minnie Hauck's subsequent Zerlina in the opera of *Don Juan*, represented on the 20th of May, before an overflowing house, was most enthusiastically applauded. Rarely, if ever, were the musical lovers of Vienna favoured with such a thorough artistic impersonation of Zerlina. Miss Hauck's acting is full of originality and elegance. Her delineations show deep study; and yet, withal, she preserves intact that youthful freshness which appeals so strongly to the spectator. Her Marguerite had raised expectations that were fully, we may indeed say, more than realised, by the immense powers that she puts forth in Zerlina. As an operatic vocalist, Miss Minnie Hauck is evidently called on to fill a high position; and we are but too happy to be afforded an opportunity of congratulating her on her recent success in Vienna, thus according our meed of praise to American talent, as so well represented by this lady."

BARCELONA.—Don Ramon Villahova, one of the few composers Spain has produced of late years, died here a short time ago, aged 69.

NAPLES.—The new theatre now building will be named either the Teatro Rossini, or the Teatro Principessa Margherita.

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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HEREFORD, *Aug.* 26.

The fragments left by Mendelssohn of his third oratorio, *Christus*, the plan of which he had not only contemplated but actually sketched out, gave unusual interest to yesterday's performance in the Cathedral. The non-completion of *Christus*, among the losses occasioned by the early death of Mendelssohn, is unquestionably the greatest. What he had done as a composer of sacred music warrants implicit belief that *Christus* would have turned out a masterpiece—something beyond *Elijah*, just as *Elijah* was something beyond *St. Paul*. Mendelssohn was never content to stand still, but, like Beethoven, was always progressing; and no composer of whom the records of art make mention had a fairer right than he to claim "Excelsior" for his motto. His own conviction that in writing *Christus* he was engaged upon what would eventually become his very greatest work met with unanimous assent, not merely from those who knew him personally but from those who knew him only, or principally, through his works. What we have got of it, little as that may be, is, we may reasonably presume, all he left absolutely finished. We have more than enough, however, to justify the assent referred to. There exist, as musical readers need scarcely be told, two unfinished scenes of very considerable extent. The first was to be included in the opening, the second in the closing part of the oratorio. The first bears reference to the nativity of Christ, the second chiefly to His persecution by the Jews and arraignment before Pilate. The first fragment begins with a recitative for soprano voice, "What Jesus our Lord was born in Bethlehem," in which is announced the advent of the wise men to Bethlehem. The recitative leads to a trio, "Say, where is He born, the King of Judea?"—in which the wise men declare they come to worship Him whose star they have beheld. To the trio succeeds a chorus, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth," terminating with a *chorale*, "As bright the star of morning gleams," construeted upon one of the most beautiful of the Lutheran tunes, and harmonized in Mendelssohn's own individual and engaging manner. The last division of recitative and air is taken from Matthew, that of the chorus partly from Numbers and partly from the Psalms. The general character of the whole is that of gentle and devotional loveliness, only modified at the announcement that a sceptre of Israel will rise up, "and dash in pieces princes and nations." The resumption of the first theme, however, restores the original tone of peacefulness and hope; while the mission of Jesus to bring salvation is proclaimed in the *chorale* which terminates the whole. The trio of the wise men, with its accompaniment of viola and violoncello, is one of the most soothing and charming pieces of vocal music imaginable, and though much shorter, and entirely without pretension, is, in its way, quite equal to the chorus, than which Mendelssohn has written nothing more pure, nothing more finished and masterly.

The other fragment, relating exclusively to recitatives and choruses represents the trial of Jesus before Pilate, and His ultimate sacrifice, at the furious instigation of the Jews. The text is derived from the Gospels of Luke and John. To the solo voice (a tenor) is allotted, in recitative, the narration of the story as it progresses, as well as the connecting words of the unwilling Pilate. The choruses, five in number, are thus knit together, and as, until the last, they never come to a full cadence, the whole forms one uninterrupted scene. They are all brief and declamatory, and all express the feelings and desires of the turbulent and exasperated multitude. In the first the Saviour is arraigned for refusing tribute to Cæsar and for proclaiming himself King of Israel and "The Christ;" in the second he is accused of false teaching among the Jews; in the third the multitude insist that Barabbas shall be saved and Jesus be delivered up; in the fourth the fury of His calumniators having reached the highest pitch, they exclaim in wild and savage accents, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him;" in the fifth, Pilate consenting, they insist that having proclaimed himself "Son of God," he has violated the sacred law, and by that law must suffer. The admirable and forcible way in which the whole of this is musically expressed—and, doubtless, what we have here briefly described forms merely a portion of that which was intended as the great scene of the oratorio—more than anything else makes us feel what an irreparable loss the musical art has sustained. In addition to the foregoing there is a chorus, "Daughters of Zion, weep for yourselves and your children," which follows immediately upon Pilate's delivering up Jesus to be crucified, and descriptive of the feelings of a multitude of ladies who follow Him to Golgotha —one of the most plaintive and touching pieces of choral music that even Mendelssohn, who in this particular style had no superior, ever composed. There is lastly a *chorale*, "He leaves His heavenly portals," another Lutheran tune elaborately harmonized, but having no apparent connection with anything that has preceded it. These fragments were composed by Mendelssohn to the Lutheran translation of the Bible, and the task of preparing the English version was confided to Mr. W. Bartholomew, to whom we are also indebted for the English *Elijah*.

The performance of the music of *Christus*, under Mr. Townshend Smith's direction was far the most part very good—in some cases, as, for instance, the chorus, "There shall a star from Jacob," beyond reproach. The tenor solo recitatives were assigned to Mr. Montem Smith, who is an excellent musician, and therefore competent to do him justice.

The setting of the 42nd Psalm, "As the hart pants after the water brooks," perhaps the most perfect example which Mendelssohn has left of this form of sacred music, was by no means so uniformly well executed; although Mdlle. Tietjens, whose labours during the week have been incessant, gave the air, "My soul thirsteth for God" (oboe *obbligato*, Mr. Crosier), with genuine feeling; while the quintet, "The Lord hath commanded," in which the accomplished lady was well supported by Messrs. M. Smith, Herbert, Swire, and Everett, could scarcely have been better rendered. The chorus which afforded most unequivocal satisfaction was the opening one, "As the hart pants;" that which was least to be commended was the final one, "Trust thou in God"—the former among the loveliest, the latter among the most elaborate and ingenious Mendelssohn has written. Of Dr. Henry Holmes's sacred cantata, *Praise the Lord*, set to the poetry of Dr. Watts, we may speak on another occasion. Enough at present that, while a composition of little or no pretension, it is the work of a real musician, and exhibits more than one trait of merit. Easy to execute, it offered no trouble to the chorus; while the solos, being entrusted to Miss Edith Wynne, were, it need hardly be stated, as well sung as they could well be. A selection from Handel's English oratorios, commencing with the overture to *Esther* (in first), comprising "What though I trace" (Madame Patey), and the double chorus, "From the ocean," from *Solomon* (his 15th), "Farewell ye limpid streams" (Mdlle. Tietjens), "Deeper and deeper still" (Mr. Vernon Rigby), and the chorus, "When his loud voice," from *Jephtha* (his last), "Pious orgies" (Miss Edith Wynne), "Arm, arm, ye brave" (Mr. Santley), "From mighty kings" (Mdlle. Tietjens), "Sound an Alarm" (Mr. V. Rigby), "Wise men flattering" (Madame Sinico), together with the choruses, "O Father whose Almighty power," and "We never, never will bow down," from *Judas Maccabæus* (his 12th), and terminating with the Coronation Anthem "Zadok the Priest," brought this extremely long, however judiciously varied, selection to an end.

That the largest attendance during the Festival was attracted to the Cathedral this day by the *Messiah*, and which was given unmutilated in which all the principal singers took part, need hardly be said, nor will it be doubted that the largest donation accruing to the charity was due to the same never-failing source. But of this, of the second miscellaneous concerts, and of other matters connected with the success, financial and artistic, of the Festival we must defer speaking.

SATURDAY, *Aug.* 27.

What remains to be said about the 147th Meeting of the Three Choirs need not occupy much space. The second miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall was far more numerously attended than the first. Nevertheless, the programme consisted almost exclusively of familiar pieces, to speak of which in order and detail would be superfluous. The most interesting feature was a selection from the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, in which Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, Miss Edith Wynne, Messrs. Montem Smith, Lewis Thomas, and Santley took part. This included the quartet—of all comic orchestral dramatic pieces the raciest, most animated, and best; the duet, "Crudel perchè finora?" (Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley); the recitative and air, "Dove Sono" (Mdlle. Tietjens); Figaro's air, "Non più andrai" (Mr. Santley); the duet, "Sull' aria" (Madame Sinico and Mdlle. Tietjens); the cantuet of canzonets, "Voi che sapete" (Miss Edith Wynne); Susanna's last air "Deh vieni non tardar" (Madame Sinico); and the stirring and admirable *finale*, in which, thanks to the plot contrived by the Countess and Susanna, the intriguing Count is brought to his senses, and everything satisfactorily cleared up. The whole of this melodious and thoroughly dramatic music seemed to please; everything was applauded, and both "Crudel! perchè" and "Sull aria" were re-demanded—compliance with the latter only, by Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley, in the first instance, but politely refused, by the same lady and Mdlle. Tietjens, in the last. The orchestra also played the overtures to *Oberon* and *Semiramide*, the last especially with such spirit that the audience would willingly have listened to it again, had not the length of the programme made it incumbent on Mr. Townshend Smith to be deaf to such indulgences. Mdlle. Tietjens added the great scene from *Oberon*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster;" and this made up the sum total of the "classical" element of the programme.

The remainder calls for no particular notice, unless it be a word in recognition of Miss Edith Wynne's delivery of S. Lover's "Angel's whisper"—as perfect an example of unaffected ballad-singing as could well be heard, and amply meriting the unanimous encore it obtained. At the end of the concert, according to invariable custom, the National

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Anthem was performed—Miss Edith Wynne again giving the first verse as a solo.

The *Messiah*, with Mozart's additional accompaniments, now happily inseparable from the masterpiece of sacred masterpieces, was, as of old, the last performance in the Cathedral, and also, as of old, by many degrees the best. The choral portions more particularly, the choruses of the *Messiah* being as familiar as household words to all our provincial choral societies were almost without exception worthy of praise. When it is added that the solo parts were undertaken by Mdlle. Tietjens and Miss Edith Wynne (sopranos), Madame Patey-Whytock and Miss Marion Severn (contraltos), Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor), Messrs. Santley and Lewis Thomas (basses), Mr. Montem Smith being associated with Miss Severn in "O death where is thy sting?" and Mr. T. Harper accompanying Mr. Lewis Thomas in "The trumpet shall sound," all has been said that need be said to convince musical readers that the execution generally was no less good in this equally important department. The audience rose to their feet and remained standing in the accustomed places—a practice made respectable by tradition, when the overpowering "Hallelujah" is going on, but elsewhere, it may be suggested, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The last musical performance of the Festival was the evening "Chamber Concert," which it has now for some time been the custom to hold at the College-hall, connected with the Cathedral. There was a fair attendance of genuine amateurs at this entertainment, and they were rewarded by a varied and excellent programme. The first piece was Spohr's too rarely heard Sestet in C major, for string instruments, assigned to Messrs. H. Blagrove and Clementi (violins), R. Blagrove and S. Webb (violas), Pettit and Aylward (violoncellos); the last was Mendelssohn's well-known Octet in E flat, allotted to the same artists, with the addition of Messrs. Ralph and Rendle, to fill up the necessary complement of violins. Between the Sestet and Octet came Mr. J. Lodge Ellerton's tenth string quartet (in F), played by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, and Pettit. Both the music selected and the manner of its performance afforded unequivocal satisfaction. Songs from Spohr and Handel, respectively given by Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Montem Smith, who also sang together a duet, the accompanist in each instance being Mr. Townshend Smith, enriched the programme and at the same time gave relief to the instrumental music.

The customary full-dress ball, which occurred at the Shire Hall, after the Chamber Concert, did not seem to exercise the same attraction as on previous occasions, and was, indeed, scarcely half so well attended as that of 1867. Several explanations have been given of this falling off, but none of them of sufficient interest to cite or to discuss.

Notwithstanding the unceasing prevalence of fine weather, morning and evening, it will be seen by the subjoined table that the attendance at the meeting in 1867 was considerably in excess of that of the meeting just terminated:—

		1867.	1870.
Cathedral.			
Tuesday morning	... ...	657 ...	845
Wednesday morning	... ...	1,564 ...	1,256
Thursday morning	... ...	815 ...	888
Friday morning...	... ...	2,300 ...	1,672
Tuesday evening	... ...	— ...	923
Shire Hall.			
Wednesday	... ...	733 ...	383
Thursday	... ...	733 ...	711
		6,802	6,678

And this without taking into account the miscellaneous concert at the Shire Hall on the Tuesday of the Festival in 1867, which would increase the excess in its favour by some hundreds, but which, for reasons not immediately evident, is passed over in the above statement. The collections for the charity at the doors of the Cathedral were as below:—

Tuesday, 23rd ...	Morning	£29	19 11
	Afternoon	89	3 2
	Evening	27	6 0
Wednesday, 24th	Morning	3	16 0
	Afternoon	147	14 4
Thursday, 25th...	Morning	3	15 5
	Afternoon	92	3 9
Friday, 26th.....	Morging	4	4 11
	Afternoon	390	4 3
	Total	£788	7 9

To the foregoing have yet to be added the usual contributions from Worcester and Gloucester, together with other independent donations, which seldom fail to come in at the eleventh hour, and which, it is to be hoped, may be forthcoming on the present occasion, as otherwise the Fund for the Widows and Orphans will hardly be benefited to the extent that might reasonably be anticipated under the circumstances. In conclusion, it is only fair to say that everything which could possibly be done on behalf of the Festival in his department has been done, and thoroughly done, by Mr. Townshend Smith for the meeting just over; but that Mr. Smith has hardly met with the full encouragement and support from certain influential quarters he had a just right to expect.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Birmingham, *Aug.* 30.

This greatest of Provincial Festivals was "inaugurated" to-day in the Town Hall with a very remarkable performance of *Elijah*. What *Elijah* has been to Birmingham, and what the Birmingham people think of *Elijah*, need not be insisted upon again. Enough that the glory shed over the Festival of 1846, for which the sacred masterpiece of Mendelssohn was expressly written, and at which, in the Town Hall, on the morning of August 26, under the composer's own direction, it was first performed, is still vividly remembered. Since that time *Elijah* has been produced at each successive triennial meeting—a proof, if any were required, of the ever-increasing estimation in which it is held. Mendelssohn only lived to conduct his great work at one Festival. From the Festival of 1849 to that of 1867 its performance has been directed by Sir Michael Costa, who, when Mr. Costa, in the first named year, was appointed to the long-forgotten triumph of 1855, at least, so far as chorus and orchestra were concerned, came as near to it as possible. Sir Michael Costa was in his happiest mood; the time of every piece, from beginning to end, was precisely what it ought to be, and scarcely a necessary example of that "light and shade," the nice observance of which adds to the charm of even the most favourite music, was overlooked. The overture, which gives illustrative expression to the feelings of the people under the terrible curse of drought, prophetically announced by Elijah, was played with extraordinary fire, and led into the first chorus, "Help, Lord!" in which the afflicted multitude supplicates for mercy, with grand effect. The chorus itself has never been more finely sung, nor the impressive climax more impressively attained. Equally deserving notice was the next great chorus, "Yet doth the Lord see it not;" with its solemn *chorale*, "For He, the Lord our God, harmonized in Mendelssohn's most individual manner, and its noble aspiring peroration, "His mercies on thousands fall." In a very different style, the melodious "Blessed are the men that fear Him," which demands much sentiment and delicacy from the singers as the others require vigorous force and emphasis, was just as fortunate in the result; and hearty acknowledgment is due to the orchestra for the manner in which the rich and elaborate accompaniments were played; nothing, indeed, could have been better. The superb scene, when at the instigation of Elijah, the idolatrous priests sacrifice to Baal, and, in presence of "the whole of Israel," at Mount Carmel, call upon him thrice successively and in vain, to heed and consume their offering, Elijah mocking them the while, with words of scornful irony, merited unqualified praise. Each of the three choruses, "Baal, we cry to thee," "Hear our cry, O Baal," and "Hear and answer, Baal," was singularly well delivered—the second part of the first ("Here mighty God!") where the many-voiced unison of the singers is contrasted with an orchestral accompaniment in itself a marvel of contrivance, perhaps best of all. The culminating point of this scene, when, after Elijah's invocation to the true God, "the fire descends from heaven," and to the abashment of the prophets who feast at Jezebel's table, consumes the offering, was worthy the event. But all that has been described must yield to the last scene of Part I., when, at the intercession of the thirsty and famished multitude, Elijah sends out a youth towards the sea, to look for any signs there may be of rain—once, twice, thrice to no purpose, till, at length, the innumerable faith of the prophet in God's mercifulness meets with its reward in the opening of the heavens and the flooding of the land. This, from first to last, was admirably done—the chorus, "Thanks be to God, He laveth the thirsty land," which is its magnificent climax, most admirably of all. Here, indeed, was a theme to inspire a composer, more especially a composer so sensitive, and, at the same time so imaginative, as Mendelssohn—a composer gifted to invent the heartfelt melody to which the people pray ("Open the Heavens and send us

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relief"), the wonderfully suggestive recitative, where the various instruments come in, one after the other, as the storm approaches nearer and nearer, with an effect so picturesque and at the same time, so thoroughly appropriate; and last, not least, the final chorus already named which, astonishing throughout, contains a passage of modulation, beginning upon the words, "But the Lord is above them and Almighty," in sublime grandeur and, let it be added, intense earnestness, never surpassed if ever equalled. And after this, to wind up the whole with a peroration waxing in power as it progresses, and leading step by step to a climax of almost unparalleled magnificence, betokened in him who was able to accomplish it a genius second to none. It is alone worthy a journey, from no matter how great a distance, to hear "Thanks be to God" at a Birmingham Festival. There is, in fact, nothing that we know of to compare with it.

The choruses in the second part of *Elijah* are not a whit less interesting than those in the first, though, of course, no chance was afforded the composer for precisely such another as "Thanks be to God." Only but for it, "Be not afraid," with its jubilant opening strains, and its well-contrasted minor episode, "Though thousands languish and fall beside thee," might be classed with any modern chorus and bear away the palm; while "Woe to him, he shall perish"—fitting period to the wonderfully dramatic scene in which Jezebel urges on the already exasperated multitude to destroy Elijah—would, as, of its order, it does, in fact, stand quite alone. In grandeur and exquisite tunefulness "He watching over Israel," peroration to the unaccompanied trio of angels, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," may pair off with "Blessed are the men" (Part I.), and worthy to consort with either or both is "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved"—one of the chastest and most consummate examples of vocal part-writing in existence. Of "Behold! God the Lord passed by," with the mighty wind, the earthquake, the fire, and the "still small voice," in which last "Onward came the Lord," a poem of itself, with beginning, middle, and end, not one word need be added to what has been said over and over again—that it is one of the most striking, picturesque, and original among the choruses from the same pen to which those epithets most characteristically apply. The glorious "Sanctus" ("Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord—the Lord of Sabaoth"), in which the harmonies reaches, without apparent effort, the sublime, and the splendid choral description of Elijah's departure in a fiery chariot with fiery horses ("Then did Elijah the prophet break forth like a fire), complete the noble series of choruses which belong to the oratorio in its genuine character of a sacred biblical drama; all that follows, up to the concluding chorus, "And then shall your light break forth, though comparatively of equal value, is reflective and didactic. Many think that *Elijah* should have ended with the translation of the Prophet, just as *Messiah* should end with "Hallelujah;" but it is more than probable that Mendelssohn, like his illustrious predecessor, knew very well what he intended, and composed the last few pieces, solo and choral (including, by the way, the beautiful tenor air, "Then shall the righteous shine forth"), simply because he thought his oratorio would not be complete without them.

What has been said about the execution of the choruses in Part I. may with as strict justice apply to Part II. The Birmingham principal singers—not for the first time when engaged on the same task of love, for when they are dealing with *Elijah* it is nothing less—covered themselves with glory; and those who are in the habit of listening frequently to choral performances of the same kind in London and near about London are likely to be the very foremost in recognising this net to be disputed fact. With regard to the solo singers it will suffice to enumerate them by name. The chief soprano in Part I. was Madame Leumens-Sherrington, in Part II. it was Mdlle. Tietjens; the chief contralto in Part I. was Madame Patey-Whytock; in Part II., Mdlle. Drasdil; the chief tenor in Part I. was Mr. Vernon Rigby; in Part II. Mr. Sims Reeves; to Mr. Santley the whole of Elijah's music was, as on previous occasions, allotted. On the whole, the contralto music excepted, the second part of the oratorio must be allowed to have had considerably the best of it. What particular pieces were undertaken by each of those well-known artists, and in what manner they were respectively sung, may be easily guessed. Criticism is happily not called for. In paying a last tribute to the choral performance of *Elijah* we have merely recorded prominence to that feature of the Birmingham Festival which, while the Birmingham Festival endures, must ever invest it with a peculiar interest—an interest, indeed, apart. *Elijah* was composed for Birmingham; and Birmingham, justly proud of it, can in no way more honourably give expression to its pride than through the medium of performances of which the one of to-day may fairly be accepted as an example. The great singers, native and foreign, from London and elsewhere, doubtless contribute no little to the general effect; but on this particular occasion, which occurs but once in three years, and has only occurred nine times in 21 years, they may be reasonably counted as lookers on, not less edified by the display of local enthusiasm (and local efficiency) than any among the audience.

Previous to the oratorio the National Anthem was sung by the chorus, in a style at once effective and impressive.

As the programme of the Festival week has already been described, it is unnecessary to refer to it again here. It will suffice to say that on no previous occasion have the Festival Committee shown a more urgent desire to sustain the reputation of Birmingham, whether for the efficient execution of acknowledged masterpieces, or for the production of novelties of interest. At the first miscellaneous concert to-night a new cantata, called *Paradise and the Peri*, by Mr. John Francis Barnett, whose *Ancient Mariner* was so successful at the Festival of 1857, occupies the whole of Part I. The oratorio for to-morrow is Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman*.

The official statement subjoined shows that the audience to-day was larger and the consequent pecuniary results more considerable, and has been known for many Festivals on a first day:—

MORNING.—"ELIJAH."

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (21s. each)	429 ...	£443 2 0
Secured seats (21s. each)	1,505 ...	1,580 5 0
Unsecured seats (10s. 6d. each)	300 ...	157 10 0
Donations and collections	— ...	823 0 3
	2,227	£3,003 17 3

This looks well for the excellent charities in aid of the funds of of which the surplus receipts over expenditure is invariably bestowed.

WEDNESDAY, *Aug.* 31.

The first of the advertised novelties was produced at the Miscellaneous Concert yesterday evening, when the Town Hall was again crowded in every part. The day, indeed, was one of the most brilliantly successful in the records of the Birmingham music meetings, more than £4,300 having been taken for the two performances. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the General Hospital, one of the most valuable institutions of its kind in the country, that the Festival may progress as it has begun.

The new cantata of Mr. John Francis Barnett occupied the entire first part of the programme. The clever young musician has treated Moore's *Paradise and the Peri* much in the same style as he has treated Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, which met with so highly favourable a reception at the meeting of 1867. His music is light, fluent, and pretty throughout, often graceful, not seldom ingenious, rather than clever, and, above all, unpretending. The melodies are, with rare exceptions, short and *ad captandum*, easy for the singers to sing and as easy for the hearers to catch as they are sung. The vocal part-writing is studiously plain and simple, with few attempts (if any, in fact) at what is understood by musicians as "strict counterpoint." This is especially noticeable in the choruses, which have all a certain character of their own, are all more or less effective, and all run on as smoothly and without impediment as though the singers were extemporizing them on the spot with the facility of practised improvisors—as fair examples of plain-sailing vocal harmony as could readily be cited. It is this straightforward easy-going which forms a prominent characteristic of Mr. Barnett's music, and will always make it popular among singers who like entertaining themselves and their friends at a comparatively small expenditure of pains. The young composer, doubtless, writes advisedly after this fashion; and as he seldom fails to hit the contemplated mark, his claim to be regarded as one thoroughly master of his means, admits of no question. If Mr. Barnett, weighing him by such works of his as are known, does not think very deeply, he, at any rate, thinks with healthy independence, for himself—which can hardly be said of some composers, who, aiming much higher, yet, like the Irish candidate at the election, "notwithstanding all they have promised, perform still less." That we find occasional unconscious reminiscences of other composers is true; but what is more immediately referred to is Mr. Barnett's general style and method of composing. In his handling of the orchestra Mr. Barnett, as has been more than once remarked, exhibits both a knowledge of the capacities of the various instruments and considerable facility in putting his experience to the test. Though not remarkable for great variety of colour, his instrumentation is always satisfactory to the ear, always "safe," it may be said, no haphazard experiments at any time imperilling its easy, natural course.

A detailed analysis of *Paradise and the Peri*, piece by piece—and in all there are no less than four-and-twenty numbers—would take up a much larger amount of space than can be devoted to the subject. Nor, happily, is it on any account imperatively called for. About the comparative merits of *Paradise and the Peri* and the *Ancient Mariner*, its predecessor, opinions seem to differ, some preferring one, some the

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other. Nevertheless, that Mr. Barnett has illustrated the fanciful poem of Moore with a success greater and more genuine than that which he was able to achieve when engaged upon the wild and imaginative metrical romance of Coleridge may, probably, in the end, be unanimously admitted. Robert Schumann, on the contrary, who also set *Paradise and the Peri* in the same form of cantata—or as he termed it, "secular oratorio"—would have been far more at home with the *Ancient Mariner*, to which his morbid temperament was peculiarly congenial. There are not a few by the way, who will be tolerably sure to maintain that the mere fact of Schumann's having already used the poem should have deterred our English composer from laying hold of it for similar purposes; but then the same objection would hold with reference to Professor Sterndale Bennett, whose "programme-overture" on the same theme is one of the most finished and beautiful of modern orchestral pieces. Mr. Barnett, however, may answer, with just pride, that there is nothing whatever in his *Paradise and the Peri* which owes its origin to one or to the other—to Schumann or to Bennett. He might also summon precedent in his defence. When Rossini composed the *Barbiere di Siviglia* the Italian libretto founded upon Beaumarchais had already been wedded to music by the famous Paesiello, whose *Barbiere* at the time was a recognised masterpiece; and this is by no means a solitary instance to the point.

If Mr. Barnett was not content with the performance of his new work, by orchestra, chorus, and "principals," and the manner in which it was received by an audience considerably more than 2,000 in number, it must be difficult to please. His solo singers were Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Signor Foli, who all did their very best, and whose zealous endeavours were rewarded with proportionate success. The applause was frequent and hearty. Three pieces were encored and repeated, a tenor air, "Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere" (Mr. Vernon Rigby), a bass air, "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence" (Signor Foli), and an unaccompanied quartet, "She wept; the sir grew pure" (by the four singers above named); while several others—among the rest an air for contralto, "Nymph of a fair but erring line" (Madame Patey), and a soprano air, "Joy, joy, for ever!" (Mdlle. Tietjens), with chorus, which brings the cantata to a termination, excited the liveliest impression. At the end the applause, in which the members of the band and chorus joined the audience, was loud and prolonged, and Mr. Barnett (who had himself directed the performance), after retiring from the platform, was unanimously called back to receive fresh tokens of general approbation.

The second part of the concert, which began with the overture to *Der Freischütz* and ended with the overture to *Zampa*, included Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto No. 1, played by Madame Arabella Goddard, and a selection of vocal pieces, contributed by Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, Signor Foli, Messrs. Cummings and Sims Reeves. The vocal selection, gathered from Mozart, Bishop, Donizetti, Costa, Ambroise Thomas, Sullivan' Benedict, Randegger, and Lemmens, though evidently to the taste of the audience, calls for no especial remark. It was nearly midnight before the concert ended.

How thoroughly successful it was may be gathered from the official statement of attendance and receipts.

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-President's seats (15s. each)	91 ...	£68 5 0
Secured seats (15s. each)...	...1,754 ...	1,315 10 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	357 ...	142 16 0
	2,202	£1,526 11 0

About the remarkably fine execution to-day of Sir Michael Costa's second and best oratorio, *Naaman*, and the cordial enthusiasm which greeted the renowned conductor both before and after the performance, we must speak to-morrow. At present it is enough to add that the solo parts were allotted to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Edith Wynne (sopranos), Madame Patey and Mdlle. Drasdil (contraltos), Messrs. Cummings and Sims Reeves (tenors), and Mr. Santley (bass)—all of whom showed their sympathy and esteem for the renowned conductor by striving their utmost to give the best possible effect to the music. How their efforts were seconded and supported by the orchestra and chorus, with whom Sir Michael Costa is so justly popular, may readily be imagined.

Subjoined is the official return of to-day's attendance and receipts:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (21s. each)	138 ...	£144 18 0
Secured seats (21s. each)	468 ...	491 8 0
Unsecured seats (10s. 6d. each)	263 ...	138 1 6
Donations and collections	... ...	143 18 3
	869	£918 5 9

Two novelties will be produced at the second miscellaneous concert to-night—an *Ode to Shakspere*, set to music by Professor R. P. Stewart, of Dublin, and an overture, entitled *Ouverture di Ballo*, by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan. The second part of the concert is entirely devoted to music, vocal and instrumental, by Beethoven. The oratorio for to-morrow is the *Messiah*; that for Friday is to be Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, the first production of which is looked forward to as the crowning event of the present Festival, for which it was expressly composed.

Among the audience to-day were observed:—The President, the Earl of Bradford; the Mayor of Birmingham and party; Lady Every, Lady Theodosia Clinton, Lady Grey de Wilton, Lady Ward and party; the Marchioness of Bristol, Sir R. N. C. Hamilton and party; Sir C. B. Adderley, M.P., the Misses Adderley, the Hon. and Rev. J. O. Bridgman, Mr. A. W. Peel, M.P., and party; Colonel Leslie, Major Willington, Captain Hartopp, Miss Theodosia Hincks and party; the Rev. F. Gooch, Mr. C. F. C. Colmore and party; Mr. C. M. Caldicott and party; Mr. W. C. Alston and party; Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring, Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Robert Heath, and party; Mrs. Gammell and party.

We have been requested to state that the name of the Countess of Bradford was inadvertently included in the list of those present at the Festival on Tuesday. Her ladyship is not at present attending public festivities.

THURSDAY, *Sept.* 1.

That the execution of *Naaman* yesterday should not in all respects have been equal to that of 1864, when the oratorio was first presented at Birmingham, is easy to understand. Enthusiasm counts for much in the first public production of a new and elaborate work, especially when that work is from the pen of one so popular, and deservedly popular, as Sir Michael Costa. Moreover, an interval of six years is enough, in a measure, to efface from the memory what at one time may have laid fast hold upon it. This, it should be stated, has reference only to the members of the chorus, who were exclusively answerable for the slight points open to question—peculiar, the orchestra, rare exceptions allowed for, being all that was desirable, while the principal singers might fairly have challenged reproach. The performance generally, indeed, was so fine, that to animadvert upon such slight discrepancies as characterized it here and there would be simply hypercritical. On this occasion the President departed from the rule he had laid down for himself on the day previous, when the oratorio was *Elijah*. The melodious and bustling trio, "Haste to Samaria, let us go," for Adah, Tirzna, and Naaman (Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Sims Reeves), in Part I., the charmingly impressive chorus, "God, who cannot be unjust," and the spirited and already famous quartet, "Honour and glory," for Adah, Tirzna, Naaman, and Elisha (Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley), were all three asked for again by Lord Bradford. In the first and second instances his Lordship's signal, from the Patron's Gallery, met with due recognition, which was not the case, however, with the third, immediately after which Mr. Sims Reeves, under the circumstances, discreetly went on with the recitative: "O, man of God." Had the audience been also permitted to exercise their judgment, a repetition of various other pieces would, doubtless, have been suggested. Among these, if we are not mistaken, would have been, "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked," a chorus built upon a theme as tuneful as any in the oratorio; the trio, "The grass doth wither and the flowers decay" (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Cummings and Santley); Adah's air, "They shall be turned back" (Miss Edith Wynne); Elisha's air, "Lament not thus" (Mr. Santley); and lastly, the dream of the child, so soothing in its tranquil beauty, "I dreamt I was in Heaven" (Madame Patey)—all gems, and all given in rare perfection. Mr. Santley, whose task in *Naaman* is one of no ordinary responsibility, has never sung the music of Elisha with greater power of voice or more admirable earnestness of expression; while in the tenor air descriptive of the battle ("Invoking death") Mr. Sims Reeves was more than ever impressive, delivering the slow movement at the end, "Yet though success has crowned the strife," when Naaman, in the midst of victory, bewails the slain, and calls upon death to relieve him, with a depth of pathos not to be surpassed. Finer singing than this, combined as it was with fervid dramatic expression, has seldom been heard. Sir Michael Costa could scarcely have been otherwise than content with such an interpretation of the most striking passages in his work. One thing is certain—*Naaman* wears well, and is likely to endure. It belongs to a class of oratorio which can show legitimate claims to popularity; and it is at the same time one of the best of its class.

That the second miscellaneous concert, last night, was again a financial success, may be gathered from the subjoined official statement:—

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	Number s'tnding.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (15s. each)	50 ...	£42 0 0
Secured seats (15s. each)	717 ...	537 15 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	458 ...	183 4 0
Total	1,231	£762 19 0

The programme was varied, interesting, and, of course, long. The first part both began with a novelty and ended with a novelty. The first novelty was an *Ode to Shakspere*, written by Mr. Henry Toole, and set to music by Professor R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., the reigning king of Irish musicians, and one thoroughly well practised in his art. An ode to the "Bard of Avon" was, one might have thought, scarcely more needed in the present day than a fresh ode to Mæcenas; but Mr. Toole was evidently of another mind, and *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—hence these strophes and antistrophes. That Mr. Toole, while apostrophizing Shakspere, could find nothing very new to say, is not to be wondered at. Here, however, is an example of his way of looking at the subject:—

> "His was the song:—'Ah more than earth divine!'
> A god-like spell is wrought by every line.
> Great Nature spread her treasures to his view,
> And Knowledge tended as each scene he drew.
> The locked-up secrets of man's wily heart
> He opened with the magic key of art;
> Showed him in naked majesty sublime,
> Upheld by virtue or debased by crime."

Ex uno disce omnes. Mr. Toole writes in this strain throughout. The music of Dr. Stewart is easier to grasp at once. It comprises seven pieces—an orchestral prelude, leading into a quartet with chorus ("Twine a wreath of deathless song"); a tenor solo, set to the words above quoted; a chorus ("Mirth and Music"); a soprano solo ("Sovereign King, I hail thee now"); a chorus which may be considered its pendent ("Hail, hail, hail! Master-spirit, hail!"); and lastly, a soprano solo, with chorus ("Glory of the sky-born quire"). These are its divisions. Though not remarkable for originality of invention, or even for sustained equality of style—Handel and Mendelssohn each apparently possessing a certain charm for Professor Stewart—there is merit, more or less, in every one of the pieces enumerated. They are all written with fluency, all well voiced, and all effectively scored for the orchestra. The second which there is little or nothing to say of them. The performance of the "Ode," directed by the composer himself, was exceedingly good. The orchestra and chorus took commendable pains, and the leading singers—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Vernon Rigby (who created a strong impression by his vigorous delivery of that part of the tenor solo commencing with the words, "Great Nature spread her treasures," &c.), and Signor Foli—left nothing to wish. The "Ode" was liberally applauded. The other overture in E flat major—the *Ouverture di Ballo*—by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, was thoroughly successful, and well merited success. As the title implies, it is an overture built upon themes in dance rhythm. The first part is modelled on what both French and German (witness Schubert) style have *donné noble*; this leads to a lengthened movement in waltz measure, and the whole ends with a peroration after the fashion of a galop. The plan looks simple enough, but Mr. Sullivan, in finding suitable and effective themes, has also known how to mould them into such shape as warrants the title of "overture" being applied to his work. Thus, the second movement, in waltz-measure, is developed in legitimate form, with subject, counter-subject, and episode, each a striking melody and easily followed through the progress of development. Slight in structure as it may seem, the *Ouverture di Ballo* will add to its composer's reputation. The instrumentation for the orchestra is bright, ingenious, and full of fancy. Nothing could be more spirited than the performance, directed by the composer himself, and nothing heartier or more unanimous than the applause that followed and was kept on until Mr. Sullivan was compelled to return to the platform and bow.

The Ode and the Overture were separated by some vocal pieces, comprising a duet from *Don Pasquale* (Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. V. Rigby, a duet from *La Gazza Ladra* (Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Patey), and the brilliant *cavatina*, "O luce di quest' anima," brilliantly executed by Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, who is winning as many admirers in Birmingham as she is accustomed to win wherever she happens to sing. The rest of the concert was devoted to a selection from the works of Beethoven, in honour of the centenary of the birth of the greatest of all musicians. The programme is subjoined:—

Overture (Egmont)...	Beethoven.
Quartet, "Il cor, o la mia fe" (Fidelio) ...	Beethoven.
Recit. and air, "Ah! perfido"	Beethoven.
Concerto, Pianoforte—in E flat	Beethoven.
Scena, "Qual furor" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Trio, "Fia grata al ciel" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Song, "Adelaide" (with pianoforte accompaniment) ...	Beethoven.
Trio, "Tremate, empi, tremate"	Beethoven.
Air, "In questa tomba oscura"	Beethoven.
Finale (Fidelio)	Beethoven.

A better selection could not well have been made; and credit is due to Sir Michael Costa, who made it, and under whose vigorous direction the splendid overture to *Egmont* was so splendidly executed by the orchestra that the whole audience insisted upon having it repeated. There was no declining in this instance, and repeated it was. The melodious quartet, in canon, from *Fidelio*, was sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, as might have been expected from such artists. In this divine piece the rugged and uncompromising Beethoven appears guileless and innocent as a child. About the pianoforte concerto the *Birmingham Daily Post* of this morning says:—

> "Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of Beethoven's fifth pianoforte concerto in E flat—the 'Emperor'—was the instrumental feature of this concert, as her playing of Mendelssohn's Munich concerto had been of Tuesday's concert. The interest it awakened was even greater than that evinced in the previous evening's selection, many of the audiences rising in their places, the better to view the fair pianist and witness the extraordinary mechanical dexterity which supplements and subserves her highly cultivated musical faculty. A finer performance of this noble work we may safely say has not been heard in Birmingham. Alike in the opening *allegro*, with its splendid octave passages for the pianoforte, and its captivating phrases for the accompanying wind instruments in the sublime *adagio un poco mosso*, in the accompaniment to which the bow instruments find such effective employment, and the concluding *rondo*, with its delicious melody and ingenious cadenzas, Madame Goddard displayed the most perfect mastery of her subject, as well in its spiritual as in its mechanical aspects. We need scarcely add that she was enthusiastically applauded on the conclusion of her task, which, in a merely physical sense, was no light one, as every musician is aware."

The manner in which the elaborate accompaniments to this concerto were played by the orchestra was worthy all praise. How Mdlle. Tietjens declaims and sings Leonora's great scene in the first act of *Fidelio* need not be described; enough that she threw her whole soul into it. The trio from the second act of the same opera was assigned to Madame Leumens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli; the earlier trio, composed in 1801, before Beethoven became the Beethoven we know, and interesting on that account as well as on account of its own merit—to the same accomplished lady, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. Mdlle. Drasdil undertook the well-known Tuscan air, which, according to Carpani, was the last of sixty-three settings of the same words, published together in a volume in 1808). In the magnificent *finale* to *Fidelio*, a fitting effective climax to the Beethoven selection, the solos were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Signor Foli, Messrs. Rigby, Cummings, Smythson, and Santley. *Finis coronet opus* might appropriately apply to this.

To-day the *Messiah* exercised its customary attraction; and on this occasion there were no unreserved seats. The subjoined official statement will show the result:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (21s. each)	383 ...	£1492 3 0
Secured seats (21s. each)...	1,942 ...	2,039 2 0
Donations and collections...	460 ...	460 1 5
	2,325	£2,991 6 5

Of the performance of the "sacred oratorio," *par excellence*, it would be wholly superfluous to speak in detail. That with such a chorus, such an orchestra, such solo singers, and such a conductor, a work so universally familiar and so universally loved would be given with all practicable excellence might have been taken for granted. The solo music was thus distributed:—*Soprano*, in first and second parts, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington; in part three, Madame Tietjens; *contralto*, in first part, Madame Drasdil; in parts two and three, Madame Patey; *tenor*, in parts one and three, Mr. Cummings; in part two (the "Passion") Mr. Sims Reeves; *bass*, in parts one and two, Signor Foli; in part three, Mr. Santley (accompanied, by the way, by Mr. T. Harper in "The trumpet shall sound"). How the choruses were sung—and especially "For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb" (to single out the noblest of them all)—need not be said.

The prominent feature of the third and last miscellaneous concert to-night is to be Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's new cantata, entitled *Nala and Damayanti*, composed expressly for this meeting. Dr. Hiller, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, and, as musical readers are aware, himself one of the most eminent of living masters, is to conduct the per-

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formance himself. To-morrow Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* in the morning, and Handel's *Samson* in the evening, will bring this almost unprecedented Festival to an end.

Among those who attended the performance of the *Messiah* to-day were observed:—

President, the Earl of Bradford and the Ladies Mabel and Florence Bridgeman, the Hon. and Rev. J. O. Bridgeman, Lady Grey de Wilton, the Mayor, of Birmingham and party, the High Sheriff of Warwickshire, Mrs. Dilke and Miss Diana, the High Sheriff of Staffordshire and party, the High Sheriff of Worcestershire and party, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord and Lady Lyttelton, Lord Leigh, and party, the Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Lord Hatherton, Lord Delamere, Lord and Lady Edward Clinton, Lord and Lady Wrottesley, and party, the Marchioness of Bristol, Lady Sandys and party, Lady Ward, Mrs. Ellicott and party, Dowager Lady Cave and party, Lady Amherst, Lord Eliott, the Bishop of Rochester, Mrs. Claughton and party, Sir J. S. Pakington, M. P., and party, Sir C. B. Adderley, M. P., and Lady Adderley, Sir T. W. Beddoijs, Sir Rainald Knightly, M. P., and Lady Knightly, Sir R. W. C. Brownrigg, Sir R. N. C. Hamilton, K. C. B., and party, Sir F. E Winnington, Bowager Lady Mordaunt and party, Lord Raglan and party, Sir H. and Lady Lambert, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Gage, the Hon. Mrs. Gregory, Lady Manners, the Hon Parker Jervis and party, Mr. C. N. Newdegate, M. P., and Miss Bonchcrette and party, Mr. C. Forster, Mr. J. Lindly, M. P., Mr. J. B. M'Lean, M. P., and party, Mr. C. H. Wise, M.P., and party. Mrs Alston and party, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Boothby, Mr. J. Dugdale and party, Miss Theodosina Hinckes and party, Mr. Robert Heath, Mrs. Heath and party; Mrs. J. Kekewich, the Rev. G. Inge, the Misses Wilmslo and party, &c.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COMPOSER AND THE WRITER OF THE SONG "DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."*

Wilhelm, born on the 5th September, 1815, at Schmalkalden, in Thuringia, received his first musical instruction from his father, who was an organist. He continued his studies in the years 1834-36 at Cassel, under Herren Baldewein and Bott, *Musicdirectoren*, and also under the celebrated old master, L. Spohr, whose amiable readiness to assist him exercised a great influence on the progress of the industrious youth. His further studies he pursued under that admirable master of pianoforte playing, Aloys Schmidt, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and studied counterpoint under Herr A. André, at Offenbach. In 1841, he settled at Crefeld, and began as a music master. His musical value was appreciated in educated circles there, and he was soon elected director of the Singacademie for mixed chorus, as well as of the concert-tafel. The latter raised itself so much under his direction, that it equalled the best associations for male singing in Germany. During his twenty-four years' residence at Crefeld, Wilhelm composed about one hundred of his most beautiful male songs; quite as many for mixed chorus; and, more especially, a chorus of male voices. We will here mention only "Frühlingszeit," "Waldlust," "Auf der Wacht," "Madchen, wenn ich von Dir ziehe," &c. But he was most inspired as a composer by patriotic words. In the year 1854, the song "Wacht am Rhein" sprang into life. In 1865, on the occasion of the Singers' Festival at Dresden, Müller von der Werre said, somewhere in his writings, that this grand patriotic effusion had not only made the round of land and sea, but was regularly established as a national song. The German nation has, in 1870, confirmed the assertion. In consequence of long and frequent illness, Wilhelm was compelled, to the great regret of his many friends, when he was only about fifty-five, to retire from the direction of the vocal association—though the step cost him a great effort. In 1865, he was induced by still more severe sickness, and a yearning for his native hills, to give up his long disinterested efforts for the Liedertafel, and return to Schmalkalden, where he at present resides. Unfortunately, the feeling of oppression caused by the death of his mother, an old lady of eighty-three, which occurred three years since, and by the newly awakened longing to revisit Crefeld, for so many years his second home, has permitted him but too rarely to indulge in fresh musical creations. He produced, however, in 1868, a magnificent chorus for male voices—"Wache auf, Deutschland" (words by Emil Ritterhaus), with the burden, "Kein Fuss weit von dem Deutschen Lande soll je Franzosisch werden" (Not a foot's breadth of German soil shall ever become French"). It is no doubt included in a collection of twelve patriotic songs for chorus of male voices, of which an edition of ten thousand copies, under the title "1870," is published by M. Schloss, Cologne, for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, and of the relatives of those who have fallen.—At present, it has been established by documentary evidence that it was Max Schneckenburger who wrote the words of "Die Wacht am Rhein." His widow, who lives at Thalheim, near Tuttlingen, Wurtemberg, possesses a letter from Schneckenburger, to whom she was then engaged, in which he enclosed her the words of the song, written at the request of some friends. Max Schneckenburger was born on the 17th February, 1819, at Thalheim, where his father was a tradesman. As far back as his fifteenth year, he exhibited his turn for poetry by writing poems, which he had printed, a step that, according to the *Schwäbischer Mercur*, he afterwards regretted often enough. His was a well-educated and very well-read man, and made a select collection of books, which are still in the possession of his widow. He died, when thirty, in 1849, at Burgdorf, near Berne, where he was established in business, and where he founded some ironworks. His eldest son is a rifleman in the Wurtemberg division of the German army.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

MARSTON ON TRAGIC ART.

In a paragraph previously published concerning the lecture on Tragic Art delivered by Dr. Westland Marston before the Society of Arts, we promised our readers some account of the views of the lecturer. This promise we are, fortunately, in a position to fulfil. We do not hesitate, accordingly, to give from the notes before us a statement of the opinions expressed. These cannot but have profound interest for our readers. The eminence of the lecturer—almost, if not quite, the solitary advocate and producer of the highest order of dramatic composition—lends to the lecture highest value, while grace of style and fervour of diction enhance it with all possible beauty. Dr. Marston commenced with an assertion which he thought would not be denied —that at no previous period of England has so much apathy, or even distaste, as we now witness prevailed towards a form of art once supposed to tax the highest powers of genius, and be the delight of the finest and most refined pleasures. At present pleasure and any kind of spiritual emotion appear to be incompatible terms. Those scenes of physical distress, those crises of bodily peril artificially contrived, and hair-breadth escapes miraculously provided, so far from being akin to tragedy, which paints the conflict of the passions of the soul, are absolutely opposed to it. When in a play an actor swings from a tree into a chasm to save a young lady from peril, the piece runs for months, and it may be years. Against this success Dr. Marston opposed the fact that the tragedy of *Ion of Airlie*, in which one of the finest plays of modern times, supremely acted by Mr. Vezin. This piece, rich as it was in beauty, story, and action, was withdrawn ere the lecturer had opportunity of paying it a second visit.

Some of the decline of interest in tragedy Dr. Marston found in the taste for realism;—the love for the photographic reproduction of the manners and appearances of human life at the expense of its essentials. A second he traced to the level and characterless manners of modern civilization, the monotonous and inexpressive tone of society. A diminution of fortitude, or by a natural but regretable process developed until the government of emotion which is a virtue, has degenerated into the suppression of emotion, which is an evil. Hardness, reticence, and indifference, such as are shown in manners act gradually upon the mind and heart, and the same cause accepted as the law of taste to display feeling, the result is not surprising that it is thought bad taste to feel. "Thus," continued the lecturer, "enthusiasm, imagination, faith in the ideals of beauty and goodness—the all, in a word, on which the poetry of art mainly subsists, fail to be appreciated: for men soon cease to believe in what they seldom experience, and the power of mental perception grows narrow with the narrowness of sympathy. If, by a process common in society, the practices of the higher classes are imitated by those beneath them, it may come to be generally considered our chief distinction to be free from everything that is elevating and our crowning proof of superiority that we have suppressed every quality that could make us superior."

That tragic art may be real, may be occupied with details of every-day life, Dr. Marston will concede, but he asserts that it is not the main business of tragic art that it should be real. It may be idealized, taken to some measure of external things, but it is not bounded by them. It uses them as exponents; it does not acknowledge them as limitations. These views were illustrated by a reference to Macbeth. In real life Macbeth would not have had the imaginative faculty to express his terror and remorse in the language which Shakspere has given him, and such power as he possessed would probably have failed him while under the influence of the passions by which he was swayed. Even though he saw the air-drawn dagger, its presence would most likely, in real life, be indicated by some brief ejaculation, or, more probably still, a shudder or a convulsive motion of the hand, to shut out the vision would be the only sign of his beholding it. A lover in real life, moreover, looking on the body, apparently dead, of his mistress, may feel the grief of Romeo, but will find his sorrow probably stifle his utterance, and will not vent his grief in the phrase of imaginative beauty. Shall we, then, the lecturer asks, say that the poet has failed in truth because he has endowed his characters with power of utterance which in actual life they could never have possessed? Shall we not rather say that by doing this he has shown his best title to our admiration? For it should be observed, that it is the imperfection, not the fulness, of our faculties which prevents the adequate and noble expression of our feelings in real life. Whether the hindrances to such expression arise from the want of imaginative power in most men or from the suspension of that power in the crisis of passion, the hindrances are in either case proofs of a want of inability. It is this want which the poet supplies, this inability which he overcomes. His makes men speak as they would if they

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had his own capacities. He draws the lightning from the charged cloud and shows us the fire with which the darkness is pregnant. He is the true Orpheus who appeals to the dumb petrifications of grief, and makes them living and vocal. And he compensates us a thousand times for overpassing the reality of visible life by disclosing to us the life which is invisible—the reality of the soul. It would not, Dr. Marston continues, be rash to affirm that wherever tragedy in its noblest form exists, it sounds not only the depths of our nature, but discloses directly or indirectly, its connection with the supernatural and touches it with the mystery of a life yet higher than its own. In the classical drama, where the gods are the direct dispensers of fate, this is, of course, conspicuous. In the sufferings of Prometheus or Orestes we have brought before us the enigma of our brief life—the self-sacrifice of Virtue and Genius, the futility of human wisdom, the moral deceptions even of conscience, and through the cloud of the mystery we hear the awful voices of the gods who decree but do not explain; and who, with larger vision than ours, work out the purification of our nature by processes that often baffle human reason, and controvert the very instincts of human justice. Then follows in the lecture a parallel between the period of the Greek drama and the youth of man which, though eminently beautiful, we are obliged to emit. Passing over all stages that intervene, the lecturer goes to the romantic drama, and shows that the scene of the supernatural and of the relation of man to a controlling power still prevail. Without pointing to tragedies in which supernatural agencies are so directly personified as in *Macbeth*, Dr. Marston traces the influence by its indirect workings as in *Hamlet*. In this play it seems that the problem of human life and its relation to an inviolable fate are throughout suggested.

After an analysis of the play, for which, as for many noble passages of the lecturer, we have no space, Dr. Marston continues: "The entire play, I think, reads in some respects like a remonstrance with destiny." *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello* are then shown to exhibit similar lessons, and the lecturer passes on to protest against the idea of poetical justice or systematically squaring the rewards and penalties of man's condition with his deserts. This notion of illustrating the actions of Providence seems more melancholy than the mystery which hides Providence altogether. We are conscious all the time that pleasure and pain are not in real life so adjusted; that it is the spotless victim which fate calls to the altar, and that the blemished life often escapes all penalties, except those which it causes in itself. In some eloquent passages, which are the very moral and centre of the lecture, Dr. Marston shows how noble is the teaching which, dispensing with all idea of poetical justice, deepens the pathos of true tragedy, broadens our sympathies with humanity, and shows us something to admire and appreciate in the life most wasted or furthest diverted from the right track. In conclusion, Dr. Marston dwelt upon the moral element of self-sacrifice in tragedy. After alluding to Cordelia, Desdemona, Imogen, Viola, and Portia, Dr. Marston showed how nobly this lesson was taught in the fate of Thekla, in Schiller's tragedy of *The Death of Wallenstein*, referring with high praise to the reading recently given by Miss Nelson. Following this came an examination of Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Marion Delorme*, in which the same noble and pathetic teaching is not less eloquently expounded.

In conclusion, Dr. Marston said, "Very imperfectly, as I too well know, but still earnestly, I have tried in these scattered remarks to indicate something of the nature and use of tragedy, and to point out directly from the soul which ennobles all things that its very strife has beauty, its wail has music—poetry so connected with our deepest sympathies and hopes, so touched with high griefs which border upon delight that he who has no taste for its noble sorrow must also, I fear, be insensible to the best kind of human joy." With no added comment, we leave these eloquent words to sink into the minds of our readers. Could a knowledge of them be but generally diffused our hopes for an amendment in things dramatic would once more be sanguine. K.

HANOVER.—Herr von Bronsart, the Intendant of the Theatre Royal, has enlisted in the German army as a volunteer.

HOHENELBE.—Despite the feeling of general anxiety now prevalent, a Beethoven Festival was lately celebrated here. The whole place was gaily dressed out with flags and banners in honour of the event, and deputations were present from all the neighbouring towns.

BRUNSWICK.—Mad. Franzeska Cornet died here recently. She enjoyed a very high reputation in Germany, but more especially in Hamburgh, as a teacher of singing. She was the daughter of Herr Kiel, a member of the opera at Cassel, and was indebted to him for an unusually good musical education. At an early age, she married Herr Cornet, a tenor, who took her, in 1821, to Hamburgh, where she made her first appearance in the opera of *Surgino*. When her husband entered on the management of the Hamburgh Theatre, she became permanently attached to the company. In 1847, on her husband's giving up management, Mad. Cornet retired from the stage, and devoted herself exclusively to teaching singing. A great many now celebrated German vocal artists were her pupils. Mad. Cornet could not boast of a particularly fine or strong voice, but she turned her natural powers to the best possible account, and made up by consummate skill for what she wanted in power. Like her husband, she possessed more than ordinary histrionic talent.

SIMLA (INDIA).

(*From the "Pioneer," July* 11.)

On the 6th July the lovers of harmony were regaled at the Assembly Rooms with another concert—Mr. Cockburn's, given under the patronage of their Excellencies the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief. This concert was previously announced for the 27th ultimo, but Herr Mack having applied to Mr. Cockburn (who is the lessee of the Assembly Rooms) for the rooms for his concert on that date, Mr. Cockburn very considerately yielded the point, and postponed his own till last night, which was quite as great a success as the preceding one. Mr. Cockburn was valuably assisted by several talented lady and gentleman amateurs. One of the gems of the evening was the duet, "Mira la bianca luna," sung (and encored) by Mrs. C——n and Major Burne. This gentleman's song, "My Queen," was equally effective. The concerted pieces from *Maanniello* and *Perfida Clori* were excellently well rendered by Colonel Campbell (violoncello), Mr. Beatty (flute), and Mr. Cockburn (piano). Mr. Beatty, his first appearance on the Simla boards, quite astonished and delighted the audience with the exquisite execution he displayed on the flute. "The Bine Bells of Scotland," with most elaborate and difficult variations, quite absorbed the audience, and at every pause the performer was greeted with a loud and appreciative applause. Mr. Cockburn's solo on the piano, Thalberg's "Last Rose of Summer," was excellently performed, and his very artiste and clever execution of the solo, "Home, sweet Home," transcribed for the left hand only, was considered another of the evening's gems. Mr. Cockburn, in our opinion, has considerably improved since his last visit to England, and there are very few professionals in India superior to him in execution. If Mr. Cockburn happened to be Herr Cockburn, or Monsieur Cobairne, or Signor Cockburni, or Mynheer Cockburnum, instead of plain Mister Cockburn, he would—for a ducat—be infinitely more appreciated. We must not omit Mr. McLeod's song, "The Stirrup Cup," which was very well sung. His Italian duet with Mr. Cockburn was equally good.

FUNERAL OF MR. ROBERT KANZOW BOWLEY.

The remains of this gentleman, late General Manager of the Crystal Palace, and Treasurer to the Sacred Harmonic Society, were interred on Wednesday last, 31st August, at the Norwood Cemetery, at 12 o'clock. Soon after 11 o'clock the *cortège* started from the residence of deceased, "Rockhills," Sydenham, and consisted of the hearse, drawn by four horses, and four mourning coaches and pairs of horses, each containing the following relations and friends:—

1st carriage: Masters R. and W. Bowley, sons; Messrs. J. Taylor, T. Brewer, and C. Dutton. 2nd carriage: Messrs. J. R. Dutton, C. Stewart, and Bicknell, also Dr. Read. 3rd carriage: Messrs. Price, Grove, Wilkinson, and Husk. 4th carriage: Messrs. Black, R. Taylor, Moore, and Jeffrey.

The outer coffin was of polished wood, and bore a shield, with the following engraved upon it:—

ROBERT KANZOW BOWLEY,
DIED, 25TH AUGUST, 1870, AGED 57 YEARS.

At the cemetery gates the *cortège* was joined by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and the members of the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, also a large number of the *employés* from the Palace, who wished to testify their respect for the departed. Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, Mr. E. T. Smith, and several of the Directors of the Crystal Palace, sent, as a mark of their respect, their carriages to follow.

A little incident we noticed was, Mr. Surmon,* the promoter of the original Sacred Harmonic Society, struggling through the assembly at the door of the chapel, to get near the remains of his old associate. The gentleman in charge of the funeral, observing his distressed state of mind, assisted him through the crowd, and kindly placed a chair for him at the head of the coffin.

Messrs. Garstin, of Welbeck Street, had the management of the Funeral.

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* There existed a misunderstanding between Mr. Surmon and the late Mr. Bowley, resulting in the separation of the two societies, and Sir Michael Costa establishing the present very successful administration.

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DEATH.

On the 25th ult., Mr. Robert Kanbow Bowley, General Manager of the Crywal Palace and Treasurer of the Sacred Harmonic Society—aged 67.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the covert opposition of many, the openly avowed dissent of others, and the lukewarmness of some from whom better things might have been expected, the one hundred and forty-seventh Festival of the Three Choirs was duly celebrated last week. We have given full reports in other columns of the various proceedings, and in this place are only concerned with the question whether it is desirable to keep up the meeting of the Three Choirs, a question much discussed, and upon which nothing approaching unanimity prevails. As to the aim and object of the Festival, there is happily no difference of sentiment. The riches of the Church may afford matter for the Liberation Society to prate about before ill-informed audiences, but this is the merest clap-trap. If the revenues of the Church were doled out equally the income of the clergy would fall short of £300 per annum. If equality were to become the order of the day the result would be a dead level of dull mediocrity. No profession in the world could do otherwise than stagnate under such a system; and we only advert to it to show how untenable is the position that the clergy may be left to take care of themselves, and make what provision they please for their families. We all know that a clergyman's paper income does not represent his real income; there are outgoings of all sorts, besides the innumerable claims upon his purse for subscriptions and charities. Considering the class of men, their educational and social status, the influence they exercise, the amount of work of all kinds required of them, and their charitable disbursements, it must be admitted that the Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester Clerical Charity is deserving of liberal and general support. No doubt the clergy themselves ought to do more in this behalf. In his recent charge the Bishop of Hereford not only pleaded eloquently for the widows and orphans, but remarked upon the paucity of both clerical and lay support. This ought not so to be. Perhaps the clergy may feel diffident in bringing this question before their parishioners, but a duty ought not to be shirked because it is painful. The clergy can scarcely expect the laity to be enthusiastic, and forward to contribute, if they are backward and indifferent.

But when we come to consider the Festival question proper, there arises divergence and disunion. Let us see what common ground we can all take even here. We suppose no one would be rash enough to assert that a concert *is* an improper method by which to raise funds for the support of the widows and orphans of the clergy, when almost weekly such entertainments are specially given in aid of restoring churches, building schools, and other kindred objects. We can all of us, therefore, vote for the concerts. The ball again is a mere appendage, got up for the amusement of those who have attended the Festival, which is concluded before dancing commences. We do not know whether the ball itself is a profit or otherwise to the Festival Committee; if there be any profit so much the better, while nobody is any the worse. The Cathedral service is not now suspended, and the offertories are devoted to the Charity. Surely this is as it should be. We have now arrived at the question—Is it right to turn a Cathedral into a concert-room, with its orchestra, differently priced seats, paid performances, ticket collectors, &c.? Let us look steadily at the question. Cathedrals and parish churches are public buildings, built and maintained for public purposes. So are theatres and concert-halls. They have this characteristic therefore in common. But when we come to the purpose of the gathering together in a cathedral and a theatre the similarity ends. The sacred building is consecrated to edification, the secular to amusement. Is the performance of an oratorio edifying? We unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. It is simply a highly developed musical service, bringing before the mind in a continuous and connected narrative the most stirring lives and scenes in Holy Writ. If music be the handmaid of religion, and if musical services are in themselves desirable, then the objectors to the performance of oratorios in our cathedrals are out of court so far. An orchestra is a necessary adjunct, and must stand or fall with choir stalls and organ lofts. But you must pay for admission, and the prices vary according to the position of the seats. It is not so long since pew rents were the rule in nearly all our town churches, and in more than one Hereford church the pew trade still prevails, the price varying according to the *locale* of the seat. Where is the difference? But let this pass. Holding the pew hiring system to be indefensible, we shall not attempt to maintain that two blacks make a white. The position we take up is this—that the sale of tickets partakes of the nature of a subscription towards the Festival expenses, each person thus contributing according to his means, and in return securing the privilege of certain accommodation in the Cathedral, to the exclusion of others who have not so contributed. Every parishioner is entitled to a seat at common law in his parish church. Suppose a church barely sufficient for the number of parishioners attending, the churchwardens must be bound to see all these seated, and to exclude all strangers that are non-parishioners. Because at common law every parishioner is supposed to contribute towards the church expenses, therefore the corresponding right. The Cathedral is the mother church of the whole diocese; all those who attend the celebration of the oratorios have contributed towards the expenses; therefore all these have a right to attend. The different priced tickets is a rough kind of assessment according to means, on the same principle as the old Church-rate assessment, by which each parishioner contributed according to the amount of property he had within the parochial limits. The paid performer-objection is the weakest that can be conceived, for the same may be said of bishops, deans, canons, the parochial clergy, organists, choirs, and clerks. We submit, therefore, that we have fairly met and fully disposed of the various objections urged. We know, indeed, that special objection has been taken to the *evening* performance of an oratorio. But, surely, what is right and proper at eleven o'clock in the morning cannot be wrong at eight o'clock in the evening, and we are bold to say that the bearing and demeanour of the audience on Tuesday will not suffer by comparison with that of the ordinary Sunday evening congregation, whilst the oratorio was more impressive and instructive than many of the sermons delivered from the Cathedral pulpit.

Warsaw.—Herr C. Carlberg, who was summoned, by telegraph, to take the post vacant by the death of Herr J. Strauss, has proved himself worthy of the confidence put in him by the members of the band, and become exceedingly popular.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It must be a matter of satisfaction to the stewards and patrons of the Hereford meeting, and indeed the whole diocese of Hereford, that whilst a puritanical notion of the sanctity of Cathedral churches has of late years appeared to threaten an interference with the continuing of the Festivals at Gloucester and Worcester, there has not been at Hereford the faintest notion of interrupting a practice which antiquity has almost made an institution. To this circumstance—to the feeling of anxiety for success which pervades the whole diocese—more than to any other, it is probably attributable that in the essential element of amounts contributed to the charity which the Festivals instituted, and have always continued to feed, Hereford stands first. The cloud which has overhung the Gloucester Festivals on two recent occasions by the withholding of that support which is expected from the ecclesiastical heads of the diocese, is likely to cast a smaller shadow in the future than it has done in the past. The storm which at one time threatened the Worcester Festivals, brewed out of the eccentric notions of a nobleman whom no one would have charged with immoderate consideration for the sanctity of churches, has ended in the serenest calm. All seems to augur renewed life and vigour to the Three-Choir Festivals, and under these happy circumstances the meeting at Hereford took place.

We find that since the 1867 Festival in Hereford death has removed the reverend divine who then ruled over the diocese. Bishop Hampden, whose aid and countenance was always given to these meetings, died on the 23rd of April, 1868, and was succeeded by the present respected Diocesan. Canons Huntingford and Evans are also numbered with the departed, and their places have been filled by Archdeacon Waring and Dr. Jebb. Beyond this things are much as they were, except, perhaps, we ought to mention, as specially applicable at this moment, that the preliminary skirmishes in what at one time threatened to be a war between the two Cathedral Corporations as to the musical services in the mother church, took place a few months since, resulting, as battles generally do, in the all but ruin of some unoffending men. A truce which was arranged between the contending parties has not yet expired; when it has, it is to be hoped that a peace will be concluded and satisfactory arrangements made for the due performance of Divine service by men whose minds are not affected by any element of strife. Ninety-nine years ago there were only two Stewards of the Festival; this number has gone on gradually increasing until in 1867 there were as many as sixty-one gentlemen connected with the county, who divided between them the duties and responsibilities of their office. This year the number is sixty-two.

The 147th Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, has taken its place in history; and the records of its leading features prove that the dignity of the institution has not been compromised. Musically, it has been uniformly successful, but the earlier days seemed to suggest grave apprehensions that the financial results would not show an improvement. In 1867 the first oratorio attracted an audience of 651; in 1870 the attendance was 847; the attendance in the evening in 1867 was 275; this year it was 923; and yet, whilst in 1867 the first day produced £188 2s. 7d. to the charity, in 1870 Tuesday gave to the same purpose only £153 13s. 4d. So that, as against £188 2s. 7d., contributed by 926 visitors in 1867, there was a subscription of £35 less in 1870 by a total number of 1,768. In other words, with an increase in number of nearly 80 per cent., there was a decrease in amount of 20 per cent. The returns of the second day are less startling; but they are in the same direction, considered from a purely financial point of view. In 1867 the Wednesday morning attendance was 1,564; the evening was 723. In 1870 the numbers were respectively 1,260 and 383. We have thus a decreased attendance on the second day, as compared with the last Festival; and we have also a decreased subscription, the respective amounts having been £153 13s. 4d. in 1867, and £151 10s. 7d. in 1870. The attendance at the Cathedral on Thursday was not so large as on the previous day, and the amount collected showed a still more lamentable falling off. The numbers present on the Thursday morning in 1867 were 1,812; in 1870 there were only 886. The amount collected was in the former year £278; in the latter it was £95 19s. 2d. Up to this point, it must be admitted, there has been abundant ground for discouragement. Some other aspects of the meeting have been of a most gratifying character. There has been a unanimity among the ecclesiastical authorities of the city, which we regard with great satisfaction. It is not unworthy of observation, moreover, that the local clergy attended in great numbers. On the whole, the deportment of the congregation assembled in the Cathedral was marked by exemplary decorum, and though the presence of Royalty naturally had the effect of creating a great deal of curiosity, we have no acts of rudeness to censure.

Going back a century, as nearly as the triennial distribution of time will allow—that is, to the year 1771, we find that three days of the Hereford Festival week were devoted to the objects of the charity. But Handel's "Coronation Anthem" was performed twice. The *Messiah* had already become the main attraction. There was a ball each evening which was so directly connected with the Festival that only those who had concert tickets were admitted to it. One fact may be cited as an indication that the musical attractions provided were not of a purely conventional, still less of a provincial character; the oratorio of *Esther* had a conspicuous place in the programme. Advertizers of that era were instructed to announce that "the performers were desired to be in town on Sunday evening, in order to rehearse on Monday, the 26th in the morning, and to dine with the Stewards at the Maidenhead Inn the day following." The stewards were then two in number; but even as at this day Lord Bateman was at the head of them. As part of the arrangements of the meeting, an "ordinary" was appointd for the Wednesday at the Green Dragon, and for Thursday at the Swan and Falcon. To one proof of the advancement of the public in matters of musical taste and general enlightenment we may point with some interest. The *Hereford Journal* in 1771 did not think it any part of its duty to publish so much as one line of musical criticism in its very brief record (extending to not more than half-a-dozen lines) of an event which even then was regarded as one of prime social and professional interest.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(*By Electric Telegraph.*)

Birmingham, Friday, 3.30. p.m.

Mr. Benedict's *Saint Peter* just over. Immense success. Hall crowded; audience enthusiastic; magnificent performance of a magnificent work. Ovation for composer.

Bonn.—Herr Wagner (no connection with Herr R. Wagner) has just completed a zinc bust of Beethoven. It is about four German feet high, and will be bronzed over. It is intended as a present from the Bonn Association of Male Voices to the Beethoven Hall.—In consequence of the war, the Beethoven Festival is definitively postponed.

A Sra. Carlotta Patti.

(*From the Rio Janeiro "Journal of Commerce."*)

Qualquer, que ouvir da Patti o bello canto,
Ha de crer que nao mais está na terra,
Pois, muito acima da mais alta serra,
Sentir-se-ha cheio de prazer e espanto.

E tal ha de ser nelle o novo encanto
Que exclame: Ou muito em seus juizos erra
Minh'alma, ou já lá vai do mundo a guerra,
E um anjo eu ouço já do reino santo.

Nao é passaro em ramo, que suaves
Melodias no ar soltando esteja;
Nao, com trindos taes nao cantao aves.

A doce enlevo e admiraçao entregue,
Somente quem cantar e ouvir a veja
Póde crer que mulher a tanto chegue.

Dr. L. V. De-Simoni.

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BIRMINGHAM, *Aug.* 29.

There has never yet been wanting in this world a set of persons, duly qualified, in their own estimation, at least, to utter predictions on any and every subject, from the result of a horse race to the fate of a nation; and, during a somewhat lengthened experience of musical festivals, I have usually found an ample supply of prophets, who, according to their lights, have prognosticated favourably or the reverse as to the success of these meetings. It has not been uncommon for their vaticinations to prove false; hence I give but little heed to those who creak about the effects of the war, "singers who won't sing, and composers who decline to compose," but prefer to wait patiently until the end of the week, when the official figures will show clearly who is right and who wrong. When I came here for the Festival of 1867 I was told that it was certain to be (pecuniarily) one of the worst ever known; the depression of trade consequent upon the financial panic and crisis of the preceding year, the failures of local banks, the losses people had sustained through the sudden collapse of companies, &c., &c., all conspiring to give some sort of colouring to such dismal forebodings, which happily turned out to be unfounded, as the meeting in question was, without exception, the best on record, resulting in a neat amount of £6,541 handed over to the funds of the General Hospital —the largest sum ever realised since the first establishment of the Festivals in the year 1768. But, apart from generalities, a town like Birmingham, whose well-deserved motto is "Forward," should be the last to throw doubt upon the issue of the triennial gatherings, which have had such undying lustre conferred upon them by the honour of producing the greatest oratorio of modern, or indeed of any times, while the perfection of the performances ever since Sir Michael Costa became the conductor, has raised the character of these meetings from a mere local and provincial celebrity to a renown extending not only over the United Kingdom but throughout the Continent of Europe. Nor is it music alone that has made progress in this busy town; the sister-art of painting is diligently cultivated, and an admirable Exhibition, both of oils and water-colours, is held here twice annually, while the local school is largely attended by students who have the advantage of studying under Calvert, a master. David Cox was, if not a Birmingham man, at least born somewhere close in the neighbourhood, while other artists from the district are gradually making both fame and profit in the London market. One of the finest collections of painting by modern artists is in the possession of Joseph Gillott (of steel-pen celebrity), and one of the largest picture auctions ever held at Christie & Manson's was in May last, when more than £43,000 was realized by the sale of the collection of a gentleman who for 40 years had been amassing his art treasures within a few miles of this smoky place. Sir Francis Grant, President of our Royal Academy, is also President of the Local Society of Arts, and the late Charles Dickens was President of the Institute which has long flourished here.

The Press, too, is represented with considerable spirit; two daily papers, four weeklies (including an Illustrated News), and a presumable facetious monthly, called the *Town Crier* (whose jokes and allusions being mostly of a local and personal character would fall flat elsewhere), attest the literary activity of what has been called the toy-shop of Europe, on the "hens a nest builds" principle, as the company supplies the greater part of those delights of childhood. Nor are solid and substantial signs of advancing wealth and prosperity wanting, if one may judge by the improvements which have taken place within the last few years; handsome banks, imposing public buildings, shops to which would be a credit to the best of our London thoroughfares carriages and horses that might well pass muster in Hyde Park during the height of the season, and a general well-to-do look both about places and people which should augur favourably for the success of any undertaking to which Birmingham may give its mind.

Having re recently presented an outline of the Festival programme, it is needless now to recapitulate what is to be done this week, as it will be all faithfully recorded in proper order. There is, however, one source of congratulation which must not be passed over un-noticed, and that is, that although it was pretty confidently stated at the close of the last Festival that the name of Costa would no more appear as conductor, the fact is otherwise, while, at the same time, his latest and best work, *Naaman*, constitutes one of the morning performances. Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with other members of the Royal Family, give the patronage of their names; the Earl of Bradford is president (and potentate of encores) with more than one hundred vice-presidents, comprising Dukes, Earls, Marquises, Lords, Honourables, and Baronets, in number sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the most radical and democratic of title worshippers. The principal vocalists are Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, sopranos; Madame Patey and Mdlle. Drasdil, contraltos; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Vernon Rigby, and W. H. Cummings, tenors; Mr. Santley and Signor Foli, basses; Madame Arabella Goddard is solo pianist; M. Sainton, solo violinist; Mr. Stimpson (as usual) presiding at the organ. The preponderance of native talent in this powerful array of artists will not fail to be noticed, while of those who bear foreign appellations we may almost claim one half, Mdlle. Tietjens and M. Sainton, having been long enough in this country to become naturalized subjects, and Signor Foli, an Italian in name only. The orchestra, numbering 138 Instrumentalists, comprises 28 first violins, headed by M. Sainton; 26 seconds, with Mr. Willy for principal; 18 violas, Mr. Doyle principal; 17 violoncellos, Mr. Edward Howell being in the first place, his father heading the double basses; of the 4 flutes, 4 oboes, 4 clarionets, and 4 bassoons, Messrs. Radcliff, Harvey Lazarus, and Hutchings, are the respective heads, while the brothers T. and C. Harper are (as of prescriptive right), first trumpet and horn. The chorus consists of 96 sopranos, 36 contraltos, 57 altos, 88 tenors, and 87 basses, making up, with the band, a total of little more than 500 executants, all thoroughly efficient. Since the last Festival death has carried off no less than five well-known performers, all more or less eminent and highly respected by the profession and the public. Poor Weiss (whose manly form and genial presence are much missed); George Collins, who succeeded Charles Lucas as first violoncello; Robert Pratten, so long first flute; Trust, equally useful as tenor or harp player; and the veteran Chipp, so many years associated with the big drums.

The novelties to be produced at this Festival should prove unanecessful, it certainly will not be the fault of band, chorus, or principals, who have been assiduously engaged at rehearsal from half-past nine o'clock this morning until nearly five, allowance being made for half an hour's interval. The works gone through have been Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, Professor Bennett's *Ode to Shakspere*, and Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, each being conducted by its composer. This evening, Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri*, with sundry other matters, will be rehearsed, so that, altogether, the first day's work will have been none of the lightest for all concerned. Criticism on rehearsals is entirely out of place, but it is no breach of etiquette to say that, from the time occupied by the abovementioned productions, it is very clear that the performances will be of even more than the usual inordinate length, which is so constantly a recurring fault at most (if not at all) Festivals.

TUESDAY, *Aug.* 30.

To-day the Festival has begun in earnest, and the croakers are put to shame, as all question as to the result has been most effectually settled by the number of tickets disposed of. Birmingham has long been noted for entertaining what are called advanced views on many subjects. Her politics are liberal, or, perhaps, one should rather say radical, in the extreme, as is fully attested by the statue to Thomas Attwood, which first meets the gaze of the traveller arriving at the New Street Station, and the fact of Mr. John Bright, Mr. Munts, and Mr. Dixon, representing the town in Parliament. Birmingham has also a "currency" theory which has, at times, excited much debate among those interested in finance, and in many other ways will add to the fore. It is therefore not surprising that those who advocate the ballot for the representation of the people at large, should adopt the system for the distribution of tickets at their Festivals, and one would imagine that a plan at once so fair and equitable should be satisfactory to all those who agree to abide by it. Unfortunately, however, human nature is after all but fallible, and those who have paid their guineas for reserved seats and find that the glorious personal indifference of the ballot has relegated them to dark corners close under the orchestra, or to some obscure spot beneath the great gallery, where they can neither see nor be seen, and where the glories of costumes, marvels of the milliner's art, are completely hidden from mortal gaze, exercise the Briton's birthright privilege of grumbling in no measured terms, and roundly objurgating the innocent cause of their distress. But, inasmuch as to almost every grade of misery, however low, there may yet be discovered a lower, what is likely to be the state of feeling of those who find that even the inconvenient spots already alluded to are denied them? Well, such is the case with a large number whose anticipations of hearing the *Messiah* on Thursday are ruthlessly destroyed, the applications for places for that day being far in excess of the space at the disposal of the Committee, and as a natural consequence many will be woefully disappointed. The following notice which appeared in the programme might, to some extent, have prepared the minds of those who were looking for unsecured places:—

"SPECIAL NOTICE APPLICABLE TO THE THURSDAY MORNING PERFORMANCE.—*Messiah.*—In the event of applications for guinea tickets, at the time of the ballot, being of sufficient number to justify the Committee in appropriating the whole of the seats in the Hall at a guinea each, the Committee do not pledge themselves to issue any unsecured tickets at half a guinea each."

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As it is the whole of the room which is calculated to "seat 2,000 persons of such form and dimensions as shall be agreed" (this, I am told, is the wording of the agreement to build the Town Hall) will be filled with guinea places, and if it could only have been constructed on the principle of somebody's expanding portmanteau, this number would doubtless be augmented by at least another 500, the popularity of the *Messiah* continuing to increase with each year of its existence. I have heard that some of those who are thus haplessly excluded hint at unfairness and partiality, but such ridiculous and unfounded charges are best answered by the simple circumstance (worth a world of argument) that the chairman of the balloting committee, together with a large party of his own personal friends, are amongst the many shut out from the Thursday morning's performance.

With his accustomed scrupulous punctuality Sir Michael Costa uplifted his *bâton* at half-past eleven o'clock this morning, and the National Anthem was led off by the whole body of sopranos, afterwards joined by the entire orchestra. Then, after a slight pause, Mr. Santley commenced the prophetic recitative, "As God, the Lord of Israel, liveth," which opens the oratorio of *Elijah*, in the grave and dignified manner so well suited to the subject. The custom which first obtained and continued for some little time after the work was originally produced—dividing the part of Elijah between two voices—is happily numbered with things of the past, and the same singer now always sustains the *rôle* of the Prophet throughout. Although at times lying almost too low for his voice, there is no artist before the public more thoroughly capable of doing justice to the music which Mendelssohn has put into the mouth of the Prophet than Mr. Santley, who has seldom if ever sung more finely than upon this occasion. The soprano part in the first division of the oratorio fell to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, whose capability is as widely known as it is fully appreciated, her singing in the part of the widow and the youth being as effective as usual.

In the second part Mdlle. Tietjens' grand voice and no less grand method of using it exercised their accustomed sway in the superb admonition, "Hear ye, Israel," and the no less telling "Sanctus," in which Mrs. Sutton (a Birmingham soprano, whose local fame would seem to be well deserved), Madame Patey and Mdlle. Drasdil also joined their voices. The progress Madame Patey has made during the three years which have elapsed since the last festival was amply justified, that was then said of her, and further time and experience will yet ensure still greater advancement and more complete development of one of the most sympathetic and lovely contralto voices ever heard. A similar observation would also apply to Mdlle. Drasdil, who, as she gradually conquers the nervousness incidental to so trying an ordeal as a first appearance at a Birmingham Festival, shows powers of no mean order, her singing of the tender and touching air, "O rest in the Lord," being as remarkable for its unobtrusive simplicity as her fierce declamation in the part of Jezebel was commendable for its dramatic fire. That Madame Sainton-Dolby has finally retired from the profession of which she was so long a distinguished ornament, it is gratifying to find two contraltos of such great present excellence and still greater future promise springing up to fill the void. Of this is the fact that Mr. Vernon Rigby has sung at a Festival here, coupled with the fact that he is a native of Birmingham, having served his early noviciate in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Chad's, much interest in his success is naturally felt, and although audible expressions of approval are forbidden at the morning performances, it would appear that the expectations of his fellow-townsmen are fulfilled, so far as the first part of *Elijah*, in which the most striking opportunity is afforded by the air, "If with all your hearts," is concerned. At the evening concerts Mr. Rigby may still more distinguish himself, as the tenor part in two out of the three secular novelties falls to his share. Mr. Sims Reeves sang in the second part of *Elijah* in a manner which fully proved that he still stands alone and unrivalled as our greatest English tenor; the delivery of the little bit of recitative, "See, now he sleepeth," evidencing just as much care and study as the more important air, "Then shall the righteous." Anything finer than the band and chorus, under the potent spell of Sir Michael Costa's directing eye and guiding hand, could scarcely be imagined, and with a vivid remembrance of how *Elijah* was done here three years since, I do not hesitate to say that this was in all respects a no less fine performance; one which it would be difficult to equal and almost impossible to surpass, indeed, with all the prejudices of a true Brummagem native said to the manner born." I frankly own that if you want to hear oratorios done to the nearest point to perfection attainable, the Birmingham Festival is your only opportunity, and, despite superior numbers, Exeter Hall and even the Crystal Palace Handel Festivals must hide their diminished heads when compared with the triennial gatherings of this busy place. I am glad to say that the work was allowed to proceed from beginning to end without interruption from Presidential encores, the only matter to which exception could be taken being the unwelcome of those who in their hurry to get out marred the enjoyment of others who would not willingly lose one note of Mendelssohn's glorious music, but who were sadly interfered with during the whole of the last chorus. Contrary to what has usually been the custom for many years past, the audience remained seated during the "Holy, Holy." I do not know the precise number present, but the hall was excessively full; nor am I, as yet, aware of the amount collected at the doors, and shall, therefore, reserve all statistics till the close of the Festival, which at present has, among other advantages, glorious weather in its favour. To the list of those whom death has removed since the last meeting, must now be added Alfred Nicholson, the oboe player, who expired yesterday after a long and painful illness.

WEDNESDAY, *Aug.* 31.

At the concert last night the first of the five novelties promised for this Festival was produced before an audience completely filling every part of the noble Town Hall, which both externally and internally is at once an ornament and a credit to this busy seat of commerce. The favour with which Mr. John Francis Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, was received at the last Festival led to the commission for a second work, and the composer who has had the opportunity of twice presenting his musical ideas to the world through the medium of the most magnificent band and chorus ever heard, aided by principal singers worthy the occasion, is indeed a fortunate man. The limited time and still more limited space at one's disposal, to say nothing of the fact of having to attend no less than eight performances, all more or less lengthy, within four days, preclude anything like an attempt (at least for the present) to give a detailed analysis of the twenty-four numbers of which *Paradise and the Peri* is made up. Whether it be the fault of the subject, or the method of its treatment, I will not pretend to say, but the general impression produced on my own mind, as well as that of others whom I have heard discussing the question, was that Mr. Barnett's second work, although containing some clever writing, does not as a whole indicate any marked improvement upon his earlier effort, a certain flatness and absence of colouring being at times apparent, while many of the ideas, although agreeable enough in themselves, are hardly distinguished by any very profound originality of thought. The composer conducted his own work, the principal parts being in the competent hands of Mdlle. Tietjens (whose zealous co-operation is never more distinctly brought into play than when exercised on a new composition), Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, all of whom exerted themselves to the utmost to ensure the success of the cantata. A tenor air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere," and an unaccompanied quartet, "She wept—the air grew pure and clear," were encored by general desire, and an air for the bass "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence," was also repeated, but therefore seemed to puzzle not a few of the audience; for although it was in the first instance followed by some applause, the demonstration was by no means enthusiastic, and certainly insufficient to be construed into a demand for its repetition. In reading the invocation to liberty, which forms the subject of the tenor song, one cannot but reflect on the sham patriotism of Tom Moore—the early friend and associate of Robert Emmett—whose life paid the penalty of his devotion (right or wrong) to his country, while the little poet became a profe-sional diner-out, pet of the drawing-room, a hanger-on and toady of titled lords and ladies, a man whose "heart" was never likely to "bleed" much less "break" in the sacred cause—except on paper. Having honestly stated my own opinion as to Mr. Barnett's cantata, it is no less my duty to record the fact that at its close there was great applause, both from audience and orchestra, which was cordially acknowledged by the composer. As the new work occupied the whole of the first part of the concert, nearly two hours, it was late ere the second portion of the programme (appended below) was entered upon, and it was hard upon midnight ere it was concluded.

Overture (Freischütz)	...	Weber.
Song.—Mdlle. Drasdil, "Sleep dearest, sleep"		Randegger.
Carneval de Venice—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska		Benedict.
Trio—Mdme. L. Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley		
Duetto—Dunque il mio ben "(Flauto Magico)		Mozart.
Song.—Miss E. Wynne," Bid me discourse"		Sir H. Bishop.
Concerto, Pianoforte (in G minor)—Mdme. Arabella Goddard		Mendelssohn.
Air—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The snow lies white"		A. S. Sullivan
Song—Madame L. Sherrington (Organ *obbligato*)... ...		Chev. Lemmens.
Trio—Miss E. Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Sims Reeves,		
"Qui vi son verdi e prati"		Sir M. Costa.
Airs—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska (Hungarian National Airs)—		
Flute *obbligato*, Mr. Radcliff.		
Air—Mr. W. H. Cummings, "Ah non credevi" (Mignon)...		A. Thomas.
Duo—Mdme. L. Sherrington and Signor Foli, "La dove		
prende" (Flauto Magico)		Mozart.
Quintet—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings,		
Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli, "Chi sui frena" (Lucia)		Donizetti.
Overture (*Zampa*)		Herold.

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How such an orchestra, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, would play the two overtures set down will be readily understood. Mdlle. Ilma di Murska made her first appearance before a Birmingham Festival audience, and created a highly favourable impression by her marvellous execution both of the "Carneval de Venice" and the Hungarian airs. To go into the particulars of what is for the most part so familiar to the London public, and indeed to all who take an interest in musical matters, is (happily) unnecessary; It would, however, have been well if the words of the song composed by Chevalier Lemmens (who played the organ *obbligato* accompaniment) and sung by his wife had been printed in the books. As it was, the hearers were completely ignorant of the fact that it is entitled "The Cradle," and that the words are by Tennyson. The following (of which I need hardly say I endorse every word) is from the *Birmingham Daily Post*:—

"The next feature, and musically the most important one of the concert, was Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of Mendelssohn's first (G minor) concerto, composed and first performed at Munich in 1832—the same prolific period which witnessed the production of the Italian symphony. It is some nine years, we believe, since this noble work has been heard at our Festivals, and on the last occasion, as on this, Madame Arabella Goddard was its principal interpreter. It is much to be regretted that, in the absence of a really first-class vocal orchestra, we are absolutely dependent on our Festival for the opportunity of hearing such performances, but the privation has its compensations in quickening our appreciation of a concerto when we get it, and especially when the executant is Madame Goddard. To judge by the eagerness with which Dr. Biller, Mr. Benedict, Signor Randegger, and other of the leading composers now congregated in Birmingham flocked into the hall as the fair pianist sat down to her instrument, the interest excited by the event was not confined to the local musical; and Madame Goddard had not, at all events, to complain of unappreciative hearers. Of the performance it were needless to speak, even if it were possible, at the late hour we write, to do justice to it. Suffice it that the three fine movements of which the work consists—the impetuous and fiery *allegro*, the tender and reposeful *andante*, and the sparkling, vivacious, we might almost say tumultuous *rondo* with which the work concludes—were each and all rendered with admirable skill and characteristic expression. The concluding movement—one of Liszt's grand effects —especially provoked the enthusiasm of the hearers, and on its conclusion loud and hearty cries of '*Bravo!*' from various parts of the hall mingled with the more orthodox applause. The band, we need hardly say, acquitted itself to perfection."

To-day Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman*, composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1864 (September 7th), and not given here since that date, was performed with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley in the principal parts. The tuneful and charming trio, "Haste! to Samaria let us go," and the remarkably effective chorus, "God, who cannot be unjust," were repeated at the desire of the President, who also held up his book as a signal that the, very telling and clever quartet, "Honour and glory," should be given again. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, had begun the following number, and, regarding the composer rather than the Earl, continued his task to the great satisfaction of all genuine lovers of music, to whom oratorios in oratories are repugnant to the last degree, whether proceeding from the unanimous voice of the public or the mandate of some local magnate "dressed in a little brief authority." While speaking of Mr. Reeves it would be unfair not to mention the magnificent manner in which he sang throughout the air, "Invoking death," calling for special remark. The grief and tenderness infused into the words, "It made me sad, it gave me pain," might well have brought tears into the eyes of many a strong man. The part of the captive Hebrew maid (in which it will be remembered Adelina Patti created such a sensation six years ago), fell to Miss Edith Wynne, for whose voice it might have been written, so exactly is it suited, and our clever English, or rather, Welsh singer, has added considerably to her already well-won laurels by the manner in which she has to-day acquitted herself, while the efforts of all the remaining principals are deserving of recognition as conducing materially to one of the best performances of the work ever heard, the only drawback to which was the extreme flatness and outrageously bad behaviour of the organ, which completely spoiled the masterly *chorale*, "When famine over Israel prevailed," and raised a general and ill-suppressed titter by the concluding pedal notes, which resembled rather the growls proceeding from Wombwell's Menagerie than the sounds one should expect from what is usually honoured by the designation of the King of Instruments—a title which might with some reason be called in question.

At the conclusion of the oratorio, enthusiastic applause and long-continued cheers burst from all parts of the hall, the orchestra, who best know and appreciate Sir Michael Costa's marvellous ability and indefatigable pains, being loudest of all in their tribute to the worth of their chief.

To-night's concert will bring the Festival half-way towards its termination, and vice-presidents, committees, and all concerned, are rejoicing at the certainty of a successful result, now placed beyond all manner of doubt.

THURSDAY, *Sept.* 1.

Last night's concert opened with the second novelty of the week, in the shape of a cantata containing an orchestral prelude and some half dozen numbers, entitled, *Ode to Shakspere*, the composer, who conducted his own work, being Professor it. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., of Dublin. The compo-ition has one undeniable merit—it is very short; and, as brevity is said to be the soul of wit, so may brevity be considered the soul of Dr. Stewart's production, the execution of which by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Signor Foli, band and chorus, should have fully satisfied the Professor, who has had the singularly good fortune to present his Ode to the public through the medium of a Birmingham Festival. Time and opportunity are both very scarce just now, but did they exist in abundance, it would be no easy matter to criticize a work in which there is really nothing to criticize, so simple and inoffensive is it throughout. There is, however, one considerable profundity in connection with it, and that is the title, which is, indeed, a mystery, and hardly in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things." So far as any association with the immortal bard, whom our *Vanity* friend a speak of as the "divine William," is concerned, it might just as well have been designated, Ode to Brown, Jones, and Robinson, those companions of our early spelling-book stories.

The cantata was followed by the due, "E ben per mia memoria" (*Gazza Ladra*), sung by Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Patey, succeeded by another duet, "Tornami a dir" (*Don Pasquale*), Miss E. Wynne and Mr. Vernon Rigby; after which came Mdlle. Ilma di Murska with "O ines di quest' anima"—three pieces which have done such an amount of service in concert-rooms for so many years past, that it would be well to consider if they had not now arrived at that stage when they were fairly entitled to a little repose. Mr. A. S. Sullivan then took the *bâton* in hand to conduct his new composition, written expressly for the Festival, and named, *Overture in Di Ballo*. It has been objected that Mr. Sullivan, being an Englishman, and composing this work for an English Festival, should have given the title in Italian, rather than in his native tongue. Looking, however, at the programme of the evening concerts, and seeing the preponderance of Italian words (in no single instance accompanied by a translation), it may be assumed that the audiences who nightly grace the Town Hall with their presence, are all more or less intimately acquainted with the most sublenious of languages, in which case there is nothing more to be said. From the time when his exceedingly clever *Tempest* music brought Mr. Sullivan prominently before the public, he has done much, and shown abundant capacity for doing much more—his *Prodigal Son*, in particular, being a work of which any modern composer might well be proud. The overture produced last night fully carries out its title, the subjects being of a character at once light and tuneful, and, by their elegance and grace, reminding those who are old enough to remember the olden glories of Her Majesty's Theatre of the time when the ballet was, in its way, as charming and quite as much a feature as the opera;—the days when Taglioni, Cerito, Fanny Elesler, and Carlotta Grisi (most poetical of them all) delighted the eyes no less than the music of *Giselle, Esmeralda*, and many more such productions charmed the ear, and the *Can-can* would have been hooted from the stage. The orchestra is very ingenious, the effects are everywhere legitimate, and the large audience listened with pleased attention, applauding at the end with a warmth as spontaneous and hearty as it was well deserved. The following scheme shows how the second part of the concert was made up:—

PART II.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF BEETHOVEN.

Overture (Egmont)	Beethoven.
Quartet—Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, "Il cor e la mia fe" (Fidelio)... ...	Beethoven.
Song—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, "Ah! perfido"	Beethoven.
Concerto—Pianoforte (In E flat) Mdme. Arabella Goddard ...	Beethoven.
Song—Mdlle. Tietjens, "Qual furor" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Trio—Madame Sherrington, Mr. Rigby, and Signor Foli, "Fia grata al ciel" (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Song—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Adelaide" (with pianoforte accompaniment, by Madame Arabella Goddard)	Beethoven.
Trio—Madame Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley, "Tremate, empi, tremate"	Beethoven.
Air—Mdlle. Drasdil, "In questa tomba oscura"	Beethoven.
Finale—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sherrington, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. Smythson, and Chorus (Fidelio)	Beethoven.

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Until reminded by the voice of the press that the year 1870 was the centenary anniversary of Beethoven, the Festival Committee seemed to ignore the fact, and it was only by a sort of half-reluctance that the half of one evening was conceded to the memory of the Shak-pere of music. To have such a magnificent band in front of one, and to know that they were not going to play so much as one symphony of the immortal nine, was, to say the least of it, provoking. However, there was no help for it, and one had to take consolation and feel grateful for even the instalment. The overture to *Egmont* was magnificently played, and warmly encored. It was the first time that Mdlle. Ilma di Muraka had ever sung "Ah perfido," and although unsuited to her voice, and having to contend against the drawback of a two days' sore throat, the intelligence which this clever artist brings to bear on everything she does carried her through wonderfully, and the long and trying scena and air met with well merited recognition at (or, rather, by) the hands of the public. How Mdlle. Tietjens sings the *Fidelio* air, and what genuine enjoyment is conferred by the association of two such artists as Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Arabella Goddard in a song and accompaniment like "Adelaide," are too well known to require comment here, but a separate line of praise should be devoted to Mdlle. Drasdil, whose noble voice produced a great effect in the solemn air, "In questo tomba oscura."

To-day the *Messiah* has been given to the delight of an audience who not only filled every seat and every inch of standing room, but thronged passages, corridors, and out-of-the-way places, where, although they might hear Handel's imperishable work, certainly no more saw the executants than the individual in the *Critic* could see the British fleet, and for the same reason. Beyond stating that all the principal artists, except Mr. Vernon Rigby, whose name was not included, sang, and sang their best, and that the whole work was admirably performed and reverently heard by more than 2,000 people it will be sufficient for the occasion. To-night Dr. Hiller's new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti* will be produced, and everyone is on the *qui vive* for to-morrow, when Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, will be given for the first time and is looked forward to as the crowning triumph of a triumphant Festival.

DERWENTWATER HARD.

WEIMAR.—Her von Loën, the Intendant-General of the Grand Ducal Theatre, has joined the German army as a Knight of St. John.

HAMBURGH.—The patriotic opera, *Zieten'sche Husaren*, is in rehearsal at the Stadttheater.—An Italian operatic company lately concluded a series of performances at Schultz's Theatre, but gave only six, and then pursued their way to Sweden where they are engaged for a considerable period.

AUGSBURG.—The combined Associations for Male Choral Singing lately gave a concert for the benefit of the wounded German soldiers, and the relatives of those who have fallen. The programme included songs of a patriotic nature which were all loudly applauded by an enthusiastic and most numerous audience.

VIENNA.—Herr Campe, a member of the company at the Imperial Operahouse, died lately at Reichenhall. His loss will be severely felt, because, though his talent was not of the highest order, he was a diligent and painstaking artist, whose services were most valuable in a great number of parts, not considerable enough for a leading singer, and yet too important to be entrusted to a bad one.—Herr Wilhelm Westmeyer has composed a new operetta, which he has sent in to the Carl Theatre.—Mr. Adams has left the Imperial Opera. There is a probability that Sig. Cerwa, an Italian, will be engaged in his place. The Signor is at present sedulously engaged in the study of German. —The management of the Imperial Opera are busy getting up *Robert Le Diable*, *Lohengrin*, *La Juive*, *Mignon*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, and a new opera, *Judith*, the last being by Herr Franz Doppler.—Herr Gustav Lewy, the music-publisher, has joined Herr Ullmann in a project for giving a series of monster concerts next season.—Herr Ellinger, the Hungarian tenor, has proposed to bring the whole of the operatic company from the National Theatre, Pesth, to the Theater an der Wien, in 1871, and let them give performances of some celebrated Hungarian operas, such as *Bank-Ban*, *Hunyadi*, *Ilka*, and others. There is a probability that Herr Steiner, the manager of the Theater an der Wien, will carry out the idea.—Herr Wachtel will sing in a round of operas at the Carltheater next month.

Words for Music.*

When comic singers, melancholy,
Are in despair to make their way,
They straightway call themselves "the jolly,"
And sometimes find the trick to pay.

Clerget of Speke.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Hereford Festival.

The *Daily Telegraph* thus criticises Mr. Holmes's cantata, *Praise ye the Lord*:—

"The third morning performance must not be dismissed in the necessarily brief terms of yesterday's letter, if only for the sake of the new novelty at this Festival—Mr. Henry Holmes's cantata, *Praise ye the Lord*. Mr. Holmes cannot fairly be congratulated upon his choice of words, remembering the abundance of excellent matter on the same subject in the Bible and elsewhere. Dr. Isaac Watts is undoubtedly a well-known poet, and his fame is likely to endure as long as that of Milton, though for different reasons. But, to put the case mildly, the worthy author of 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite' did not always rise to the highest level—a fact proved by, among other things, his hymn, 'Praise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise.' This, unhappily, is the effusion selected by Mr. Holmes, who has tried hard to invest with dignity such lines as—

'What is the creature's skill or force—
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?'

That he has failed may be assumed. That there was any necessity for incurring the liability may be denied. The cantata is short, consisting only of five numbers, and is written throughout with great simplicity both of style and treatment. In point of fact, it makes very little more pretence than Dr. Madan's "Denmark"—a hymn-setting that still exists in remote places. On other points no comparison between the two works can be drawn, Mr. Holmes having written throughout like a musician capable of the better things he should occasionally have attempted ere now on occasion as this. There is small encouragement to go into details, but it may be well to mention that the hymn contains a chorus, 'Praise ye the Lord,' of the plainest character; a soprano solo, 'Sing to the Lord,' which is decidedly agreeable; a second and partly unaccompanied chorus, 'But saints are lowly,' written almost literally 'note against note;' and a *finale* consisting of the repeated opening with a *coda*. In dismissing the cantata thus briefly, it may pertinently be asked whether the Festival of the Three Choirs is tending when works so insignificant are accepted. A little farther advance in the same direction may place it at the mercy of the unknown Handels and Mendelssohns of these provincial regions; at any rate, few beside would care to be mixed up with an institution taking so low a view of what it has to accomplish."

The same paper gave the following account of the third and most interesting morning performance:—

"Beautiful weather and the presence of Royalty have favoured the third day of the Festival even more than the second, the sun shining in a nearly cloudless sky, and the Prince and Princess Christian reaching the Cathedral early enough for the National Anthem to introduce instead of interrupting the performance. But not even these auspicious circumstances could command success, and the audience showed a sad falling-off in numbers. It may be that the public are reserving themselves for the *Messiah* to-morrow—every place is already taken by the lovers of Handel's masterpiece—but I prefer to see in the slack attendance an emphatic condemnation of the miscellaneous programmes to which reference has already been made. That these gatherings should as a matter of principle, honour the greatest works of art, amounts to a truism, as it is now clear that the path of duty is also the path of profit. Had some famous oratorio been presented this morning instead of "odds and ends," the Cathedral, it is safe to assert, would have worn a different appearance. However, says nothing against the merits of the compositions selected—merit easily estimated when we mention that the *Reformation Symphony*, *Christus*, "As the hart pants" (Mendelssohn), and excerpts from *Esther*, *Solomon*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and *Jephtha* had a place in the programme. The Festival now in progress will be remarkable for bold innovations, made in the very teeth of a powerful party, who would either abolish the institution altogether or reform it out of knowledge. The evening concert of Tuesday was on these defiant steps, and the performance of Mendelssohn's symphony was another, and, perhaps, not the least objectionable to many worthy folks. Never before has a purely orchestral composition, unconnected with a sacred subject, been heard in an English cathedral; and the event may possibly initiate important changes in the direction of these Festivals. At any rate, not a few persons were quite ready to admit symphonies—those excepted which have an avowedly secular character—to the Cathedral programmes believing that the noblest example of a noble art cannot possibly degrade the temple of religion. It would be difficult, however, to find one more suitable than that with which Mendelssohn celebrated a great event in religious history. Its lofty dignity, artistic illustration and free use of themes long consecrated to purposes of worship, place it entirely apart from other things of the kind; and might well conciliate even the sternest objector to its use. The impression made by a performance, generally creditable, in some respects admirable, was all that could be desired; and it is hard to conceive the existence of a sense of incongruity in the mind of anybody present. Mendelssohn's fragmentary oratorio, *Christus*, upon which the illustrious master was engaged when he paid the inevitable penalty of overwork, followed the symphony; both it and the performance deserving a more extended notice than can now be given. To dwell upon these interesting evidences of a noble purpose in course of being nobly

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developed; to show how almost divine was the simple grandeur of style dictated to Mendelssohn by his exquisite sense of propriety; and to speculate what the oratorio would have been had he completed it, is a labour of love to all who appreciate the highest genius. But the pleasant task cannot be entered upon here; and it must suffice to record that no music yet given at this Festival has made a greater impression, while those who knew it before are still further convinced that the *Christus* of Mendelssohn would have ranked in public esteem with the *Messiah* of Handel. Apart from the solos which were well given by Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Montem Smith; apart, also, from the charming trio, 'Say, where is He?' capitally sung by Messrs. Smith, Sims, and Everett, the performance left a good deal to desire. Few, however, will be disposed to visit shortcomings heavily, choosing rather to be thankful for the privilege of hearing music so beautiful and so seldom produced. 'As the hart pants' suffered from insufficient preparation yet more than *Christus*, not even the conductor (who is also, by an objectionable arrangement, secretary of the Festival) having found time to master its details. The solos were sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, who brought to them less than her usual confidence. Mr. Henry Holmes's new cantata, *Praise ye the Lord*, must be set aside till a more convenient opportunity for discussing its merits; and there only remains the Handelian selection, which, happily, can be noticed in the few minutes yet remaining before this letter is despatched. From *Solomon* were taken, 'What though I trace' (Madame Patey), and 'From the censer.' *Jephtha* contributed 'Farewell, ye limpid springs' (Mdlle. Tietjens), 'Deeper and deeper still' (Mr. Bigby), and the chorus, 'When Ilia lond voice. Out of *Judas*, 'Pious orgies' (Miss Wynne), 'O Father, whose Almighty power,' 'Arm, arm, ye brave' (Mr. Santley), 'From mighty kings' (Mdlle. Tietjens), and 'Sound an alarm' (Mr. Bigby), were the principal selections; the whole concluding with the Coronation Anthem. Almost without exception these familiar things were well rendered—a fact which might easily have been anticipated."

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL SERMON.

By the Rev Dr Jeans, Canon Residentiary.

"He is a father of the fatherless and defendeth the cause of the widows: even God in His holy habitation."—Psalm lxviii. 5.

In the opening clauses of this jubilant and triumphant psalm, the abounding love of God is associated with His Majesty and honour as things inseparable, as both alike calling for our praise and adoration. You will remember, my brethren, the words which immediately precede: "O sing unto God and sing praises unto His name: magnify Him that rideth upon the heavens; praise Him in his name Jah and rejoice before Him." And thus, throughout Holy Scripture are the things in heaven and the things in earth connected by a bond which shall never be broken; those creatures of His whom by an unfailing charity, displayed alike within the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace, he perpetually nourishes and sustains, and that eternal glory of His boundless and incomprehensible nature which was His before all worlds and shall be world without end. Such were the thoughts of the Psalmist, dictated by an infallible inspiration, when he specially called to mind, in the psalm before us, the wonders of the deliverance from Egypt, of the Red Sea, of the wilderness of Mount Sinai, of the wars of God, of the supernatural settlement of his chosen people within the borders of their promised inheritance. His glory was seen and the power of His mighty hand and stretched-out arm was displayed, but His mercy was no less exhibited by more than one loving sign—by the deliverance from the waters of the Red Sea, by the manna rained down from heaven, by the waters which gushed out from the rocks in the dry places and which became during their sojourn perennial rivers; by all the tenderness of that care which preserved his people alive for so many years, which forgave their repeated sins by that pity so much exceeding that of a human parent for his children. But if these were the thoughts of David, if themes like these prompted his inspired song, what ought not to be the reflections of Christian worshippers—the free will offering of our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, when we think upon the mercies and the glories of God as manifested in Christ Jesus our Lord! If, then, amidst the severe enactments of the older law the cause of the fatherless and widow occupied a place so prominent, how thankful ought we to be that the great law of love, enunciated in that first and great commandment, and in that second, which is like unto it, has been so confirmed and illustrated and expanded by the revelation of Christ our Lord as actually to be called in Scripture a new commandment, known indeed in ancient times, and yet when but partially revealed; the clouds have passed away, and we behold the Sun of Righteousness in the fulness of His glory. And when with the Psalmist we sing praises unto God we know to the very joy of our heart what is implied by the aspiration, "Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"—and when we regard him as the Father of the fatherless and the defender of the cause of the widows we know how it is that we are to seek to be partakers of the Divine nature, and by what kind and effectual encouragements, by what preventing and assisting grace we are led to imitate the example of our God—how to practise that pure and undefiled religion, which is "To visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." It is with great thankfulness, my brethren, that I have been led to reflect how often these two great topics, the celebration of God's glory and the imitation of His mercy, have formed the subject of addresses from this place on the occasion of our Triennial Festival—how earnestly and how tenderly within our own recollection the objects of a very charitable institution have been brought before the congregations assembled here—how frequently that passage of St. James just referred to has formed the text of the several discourses here uttered. But, on the other hand, I am anxious to remind you how frequently also the vindication of these gatherings, considered as choral festivals, has been also urged—a topic which in this very place has called forth the eloquence and pious learning of one of the very best men whom this favoured Church of England was known, when he set forth in words which bid fair to be coeval with our language and common wealth the beauty of holiness, in the Book of Common Prayer, which, after the Holy Scriptures themselves, is our best inheritance. Now I am for more sessions, my brethren, on the present occasion to bring into connection these two topics—praise to God and active charity towards men, because of late years especially it is to be feared there has been a misapprehension as to the real and fundamental object of this Festival. It is the common error of human nature to take but a one-sided view of a matter which cannot properly be considered but under more than one aspect. Thus it is that in many a question involving various particulars men may be led by their peculiar tastes or notions to disparage one of them, and perhaps to unduly exalt another, forgetting that in those elements of the natural world, which are apparently the most simple as the air and water, there is a perfect combination of more than one ingredient. And so, perhaps, with respect to the present Festival, which if fairly considered, consists of two ingredients, which are each capable of being separated not only with advantage to them, but even I do not hesitate to say—and some of those great and holy men who have preceded me in my present office have not hesitated to say—may be of benefit to our inmost nature; may tend to the health of our souls. Of the charity itself, its scheme is so simple, its claims are so obvious, the want it designs to relieve are, unhappily, so open to our observation that upon its specific character I shall think it hardly necessary to speak. But as to the Choral Festival upon which the charity was engrafted, let it be remembered, as an afterthought (for such is its true history), I would wish to offer a few remarks—though time requires they should be cursory and suggestive rather than argumentative—in words which in order to be consistent with honesty and sincere conviction, must be partly those of commendation—partly, if you will so far bear with one who really wishes you well, of censure, though I venture to hope that my expressions of misgiving will hardly deserve such a harsh term. First, then, as to the assumption above alluded to. This Festival, or properly and strictly speaking, this Meeting of the Three Choirs, reinforced by the ability, and I may now thankfully say by religion and piety of many of our first musicians, has been censured by some people as having a mere device and engine of gain, and a very expensive and very cumbrous machine for the raising of funds for a charitable object. They complain that there is somewhat of pretence in this, that people congregate together and go to some expense under the plea of charity, but really for the object of amusing themselves, of gratifying their ears, and that, in a manner inadequately called, deceiving themselves by false pretences! Now, my brethren, I am not, nor have ever been an unqualified advocate of these Festivals as they have been for several years conducted. But sure I am that great justice has been done by many to the real intention of a Festival expected at this one period, on the one hand, and to the feelings and principles of many good and pious and active Christians on the other. As already observed, the idea of a contribution for a specific eleemosynary purpose was not that which originated these meetings in the early part of the last century. There were merely similar to those which had been held for some thirty years before. The primary motion was the assembling in the churches of the choirs of the three neighbouring Cathedrals for the purpose of celebrating the glory of God with a choral magnificence, and in a manner which from its very nature could be but occasional and exceptional. For many obvious reasons, into which I cannot attempt to enter, it must necessarily be but exceptional and for one I should not desire it to be otherwise. But it cannot be doubted that the feeling was a religious one—or that if it was an amusement it was so in a far higher sense than the word is usually understood to imply. It is a recreation, like those mentioned in the Psalm, to religion to derive from the contemplation of the works of God—a sober and intelligent and thankful enjoyment of one of God's great gifts, perfectly consistent with a recognition of God's worship to be not only a duty but a pleasure, which acknowledges music to be a Divine gift, nay, even a matter of Divine ordinance as it was in time, as you, my brethren know, or ought to know, in the Temple. The charitable collection at the doors was an after suggestion of that very man of whom mention has been made—the Rev. Dr. Bisse, Chancellor of this Cathedral, and the author, as you know of "The Beauty of Holiness," in the Book of Common Prayer—one of the most earnest and worthy sons of the Church, and an earnest supporter of this Festival. And surely it is not pretended that by the many sincere servants of God who have rejoiced to congregate here at the rare interval of three years that they come solely to contribute to the charity. Can I do them the injustice to suppose that they do not also come for the glory of God, or at least for the soothing and edification and enlargement of their devotional feelings and their religious taste, for the rational cultivation of that art which, when properly exercised, is as much a healing and medicinal gift of God, as the most potent herbs, or purest waters of comfort. Mention, I have said, is made of expense. Some foolish people there may be who may make such meetings the occasion of some miserable extravagance in dress, or of some

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other vanity. We must remember, however, that that is the case in all human assemblies whatever the occasion; nor, so long as man remains a gregarious or social animal will this be prevented. But I very sincerely doubt, I more than doubt whether these exceptional and by no means necessary evils outweigh or at all equal the advantages. Amidst the cares of a miserable world, amidst the pursuits of human nature which have commonly so lowering and mean a tendency, in a nation so absorbed as we are either with the objects of commerce or the unhealthy pursuit of what is called politics (the bad amusement of some and the torment of others with whom this is necessary, though sad and weary occupation)—amidst, I say, all these things, is it nothing that we have such occasions of healthy recreation,—that for a purpose so innocent in itself (for I am speaking not of its abuse but of its use), our provincial towns are delivered for a few days by kindly hospitality and neighbourly cordiality? This, to be sure, is not taking the highest ground, and yet the latter consideration deserves attention. But further as to the expense. If there be experienced here the proper influence of high and holy music such as some of our living composers, animated by a spirit evidently religious, are seeking to invoke, who can find fault with the moderate expenditure involved. It is not for me here to speak particularly of amusements properly so called; I would only entreat those who employ such an argument to ask—How much money is spent without reproach by some of those very persons who condemn our Musical Festivals as wrong, sacrilegious, or wasteful, upon some favourite amusement of perpetual recurrence, involving great waste of time, much idleness, some expenditure of dress? I would ask them to think of this, and then to examine candidly how far the results of the latter are to be compared for excellence or permanence with those of the other? Let me add this expense has been incurred from time to time by many who, in the ordinary tenor of their lives, are charitable, self-denying, and religious, and given to bless good works such as this Festival promotes, being themselves the habitual friends of the poor, the fatherless, and the widow. And can we be so ungrateful as to forget that among the gifted performers on these occasions there have been many who have shown in the very exercise of their difficult and laborious profession a largeness of heart and a charity which their God will assuredly not forget and will abundantly reward. I speak of both the living and the dead. But the time warns me that I must hasten on, though I find it difficult to compress the thoughts which arise upon a subject so interesting. Let me, then, somewhat abruptly pass on to the subject of the several oratorios which have been performed within past weeks at this Festival. With the fullest admission that their performance at cathedrals does not date back further than the middle of last century, it is at the same time with the most real and heartfelt gratitude to God that I recognise an increased religious feeling in the composition of those works, which, indeed, never has been altogether wanting, but which, to judge by what will be heard during the present Festival, has been on the increase. It is notorious, too, that on the part of the hearers sobriety of feeling, decorum, and religious attention, has been manifestly on the increase also, so much so that on the last occasion of the holding of the Festival in this place, the reflection might have naturally suggested itself to my mind was that those present constituted not so much an audience as a congregation. May not such considerations mitigate at least the criticism of those who regard all concerted sacred music as mere exhibitions, who choose to look upon an oratorio as something pert and secular? We believe that there can be no religious music in which rough and undisciplined voices, guided by a rejection of all taste and knowledge, or by utterly incorrigible ears do not join; and who would, in short, convert the music of the Church into noise? May it not be conceded that a man may praise God as truly and as cordially while listening with his ears as when audibly joining in the song? May he not effectually praise God with his heart while following with devotion and feeling the vocalisation of others who, so far (that is externally, not internally or spiritually), are his representatives? But, my dear brethren, arises the deep question of religious edification. Upon such a topic I can only barely touch. When the lawfulness or edification of some oratorios or scientific Church music and instrumentation are in question I would venture to remind you of the answer given by the eminent French divine, Bandeau, when he who asked him as to the moral lawfulness of certain amusements "Madame," he replied, "I ought to ask that question of you." Your own conscience, my brethren, must bear you witness in this respect. If you come here merely for that indulgence in music which is sensual, which is abstracted from religious feeling, which regards this holy fabric as a mere concert-room, which fails to regard these performances as auxiliary to the more direct worship of God. I would counsel you either to stay away or to pray to God to give you a better mind. And yet I must be bold to say that that man's heart must be strangely constituted who may not receive edification, and therefore salutary impressions from those illustrations of the Divine narratives and prophecies or those holy aspirations of inspired men which will form the subject matter of our present Festival—which speak of the glorious life of the Prophets of the Lord or celebrate the wonders of the newly-created world, which sing of the innocence and piety of Isaac and Rebekah, the examplars of holy matrimony, which recall to us the great doctrines of repentance and forgiveness (in the history of the Prodigal Son), or which place before us the Judgment seat of God, the life and sufferings of Christ; the parting of the Soul for the living God, or direct praise of him for the works of his hands, or lastly that most sublime of all musical epics which celebrate the sufferings and glory of the Messiah—I say that they must have a strangely constituted and perverted heart who could derive no spiritual benefit from such performances as these. But here, my brethren, I must interpose as briefly as may be a few words of misgiving. Without the slightest intention of disparagement to those whose pious labours—for such they are—to which I have alluded. I must express nevertheless a regret in which I am by no means singular, that there should have been so large a departure of late years from the original system in these Festivals: of having the regular service of the Church, with its unequalled supplications and thanksgivings, thrown into the background, or divested of its choral accompaniments of instruments and for the music which formerly adorned it. Doubtless we have much to be thankful for of late years, and most grateful do I for one acknowledge the returning sense of piety which by a bad and lawless innovation had been suspended; but let me remind you that for many years after the institution of this and earlier Festivals of the same kind (dating to the time of the Restoration) there was a full choral service celebrated on both of the days to which the festival was originally limited. On one of those days that almost inspired composition of Handel's, the "Dettingen" *Te Deum* was introduced in its proper place, and on the next day that of Purcell, the precursor of Handel's and, though it be a bold thing to say, in some respects its superior; and the rest of the choral performance was confined to some of the noblest anthems which have ever been rendered in the Church of God. In the course of time, however an innovation was made which, though an innovation, yet was so exceptional in its character, so intrinsically excellent as to become before long part of the devotions of the people—I mean the introduction of the oratorio of the *Messiah* into our cathedrals on one of the days of the Festival when their number was enlarged to three. That glorious musical epic stands alone. It struck upon a chord and nerve of the English people which had never been so excited before. It told in musical language, and with a devotional feeling never yet equalled, the life of Christ in the words of Revelation, selected with a skill fully harmonising with its sentiments and strains. It was the deliberate creation of the great Alexander Knox that this noble composition was, under God, one of the means by which the religion of England was preserved in a low and degenerate age from utter corruption; and I must confess to a strong feeling of repugnance too having a subject so very sacred, and which it is known by its author was under the most fervent religious impressions, performed elsewhere than in a consecrated house of God. It harmonizes with every association of architecture, ritual, and all the appliances of religion which characterize our great minsters. And yet is that all? Is that the end? Is that the intention

the shadow of the Cathedral for the purpose of maintaining its daily services. These things, my brethren, ought not to be. They are among the scandals of our generation. I and others of my brethren have stood here ministering day by day, and have witnessed this neglect with sorrow of heart, so that one is almost tempted to say, "The ways of Sion do mourn because none come to her solemn peace," and yet among those who stay away are some who mercilessly find fault with our Cathedrals, never having taken pains to understand our great difficulties, our real constitution, who stay away, and yet who talk of the thinness of our week-day congregations? Truly they take an ingenious method to remedy this last defect. Will not the at least present awful times warn you? Do you not feel that our very recreations at such a time are almost unseasonable; and ought it not to be our endeavour to render these Festivals not only more religious than before, but also to introduce in our daily life more attention to God's worship, more faithful homage to the King of all the earth? Who can tell how long these buildings may remain to us as the sanctuaries of God—whether this Cathedral will be continued as such three years hence. when, in the ordinary course of things, this Festival should recur. The judgments of God are broad. God give us all repentance ere it be too late!

PROVINCIAL.

HERNE BAY.—A correspondent informs us that a concert was given on Thursday, the 25th ult., in the New Town Hall, in aid of the Christ Church Enlargement Fund, when a large audience assembled, and were evidently pleased with the programme provided for them. Among the amateurs who lent their kind aid were Mrs. Francis Talfourd (always ready to assist a good work) and Mr. Croft. The artists who gave their aid were Miss E. Howell, Mrs. H. Geary; Messrs. V. Nicholson, Lambert, E. Howell, Lawrence Alport, and Aguilar. Many of the pieces were re-demanded, including Weber's "L'Invitation à la Valse," pianoforte, Mr. Aguilar, who, instead of playing the same piece again, gave his transcription of "The Blue Bells of Scotland;" Smart's "Good-night, farewell," Mr. Croft; "La Donna e Mobile," substituted); and a song by Mr. Edward Terry, entitled "Complaints," sung by Mr. Lawrence Alport, who answered the demand for repetition by giving one having a military subject for its burthen. Several other compositions were received with favour, including a trio by Mayseder, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Fanny Howell, Mr. V. Nicholson, and Mr. G. Howell); a violoncello solo by Piatti, capitally played by Mr. Howell, who was deservedly re-called; a transcription, for pianoforte, of "Ch' ni frena," well played by the composer (Mr. Aguilar); and Professor Bennett's chorus from the *May Queen*, "With a laugh as we go round," arranged as a trio, excellently sung by Mrs. Francis Talfourd, Mrs. H. Geary, and Miss F. Howell. Two duets, a "Souvenir," by Signor Pinsuti, and "Greeting," by Mendelssohn, were well rendered, the former by Mrs. Francis Talfourd and Mr. Croft, and the latter by Mrs. Geary and Mr. Howell, pleased greatly. Mr. Croft's singing of Herr Blumenthal's "May Queen" must not be passed over without a word of praise. The conductor was Mr. Longhurst, who executed his duties in musicianly style.

WAIFS.

Herr Maurice Strakosch is in London, *en route* for the United States.

M. Jacobi, the well-known *chef d'orchestre* of the Théâtre des Bouffes Parisiens, has arrived in London.

The two carved oak chairs placed in Hereford Cathedral for their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian were sent from Stoke Edith Park for the occasion by the Lady Emily Foley.

Among the most efficient members of the chorus at the recent Hereford Festival were thirty-two singers from the famous Bradford Choral Society (under the direction of Mr. Leach).

Mr. Mapleson, with his Italian opera troop, head-d by Mdlle. Tietjens, will give operas in Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., during this and the ensuing month. In November he has leased Covent Garden for a short winter season.

Mdlle. Nilsson passed through London during the week *en route* to Liverpool, to embark for the United States in the Cunard line mail ship *Cuba*, which leaves the Mersey this day. Mr. Jarrett, her agent, accompanies her.

The editor of the *Tomahawk* writes as subjoined:—"Owing to the inability of the liquidator of the estate of Sir William Russell, Bart., to comply with an order of the Court of Bankruptcy in reference to the *Tomahawk*, I am forced to stop the publication of that periodical at the height of its popularity."

The Baron von Rabe, husband of Madame Pauline Lucca, died a few days ago from the effects of the wounds he received at one of the recent battles between the German and French troops. Herr Bock, son of the eminent music publisher of Berlin, has, we hear, met with the same fate.

Mr. Townshend Smith, who had been previously thanked by his Royal Highness Prince Christian, was after Thursday morning's proceedings in Hereford Cathedral sent for by the Princess, to whom he was introduced by Lord Bateman. Her Royal Highness said she had been very delighted with the performances, and that they had been a great treat to her, a compliment which by general assent Mr. Smith well merited.

DEAR LORD BATEMAN,—I am desired by Prince and Princess Christian to offer to you, and all others concerned, their Royal Highnesses best thanks for the manner in which the arrangements for their visits on Wednesday and Thursday last to the Musical Festival were carried out, and to assure you of the great pleasure which their Royal Highnesses derived from their attendance on those occasions, and how sensible they are of the cordial welcome they received in Hereford.—I remain, yours very truly,

Stoke Edith Park, Ledbury. CHARLES ELIOTT.

Miss Faithfull is about to give a series of lectures on purely literary subjects on the 19th September, before the Popular Science Institute at York; in October at the City of London College, and the Hartley Institution at Southampton, &c. During November Miss Faithfull will lecture in Devonshire and Cornwall, and in December at the Philosophical Institution, Newcastle, and throughout Scotland. We understand she has offered to lecture elsewhere in aid of the funds being collected for the relief of the wounded French and German soldiers.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WHITE (Canterbury). "Too Late"—song, by Arthur R. Dering.
ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Princess Louise Waltz," by Charles Godfrey.
METZLER & Co.—"War Songs of France and Germany;" "Musical Bijou," No. 23; "The Message from the Battle Field," song by J. Hullah; "Le Marseillaise," for the piano, by I. Liebich; "The Watch by the Rhine," by C. Wilhelm.

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VOL. 48—No. 37. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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Candidates for Admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 15th September, at Eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.
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MISS BLANCHE COLE will appear at Mr. Ren's Orchestral Concerts, Newcastle-on-Tyne, from October 3rd to 7th, also at various towns in Scotland, from 8th to 18th, and is prepared to accept Oratorio or Concert Engagements in the North from October 17th to 22nd. Address, 4, Loughborough Villas, Brixton, S.W.

SIGNOR FOLI.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce that he will Remain in England during the Autumn and Winter. All communications to be addressed to him, 87, Michael's Villa, Abbey Road West, St. John's Wood.

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BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

BIRMINGHAM, *Sept.* 2.

Novelties crowd one upon another at this extraordinarily busy Festival, the success of which seems now to be placed beyond the shadow of a doubt. The enterprise of the Committee of Management assuredly merited such a result; but, at the same time, everything has been in their favour, not the least important phenomenon of the week being the unchangeable fine weather. A programme more varied in its attractions than that which Sir Michael Costa had prepared for the occasion could hardly be imagined. Upon the works which stood in no need of further recognition—such as *Elijah*, the *Messiah*, his own *Naaman*, and Handel's *Samson*, with which the Festival comes to an end to-night—he might have reckoned as a matter of course; but, in addition to these, all the new things produced have more or less justified his choice, while the miscellaneous evening programmes, intended chiefly for the exhibition of solo vocalists, have without exception been happily made out. One thing is certain—everybody appeared content; and "What a splendid Festival, even for Birmingham!" is the general exclamation.

Since yesterday two more novelties have been tried, and both have passed triumphantly through the ordeal. The first of these was Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's new dramatic cantata, entitled *Nala and Damayanti*, the libretto by Sophie Hasenclever Schadow (the English version made expres-ly for the occasion being by Madame Natalia Macfarren). This new work took up the whole of the first part of the concert yesterday evening; and that, combined with other conspicuous features in the programme, it proved a genuine attraction the official statement subjoined will suffice to prove:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (15s. each)	35 ...	£26 5 0
Secured seats (10s. each)	810 ...	607 10 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	769 ...	307 12 0
Total	1,614	£941 7 0

The composer himself directed the performance, and on appearing in the orchestra was welcomed with the hearty enthusiasm which English amateurs have always in reserve for foreigners, especially distinguished in the musical art, among whom Ferdinand Hiller stands deservedly high, although not so many of his important compositions are generally known in this country as might be desirable. In writing *Nala and Damayanti* for the Birmingham Festival Dr. Hiller has enriched its by no means limited repertory of original compositions by the addition of a new masterpiece. Without entering for the moment into a critical analysis of the admirably characteristic music to which the poem of *Nala and Damayanti* is set we may submit the argument, in order to afford our readers some notion of the peculiar kind of task which Dr. Hiller has undertaken:—

"*Nala and Damayanti* is founded on a Hindu poem of great antiquity—'The Nala' one of the episodes of the 'Mahabharata.' The two great epic poems of Ancient India, the 'Mahabharata' and 'Ramayana,' bear something like the same relation to Hindu literature, with respect to national importance as the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' to that of Ancient Greece. The 'Mahabharata' is an aggregate of epics, founded on popular legends of antiquity. The compiler is said to have been Vyasas, who lived about 500 years before Homer. The episode of 'Nala' occurs in the 'Mahabharata as an incidental narrative. A holy Brahmin, in order to restore hope and courage to a fallen prince, ruined by gambling, relates to him the history of the Rajah Nala, who, in old times, had, like him, lost everything at two fatal games of dice, and nevertheless had not sunk into dispair. This episode is the subject of the third of the eighteen 'cantos' or 'parvas' of the 'Mahabharata.' King Bhima has a daughter, Damayanti. Nala hears entrancing praises of her, and she the like of Nala. Though at a distance they fall desperately in love, and miraculous swans convey letters between them. The King desiring to marry his daughter, there is a competition of princes for her hand, but Damayanti will not accept anyone but Nala. Nala appears at last with a sad message from the gods, who have bound him to declare that Damayanti must choose one of the immortals. But she will accept no one but Nala, and the gods do not insist. The marriage takes place, and Nala conducts his wife to his kingdom of Nishadha. Days of misfortune come. The god Kali, jealous of Nala, induces him to play at dice with his brother, and he looses all—wealth, chariots, robes, kingdom, and wife. Nala flies to a forest; his wife will not forsake him, but, unwilling to allow her to share his misfortune, he flies from her. Damayanti wanders in search of him; each encounters dangers and sufferings, racked by the thought of the possible fate of the other. The constant lovers at last succeed in meeting, and by a fortunate occurrence, Nala, winning back his treasures and kingdom, lives happily with his beloved Damayanti. The dramatic cantata, by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, is built upon the earlier part of the story. It comprises the desolation of the Princess, dreaming of her lover; the ceremony, ordained by King Bhima, of disposing of her hand; the communication of the gods to Nala; his despair; his appearance at the climax of Damayanti's anxiety, only to give his message; Damayanti's choice; the appearance of the gods offering her immortality, and their retirement before the resolve of the Princess; and the union of Nala and Damayanti."

At present it must suffice to add that the performance, although there had been only one general rehearsal, although the music is as difficult as it is original, and although Dr. Hiller's manner of beating time with the conductor's stick is strange to the members of our orchestra, was really excellent; that Miss Edith Wynne (Damyanti), Mr. Cummings (Nala), and Mr. Santley (King Bhima), were the solo singers; and that the cantata was received with every mark of favour. It may be remarked, in passing, that on more than one occasion when the applause was most general, hearty, and prolonged, Dr. Hiller would by no means consent to appropriate it all to himself, but, gallantly taking Miss Edith Wynne by the hand, in this manner publicly showed his sense of the services rendered to his music by the accomplished young Welshwoman, an act which did honour alike to himself and to the artist whose exertions had been evidently so much to his satisfaction. That the freedom of Birmingham has been conferred upon *Nala and Damayanti* and its composer admits of no doubt. We may, perhaps, have an oratorio from Dr. Hiller (he has written two) one of these days—who can say?

The cantata was followed by Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, played by Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton, who were both called back at the conclusion. To this succeeded the following miscellaneous programme:—

Overture (William Tell)		Rossini.
Duo—"Son geloso," Mdlle. Ilma di Murska and Mr. Vernon Rigby (Sonnambula)		Bellini.
Song—"Requital," Mr. Sims Reeves		Blumenthal.
Air—Madame L. Sherrington, "Invano il fato" (Robert il Diavolo)		Meyerbeer.
Trio—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Vernon Rigby, "Vanne a colei"		Sir M. Costa.
Song—Signor Foli, "Fireside Dreams"		Reyloff.
Song—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, "Roberto o tu che adoro" (Roberto il Diavolo)		Meyerbeer.
Trio—Madame Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, "Il vento tace" (I Naviganti)		Randegger.
Duo—Miss E. Wynne and Mdlle. Drasdil, "Dolce comforto" (Giuramento)		Mercadante.
Serenade—Mr. Vernon Rigby, "The joy of truly loving" (The Dream)		Sir M. Costa.
Trio—Miss E. Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Cummings "Ti prego, O Madre pia"		Carschmann.
Hungarian Song—Mdlle. Ilma di Murska.		
Quartet—Mdme. Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foli, "Over the dark blue Waters"		Weber.

The overture was superbly played, and encored so unanimously that Sir Michael Costa was compelled to give the last movement again. A word of unqualified praise is due to Mr. Edward Howell for the admirably pure tone and expression with which he gave the melody allotted to the first violoncello, the beautiful introduction to this most picturesque of dramatic preludes.

There is barely time to add that Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, was performed to-day with a success that was never for an instant doubtful, and, what is still better, a success no less amply merited than it was brilliant. As it will be necessary to speak of the music of this oratorio somewhat in detail, its importance as a work of art being unquestionable, it is advisable at once to give Mr. Benedict's own account of the manner in which he has found it expedient to accommodate the subject to his ends. Here, then, is his argument:—

"The subject of St. Peter might be treated in various ways for the purposes of oratorio. Within no ordinary limits, however, could all the important events of the Apostle's life and all the significance of his character and position be illustrated. The aim of the present work is very simple. It affects neither to show, exclusively as such, Peter the Disciple nor Peter the Apostle; its object, moreover, is not to treat the chief personage concerned in any symbolical or representative capacity. What has been attempted is merely

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the illustration of a few of those occurrences in St. Peter's life which most invite musical treatment, and, at the same time, exhibit the Galilean fisherman as an object of the Divine regard which so pre-eminently distinguished him.

"PART I.

"The Divine Call.—Galilean fishermen are preparing to rest from the labours of the day, when John the Baptist appears, urging them to 'Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' After the forerunner comes the Master.—He commands Peter to leave all and follow him. Peter obeys, expressing his firm confidence in the goodness of the Lord, and departs amid the benedictions of his friends and neighbours.

"Trial of Faith.—The Saviour, having sent his disciples to 'the other side,' retires to a mountain apart to pray. While thus engaged the storm rises and the little ship is in distress. Jesus appears walking on the waters, to the terror of His disciples, whom he speedily reassures, bidding them not to fear. Peter obtains permission to leave the ship and go to Jesus, but his faith fails him, and 'beginning to sink,' he is sustained by the hand of his Lord. They reach the ship, and immediately the storm ceases. A chorus of praise and thanksgiving then brings the first part to an end.

"PART II.

"Denial.—Peter declares his resolve to follow the Master at all hazards; but when Jesus is taken before the High Priest the disciple is found 'afar off.' He enters the servants' hall of the High Priest's Palace, where a crowd of attendants are expressing their hatred of the 'Nazarene,' and Peter is three times charged with being a follower of Jesus. Three times he denies the accusation.

"Repentance.—The procession escorting Jesus to the Roman Governor passes through the hall where Peter is, and the Lord turns and looks upon His erring disciple. Touched to the heart, Peter repents, 'with strong crying and tears,' the anguish of his soul being heightened by each successive scene of the great drama which then passes before him. He hears the lamentations of fellow-disciples and the mournful song of his Lord's mother; he watches the procession to Calvary, and listens to the taunts of the Jews as they mingle with the wailings of the 'daughters of Jerusalem.' Weeping for 'all these things' and for himself, the hope of the Christian comes to his aid, and he is assured that death will be swallowed up in victory.

"Deliverance.—Peter, lying in the dungeon where Herod had thrown him, is visited by angels, who assure him of Divine help, and release him from captivity. He acknowledges the goodness of God, fully relying upon which he expresses confidence as to his ultimate entrance into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour. Rejoicing his fellow-believers in is received with gladness, and a song of hope and joy forms the conclusion of the work."

Of the very striking performance of the new work, under its composer's own direction, and of its truly enthusiastic reception, we must defer speaking. How great was the curiosity to hear *St. Peter* may be gathered from the subjoined official statement of attendance and receipts:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (21s. each)	199 ...	£209 19 0
Secured seats (21s. each)	1,104 ...	1,159 4 0
Unsecured seats (10s. 6d. each)	695 ...	364 17 6
Donations and collections	... ...	318 15 10
	1,993	£2,051 16 4

St. Peter was followed by the *Requiem* of Mozart—a more than ordinarily long morning performance. The solo singers in the oratorio were Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mrs. Sutton, Messrs. Cummings, Santley, and Sims Reeves; in the *Requiem*, Mdlles. Ilma di Murska and Drasdil, Mr. V. Rigby and Signor Foli.

Among the company to-day were observed the following:—

President, the Right Hon. Earl of Bradford and party, the Mayor of Birmingham and party, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Newport, Lord and Lady Edward Clinton, the Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord Elliott, Lord and Lady Wrottesley, the High Sheriff of Staffordshire and party, the High Sheriff of Worcestershire and party, Lord Charles Bertie Percy and party, Lady Ward and party, Lady Wilmot Horton, the Right Hon. Sir C. B. Adderley, M. P., and party; the Hon. Mr. Lyttelton and party, the Hon. E. S. Parker and party, the Hon. Mrs. Newdigate, Sir. Baldwin Leighton and Miss Leighton, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Bootlby and party, the Hon. and Rev. James Leigh, the Hon. Mrs. Godsal, Sir Charles Oakley, Mrs. Pole Shaw Mr. G. Phillips and party, Miss Theodosia Hinckes and party, the Dowager Lady Mordaunt, Mrs. Claughton and party, Mr. W. Otto Goldsmidt, Mr. J. R. M'Lean, M. P., and party, Mr. S. Beale and party, Mrs. Dyott and party, Mrs. Walker and party, Mr. Robert Heath and party, Mr. W. C. Alston and party, Captain Traill, R.A., Mrs. Pitt, Mr. L. P. Hoppie and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Chance and party, Mr. T. C. S. Kynnersley and party, the Rev. G. D. Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, &c.

Samson, to-night, brings the Festival to an end.

SATURDAY, *Sept.* 3.

Reserving critical remarks upon Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, which proved to be, in accordance with anticipation, the great event of the Festival, we may add a few words about the performance, the satisfactory character of which, all circumstances allowed for, can hardly be over estimated. It did not require the enthusiastic applause, and simultaneous waving of hats and handkerchiefs, with which, at the conclusion of the new oratorio, the members of the chorus greeted the composer—fortunate alike in the interpretation of his work and the manner in which it was appreciated—to persuade everybody that a genuine pleasure in their task had been felt by the multitude of singers. This was convincingly demonstrated in the spirit and general accuracy of their execution almost throughout—the result, unquestionably, of much arduous preliminary study under Mr. Stockley, conductor of the Festival Choral Society, and Mr. A. Sutton, conductor of the Amateur Harmonic Society, in this very musically-given town. For a first performance better choral singing has rarely been listened to. Equally happy was Mr. Benedict in his orchestra, which took as much pains with *St. Peter* as though it had been the work of their own respected conductor, Sir Michael Costa, Generalissimo of the forces, vocal and instrumental, at though, in fact, Sir Michael himself, instead of the composer of *St. Peter*, had been conducting. Last, not least, the solo singers were quite as anxious to do justice to Mr. Benedict, and succeeded fully as well. To Mdlle. Tietjens three important solos were assigned, one of which, perhaps the most beautiful of the (" I mourn as a dove"), she gave with exquisite feeling, and repeated, in obedience to the President's despotic signal. In a charming air for contralto, "O thou afflicted," one section of a phrase of which recalls the *sotto-voce* of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Madame Patey was eminently successful. Mr. Santley, to whom was allotted the recital of the music of St. Peter, sung it from first to last like the genuine musician whom we all know, making a deep and strong impression in an air, "O that my head were water" (Peter's contrite acknowledgment of his sin), his delivery of which was as perfect as air itself. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the music allotted to John the Baptist in Part I, and the two airs in Part II., in his most chaste and finished manner. Anything more purely devotional than his reading of the touchingly beautiful song, "The Lord is very pitiful," in which it is foreshadowed a sort of pardon for the repentent Peter, could scarcely be imagined. What fell to the share of Mr. Cummings was accomplished by that excellent artist and thorough musician in such a way as to cause regret that his share in the oratorio had been so circumscribed. The little, too, assigned to Mr. Sutton was carefully done. In short, Mr. Benedict had as good reason to be satisfied with his executants as with his audience. How the oratorio was received has been already stated; and it only remains to add that two other encores were enforced by the President—a quartet, "O come let us sing unto the Lord" (Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Messrs. Cummings and Santley), for the most part unaccompanied, and a chorus, "The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet" (Part I.), one of the finest pieces in the entire work. In *St. Peter* Mr. Benedict has for the present forfeited the detail—and with confidence that Mr. Benedict has gifted Birmingham with a new masterpiece of sacred music, one that deserves and is likely to be heard again and again. It is long, very long, since such an oratorio has been written.

The evening performance of Handel's *Samson* brought an enormous audience and large receipts, as may be seen by the subjoined official statement:—

	Number attending.	Receipts.
President and Vice-Presidents' seats (15s. each)	29 ...	£21 5 0
Secured seats (15s. each)...	1,074 ...	805 10 0
Unsecured seats (8s. each)	935 ...	374 0 0
	2,004	£1,250 15 0

Fatigued—tired out, in short—as chorus, orchestra, and leading singers must have been by their almost unexampled exertions at this Festival, the execution generally of the oratorio which Handel is said almost to have preferred to his *Messiah* was one of more than average excellence, for Sir Michael Costa abated none of his vigour, and those who obeyed the indications of his unwavering *bâton* seconded him with the utmost spirit and goodwill. The solo singers were Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs. Cummings, Santley, and Sims Reeves, of whose respective performances in this well-known oratorio it is unnecessary to speak. Enough that the entire performance gave satisfaction to the audience, who, after honouring Sir Michael Costa with an "ovation" justly due to his almost unparalleled exertions, successively called for Mr. Benedict, Mr. Barnett, Mr. Sullivan, Dr. Hiller, and Dr. Stewart—the composers who had furnished new works for the meeting. These amotig them who happened to be present acknowledged the compliment in due form.

The following official table, comparing the pecuniary results of this Festival with the result of the last (1867), may be read with interest

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by those—and they are by no means few—who care for the welfare and prosperity of the grandest of all music meetings:—

Tuesday morning—	1867.				1870.		
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	£284	11	0	...	£443	2	0
Secured ditto...	949	4	0	...	1,580	5	0
Unsecured ditto	229	19	0	...	157	10	0
Donations	641	3	7	...	823	3	0
Tuesday evening—							
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	44	5	0	...	68	5	0
Secured ditto	410	5	0	...	1,315	10	0
Unsecured ditto	125	4	0	...	142	16	0
Wednesday morning—							
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	266	14	0	...	144	18	0
Secured ditto...	1,350	15	0	...	491	8	0
Unsecured ditto	353	17	0	...	138	1	6
Passes	7	7	0	...	—		
Donations	103	14	5	...	143	18	3
Wednesday evening—							
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	69	0	0	...	42	0	0
Secured ditto	677	5	0	...	537	15	0
Unsecured ditto	236	10	0	...	183	4	0
Passes	2	2	0	...	—		
Thursday morning—							
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	340	4	0	...	402	3	0
Secured ditto	1,913	2	0	...	2,039	2	0
Unsecured ditto	43	1	0	...	—		
Donations	433	8	0	...	460	1	5
Thursday evening—							
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	46	10	0	...	26	5	0
Secured ditto	1,238	0	0	...	607	10	0
Unsecured ditto	292	0	0	...	307	12	0
Friday morning—							
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	250	19	0	...	208	19	0
Secured ditto	967	1	0	...	1,159	4	0
Unsecured ditto	396	7	6	...	364	17	6
Donations	460	18	2	...	318	15	10
Friday evening—							
President and Vice-Presidents' tickets	44	5	0	...	71	5	0
Secured ditto	706	10	0	...	805	10	0
Unsecured ditto	460	0	0	...	374	0	0
Totals	£13,342	7	8		£13,357	0	6

The proceeds from other sources in 1867 were as below:—

Tickets at £5 5s. each (63)	£331	5	0
Schemes	£375	0	0

Which swelled the sum total to £14,048 12s. 8d. What they may be by this time is not yet verified, but, as the *Birmingham Daily Post* remarks, "should they reach as high a figure as at last Festival, the total proceeds this year will be greater than on any former occasion." From the same authority we learn that "the highest amount taken at any Festival previous to 1867 was in 1834, when the Town Hall was opened for the first time, and the receipts amounted to £18,527."

Notwithstanding all that, in certain quarters, was prognosticated to the contrary, the Birmingham Festival of 1870 has proved a brilliant success. On no former occasion, indeed, has it been supported more liberally, and on no previous occasion have the exertions of the Festival Committee more amply merited the substantial results that have accrued. Even some of the local papers, for reasons superfluous to discuss, were apprehensive at the outset; but they soon changed their tone, and now it is one sustained and unanimous chorus of exultation.

We have to acknowledge the obliging courtesy of the Festival Committee, and especially of the Orchestral Steward, Mr. Peyton, a worthy successor of the zealous and active Mr. Oliver Mason, to whom the admirable organization of these meetings was so long and so greatly indebted.

LUCERNE.—On the 25th ult. Herr R. Wagner was married, in the Protestant church, to Madame Cosima, *née* Liszt.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Carl Riedel, the director of Riedel's Association, intends giving a performance, next season, of Hector Berlioz's *Requiem*.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt lately paid this town a visit. The vocal associations serenaded him. He came to a window of his rooms and listened to this mark of respect, applauding vigorously from time to time. He then went down and invited the singers to come up and continue their serenade in his rooms.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

On Saturday a meeting of the General Committee was held at the Secretary's office, Midland Institute. The Earl of Bradford, President, took the chair, the Mayor of Birmingham and a large number of gentlemen of the committee were present. The minutes having been signed, Mr. Hickman, superintendent of the ticket office laid the following before the meeting:—

1870.	Number attending.	Receipts.
August 30—Tuesday, first day	4,429	... £4,530 8 3
„ 31—Wednesday, second day	2,100	... 1,681 4 9
Total 1st and 2nd days	6,529	... 6,211 13 0
September 1—Thursday, third day	3,939	... 3,842 13 5
Total 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days	10,468	... 10,054 6 5
September 2—Friday, fourth day	4,102	... 3,302 11 4
Total 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th days	14,570	... 13,356 17 9
74 tickets at £5 5s. each	...	... 388 10 0
4 tickets at £4 4s. each	...	... 16 16 0
Passes and money taken at doors	...	... 16 15 6
Schemes	...	... 352 0 0
Total ...		£14,130 19 3

This, said Mr. Hickman, was the largest amount ever realized at a Birmingham Festival. From 1829 to 1834 no Festival was held, the performances having ceased at St. Philip's Church, and the Town Hall not being ready. The first Festival in the Town Hall was in 1834, when the receipts were the largest till 1867, and the amount was £18,998. There was one item for the present Festival still uncertain, namely, donations after the Festival. It might appear a little ungracious to say anything about further amounts being received, but the expenses had increased, and to pay over an amount to the hospital equal, proportionately, to former years, the committee would have to rely on the patrons of the hospital.

The Chairman was glad to find the receipts greater than had been announced, and proposed: "That this meeting dutifully acknowledges with gratitude her Majesty's gracious patronage. That the thanks of this meeting are due to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family," &c.

The Mayor proposed "That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Earl of Bradford, President of the Festival.

The Chairman congratulated the Mayor, on the success of the meeting, and hoped, not only that the success of these Festivals might go on but that on the present occasion a large sum might be handed over to the General Hospital.

A vote of thanks from the chair being passed to the Vice-Presidents, nobility, and gentry, who had honoured the meeting with their support, the Chairman then proposed "the warmest thanks of the Committee to Sir Michael Costa, for the great energy and ability with which he had conducted the music on this, the eighth occasion of his appearance in Birmingham as conductor of the Festivals."

Mr. R. Peyton said it was not generally known how much Sir M. Costa did before he went into the orchestra. He supposed there never was a conductor who equalled Sir Michael, and probably never would be. He had rendered great service in advising upon the musical arrangements, and he kept an eye upon the instrumentalists in London, which the committee, of course, could not do. They are indebted to Sir Michael for assisting throughout.

The Chairman before putting the resolution, said that though he and the public could not appreciate all Sir Michael Costa had done, they could appreciate the results, see the wonderful power which he exercised over those under his guidance, and the great superiority with which he wielded his magical baton. He hoped Sir Michael might live long to carry on the profession of which he was the distinguished leader and ornament. The resolution was carried. Resolutions were then proposed from the chair, congratulating Mr. Benedict, Dr. Hiller, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Mr. A. Sullivan, and Professor Stewart. Thanks were also passed to the Watch Committee, Town Hall Committee, Mr. G. Whateley, and the Strangers Committee.

The Chairman proposed:—"That the best thanks of this meeting be presented to Mr. Richard Peyton, chairman of the Orchestral Committee, and orchestral steward, for the great ability and judgment with which he has arranged the orchestral department, and for the untiring attention which he has given to the general interests of the Festival, to which its success is greatly to be attributed. To none more than to Mr. Peyton, were the committee indebted; and for the ability with which he had carried out what he had undertaken, the thanks of the committee were most justly his due.

Mr. W. J. Beale said that he himself had been congratulated upon

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the success of the Festival, but that the congratulations were due to Mr. Peyton. Such judgment as he had he had willingly brought to Mr. Peyton's assistance; but the consummation of their hopes was Mr. Peyton's work. The resolution was carried.

Mr. Peyton bore testimony to the services rendered by Mr. Beale, He (Mr. Peyton) was not anxious to take upon himself the office he filled, but when Mr. Mason left, he saw that somebody must take it and it came to him naturally. Without the help of Mr. Beale and Mr Chas. Harding he should not have got through as he had done; he was indebted, also, to the Orchestral Committee. He was glad the Festival had gone off well, for the general public something had been said about the engagement of artists. In regard to this matter the committee thought that the Festival ought to carry with it the sympathy of the musical world, and that they ought not to engage artists at sums which would not be returned. Guided by this principle, they did the best in the selection of their principals. The hospital would receive the benefit of the policy.

Thanks were next passed to the Ticket and Book Committee, especially Messrs. Henry and Charles Richards; to Mr. Charles Harding, in connection with the orchestral arrangements; to Mr. Hickman and Mr. Thomas Simpson, for the ticket office; to the sub-committees; to the stewards; to the orchestra, instrumental and choral; to the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association, and other amateurs, for gratuitous service; to the Sacred Harmonic Society, for loan of music; to Mr. Stimpson, organist; to Mr. C. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton, chorus masters; to the committee of the Blue Coat School and Midland Institute, for use of rooms; to the General Committee, to Mr. W. J. Beale, chairman, and Mr. Howard S. Smith, secretary.

The Earl of Bradford having vacated the chair, it was taken by Mr. Beale, who proposed a vote of thanks to his lordship. The resolution was carried. His Lordship regretted he had been prevented from attending two meetings of the committee. But he was prevented accidently. However, all was well that ended well, and he hoped they might say that the Festival had ended well. He was glad to have been of any service in the cause. This concluded the proceedings.

Mr. Benedict's "St. Peter."

During thirty-five years of rather busy life as a journalist, and attempting original composition, I have, on principle, avoided obtruding my own personality on the public. It is with no common reluctance, then, that, at the eleventh hour of my career, I feel myself obliged to state a case, which concerns every literary man who writes for Music.

I have always held that, in an oratorio, no intermixture of secular words with those from Holy Writ was in accordance with reverence or good taste. The two greatest works of the kind existing—the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*—were constructed on this principle. I have never been able to comprehend how any one could venture to dilute or eke out the text of the Bible, or to acquiesce in the introduction of verses from the Psalter or Hymn Book into Scriptural stories, such as occurs in the oratorios of Sebastian Bach,—unless, indeed, these be performed according to their author's intention, that is, with the audience joining in, congregationally. The admirers of Mendelssohn, who admit no fault in his judgment, will be displeased at my saying that the objection applies in yet fuller force to his *St. Paul*,—because there no such assistance on the part of "the people" was contemplated. Be these wire-drawn scruples, or convictions worthy of consideration—I have acted on them whenever I have attempted to arrange a Biblical subject for music; as in the book of my friend Mr. H. Leslie's *Judith*, and with greater care and pains, because on a more extended scale, when I treated the story of St. Peter.

This was the work to have been performed at the late Birmingham Festival; and my completed book, having been submitted to, and accepted by, the Committee, was handed over to Mr. Benedict, who had been selected to compose the new oratorio for the year 1870, early in the last year. Mr. Benedict, both personally and in writing, expressed himself (to speak moderately) entirely satisfied with what was set before him; and thus not only to myself, but to other persons. It was, further, expressly agreed on, in terms of the most perfect amity, that no alterations or modifications of the text were to be made save by myself. It was subsequently suggested by me that, should time fall short, only the first two parts of the oratorio should be performed at this year's Festival.

The past year went on, and I heard not a word of the oratorio; which was to be delivered for rehearsal at Birmingham on the 1st of March, 1870. I returned to London permanently, after occasional absences (always within reach of recall), on the 15th of October, 1869. Becoming curious, not to say anxious, with regard to a work of extent and pretension suggested by myself, and in which I had expended some research and contrivance, I wrote to Mr. Benedict, on the 15th of November, to enquire how matters were proceeding. —announcing that I intended to be absent from England for two months of the early spring of this year; and that I was anxious to leave nothing incomplete or requiring reconsideration. On the 10th of last January I learned, for the first time, that Mr. Benedict (who had answered my note) had shown portions of the music of *St. Peter* to more than one person, and that he had disposed of the oratorio to a publisher. In reply to my request for an explanation of conduct so strangely savouring of contempt to myself, I was favoured, on the 15th of January, with direct information from Mr. Benedict, that he had thought fit to make changes, omissions, and additions in my book; which had been accepted by him unconditionally,—and with regard to which he had not up to that time uttered a syllable of objection, suggestion, or remonstrance. He informed me that he had made these alterations by aid of a concordance. While I distinctly refused, by the slightest connivance, to sanction so amazing a transaction, the full impertinence of which was, even then, unknown to me, my intention was to keep silence with regard to it. I felt that every possible deference was due to the committee of the Birmingham Festival, in recognition of their known services to art, and in gratitude for their private and liberal hospitality. But seeing that I received after-communications on the subject from Mr. Benedict, not so much explanatory as aggressive, I have decided that it behoves me to lay the matter before the public,—the more so, since I have only very recently learnt that Mr. Benedict, had absolutely, before the oratorio was sold, thought proper to call in, not merely a "concordance," but the assistance of a gentleman, who consented to accept the strange task of remodelling another man's production. I have purposely forborne speaking out till the present moment, not wishing to damage a new work by the statement of such a case of flagrant injustice and discourtesy, —this however, out of no consideration to the composer. To myself the affront is one of small consequence: I have written enough for musical purposes to give the public a fair impression of such power, greater or less, as I may possess. But the cause is the cause of all younger (and I hope better) men who may come after me;—and to whom it may be of immediate importance that they should not be first enjoled and flattered, and subsequently ignored and insulted, by persons pretending to hold a place in the rank of artists.

Henry F. Chorley.

Augsburg.—Herr Böckel, formerly manager of the Theatre here, is at present an attendant on the wounded in the Bavarian army.

Dresden.—A considerable number of concerts have been given for the benefit of the Wounded. At one of them Handel's *Messiah* was performed, the solos being entrusted to Mdmes. Otto-Alvsleben, Nanitz, Herr Degele and Dr. Gunz.

Schmalkalden.—Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia lately ordered two gold medals to be struck, one for the composer, and one for the writer, of "Die Wacht am Rhein." The composer, Herr Carl Wilhelm, who resides here, has already received his. The writer of the words, Herr Max Schneckenburger, however, having died many years ago, her Majesty has commanded inquiries to be set on foot with the object of seeing whether the medal can not be presented to some child or relative of his.

Vienna.—The opera selected by Herr Theodor Wachtel wherewith to inaugurate his engagement at the Carl Theater is *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*.—Mdme. Minnie Hauck was announced to appear on the 1st inst., at the Imperial Opershouse, as Zerlina in *Don Juan*.—Herr Brahms has declined to accept the post as conductor of the Conservatory Concerts.—The following modest advertisement appeared lately in one of the local papers: "A young artist, who, from the very moment of his first appearance, has met with great favour and encouragement, wishes to enter into communication with a lady of distinction and influence, whose patronage might open for him a sphere worthy of his talents. He has been induced to take this step neither by a secondary position nor by want, but by a desire to be enabled, by means of such patronage, to break through, with the least possible delay, the obstacles wherewith the partisans of mediocrity and materialism endeavour to close against him the career on which he has so triumphantly entered! He cherishes, also, the hope of meeting a sensitive heart, that can sympathize with his ideal aspirations!"—The "young artist" above may or may not possess talent; he may or may not be in temporary want of "the"—he most probably is—but there can be no doubt about his possessing a plentiful amount of brass.

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Mr. Robert F. Bowley.

Those who for some thirty years past, have been among the figures most familiar to musical London are rapidly disappearing from the scene. The Sacred Harmonic Society has lost two of its oldest, most valuable, and energetic members: its venerable President, Mr. Harrison, who died the other day, at a very advanced age, and Mr. Robert Bowley, to whose shrewdness, energy of persistence, and thorough habits of business is largely due its present high—we might say unparalleled—position among the Musical societies of Europe. Napoleon the first contumeliously called England, "a nation of shopkeepers." Ours, in more than one notable instance, have done for Music that which the aristocratic and opulent, at home and abroad, with all their superiority of wealth, refinement, and intellectual training, have failed to accomplish. The Antient Concerts, though to the last upheld by our Prince Consort, our Wellington, relative to Lord Mornington, and like him keenly alive to the pleasures of music, Lord Howe, Lord Darnley, Lord Dartmouth, and other amateurs no less distinguished and liberal, were virtually, swept from the face of musical London by the Exeter Hall Oratorios.

These began quaerly enough; though with a certain earnestness of purpose, excellent to note in men, otherwise so practically occupied; whereas the *dilettanti* who ruled the Antient Concerts, had only rank, leisure, taste, and money on their side. The indigenous voices of London called out to make a chorus were anything but rich and tuneable thirty-five years ago. The "Antients" drew their supplies from Lancashire; and those were days when the journey from Lancashire to London was an affair of some eight-and twenty hours. But a few tradesmen in the west end of London were resolved to have music of their own, and to Mr. Harrison, in St. James's Street, and Mr. Bowley, at Charing Cross, was mainly due the establishment of the Sacred Harmonic Society. For a time this body may have been said to exist rather than to flourish. Nevertheless, by its appeal to popular favour, and its courage as superseding the old intolerable playhouse oratorios which were no longer to be endured by persons of any artistic culture the Sacred Harmonic Society began to excite curiosity, attention, and respect; and its promoters were wise enough to profit by the strictures which the imperfection of their performances excited, to strengthen their orchestra, and to weed their chorus. A hampering influence, however, existed in the person of the original conductor, who, however well-intentioned, was, in no respect, equal to the situation. After a time, Mr. Sarmun, and the Society separated and the latter was placed in the hands of Sir Michael Costa. The result was at once immediate and progressive. Before many years were over, the Sacred Harmonic Society was strong enough to lend a well-drilled squadron of musicians to provincial performances, to gather a library, to establish a benevolent fund, and, lastly, to lead up to those stupendous gatherings at the Crystal Palace, which, when all in their disfavour regarding the vastness of their locality is said, remain, and will remain, in musical history, as among the most magnificent displays of art ever seen in Europe. The greatest share in this progress and prosperity is, beyond question due to the shrewd foresight, energy, and administrative power of Mr. Bowley. Without such an organization, the Sydenham Oratorios would have been so many chaotic failures.

It is not to be wondered at that the directors of that preposterous building (for preposterous it is with all its magnificence) should be naturally attracted by the skill in generalship to which allusion has been made. In a lucky hour, the management of the Crystal Palace was, fourteen years ago, placed in the hands of Mr. Bowley. The right man was in the right place. He was firm, indefatigable, ingenious, of unimpeachable probity. Never was there an officer at once more re olute in carrying out his plans, yet more willing to receive suggestions, always at his post, always with a resource at hand in case of difficulty. Hence, he was habitually called in and consulted whenever any great celebration was to be organized. In brief he was an excellent and remarkable example of administrative powers such as are given to few, and which entitle his name to a permanent record in the history of English exhibitions of art.

Such a life, however, as his is not to be led with impunity. The incessant strain on every nerve and every faculty, the honest resolution to fulfil every duty of a most onerous stewardship, could not but have told on one of greater physical power and a healthier habit of body than himself. It had been obvious, for some short time past, that Mr. Bowley's health was beginning to give way, but the end was hastened by the decease of his friend and comrade of many years standing, Mr. Harrison. The mind finally lost its balance, and a few days ago his life was sadly closed by a catastrophe, the details of which have been too largely laid before the public to be dwelt on here. It is enough for the present to insist that in the position he occupied, and for the duties he undertook, Mr. Bowley was emphatically a rare man, whose place will not be soon, if it be ever, filled.

E. L. E.

PATRIOTIC SONGS OF FRANCE.

The lasting popularity of the "Marseillaise," now nearly eighty years old, becomes more remarkable when we consider that, although the first song of the Revolution, it was immediately followed by a host of Republican effusions, which competed with it for public favour. There were the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," and the "Chanson de Roland," by Méhul; the "Chant du Juillet," the "Chant Martial," the "Hymne à l'Etre Suprême," the "Hymne à la Liberté," and "Peuple, reveille-toi," by Gossec. All these, the fruits of a general ferment, have died away, and tha only lyrical work that, besides the "Marseillaise," has continued to live in the memory of the French is the "Chant du Depart," by Méhul. This was recently sung at one of the Parisian theatres; but as it is a sort of cantata with solos and choruses arranged for different voices it can rarely become a popular song in the ordinary sense of the word.

One forgotten melody of the old Revolution was revived shortly before the affair of Febrnary, when the *Histoire des Girondins*, by M. de Lamartine was the book of the day. Grisy-Dupré, a journalist attached to the Girondists, and condemned to share their fate, composed, a few hours before his execution, a hymn, which long afterwards responded to the state of feeling in 1847, and which, with a slight modification, became the "Chant des Girondins," better perhaps known as "Mourir pour la Patrie." M. Alexandre Dumas' *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*, then a new piece, terminated with the supper of tha Girondists, at which this song was appropriately introduced.

The lays of the First Empire were generally of a warlike kind, or, to speak more correctly, the words were warlike, though often set to the most pacific music. Nothing, for instance, could be less martial than the air extracted from an opera by Grétry, which was made to fit "Veillons au salut de l'Empire." However the First Empire was by no means badly represented in the world of song by the "Partant pour la Syrie," which in the days of the Crimean war became the most popular tune in England and France, and by the "Sentinelle" of Choron and the "Vaillant Troubadour," of Sanvan, both of which are to be found in the most common music books.

The Restoration brought with it the revival of the old royalist melodies, "Vive Henri IV.," and "Charmante Gabrielle." A pacific air by Grétry was now made to do duty in honour of the restored *régime*; but this time the music was not diverted from its proper purpose. The words in which it was fitted, "Oh peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" rather celebrated the blessings of peace than the triumph of a dynasty.

The Revolutions of 1830 had a song of its own, with which great name were connected, but which after a short popularity sank to utter oblivion. Casimir Delavigne, the poet of the restored "Messeniennes," was looked upon as the proper person to celebrate the deeds of July. As he had not even that uncultivated power of music which belonged to Rouget de l'Isle, he fitted his words to a Hungarian air, which he had retained in his memory, and which was duly noted down and scored by Auber. Thus arose the "Parisienne," and to its non-national origin is attributed the short duration of its popularity.

Of late the patriotic songs of France have been the "Marseillaise" and the "Ithin Allemand," which M. Alfred de Musset produced during the consumption of a single cigar, and to which music has been set by MM. Félicien David and Voucorbeil. A greater novelty, however, is "A la frontiere," with music by M. Gounod, sung at the opera by M. Dereyod in the uniform of a Zouave.

M. Eugène Manuel, whose piece, *Les Ouvriers*, although only in one act, was one of the greatest successes at the Théâtre Français in the beginning of the year, has manifested his patriotic feelings in a dramatic form, having written for the same theatre a scene, entitled "Pour les Blessés." The decoration represents a rustic house used as an ambulance, and the speakers are only two in number—namely, a wounded French officer and a woman who attends him, and to whom he tells the history of his service. The performers are M. Coquelin and Mdlle. Favart.

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DEATH.

On the 29th ult., Mr. ALFRED NICHOLSON, aged 48—sincerely lamented.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

MR. CHORLEY AND *ST. PETER.*

MR. H. F. CHORLEY has thrown a bomb from his old mortar, the *Athenæum*, into the Benedictine camp, and, as yet, nobody seems any the worse for it. Let us explain the signification of this warlike movement.

Gossip like the following has long been current in the musical world:—A. "Benedict is working hard at *St. Peter*, I hear."—B. "So much the better. The words are Chorley's, are they not?"—A. "They were to have been."—B. "Explain."—A. "Benedict, I am told, rejected Chorley's libretto as impossible."—B. "Won't there be a row?"—A. "Rather."—The "row" has come, for on Saturday last, within twenty-four hours after the performance of *St. Peter* at Birmingham, the author of the rejected libretto fired his first ready-charged gun; in other words, he came forward, with a lengthy "card," personal to himself, and remarkably so to Mr. Benedict. Remembering that we have to do with an *ex parte* statement, we will look at the said "card" awhile.

Let us promptly give Mr. Chorley the credit he claims. The veteran journalist has made a name and fame which, "at the eleventh hour of his career," no affront can injure. He, therefore, looks upon the rejection of his libretto with philosophic calm, being especially consoled by the thought that he has written enough to show the world his abilities. So far Mr. Chorley is right. We all know exactly what he can do; and feel tolerably sure that his character as a librettist cannot be lowered by any contumacious behaviour on the part of mere musicians. "Why, then," some may ask, "has he so eagerly rushed into print?" Mr. Chorley himself explains with customary emphasis. He comes forward burning with desire to save his younger brethren from the snares of "persons pretending to hold a place in the rank of artists." The vivid fancy of the author of *The Prodigy* sees multitudinous spiders, like Mr. Benedict, waiting for multitudinous flies, like himself, in the hope of repeating the "Walk into my parlour" business, and so compassing their ultimate humiliation. "Hence these tears." Hence, rather, the warning note in the columns of the *Athenæum*. "Look at me," says Mr. Chorley, to his yet unscathed fellows, "I make an exhibition of myself for your sakes, that you may not be 'first cajoled and flattered, and subsequently ignored and insulted.'" The sacrifice is as great as the object of it is noble; and, assuredly, in this respect, no hour of Mr. Chorley's career better becomes him than the "eleventh."

Having paid the above just acknowledgment on demand, we arrive at the marrow of Mr. Chorley's complaint—stay, though, what is all this about the "intermixture of secular words with those of Holy Writ?" Has Mr. Benedict been guilty of intermixture in the actual *St. Peter?* No. Has anybody, relative to *St. Peter*, urged the intermixing theory? No. Then why the emphatic delivery of opinions which Mr. Chorley, himself, hesitates whether to call "wire-drawn scruples," or "convictions worthy of consideration?" We confess ourselves unable to answer the question; but as regards the point afflicting Mr. Chorley with uncertainty, we have no doubt at all. The "wire-drawn scruples" are obvious. This, however, is apart from the main issue, to which we now come.

Pending a statement from the "other side," we are not in a position to judge between Messrs. Chorley and Benedict on matters of fact. The former gentleman tells a straightforward story, very precise in regard to dates, and not less definite in its charges; but *Humanum est errare*, and it is clearly within the range of possibility that Mr. Benedict may be able to disprove some, at least, of Mr. Chorley's assertions, and upset his position. At the same time, he may *not* have it in his power to do this; and speculation thereupon would, of necessity, be dangerous. Certain qualifying observations, however, suggest themselves, even accepting Mr. Chorley's statements as true. To these we will give brief utterance.

1. Mr. Chorley says: "Mr. Benedict, both personally and in writing, expressed himself (to speak moderately) entirely satisfied with what was set before him, and this not only to myself but to other persons. "Is it impossible, we ask, for Mr. Benedict to have done so and yet to have found, on closer examination of the libretto, that it required serious alteration in order to meet his views? The composition of an oratorio cannot be set about as one would begin the manufacture of a table or a coat; it being essential, for instance, that the worker should feel perfect sympathy with his materials. We can understand, therefore, how a musician may be satisfied with the result of a cursory glance at a libretto; and yet be profoundly dissatisfied when addressing himself to the task of composition. We are inclined to believe in this, as Mr. Benedict's case; especially while there is an entire absence of motive for the strange behaviour with which he, an honourable gentleman, is charged.

2. Mr. Chorley says: "It was, further, expressly agreed on in terms of the most perfect amity, that no alterations or modifications of the text were to be made save by myself." This is, probably, the truth; but is it the whole truth? We are tempted to ask whether Mr. Benedict may not, over and over again, have suggested improvements in the libretto, which Mr. Chorley may have absolutely refused to sanction, treating his work as a perfect thing. The hypothesis is not unreasonable, and, if it hit the truth, we see at once how the affair of the oratorio came to a dead lock. A composer who could not set his librettist's words, and a librettist who would not meet his composer's views, are a "house divided against itself," which cannot possibly stand. What wonder if, in these circumstances, Mr. Benedict acted upon the first law of nature," self-preservation, and took the book of *St. Peter* into his own hands.

On another matter, Mr. Chorley has hardly been as explicit as could be wished. He talks about the "remodelling" of his *St. Peter*; but without telling us in what degree the actual libretto is new. If Mr. Benedict's book differ entirely in plan from that of Mr. Chorley, the latter gentleman has only to complain of rejection. If, on the other hand, it be the original libretto, with alterations, his grievance is of a character every literary man will keenly estimate. On this matter particulars will doubtless be forthcoming; and we can only wonder why, presuming they strengthen his case, Mr. Chorley left us to speculate upon the actual facts.

Here we leave the matter for the present; our only motive for taking it up just now being anxiety lest too much weight should be given to statements purely one-sided. When Mr. Benedict speaks, if he think it worth while to speak at all, we may have more to say.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE War has called forth our sympathies in a new and unexpected direction—unexpected, because a few weeks ago we could have no idea that the Paris musical journals would cease to appear. So it is, however. *Le Ménestrel*, *L'Art Musicale*, *La France Musicale*, and their lesser brethren, have put up the shutters, locked the office doors, and sent all hands to the drill ground. We condole with them, while taking the event as a matter of course. Bellona has things her own way just now, and Minerva must hide in some congenial corner, till the terrible war-goddess is satisfied. May the latter result be speedy, and may our French contemporaries soon reappear with all their wonted happy mixture of fact and fiction.

A REPORT of the meeting of the General Committee of the Birmingham Festival appears in another part of this impression, and is chiefly noticeable for some remarks of the Orchestral Steward, Mr. Peyton. Referring to the engagement of artists, that gentleman said, "In regard to this matter, the Committee thought that the Festival ought to carry with it the sympathy of the musical world, and that they ought not to engage artists at sums which would not be returned. Guided by this principle, they did their best in the selection." It would appear, therefore, that the Committee resisted the demands of singers who put a higher price upon their services than could be paid with hope of profit. As the whole transaction is governed by laws of demand and supply, we shall be content to applaud the committee, without censuring the singers. Both were within their rights; but it is to be expected that public sympathy will go with those who exercised the privilege of refusing ruinous demands.

GIVEN a fresh subject of study involving both theory and practice, to be introduced into a great national seat of education; what better introduction could it receive than at the hands of a professor who is preceded by a reputation, and a deserved reputation, such as to bring together to his first lectures crowds from all quarters, men and women, young and old—crowds probably the most eager that have ever attended a University course since the Middle Ages; whose words, whether true or false, have it in them to stir and brace the fibre of the hearers, and to set them thinking and working; who fights with a generous ardour for the ascendancy of moral over material influences and ambitions; who is able to drive home all that he has to say or to suggest with the weight of a single-minded conviction, and the charm of an impressive, an engaging, an admirable personality; who has spent the best years of his life in the pursuit as well as in the encouragement of the arts which he is appointed to profess; who unites to the gifts of a brilliant verbal expositor the gifts of an accomplished and faithful manual student, who believes in his mission, and is manifestly determined to devote all his powers and all his enthusiasm to the task he has undertaken? Such, we all know, is Mr. Ruskin.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—A correspondent informs us that:—

"Mr. H. Corri's English opera *troupe* began a fortnight's engagement at the Theatre on Monday. The company consists of Madame Ida Gilliles-Corri, Misses Harrison, Rosire, Collins, Messrs. F. Gaynar, Corri, Manley, Wade, and Henry Corri. *Il Trovatore* was selected for the first night's performance.—Signor Mario's farewell concert is announced for the 22nd inst. Mdlle. Liebhart and Mdlle. Enriques are to be the lady vocalists, and Signor Sivori, the violinist, and Chevalier de Kontski, pianist.—A concert has been given by M. D'Alarene, at the West Street Concert Hall, assisted by several French vocalists, and Mdlle. Secretain as pianist."

COLOGNE.—The Theatre-Committee have adopted the plans and estimate for a new theatre. The house is to contain one thousand eight hundred spectators, and the expense, including the cost of the stage, scenery, &c., not to exceed one hundred and fifty-five thousand thalers.

MUNICH.—The Theatre Royal re-opened on the 25th ult.—the day of Herr R. Wagner's wedding with Liszt's daughter. Nothing by the Musician of the Future, however, figured in the bills, which included Weber's "Jubel-Ouverture;" a spirited prologue by Hermann Schmidt; and Grétry's *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BIRMINGHAM, *Sept. 3.*

I sent you yesterday a brief telegram announcing the success of Mr. Benedict's oratorio, of which I shall have further occasion to speak after treating of the previous night's concert, in accordance with the somewhat worn quotation (so often impressed on irregular mortals), that tells us "Order is Heaven's first law." Thursday evening, then, opened with the fourth novelty of the Festival, in the shape of a cantata, entitled *Nala and Damayanti*, the words of which are by Madame Sophie Hasenclever (daughter of the well-known German painter, Schadow), translated by our clever countrywoman, Madame Natalie Macfarren, the music being by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the friend and intimate of Mendelssohn—a musician who has long stood in the foremost rank of the professors of the divine art, and of whom the following memoir will doubtless be read with interest:—

Ferdinand Hiller, pianist and composer, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on the 24th October, 1811, and is, consequently, in his 59th year. While still a child, the great talent he exhibited for music already determined his vocation, and no pains were spared to perfect his musical education under Hoffmann, the imaginative composer of music, A. Schmidt, the great contrapuntist, Vollweiler, and subsequently Hummel, Mozart's favourite pupil, with whom young Hiller spent two years in Weimar. He was not ten years old when he made his first public appearance as a pianist, and in his 17th year he published, at Vienna, his first composition—a quar-et for piano and strings. The subsequent fertility of the young composer is shown by the fact that the opus number of his new cantata, produced at the Birmingham Festival on Thursday evening is 150. After the completion of his musical apprenticeship Ferdinand Hiller spent no less than seven years in Paris, where he devoted himself chiefly to classical music, and especially to the study of Bach and Beethoven. In the winter of 1836-37 returning to his native town, he was appointed director of the Orchestra of the Frankfort Cecilien Verein. His next move was to Milan, where his unsuccessful opera of *Romilde* was produced. The winter of 1839-40 found him at Leipsic, where he produced his oratorio, *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, which deservedly ranks as one of his best and most successful works. Returning to Italy, he married there in the summer of 1841, since which time he has lived in turn at Dresden, Frankfort, and Leipsic, in which latter town he directed the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, in the winter of 1843-11. Dr. Hiller afterwards spent four years in Dresden, where he brought out his two operas, *Der Traum in der Christnacht* (*The Dream in the Night of the Nativity*), in 1844, and *Conradin der letzten Hohenstaufen* (*Conradin, the last Rose of the Hohenstaufen*), in 1847. In the same year he accepted the office of music director at Düsseldorf, where he remained three years, removing thence, in 1850, to Cologne, where he was invited to undertake the office of Capelmeister. Here, the already existing Concert Institute flourished greatly under his vigorous management, where, also, he founded the Rhenish Music School. In the winter of 1851-52 he went to Paris, where he directed the Italian Opera. He passed the following spring in London, and returned in November of the same year to Cologne, where he has since constantly resided, with the exception of occasional journeys, of which the last was to Russia.

Of his numerous compositions, the most notable, besides those incidentally mentioned above, are his various collections of songs—especially the *drei Dichter neue Gesänge*—some pianoforte sonatas, two concertos for the same instrument, several excellent studies for the violin and piano, impromptus, rythmical studies, an operetta without words, *à quatre mains*, and of vocal pieces for solo, chorus, and orchestra, the "*Gesang der Geister uber dem Wasser*" ("Song of the spirits above the water"), and "*O weint uns sie*" ("Oh weep for her"), later hymn; *The Night of the Nativity*," "Heloise," the *Lorelay*," "Night," "The morning of Palm Sunday," the "93rd Psalm," and "Whit-suntide," may be cited as the most important. His great choral works are *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, already mentioned, the oratorios, *Die sucrum* and *Saul*, and the opera, *Die Katakomben*, (*The Catacombs*). Among his instrumental compositions his Symphony in E flat is especially good.

The outline of the cantata has already been given at length in the columns of the *Musical World*, and therefore need not be now recapitulated; suffice it to say that the subject, being of very remote Hindoo origin, i.e., some 3,000 years since its author (or compiler), Vigasa, having lived some five centuries before Homer, can hardly be expected to create any very profound interest at the present day. Nevertheless, the story has in itself a certain poetic grace, of which Dr. Hiller has not failed to avail himself, and the result is a work teeming at once with elegant fancy and rich in ingenious devices, abounding in beauties which are certain to develop themselves more and more at each successive hearing, and showing everywhere the hand of a

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master, the oriental colouring being above all things conspicuous throughout; while the entire work is no less remarkable for its originality than the thorough command which Dr. Hiller possesses of the varied resources of voices and instruments. The conditions to which I have already more than once had occasion to allude, prevent my going fully into each separate number of the new cantata, in which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley sustained the principal parts with credit to themselves and advantage to the work, while the band and chorus alike exerted themselves to do justice to the production of the eminent musician, who conducted his own composition, and who was at the first received with such warmth and at the conclusion cheered with such hearty enthusiasm as must have clearly proved we are no strangers to his well earned reputation, and that the estimation in which he is held here will be considerably enhanced by the manner in which he has executed his first commission for a Birmingham Festival. A few minutes having allowed the excitement time to cool, Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton came forward to perform Beethoven's sonata in F, for pianoforte and violin, a task of which it is almost superfluous to say that they both acquitted themselves to perfection. With regard to our Queen of Pianists I have heard it more than once remarked that her playing this week has been if anything more magnificent than ever. The following formed the second part of this interesting, if far too lengthy evening programme (*see page* 605).

That the overture to *Guillaume Tell* (a stock piece at all Festivals) should be given in such a manner as might be expected with such a body of instruments and such a conductor, need hardly be said; but a separate and strong line of praise must be awarded to Mr. Edward Howell (whose early studies were directed by that admirable musician, the late Lovell Phillips), for his playing the violoncello introduction with a breadth and purity of tone which not only electrified the audience but at the same time delighted the older connoisseurs, who remember every first violoncellist who has taken the part for the last quarter of a century. The remainder of the programme calls for no particular remark—artists and pieces being alike more or less familiar.

MONDAY, *Sept. 5.*

For the first time during the week rain fell after the termination of Thursday evening's concert, just a mere sprinkle to commence with and then a steady downpour which lasted all through the night, and lent a very gloomy opening to the day which was to witness the most important novelty of the Festival. Fortunately, however, as the morning advanced the heavy clouds receded, and some time before the gaily dressed multitude began to flock towards the Town Hall, glorious sunshine burst forth and gave happy augury of the treat that was in store for those who were about to assist at the production of a work that soon to confer enduring lustre on the composer and the place that has had the honour of first presenting it to the public. Precisely at half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Benedict took his place at the conductor's desk amidst the applause of welcome spontaneously accorded to himself and orchestra. The overture, descriptive of evening by the Sea of Galilee, at once gave evidence of the skill of a practised master, and prepared the mind to expect still greater things to follow; nor were such expectations disappointed, for from the first note to the last the work was listened to with increased interest, and pronounced on all hands to be in, every respect worthy the genius of Weber's most accomplished pupil—a musician whose sterling qualities have now been proved in every form of composition. The oratorio of *Saint Peter* is divided into two parts, the first embracing the Divine Call and Trial of Faith, the second comprising the Denial and Repentance, each subject being treated in an appropriate and fitting manner. As it is intended shortly to give to the readers of the *Musical World* a detailed analysis of this work, illustrated in music type, it would be but anticipating were I to attempt to particularize each individual number of an oratorio which, if there be any appreciation of all that is best and noblest in music is certain to be heard very many times and to take its place as an acknowledged masterpiece of art. It would be scarcely possible to improve upon the four vocalists to whom the principal parts were assigned, and as Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, one and all, sang their very best, it will be quite understood that, so far as their new concerned, there was literally nothing to be desired, while both chorus and band did their utmost to ensure the success of a work whose composer is no less remarkable for his amiability of manner than for his unquestionable ability. Three pieces were repeated at the desire of the President—the chorus of Benediction, "The Lord be a lamp;" the unaccompanied quartet, "O come let us sing;" and the soprano air, "I mourn as a dove." So far as effect is concerned, the last air, for Mdlle. Tietjens, "Gird up thy loins," might well have been asked for again, but that it would have been a little too much to have expected a singer, even with the great German *prima donna's* exceptional powers, twice to have attacked such a succession of high passages, ascending to D flat, although her country men had that day achieved the greatest victory of modern times. At the conclusion of the work a perfect hurricane of applause arose from every side, which was renewed again and again until Mr. Benedict had once more presented himself and acknowledged the enthusiastic greetings of the vast audience, whose demonstration was of that genuine and unmistakable sort which can never by any possibility be confounded with that mild and artificial form of approval which goes to make up a mere *succès d'estime*.

It was a mistake on the part of those who arranged the Festival programme to supplement a complete and lengthy oratorio like *St. Peter* with the *Requiem*, in which Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli were set down for the principal parts. How these artists acquitted themselves, and how the work went generally, I am unable to say, at least from my own observation, and therefore prefer to maintain a silence, which may be considered discreet or the reverse. It is, however, no breach of confidence to mention that, long as was the morning's performance, i.e., nearly five hours, it would have been considerably longer had not the idea originally entertained of commencing with Spohr's "God, Thou art great," been abandoned by the Committee.

In accordance with the custom which has for some time obtained here, the last evening instead of being of the same miscellaneous character as its three predecessors is devoted to oratorio, so as to suit the requirements of those to whom a morning performance may be inconvenient. Upon this occasion the work chosen was Handel's seventh in order of Handel's oratorios, begun eight days after the completion of the *Messiah*, finished in five weeks, produced at one of the Lenten performances at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 18th March, 1743, and said to be preferred by its composer even before its immediate forerunner, a judgment at the present day hardly likely to be endorsed; despite the many and striking beauties with which it abounds. The soloists on Friday were Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The intense pathos which the last named singer throws into that most touching air, "Total eclipse," has never been equalled, much less excelled by any vocalist, and those who were present will not readily forget how Mr. Reeves, who has sung at every performance, morning and evening, all through the week, distinguished himself on the last night of the Festival, his share in the duet, "Go, baffled coward," with Signor Foli, being as remarkable for its defiant vigour as the air above named was conspicuous for its depth and tenderness of feeling. Mdme. Patey again added largely to the general success by the manner in which she sang throughout, her greatest triumph being in "Return, O God of Hosts." Although considerably past 11 o'clock when Mdlle. Tietjens sang "Let the bright Seraphim" (the *obbligato* trumpet accompaniment being played by Mr. Thomas Harper with his wonted skill), so spirited was her delivery of the well-known air that the audience with one voice asked for its repetition, a demand which the artist would have been quite justified in declining considering the amount of work that had fallen to her share during the last four days. Mr. Santley's splendid rendering of "How willing my paternal love" was in every way worthy his well-earned reputation, and what Mr. Cummings and Signor Foli had to do was done well, while the band and chorus, despite their prodigious labours, played and sang with unflagging energy up to the last note, the same arrangements of "God save the Queen" which had opened the Festival bringing it to a close. Ringing cheers then followed for some minutes, Sir Michael Costa being applauded again and again, the band and chorus, who best knew the indefatigable labours and immeasurable worth of their chief, being loudest of all in their demonstrations. Calls were got up for Benedict, Sullivan, Hiller, and Barnett, and those present of the gentlemen named responded to the compliment. A strong and well-deserved word of praise is especially due to Mr. Stockley and Mr. Sutton, upon whom all the weight of training the choruses devolves, and whose labours extend over many months preceding the Festival. The result of these labours has been a series of choral performances of the highest mark, and the unqualified approval of a body of singers who do the highest credit to the careful manner in which they have been prepared for their task. To Mr. Peyton, by his courtesy and business-like manner shows himself a worthy successor to Mr. Oliver Mason, my especial thanks are due, while the duties of those gentlemen who take upon themselves the office of Stewards have been discharged with a quiet unobtrusiveness deserving of all praise, and particularly commended to the imitation of the Stewards of the Three Choir Festivals.

DRINKWATER HARD.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The New Prussian March," by J. Orsten; "Watch by the Rhine," by W. S. Rockstro; "Angel of Peace," song, by Anne Fricker. NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—Two vocal quartets, The 23rd Psalm, for voice and piano (or organ); "A Lily thou wast," "An old Song," "Give," "The Fountain," "A Farewell"—songs, composed by Edward Bechi.

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THE LATE ALFRED NICHOLSON.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Leicester Advertiser*:—

"DEAR SIR,—Your obituary columns will contain this week the name of one of our townsmen, which, as a musical amateur, I should not willingly see passed over without a few lines of respect and affectionate remembrance. I allude to the removal by death of *Alfred* Nicholson from amongst us, who, by his talent as an oboeist, was known throughout the whole of the three kingdoms, and universally esteemed *facile princeps* amongst English oboe players. His modesty which almost always accompanies true talent of every kind was a very conspicuous component of his character, and his readiness to oblige and delight his friends by his wonderful power of musical expression were well known and appreciated. His services for public charitable occasions were equally prompt and kind. The estimation in which he was held by the musical profession was well shown by the eager offer of gratuitous services from all the leading instrumentalists in the London orchestra, on the occasion of his being first stricken down with paralysis; and the result of this will be long remembered by the performance for his benefit of the *Ancient Mariner*, conducted by the composer, Mr. Barnett, in which all the instrumental orchestra were gratuitous professional players, and the performance unrivalled in beauty and delicacy by any ever heard here during the memory of man.

"Alfred Nicholson was born June 30th, 1822. His father, Henry Nicholson, was master of the Duke of Rutland's private band, and will be remembered by the older inhabitants as a skilful musician. Alfred began to study at six years old, and was afterwards placed under Mr. Alsopp (a sterling musician of His Majesty's Theatre orchestra), and Mr. Tolbecque for violin, but preferring to make the oboe his chief instrument, he was put in charge of M. Barret (of whom he continued the favourite pupil), by whose side he played in the opera orchestra until disabled by the fatal attack which prostrated him.

"He was a distinguished member of all the Festival orchestras for many years, and attended especially all the Birmingham Festivals since 1834 (and died the day of the commencement of the latter this week). He was a member of the Philharmonic orchestra, the Royal Italian orchestra, Sacred Harmonic Society, and every important society in existence in London, since he went there, and his example, I know, has been an encouragement to his brothers, who are worthily sustaining the family reputation for musicianship, and whose reputation is great, and increasing in the provinces as well as London.

"As a friend who has known him from boyhood, I can bear testimony to his power of commanding the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and have recollection of many pleasant musical meetings with him, when his kind consideration for the deficiencies of those less gifted than himself, was as conspicuous as his own able conquest of all the difficulties which presented themselves in the performance of the music before him.

"It is pleasant to be able to refer, which I do very briefly (because I do not wish to raise the veil of private life), to the willing and kindly manner in which his afflictions have been lightened, and his failing strength upheld by the unwearied sympathy and assistance of his nearest friends. Suffice it to say they have done what they could, and I trust in doing so they will find their affliction for his loss lightened, and their own kindness returned in that form to themselves.

"Poor Alfred was proud of the old town, and loved the old friends in it, and though he has passed away after a long and distressing calamity, he will not be forgotten hastily by many here, amongst whom I am proud to include, dear Sir, yours respectfully, "WILLIAM ROWLETT.

"39, *Princess Street*."

NEW MUSIC.

Angel of Peace. Song. Written by the Rev. J. B. DALTON, M.A. Music by ANNE FRICKER. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A SIMPLE and expressive song, which will command acceptance everywhere. The words are above the average of religious verses, and Miss Fricker has set them with much feeling. It is long since we met with a song at once so unambitious and so good.

Watch by the Rhine (Die Wacht am Rhein). Transcribed for the Pianoforte by W. S. ROCKSTRO. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

IT was to be expected that the popular German song of the Rhine would fall into the transcribers' hands; and here we have one of many versions. Mr. Rockstro has treated his theme in a manner so ornate that we doubt if Wilhelm would at once recognize his own composition. This, however, will be no drawback to those who love works of the kind, and to such we recommend the piece before us.

The New Prussian March. Composed for the Piano by TH. OESTEN. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

THIS is not the least interesting of the many musical effusions springing out of the present miserable war. If any pianists wish to celebrate the Prussian victories they can now do it, without much trouble, in strains both vigorous and pleasing.

ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

In nothing is the difficulty of contemporary criticism more apparent than in acting. The natural bias of the human mind to hold the men with whom it acquires familiarity late in life inferior in all respects to those it knew in youth, to believe the past greater than the present is never so obvious as in judgments passed on actors. In other cases the assertions of the *laudator temporis acti* can be disproved. Those who maintain that modern Englishmen are smaller in size and feebler in constitution and in strength than their sires are answered by the fact that Englishmen of the present day can wear the armour of their ancestor, and that from the monuments upon tombs we can gather that Englishmen of half-a-dozen centuries ago were much the same in shape and build that they now are. In degeneracy in valour or in pluck maintained? We answer it in a score of ways. Never was better riding to hounds or manlier cricket exhibited. For deeds of heroism the behaviour of our soldiers during the Indian Mutiny, and in the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman may stand beside that of the troops of Cressy or of Flodden, while the manly action of those noble fellows who perished in the Birkenhead shows that the poorest soldier can by circumstances be rendered a Philip Sidney. Had such a deed as they performed been done in any country but England a monument would have commemorated the fact, and blazoned to future generations their worth.* In literature, lastly, and in art, the comparison between the present and the past can be readily established. We know that in spite of the cry of degeneracy echoed by every writer since Homer, human intellect attained its supreme development in the comparatively modern days of Elizabeth. We know that in writers like Montaigne, Milton, Locke, Voltaire, Goethe, Wordsworth, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Ruskin, Swinburne, and Rossetti, the glories of the literature are worthily transmitted and maintained, placing their works together we defy the warmest supporter of old times to show us any sign of decadence.

In art we can speak less boldly, but we know that in this there is revival, and that though the glories of the remote past may not be reached, those of the past nearer at hand are equalled and even eclipsed. But in acting the case is diff-rent. A clamour of testimony from all who have attained middle age, tells us that actors now-a-days are not fit to be mentioned side by side with those who went before, and the evidence of preceding writers and playgoers supports the assertion that the process of degradation now going on with accelerating speed has been in existence since the infancy of histrionic art in England. In the greatest as in the least the falling off is equally perceptible. We can thus establish that Kean was less than Garrick, and Garrick less than Betterton. Could we go back further we should find doubtless, that Betterton himself was inferior, according to public report, to Burbage, who in turn came behind some now forgotten exponent of miracle play or religious pageantry. There statements cannot be confuted. In the case of the actor we cannot compare the living with the dead. No vestige of their work except in the case of it as is preserved in tradition, which probably caricatures it, is left behind. Of the tens of thousands down whose cheeks they brought tears of sorrow or joy, not one probably has left behind him a written word upon their merits. Concerning the actors we know nothing; concerning all we know nothing which will enable us to form a thorough judgment upon their merits. Cibber has rendered the greatest service to modern playgoers of any writer of past times. He has left us a gallery of dramatic portraits, each face in which seems recognizable. In consequence we know the stage in the time when Betterton and Mountford, Kynaston, Wilks, Sandford, Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Mountford, and Mrs. Bracegirdle were its ornaments better than we know it in the time of our own infancy and adolescence. But even with this aid, the best we have received or are likely to receive from contemporary living actors is with dread. We cannot tell whether Mountford or Charles Mathews was the greater comedian. The fact that the actor's art dies with him and that no trace of it can survive, is what first strikes one in connection with it. This fact has of course been often dwelt upon. It confers upon the profession itself a measure of the pathos of human life. Where all is fugitive feelings of sadness must intrude. We see an actress enchanting an audience. Delighted thousands bask in her smile and hang upon her lips. Yet while we know that her talent, the godlike gift she possesses, the power almost unequalled of stirring man's breast and thrilling his pulse with pleasure or with pain, is as ephemeral as the beauty of face and limb; that her art "expires before the flowers in her *cheeks*." That the memory of those who have delighted us in our youth lingers in our hearts, and that no modern siren can breathe melodies that make us forget the old seems almost a sort of attempt on the part of nature to compensate for the fate which inevitably attends the actress. Brief as is the triumph she knows it is the most complete a woman can obtain. No crown of empire ministers half the gratification given by that of dramatic art. "A month or two wain to live on honeycomb," then to fade and leave behind recollections that make, to those who have obtained them, all subsequent performances pale and colourless such is the fate of the queen of comedy, perhaps on the whole, when the general scope of nature's work is taken into account no unsatisfactory fate after all.

"Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

* There is such a monument, though "K" does not know of it, in Chelsea Hospital. —*Ed. M. W.*

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The considerations upon which we have dwelt surround with difficulty the task of him who essays to write upon modern actors and acting. He can hope to please or satisfy but a small proportion of his audience. Very naturally those on whom he writes with the school of believers each one of them carries with him will consider whatever commendation he can bestow inadequate, whatever censure he implies undeserved. Those, on the other hand, who have the keenest appreciation of the subject and are most likely to read his notes and observations will be sure to judge all praise excessive. As the traveller in Switzerland when he finds you know most spots he has explored tries again and again until he brings forward one spot you have not visited, then gleefully assures you your visits have been wasted while that spot remained unknown, so the reader of theatrical criticisms will maintain that all merit is usurped by those actors whom you have not seen. Undaunted, however, by all considerations of this or any other kind, we purpose to give a few sketches of living actors. That we know the difficulties of the task we undertake is shown by what we have said. We endeavour, however in the present introductory portion to explain our motives in commencing the task before us, and to solicit indulgence in its execution. To speak by name of contemporaries is a thankless office from which by choice most men would gladly retire. Unfortunately, the necessity that some should so speak of them exists, or, what is practically the same thing, is thought to exist.

The list of actors who attain absolute excellence is great. Whether or not we have any actor of very highest mark is what we can scarcely tell. We do not profess to have a tragedian who can maintain the glories transmitted in an unbroken chain by Betterton to Macready. But in other departments of art we regard the stage as wealthy. We need but let our memories run over a few of the leading names with no hope that we shall be able to dwell at length upon half of them, to see that our stage is not poor so far as regards actors of comedy and of realistic drama. Some few actors even we have who are capable of incursions into the regions of high and poetical art. In general strength our companies are greatly behind those of a generation past, and immeasurably behind those of a century ago. In the merits of individual actors the present generation may compete with any that has preceded it. We conclude this introductory portion of our criticisms with an appeal to those whose merits we shall have to discuss, and the public we shall have to address. Actors must see in their lifetimes an estimate of their merits, or else their merits are likely in the future to receive very inadequate recognition. Hence, a measure of the delicacy of contemporaneous criticism is removed. The contemporary must, in the very condition of things, give to posterity the only verdict it can have. There is no actor alive, moreover, of whom we can speak in terms of unmitigated eulogy, though there are many for whose talents we entertain a profound admiration. Actors, thus can scarcely find the mention of their names entirely to their liking. We ask them, accordingly, to look at the spirit of the whole, rather than that of particular passages, and we ask both them and the public to believe that, however much fault-finding may force its way into these columns, the writing emanates from one whose sincere conviction is that criticism is truest to itself and to the art it illustrates when it most strives to be appreciative. K.

BEETHOVEN AS A VIENNA VOLUNTEER.*

The date was 1796. The French under Bonaparte were advancing victoriously in Italy. At this juncture, two noblemen, as patriotic as brave, were inspired by a happy idea. Count Franz Hugo von Salen-Keilferscheid and Count Wenzel Paar drew up, with the assistance of Captain Friedrich Wilhelm von Mayern, of the Imperial Austrian army, a genial plan for the voluntary arming of the people. It was instantly approved of by the Emperor Francis. In an incredibly short space of time about seventy thousand recruits had assembled, who equipped themselves at their own expense, and asked the Government only for arms. There was soon a corps of 14,000 men, a light fusilier battalion, complete in every particular. It enjoyed the privilege of playing the "Grenadiers' March," and the public functionaries and students serving in it retained their stipends. It bore the name of the *Wiener Freiwilliger* (Vienna Volunteers). The Command-r was Major Kowosdy, of the Imperial Austrian service, and the conscription of the colours took place on the glacis, before the Burg-gate, in presence of the Emperor and the Empress. The latter had given the regiment a handsomely embroidered belt for the ensign to support the colours in. Amid vociferous cheers the regiment marched off, by the way of Klagenfurt and Brixen, to join Field Marshal Alvinczy at Trent.

Let us transplant ourselves to the Neuer-Markt. Opposite the "Mehlgrube," as it was called (now the Hotel Munsch), was a recruiting-tent, so surrounded by people that it was hardly possible for any one to get inside. Opposite the tent the band of the new corps had stationed itself on the balcony of the Mehlgrube. It was conducted by a young man of about twenty-five, whose intellectual, quick eye was continually shooting forth glances over the scene beneath. Near the recruiting-tent, in the market place, stood a man, somewhere about thirty, of robust build, with broad athletic shoulders. He was gazing with a longing eye on the young volunteers who had just been enlisted. This man was one of the best known individuals among the people. He was called "Hupfauf-and-Schnappriieder." * He earned his living as a coffin-bearer, and his name was Joseph Hupfauf. By a strange caprice of nature, while he was shaped like a giant in the upper part of his body, his lower extremities were altogether out of keeping with his head and shoulders. He had awfully bowed legs, and could make but very slow progress, his legs giving way so frequently that the above nick-name, which has survived even to the present day, was universally bestowed upon him.

Hupfauf was as ardent a patriot as thousands of others, better built than himself, and all he thought of was how to get enlisted as a volunteer. He had already been to several recruiting tents, and endeavoured to carry out his wish, but, in every case, the officials had regretfully refused the portly individual, as soon as their glances caught sight of the unsatisfactory extremities, which threatened, at every step, to leave the seeming Hercules in the lurch. The Mehlmarkt was his last hope. If he did not succeed in getting accepted there, he would have to return to his old calling of coffin-bearer. Unfortunately, he was not more successful in the Mehlmarkt than in other places, and, with despair in his heart, he sneaked away.

Twilight had set in; the band in the balcony of the Mehlgrube had ceased playing, and the bandmaster, arm-in-arm with one of the recruiting officers, who, like himself, resided in the Alser suburb, was strolling quietly home. In the Wipplingerstrasse, their attention was directed to a portly individual whose hat did not display the well-known tuft, though, to all appearance, the wearer would have made a splendid volunteer. He must have been drinking a little more than was good for him, for he staggered about in every direction, and his legs sometimes gave way so that he could not walk straight a single step.

"What an acquisition he would be to the Volunteer Corps," said the bandmaster, directing the officer's attention to the athlete.—" He must be a capital shot," replied the officer, Lieutenant Krall, "for it is scarcely credible that a man of such a build can, at a moment like this, shirk military duty. But stop—perhaps we are wrong; he is going down into the wine-cellar, and there are usually recruiting officers there. Let us follow him and try our luck; perhaps we may supply the Committee with a finer bird than any one else has done."

There is still in the Wipplingerstrasse at No. 25 (originally No. 352) a wine-cellar, called from the Färbergasse, which is close at hand, the "Färberkeller." At that time such subterranean drinking-places were the rendezvous of crowds of high-spirited young fellows, and, consequently, greatly frequented by recruiting officers. Hupfauf was aware of this, and in his despair had hit upon a little plan for realizing his patriotic wishes. He descended into the cellar, sat down at a table, and, sticking his unshapely legs under the bench, waited with a glass of wine before him, to see how near he was towards attaining his object. He pretended to be the worse for liquor, and felt certain of attracting attention. Scarcely had he taken his place before the bandmaster and the recruiting officer entered, and immediately seated themselves near him.

"Here's luck to you, my worthy friend!" exclaimed the officer, merrily. "I feel convinced you have only been waiting for me, to join the ranks of the Volunteers against Bonaparte."—"Not a bit—I should lie, if I said so," replied Hupfauf, anxiously. "Supposing I wanted to do so, it wouldn't be any good, for nature has neglected me shamefully. First of all, I haven't got a bit of courage."—" And you are not ashamed to say so, sir, you?" observed the bandmaster, indignantly. "Look you. I am not an Austrian, though I hope soon to be one, and yet I have voluntarily joined—if only in my own line, namely, music—the brave soldiers. My notes shall inspire the volunteer host, and no bullet shall make me break down in my *tempo*. Come, drink with us in the feast long live the Emperor Franz; long live the gallant army!"—" No, my dear bandmaster, no. I am very greeable to drink the—the health o' the Emp'ror and his gallant sojers, but I'm hang'd if I'm a-going along with 'em. I han't got any pluck."—" You're sure to have pluck—you cannot help it—if you are only once in the midst of the fighting," answered the officer.—" No—besides, as I have told you, I ain't bodily qualified. I'm so weak and shaky on my legs, that I am near falling every step I take."—" What are you talking about? When the charge has once sounded; when you once hear the roll of the drums, and when once the smell of the powder tickles your nostrils, there will be no more falling."—" It's all very well to talk about charging. How can I, with my wretched body, run fast enough to charge?"—" You will have no need to run yourself. Those about you will carry you with them."—" But I waddle like a duck."—" That will be splendid for swimming over the rivers."—" No—say what you like, you will not persuade me."

The more the coffin-bearer insisted upon his bodily unfitness, the

* From the *Signale*.

* " Hop-up-and-Bob-down."

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less did his companions believe him, and the more did they strive to enlist so fine a man. Wine was ordered, and the glasses so often emptied, that the timid giant appeared to become tipsy, and gradually began to pluck up courage. At last, he allowed himself to be persuaded, and consented to enlist. The officer joyfully counted the bounty out on the table for him, and settled the bargain with the formal shake of the hand.

"So, now I am irrevocably a Vienna Volunteer, eh?" said the recruit in a drunken accent, and sticking the bounty in his pocket.—"Certainly," replied the bandmaster, "you shook hands and accepted the bounty. You must now have your name entered. Come along—the enlisting tent on the Freiung is, no doubt, still open."—"All right; the sooner the better," replied the other, suddenly growing sober, he stood up and advanced.—"What the deuce does this mean!" exclaimed the officer, scrutinizing him from top to toe. "I fancy I know those low legs."—"I dare say you do; unfortunately I have no others."—Confound it! why that's Hupfauf, whom we refused to-day in the Mechhurkt."—"Yes; that's correct. I'm Hupfauf-und-Schnappnieder."—"Who can make anything out of you? You waddle with your feet like a duck."—"A splendid qualification for swimming over rivers."—"Your legs collapse every minute."—"What do you mean by collapse? When once the signal is given to charge; when once I hear the roll of the drums; when once the smell of the powder tickles my nose, there'll be an end to anything like collapse."—"You talk about charging, do you? What! with those crooked legs? With your wretched figure, how could you ever run fast enough to charge?"—"It is not necessary that I should be able to do so. In close column, my comrades will carry me along with them."—"Confound it all, he is turning my own words against me. Just listen, like a good fellow. Be reasonable, and retire of your own accord. It should be always taunted with enrolling you. I make you a present of the bounty; leave the Vienna Volunteers alone."—"I will add ten florins, if you will withdraw," said the bandmaster.—"Gentlemen, all your talking is no good. I am a volunteer, and I mean to remain a volunteer. I am now going to the Freiung to get my name entered."

His two companions followed him with a heavy heart. The officials in the tent laughed heartily at the trick Hupfauf had played, but he was refused and sent off. The ceremonial consecration of the colours took place afterwards upon the glacis, and the bandmaster was stationed on the right wing of the Corps, someone tapped him on the shoulder. It was bow-legged Hupfauf.

"I beg your pardon, bandmaster, don't you really think I could march with you?"—"I do not; but there is one thing I can tell you: I respect your patriotic sentiments, and only wish that every man in Austria capable of bearing arms were like you. I shall often think of you, and I will preserve the memory of noble-minded 'Bow-Legs' among the Vienna Volunteers."—Aye, do, bandmaster. I, too, will often think of you. By the way, what is your name?"

"My name is Ludwig van Beethoven."

"Very good; now, Herr van Beethoven, if, you return safe and sound to Vienna, come and see me at the Neulaus, in the Wandelstadt; that's where I live. My warmest good wishes accompany the Vienna Volunteers."

Endless cheers disturbed the conversation; the words of command re-echoed along the ranks, and the music struck up—the Emperor Franz was approaching to be present at the consecration of the colours. Then, amid the vociferous plaudits of the immense crowd, the Volunteer Corps marched out from Vienna.

Beethoven wielded, as a volunteer, the bandmaster's conducting-stick in 1796, and the first part of 1797. He was present at Aughiari, Rivoli, Bevilaque, Minerbe, and San Giorgio, and—as he had predicted —no bullet made him break down in his *tempo*. He composed several marches, which have probably been lost, or which he afterwards considered too insignificant to be included in the list of his works. The only composition of his that has survived from this period is "Oesterreich's Kriegslied," words by Friedelberg; but Carl Gross-Athanasius, the painter and writer on musical subjects, possesses a portrait, which, dating from about 1796, is a vivid likeness of the young Volunteer Bandmaster.

We are a week nearer to the coming of Nilsson, so that we can count seven days of anxiety as past and at rest. But this fact only intensifies the public interest to hear one of the world's few great vocal and dramatic artists. In less than two weeks Nilsson will leave the shores of England *en route* for New York. The date of her leaving is fixed for the 3rd of September, so that she will reach New York early enough to afford her a few days' rest, before she throws the glamour of her beautiful voice and her art refinements over the people of this city. From present appearances, every seat for the first half dozen concerts will be bought up in advance, and the price of tickets will be quoted by speculators at fabulous amounts. But the wary will eschew the speculators and seek the legitimate sources of sale.—*Watson's Art Journal.*

HAYDN'S *SEASONS*.

We can only construe neglect of the *Seasons* as one of those freaks for which nobody can account. Certainly there is nothing in the subject and nothing in the music capable of affording an explanation. Rather are both subject and music attractive in the highest degree; the only way of accounting for the fact, therefore, is to suppose that the *Creation* absorbs all the notice that can be spared to Haydn's oratorios, by virtue of its more decidedly religious and scriptural character. This, to large numbers of English people, would appear a sufficient explanation. It is hardly such, however, looked at from a musical point of view.

Among the noticeable features in Haydn's life is a vigorous attempt to make his mark upon oratorio when far advanced in years. It may have been that during his long residence with the Esterhazy family—a period of thirty years—he was not encouraged to work in that department of the art, especially as his one Italian oratorio, *Il Ritorno di Tobia*, did not make a great success. We are inclined, however, to believe that both the *Creation* and the *Seasons* were prompted, in the first instance, by Haydn's English experience. In 1795, the master visited this country, and, probably for the first time in his life, was brought close to the genius and success of Handel. Here he heard the noble works of his predecessor, and, not only felt their power himself, but noted the hold they had obtained upon the people generally. He was then fifty-nine years of age, and had all his life been a hard worker. But Handel wrote oratorios in more advanced years; and why should not Haydn. Two idea doubtless occurred to him, and stayed by him; so that when, in 1797, the Baron von Swieten, librarian to the Emperor of Austria, suggested the *Creation*, as a subject for musical treatment he took up the matter with ardour.

In 1798 the work was ready and was received with rapture. That Haydn delighted in it and loved it, all his biographers tell. "I was never so pious," said the master, "as when engaged on the *Creation*; I fell on my knees daily and prayed God would vouchsafe me strength to carry out the work." The result must have seemed to him a providential blessing on the spirit in which he laboured. With what humility he gave his oratorio to the world may be gathered from some remarks in a letter to his publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel:—"As for myself," wrote Haydn, "now an old man, I only wish and hope that the critics may not handle my *Creation* with too great severity, and be too hard on it. They may possibly find the musical orthography faulty in various passages, and, perhaps, other things also which I have for so many years been accustomed to consider as main points; but the genuine connoisseur will see the real cause as readily as I do, and willingly cast aside such stumbling-blocks. This, however, is entirely *inter nos*; or I might be accused of conceit and arrogance, from which, however, my heavenly Father has preserved me all my life long." As we have said, the *Creation* was a success; and when, after a first performance in Paris, the artists engaged sent the master a gold medal, inscribed "Hommage à Haydn," the old man must have felt stimulated to a fresh effort in his new field of labour.

Baron von Swieten was, happily, ready with another subject, and Haydn again set to work. The baron had been reading Thompson's *Seasons*, and, naturally enough after the success of Haydn's descriptive writing in the *Creation*, the idea occurred to him of making it the theme of an oratorio. We can fancy with what readiness the aged musician entered upon his task. He had a thoroughly congenial subject; the encouragement of success; a strong conviction that much could yet be done ("O God," said he in one of his letters, "how much remains to be done in this splendid art, even by a man like myself"), and he must have felt that to him the night was fast coming in which no man can work. So, in his seventieth year, Haydn buckled on his armour for a last great effort. THADDEUS EGG.

PESTH.—Herr Ellinger, the "heroic tenor" (*Heldentenor*) at the National Theatre will celebrate next month the twenty-fifth anniversary of his heroic-tenoric career.

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HERR R. WAGNER ON HERR R. WAGNER AND HIS WORKS.*

It was a deliciously painful state of mind in which I then was; it bore for me the *Fliegender Holländer*, long previously conceived. All irony, all bitter or humorous sarcasm, which, in such cases, is all that remains as sole plastic impetus to our literary authors, had been provisionally so far let loose and cast forth by me, in the literary efforts already named, and those succeeding them; that, after this deliverance, I was placed in a position to satisfy my inward impulse only by genuine artistic plastic creations. It is probable that after what I had experienced, and from the standpoint upon which my knowledge of life had placed me, I should not have gained this power, had I from my youth upwards acquired only literary accomplishments; I might, perhaps, have followed the path pursued by our modern *literati* and writers of stage-pieces, who, under the petty influences exerted by the formal relations of life, take the field, with every stroke of their pencils or rhyming pens, against equally formal expressions of those relations, and thus carry on pretty much the same kind of warfare that, in our own days, General Willisen and his faithful followers waged against the Danes; I should very probably—to employ the popular phraseology—have thus acted like the driver who beats the sack instead of beating the ass,† had I not been fitted by something for higher efforts, and that something was *Music*.

It was but lately that I expressed, at length, my opinions concerning music; I will merely refer to it here as the good angel, who presented me as an artist, nay, really made me one, from the time that my outraged feeling revolted, more and more decidedly, against the state of our art. That my revolt did not take place beyond the pale of art, from the standpoint either of the criticizing man of letters, or of the art-denying, socialistically calculating, political mathematician of the present day, but that my revolutionary feeling awakened in me the impulse and the capability for artistic efforts, this, as I have said, I owe entirely to music. I just now named music my good angel. This angel was not sent down to me from heaven; he came to me out of the sweat of centuries of human genius; he did not merely touch, with an inspirable sunny hand, as it were, the crown of my head; in the blood-warm night of my violently-desiring heart, he was nourished until he had strength to produce something for the world of day—I cannot conceive the spirit of music otherwise than in *love*. Filled with love's holy power, I beheld before me, as the visual strength of my human life-glance increased, not formalism to be criticized; no, looking through that, I recognized, at the bottom of the phenomena, by sympathetic power of conception, the want of love under the oppression of loveless formalism. He only who experiences the want of love, recognizes the same want in others. My artistic faculty of perception, filled with music, rendered me capable of recognizing this want in the world of art, too, everywhere that, by the repulsive contact with its external formalism, I felt my own powers of love wounded, and from this very fact my own need of love actively awakened. Thus, I revolted through love, and not through envy or anger, and thus, therefore, I became an *artist*, and not a critical literary man.

The influence exerted by my power of musical conception upon the fashioning of my artistic efforts, and especially on the choice and treatment of my poetic subjects, I will describe according to its nature, when, by the narration of the origin and character of the productions brought to light by me under this influence, I shall have rendered such a description more easy for the understanding. At present, I give the narrative.

The course I took in the conception of the *Fliegender Holländer* was followed by me in the dramatic poems, which, in the order they sprang into existence, I present, in this book, to my friends; they are, in addition to the *Fliegender Holländer* above named, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. I have been reproached with having, by these works, gone *back* to the track of "romantic opera," a track passed by and closed—people say—by Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, and already deserted by me in my *Rienzi*. Those who reproach me with this, think naturally rather of romantic *Opera*, than of those *operas* which, in conformity with a conventionally classifying assumption, may be called romantic. It will be seen whether I proceeded from an artistically formal purpose to the construction of "romantic' operas, when I describe the manner in which the three works sprang into existence.

I have described generally the frame of mind in which I conceived the *Fliegender Holländer*. The conception was just as old as the frame of mind, which at first was only being prepared in me, but, struggling against ensnaring impressions, at length obtained the power of utterance, so that it could express itself in a work of art peculiar to it.—The figure of the Flying Dutchman is the mythic poem of the people; a primæval trait of human nature is expressed in it with heart-moving force. This trait, in its most general significance, is the yearning for repose after the storms of life. In the bright Hellenic world, we meet it in the wanderings of Ulysses, and in his longing for home, house, hearth, and—wife, something mutually attainable and ultimately united by the jog-trot son of old Hellas. Christianity, without an earthly home, fashioned this trait into the figure of the "Wandering Jew;" for this wanderer condemned for ever, without an object, and without a joy, to a life long lived out, there was no redemption on earth; the only desire left him was the yearning for death; the only hope, the prospect of annihilation. At the end of the Middle Ages, a new and vigorous impulse directed nations to *Life*; the history of the world shows this most successfully expressed in the form of a desire for discovery. The sea now became the ground of life; no longer, however, the small inland sea of the Hellenic world, but the globe-encircling ocean. Men now broke with the old world; the longing felt by Ulysses to return to his home, hearth, and wife, had, after having nourished on the sufferings of the "Wandering Jew" into a yearning for death, risen into the ardent desire for something new, unknown, and not visibly present, but yet felt beforehand. This immensely-extended trait we find in the myth of the Flying Dutchman, this poem of a sea-faring people in the historical epoch of voyages of discovery. We bit upon a remarkable mixture, effected by the spirit of the people, of the character of the Wandering Jew and that of Ulysses. The Dutch mariner is condemned by the Devil—here evidently by the element of the deluge and the abyss—to sail about restlessly for all eternity upon the ocean. Exactly like Ahasveros he longs for death as a termination to his sufferings; this redemption, denied the Wandering Jew, may, however, be obtained by the Dutchman through the instrumentality of a woman, who shall sacrifice herself out of love for him; the yearning for death impels him, therefore, to seek out this woman; she is no longer, however, the Penelope of Ulysses, attending to her home duties, and wedded years before; she is woman generally, but woman not present, woman we long for, of whom we have a presentiment, the endlessly womanly woman—or, to express it in a word: *the Woman of the Future*.

MUSIC IN NAPLES.

A correspondent writes from Naples thus:—

"Our great theatre remains closed, and up to the present moment there is no indication of its being re-opened this season. What probability, indeed, would there be of its being able to pay its expenses with half Europe in a state of agitation? Few stronger facts could be adduced to prove the universal paralysis with which war has struck the Peninsula than that San Carlo shows no sign of returning animation. It has always been considered a necessity of existence for our Neapolitans. Let any disaster befall the people, but let the great theatre open wide its doors! Something, however, may be done later; hopes have been expressed that a foreign Appaltatore may come forward to risk his reputation, and what would be considered of more value, his purse, to revive the ancient glory of this City of the Muses. To tell the truth, however, the pulses of the country best too strongly now to allow of much expenditure of thought on Art. There has been an event at the Fondo which has excited much attention, and it is the production of *Giannina e Bernardone* by Cimarosa. For some time the false taste which has encouraged mere noise, or what the *Patrie* well styles 'tempeste obbligate' and 'migliatrici applicata all'orchestra,' has ignored the purity of an older school, but, thanks to Signor Florimo, the Maestro Signorini and the *Giannina e Bernardone* of Cimarosa have been disinterred from the dust of the archives of the College of Music, and have been received with delight by large audiences who never before had heard them. It is hoped that this may inaugurate a period of better taste, and that young writers who, deficient in study and inspiration, now fill works of a day with polkas and mazurkas,' may hereafter give more attention to a 'Master' whom Rossini studied diligently. The performers, who were well received, were La Pasletti, La Valerani, La Bolis, Pasletti, Brignoli, Borelli, and Palmieri, of whom La Pasletti, and Brignoli especially were applauded. *Il Conte d'Ory* will, it is expected, be shortly put upon the stage, and with this the season at the Fondo will close. And what then? Are we to have an exhibition on a large scale in Rome? Time has yet to show it."

---

* Extracted from *Drei Operndichtungen, nebst einer Mittheilung an seine Freunde als Vorwort, von Richard Wagner*. Leipsic, 1852.

† Among them are included, also, some articles which I wrote, under the name of Freudenfeer, in Lewald's *Europa*.

‡ The German proverb: "*Auf den Sack schlagen und den Esel meinen*" ("To beat the sack and mean the ass"), signifies, figuratively, to punish or reprimand a person before his superior for a fault of which it is the latter who is really guilty.—J. V. B.

---

* A critic recently considered this devil and the Flying Dutchman to be a dogmatic devil and a dogmatic spectre.

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ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 2.—WEBSTER.

The most popular style of acting in England, and that in which during late years the most frequent triumphs have been obtained, is the *sotto-comic* Tragedy, in its highest developments, seems to have accompanied Mr. Macready into retirement, while comedy finds but few representatives, and those chiefly lingerers from a previous generation. In parts, however, in which the pathos is domestic, and in which tragedy is shown through a veil of comedy, modern acting leaves little to desire. In which class of characters we have seen the marvellous impersonations of the late Mr. Robson, besides those of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Craven, Mr. Dominick Murray, Mr. Belmore, and many other actors of equal merit and reputation. Mr. Webster's fame has been derived from parts of this class. Unlike Mr. Robson or Mr. Jefferson, in whom the comic and tragic seem nicely balanced, Mr. Webster is much more successful in presenting the serious than the humorous side of the character he assumes. It may be doubted, indeed, whether his acting can justly be said to have a comic side. Those semi-humorous or semi-ludicrous traits occasionally introduced into some of his more popular representations seem scarcely more than the touches of light in a picture, which are necessary to indicate the profundity of the gloom. Mr. Webster's career is one that should be studied by those aspirants to the stage who believe that success can be achieved by a *coup de-main*. At the present moment Mr. Webster is one of the most intelligent, conscientious, and, in the fullest sense of the word, artistic actors our stage possesses. Each performance of his bears marks of dramatic appreciation and intelligent study. Yet few long it took to ripen the powers he possesses, to give the familiarity with stage device, the insight into character, and the executive ability he displays, may be seen from his early career. Year after year, in patient obscurity, were the foundations of his reputation laid.

Almost 1825, if we mistake not, he first appeared in London and played at Drury Lane. Two years subsequently the first mention of him we have traced in stage records occurs, and we find him playing a subordinate part in a version of *The Lady of the Lake*. The same year he obtained the praise of Judge Talford for the manner in which he presented a fat man on the stage in a worthless and forgotten melodrama entitled *The Boy of Santillane; or, Gil Blas and the Bandits*. Half a dozen years later we hear of him unfavourably, this time as giving at the Haymarket an incompetent rendering of Figaro, in *The Barber of Seville*. Silence again follows until an Hibernian, Harley gives the young actor an opportunity of displaying the existence of unsuspected power. In 1837 he became the manager of the Haymarket, which theatre he subsequently left, as is well known, for the Adelphi and other houses connected with his name. Since that period when his management began, all the best remembered impersonations have been given, Lavater, Belphegor, Triplet, Pennholder, Pierre Leroux, Joseph Chavigny, Richard Pride, Robert Landry, and Luke Fielding contributing to increase his reputation, and to show the limits as well as the reality of his abilities. Mr. Webster's range is not great. He is most successful in depicting characters in which the pathos is drawn from surroundings than those in which it is inherent. Of purely comic representations, or, indeed, of representations into which any considerable spirit of comedy enters, he has during late years given us little. Calvinistic sternness of heart, an unpardoning affliction coupled with an intense sense of the agony by domestic trials and shame as in Luke Fielding, in *The Willow Copse*, is the kind of character he most easily presents. He would be admirable, we cannot help thinking, in a whole range of characters, from the novels of Scott, beginning with dour Davie Deans and ending with Balfour of Burley. Next to characters of this class come those in which poverty and want are exhibited as breaking the spirit of a man of talent and even of genius, representations of struggle between starvation and dishonour in the mind of the scholar. The third range of character in which Mr. Webster has attained a mark which, though inferior to that he attains in parts to which previous reference has been made, is still high, is in heroes of pure melodrama. His performance of Robert Landry, in *The Dead Heart*, of Watts Phillips, is one of the most popular of his representations. Though full of vigour and colour, however, it is decidedly inferior to many impersonations Mr. Webster has given us. For this, however, the actor is not wholly responsible. The motives of the character have been but imperfectly revealed by the dramatist. We see the unconquerable devotion, the zeal and the readiness for self-sacrifice of the hero, but the key to much of his conduct and to his relations to those with him is not supplied. The part is played by Mr. Webster with great care, but the qualities depicted are those which afford least difficulty to the actor. In one respect does the representation approach greatness. We see in Landry a character formed by the Revolution. Just as Figaro sprang of the convulsions of the Regency, as Andrew Fairservice developed from Scotch "canniness" worked upon by Calvinistic teaching, as *Old Mortality* issued from the Covenanters, as Lovelace sprang from the riotous courts of the Stuarts, as Pendennis was a direct emanation from the commonplace life of yesterday, was Robert Landry beggotten by the French Revolution. He was cradled in its principles of revenge, and baptised in its water, or, shall we say, its blood of heroism and self sacrifice? This individuality of Landry is, moreover, due principally to the actor. Something of the kind is indicated in the play. Its perfect realization is attributable to the artist.

What displays to fullest advantage Mr. Webster's gifts of expression and gesture is the character of Triplet in *Masks and Faces*. Attired in all the panoply of Grub Street, the poor author, bankrupt in purse and in spirit, displays the purposeless and gloomy despondency his situation is calculated to arouse. Flashes of hope irradiate for a moment his mind, but its general atmosphere is gloom; its constant attitude one of hopeless wretchedness. As a picture the representation was perfect. Each detail of costume had received minute attention. Hogarth could scarcely have drawn with brush, or Pope described with pen, a more truthful portrait of the poor scribbler, whose high aspirations had sunk in the long-sustained conflict with the world, until what had once been a battle for glory and on behalf of principle had ended as a struggle almost despairing for bread. The rapture of the man as new prospects arose before him is not less touching than his demeanour in defeat. At first the tears can scarcely be credited. As slowly its truth becomes apparent the tears seems to thaw into tears of joy. His old sorrows seem almost visibly to drop from him, and joy and delight suffuse his whole being. While resembling in some respects the character of Triplet, that of Pennholder differs from it in being more pathetic. Few scenes on the modern stage are more touching than that in which the father endeavours by attitude and inflection to make his daughter love and understand the voice of nature, and being her to realise the fact that no persuasion of a father but the father himself solicits her preservation and pines for her caress. Very noteworthy in this is the manner in which helplessness and timidity are conveyed. The love for the newly found child while it has raised the feelings of the father to a state of supreme exaltation has taken from him no slight measure of his power and his dignity mankind. So afraid is he of a refusal to acknowledge him that he draws back again and again from the critical experiment he is yet resolved to try. In the contrast between eagerness and mistrust and in the manner in which the profound yearning of a father's heart is depicted this representation is unsurpassed upon the English stage.

Mr. Webster's Belphegor stands out his inferiority in melodramatic parts to his illustrious compeer, Frederic Lemaitre. The pathos of the situation is evoked by Mr. Webster with the heart of a master, but the delicacy, subtlety, and refinement of Lemaitre were not reached. In Richard Pride the gloom of the representation deepens almost beyond tragedy. In this, as in Mr. Webster's acting in the part, and it succeeds in indicating rather than depicting its cruelty, it cannot altogether soften its repulsiveness. Drunkenness, while accomplishes one murder and is on the point of accomplishing a second, is not very pleasant to look at or easy to prevent. The alternations of maudlin penitence and desperate resolve in the earlier scenes are finely indicated. Among characters which are less kind, but which have merit equal to those described, may be mentioned Joseph Chavigny, in a play of the same name, which, for a short time, held possession of the Adelphi, and the Jesuit in *Leave and a Life*. Advisable in all respects was the manner in which in the latter the presence of better feeling behind the stern cold exterior was indicated.

The quietude of Mr. Webster's manner, and his power of manifesting emotion with the employment of the common medium of sense and rant, are two of his remarkable characteristics. A slight movement and the mere inflection of a voice are adequate with him to a world of revelation Fine, however, as is the actor's method, and complete as is his mastery of the passions he essays to depict, his range is, as we have said, not wide. No comic humour can be stirred in the mind, although many comic parts, such as Wildrake, in *The Love Chase*, and others have been played by him. Sadness and pathos constitute his forte, and the confines of his empire are distinctly marked. Ferocity hidden behind emotions, subservience and a slimy self-satisfaction in Tartuffe, puritanical rapidity and inveterate and unflinching honesty in Luke Fielding, timid and disconsolate and rather maundering regret and despair in Triplet, and exquisite tenderness and pathos in Pennholder represent the bounds of his kingdom and shut in a small but scarcely inconsiderable domain.

K.

Manners for Music.

Rataplan, friends, sing
In a minor key,
War is no slight thing
Even fools may see.
While the thinking man
Must their folly rue
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Tra la la, tric-trac!
Sing ye small o'er night,
In the bivouac,
Upon eve of fight.
If indeed you can
Hold your nonsense, do.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Silly chorus such
To insane war-song
We have heard too much—
We have heard too long.
The results now scan
To vain-glory due.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Promenade, advance
On invaded land,
Is unlike a dance—
Do you understand?
It is no *con-cou*,
For your foes or you.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapooh, pooh, pooh!

Punch.

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RICHARD WAGNER.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

Our friend of the London *Musical World* wonders that we waste our time in the translation of some passages from "that miserable piece of egotistical coxcombry and absolute nonsense, the pamphlet called *Ueber das Dirigiren*," and asks: "What, in the name of Music, does any sensible American care about such stuff?" Pray do not be alarmed; we never dreamed of undertaking to translate the whole work, or even his larger part of it; that would, indeed, be a thankless and a dreary task. But we have given a few of the opening chapters by way of specimens to gratify the curiosity of our readers, and because, with all their egotism, they do contain some good hints about the matter of conducting an orchestra. With the same view, we make a few more extracts, referring meanwhile to Ferdinand Hiller's pungent criticism, which we have copied at the same time, for an *apercu* of the general drift and spirit of the whole.

While we see by no means convinced by Wagner's theories nor partial to his music, we have endeavored, so far as possible, to do him justice. So, when we can conveeiently, we let him speak for himself. Often enough before—perhaps too early for our present audience—we have expressed our distrust of his principles, our distrust for his practice, and have given our reasons. Lately, during the year past, we have allowed his admirers to speak pretty freely and fully in our columns; giving place, for instance, to the long and glowing article about him from the *Revue de deux Mondes*, as well as to the letters of a young friend whose face is set towards "the Future." Soon we propose to translate some of what we consider the sounder criticisms of the best German writers upon music, such as the talented Otto Jahn. Meanwhile, we go back to our own first honest endeavours to get at the truth, and hereby resume the thread.

We attempt years ago to give our readers an outline of Wagner's theory of Operatic composition as developed in the three volumes of his book, entitled *Opera and Drama*. We stated his fundamental criticism upon the Opera as hitherto existing; to wit, that the mistake has lain in the endeavour to construct it on the basis of absolute music, making music the end instead of the means; whereas the only true lyric drama, hitherto never realized, can spring only from the marriage of poetry and music. In his own operas, his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, he thinks to have emancipated the poet from that completely menial relation in which he has stood to the musician, merely furnishing the latter with some slight word-text for the forms in which he chooses to compose, as recitative, arias, *ensembles*, chorus, ballet, &c.—and thus producing texts or libretti of the most empty, trivial character. Here is a double slavery; the composer cuts his music to the fashionable patterns required by the singers for the display of their voices and *tours de force*; while the poet writes to order for the composer. In the drama according to Wagner, the music is nothing but the art of expressing the thoughts furnished by the poem.

His whole thinking on the subject seems to have fallen under the control of an ingenious simile. He makes Poetry the masculine and Music the feminine element of expression. He denies to Music any power of independent production; and considers all the efforts of absolute, or purely instrumental music as doomed to everlasting impotence, as so much barren yearning for delivery. This he thinks to be the characteristic of all our modern instrumental music in symphony and overture, and chamber music. Instrumental music exhausts itself in a vain struggle after definite expression. In confirmation of which criticism, he points to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the last word of instrumental music, from its genius *par excellence*. After striving in vain for utterance through the orchestra, until the instruments themselves do all but speak in human recitative, he suddenly bursts the bonds and calls in words the "Hymn to Joy" of Schiller. And that bold act, thinks Wagner, marks the transition from the music of the past to the music of the future, from music pure, and barren, to music in its true and fruitful function as coadjutor with Poetry in the living and perfect Drama. Music, according to him, can only bear, it cannot generate; the generating power is extraneous to it and resides only in the poet.

We perhaps wrong his thought in this bald statement, divesting it of all that wealth of ingenious and happy illustration with which he develops it. But we believe we give the kernel of the thought. Richard Wagner is himself both poet and musician, alike an adept at both arts; he has carefully prepared his own libretto; and it must be a satisfaction for once to have libretto which, when only read, amount to real poems. His practice, too, in this double character of poet-composer, may be better than his theory. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* may be works of genius;—genius enough to save them from the consequences of the worst preconceived theory of composition. But we must say, that theory hardly chimes with musical experience. We do not think that any true musiclover, who has had personal experience of the power with which Beethoven's symphonies address the deeper instincts of the soul, would willingly exchange them for any amount of the best poetry skilfully set to recitative. We do not think it will be owned, by true music lovers, that instruments have failed in *those* instances, to convey some meaning; that those *Adagio's* and *Scherzos* are not *bad fide* live creations, real deliveries of divine brain-children, or that they convey to you no adequate expression of the tone artist's inmost life and purpose. Nor is it at all true to history that instrumental or pure music exhausts itself in a vain effort and is on the decline. On the contrary, the age runs into instrumental music; no music has such power over a community at all musically cultivated, as that in the grand orchestral forms; and it is matter of almost universal experience, that as we grow more musical the love for instrumental music gains upon, sometimes outlives, the love for vocal. Music may correspond to the feminine principle:—so far we do not quarrel with Wagner's analogy. But what is the feminine principle in the soul? It is feeling. Sentiment, as contrasted with the colder masculine principle of Intellect or Reason. Words are the language of the intellect, tones are the language of the heart. Love and Wisdom (no one disputes the axiom of the Swedish seer in this) are the feminine and masculine principle in the universe. But love is first, before and deeper than Wisdom. And so the poet says:

> "Thought is deeper than all speech
> Feeling deeper than all thought," &c.

It is this Feeling, this *something deeper* in us than words can utter, or than can ever take the definite forms of thought, that seeks its utterance in music as the only natural language. It is this that necessitates the art of music in the life of man. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven never had existed but for these experiences in human souls of something deeper, finer, more essential than words were ever framed to utter. Vague are they? But the very definiteness of words perverts their sense and puts their fervency influence to flight. Why do our deeper moods love silence? Music is but the audible breath of such full silence. Hence there may be, there should be profound moral and spiritual culture in listening sympathetically to great instrumental music. You want an end; you do not seek a literal meaning; you enter into the spirit of it, which is somehow wondrously in harmony with deeper depths than you were perhaps aware of in your spirit. No, Herr Wagner! the great tone-poet does not need the word-poet to impregnate his creative genius, or to furnish him the wherewithal to express himself. Pure music is a very subtle, perfect medium for the inmost Beethoven. Dumb otherwise, as he was deaf, almost, yet what great soul has succeeded better in making himself understood? And should the Choral Symphony become universally recognized as the greatest, will that be at the expense of the other symphonies? Shall we love the Fifth and the Seventh less? Shall we love *Fidelio* less, that we love the last one more? Did the orchestra in that one outburst into human speech yield up its soul for ever, and pronounce pure instrumental music henceforth absolute? The musical genius of mankind says no: it mingles more and more deeply into the mysteries of instrumental music, *because* it has more to utter than words and voices can convey. It remains to see whether the next of symphonies and overtures and quartets will sicken under the new charm of the interminable Wagner recitative, shaped to the model of cunningly contrived alliterative verses, borrowing from them its only melody or rhythm, and for modulation knowing no key-note, but swimming ambiguously in all keys at once.

But we anticipate. We must see how Wagner theoretically arrives at and justifies these peculiarities of style, or rather of musical structure. The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the *formation of melodies*. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent by means of *allite:ation*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words: "*Seid umschlungen, Millionen, &c.* (" Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music that all its harmonies should pivot, as it were, upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the dominant and subdominant, relative major and minor, and so forth; and that however exclusive or centrifugal the movement, everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key-note and starting-point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this *patriarchal* system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys: these are to the

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musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feeling by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground——

[We much regret that the remaining part of this interesting article has been mislaid and lost. Will our respected J. D. furnish us with another copy?—ED. *M. W.*]

A BACK VIEW OF THE FESTIVALS.

We now enter upon the third, and last stage of our Festival notices. Events prospective and events current have occupied attention in turn, bringing us to that point where looking back becomes a duty. Taking the Hereford Festival first, as being first in point of time, we come upon what seems a failure. But is it really so? Everybody may answer "yes" without giving a satisfactory proof, because everybody is a pessimist at heart, and apt to be easily convinced in the direction of his inclinations. Let us look a little into the matter. Success at the Festival of the Three Choirs is of two sorts—artistic and pecuniary; the one by no means dependent on the other; though, perhaps, the latter is of greater importance than the former as far as concerns the stability of the institution. What was the result at Hereford in respect of each? Here it may be well to premise that the average artistic success of these Festivals is not high, for reasons we have set forth again and again,—reasons which must exist while a cathedral organist, unused to the work, is placed in the conductor's seat. Bearing this low average in mind, we fail to discover any falling off at Hereford. Band and chorus were excellent; the principal singers were among the best obtainable; and the performances, as a rule, could claim credit for a fair degree of precision. In these respects the Festival was up to the standard; but in others it went beyond. That was a genuine change for the better which abolished one of the unmeaning secular concerts in favour of an oratorio in the Cathedral. Moreover, it may have established a precedent which, eventually, will do away with the hodge-podge programmes of the Shire Hall, and devote the entire scheme to nobler work. Should this prove the case, the late Hereford gathering, far from being looked upon as a failure, will have to be regarded as a great success. Should no such a result follow, the well-directed energies of Mr. Townshend Smith and his fellow managers will still deserve approving recognition. In one respect a course was adopted which, we hope, may never meet with favour again. Many of the works chosen for performance were too insignificant for the occasion, and took up the place of others more important and more likely to be remembered for their proper place we have nothing to say against the compositions to which we refer They have all more or less merit, and all make a claim upon our notice it would be unjust to disregard. But such Festivals as that of Hereford should concern themselves only with the greatest productions of genius; the exhibition of which is their special duty, and constitutes almost wholly their *raison d'être*. A few more schemes drawn up in defiance of this consideration will go further to ruin the gathering of the Three Choirs than all the assaults of Ritualist or Puritan, or both combined. But, putting this aside, there was nothing to prove any artistic regression in the doings at Hereford. The pecuniary result was not re-assuring, we must confess. Smaller audiences and smaller collections for the charity than those of 1867, which, in turn, were smaller than those of 1864, suggest unpleasant reflections as to the future of a time-honoured and useful institution. We will not, however, consent to believe, without further proof, that indifference to the Festival has become chronic. As regards the present year, at least, good reasons for indifferent success are not far to seek. A war is raging which affects a wider area than the two nations actually engaged; commerce lives, so to speak, from hand to mouth; and drought has done mischief which dwellers in pastoral Herefordshire can well appreciate These things conspired against the Festival, and rendered it if they have not killed it. On the other hand, it would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that the ease with which distances can now be traversed, and the mobile habits springing out of it, have sorely injured provincial music meetings everywhere. The best artist and the finest choral effects are familiar to the thousands of amateurs who often "run up to town," and who are the main supporters of local gatherings. That these thousands should grow less anxious about Festival matters in consequence, is a perfectly natural result, however. It may be regrettable. On the whole, the prospects of the Three Choir Meetings, as shown by late experience, are not hopeful. Their well-wishers, however, have the alternative of hoping against hope.

Coming now to the Birmingham Festival, let us, at the outset, dismiss a matter personal to ourselves. The letter with which a special correspondent was able to supply us from amid the distractions of a busy and exciting week could only deal lightly with topics which demand an exhaustive notice. Their demand shall eventually be satisfied, and we hope in subsequent numbers of the *Musical World* to discuss at fitting length the novelties with which the Birmingham programme was crowded For the present, however, our business is merely to touch the salient points of the Festival, with a view to bringing them more closely under the reader's eye than is possible in a detailed report. The first is an eminently satisfactory point. Although the number present on Wednesday morning fell woefully below the average, the gross attendance reached a higher figure than ever. So with the gross receipts, which, for the only time in the history of the Festival, exceeded £24,000. This result seems to dispose of the reasons given above why the Hereford Festival should have fallen off. In reality, it does no such thing. Birmingham flourishes when war is raging; and the Festival exerts an attraction over so wide an area that little short of universal distress could give it a damaging blow. The two cases stand apart, therefore, and in respect of them the homely proverb, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," does not apply. But leaving Hereford for good, we must congratulate Birmingham upon the splendid result above stated—a result certain to establish the Festival upon a firmer basis than ever, and to urge on the managers to renewed enterprise. In the matter of enterprise, however, there has of late been small reason to complain. Take, as proof, the five new works of which our correspondent had to speak last week. Whatever the ultimate fate of those compositions, *Paradise and the Peri*, *Naïa and Damayanti*, the *Ouverture di Ballo*, *Ode to Shakspere*, and *St. Peter*, form a monumental group by which the memory of the Festival of 1870 will be kept green. Nothing like the spirit which called them forth has been known of recent years, while equally admirable was the discretion shown in the choice of their composers. Wherever else it may be forgotten, Birmingham remembers that a man's best duty is to his native country; and, hence, out of the five musicians honoured with invitations to write for the Festival only one can strictly be called a foreigner. Messrs Barnett and Sullivan are Englishmen, Dr. Stewart brings his Scottish name from Dublin; and Mr. Benedict years ago adopted this country as his own. Here we have what should be; and, moreover, what should be imitated by all who are able to patronize art. Once establish this as a rule, and the languishing musical genius of England would, we venture to say, assert itself as never before. With reference to the value of the new works performed, it would serve little purpose if an unimportant opinion were given. That each has a value, and that one, at least,—need Mr. Benedict *St. Peter* be named?—will take very high rank, cannot for a moment be doubted. In other respects the Festival demands scarcely qualified praise. The executive forces were as complete as ever; Sir Michael Costa was again an unequalled general-in-chief; and in every department of the working, complete organization was attained. Briefly, the Festival, with all its load of responsibility, was a triumph of easy management, and a model thing of its kind. Birmingham, is, of course, elated with the success attained, and an exultant tone marked the tone of all the speeches made at the last meeting of the general committee; not a little of the gratification, it may be hoped, arising from the fact that a noble hospital will be largely benefited, and that a beneficent art has again shown herself, to some purpose, the handmaid of charity.

THUMPERS EGG.

SALZBURG.—The celebration of the Beethoven Festival at the Mozarteum has been postponed to quieter times.

VIENNA.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has appeared, at the Carl Theater, as George Brown, in *Le Pauvre Blanche*, but his rendering of the character could not bear comparison with that of Herr Walter or Herr Sonthichm.—The season at the Imperial Operahouse was inaugurated by *Der Freischütz*. Madame Dustmann was good as Agathe; Mdlle. Tellheim, ditto, as Aennchen; and Herr Labitt, unsatisfactory as Max. The *mise-en-scène*, especially of the celebrated "Wolf's Glen," was very mean, and more befitting a third-rate provincial theatre than the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. Among the works in preparation are, *Mignon*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Lohengrin*. The new tenor, Sig. Cesena, will make his first appearance in October. The character he has chosen is Elenzar in Halévy's *Juive*.—The receipts of the grand concert given the other day for "humane purposes" (a neutral expression for "the wounded Germans"), amounted to 1,200 florins.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt lately related, to a circle of friends here, the following anecdote:—"The Vocal Association in a Belgian town, where I was stopping for a day or so, had been split up into two opposite factions. After I had given my concert one evening, each faction serenaded me separately. I had duly returned thanks for both these tributes of respect, and both the factions had long since left. I was about to retire to rest. Suddenly, I heard a powerful bass voice close under my window. I threw up the latter, and listened, while the singer gave the whole of Bertram's address to the nuns in *Robert the Devil*, without the slightest accompaniment, but with an amount of vigour which caused the notes to re-echo far and wide through the fresh night air. Highly pleased with the powers and skill of the unseen vocalist, and anxious to know the reason of this somewhat strange manifestation, I said, looking out into the dark, 'May I inquire to what I am indebted for this honour?'—'Delgn,' replied the invisible warbler, 'to accept this tribute of a solitary admirer. I was the solo bass of our Vocal Association for Male Voices; since, however, the Association split up stupidly into two parties I have stood alone, for I could not agree with either party. I have, therefore, been obliged to testify, in the only way left me, my great admiration for your talent.'"

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MILLIET ON THE EARLY FRENCH STAGE.*

This elegant little volume, consisting as it does of less than 120 small pages, is a wonderful satire on the fraternity of bookmakers. M. Milliet begins with the earliest French mysteries of the twelfth century, descants on the dramas that, immediately preceding the golden age, first marked out the theatre as an institution independent of the Church, and ultimately lands us in safety at the death-bed of Molière, wondering how we have accomplished so long a journey in so short a time. What a contrast have we here to those gentlemen who, by dint of useless particulars, empty twaddle, and insignificant epithets, contrive to build bulky tomes on the smallest of foundations! It is a characteristic of our author's talent for compression that he even finds room for the introduction of documentary evidence. Nor is his work a mere flesbless skeleton. His description of the decline and fall of the "confrères de la Passion," to whom belongs the honour of establishing the first permanent theatre in Paris, his comparisons between the poverty of the dramatic entertainments of France and the public pageants, his critical review of the poets who preceded Corneille, are as full as most readers would desire, while for those who court more detailed information, his work will serve as an excellent text-book on which any amount of erudition may be based. That nothing may be wanting, he adds a chronological table which shows that his researches have extended over a period of nearly 500 years, and a list of public decrees, &c., connected with the history of the theatre.

It might be supposed that on undertaking to treat so large a subject within so small a compass, M. Milliet rigidly bound himself to abstain from anecdote or any trivial matter of the kind. So far is this from the truth, that he is evidently pleased when he can find an opportunity for telling a good story. A conflict which ensued between Jean Alais, a celebrated "droll" of the sixteenth century (something like our Tarlton), and the curé of Saint Eustache, which is recorded with much gusto by M. Milliet, nicely symbolizes the never-ending contest between the Church and the stage. Alais, it seems, was beating a drum near the Saint Eustache in order to bring together the patrons of the dramatic art. The curé, who was preaching, found that he could not make himself heard, and consequently elevated his voice, whereupon Jean increased the noise of his drum. At last the rev. gentleman, unable to support the infliction any longer, rushed out of the church, and bowled to the actor "Qui t'a permis de tambouriner si fort quand je prêche?" Jean, nothing daunted, retorted the question, "Qui t'a permis de prêcher si fort quand je tambourine?" The enraged priest broke the drum, but Jean was victorious in the end, for, performing a well-known clown's trick, he "bonneted" the priest with the broken instrument, and thrust him back into the church amid the laughter of the multitude. When we reflect that Saint Eustache is one of the most important parishes in the French capital it is hard to reconcile this story with the supposed power of the clergy in the sixteenth century. We may remark, en passant, that it has received a little extra colour from the liberal brush of tradition.

The English have of late been made so familiar with the sacred dramas of Spain and Bavaria that we may venture to quote some verses by Roldé, comprising a brief narrative of the irreverence with which the actor of the principal part in a passion play was treated in the course of the performance:—

> "Il advint que chez Caïphe un drôle,
> Qui haïssait l'acteur du premier rôle,
> D'un fier soufflet appliqué rudement
> Calaphisa, le Rédempteur flagrant,
> Qui de respect manquait chez le grand prêtre.
> A ce coup là dit-il, 'Ah, maudit traître!
> Je ne dis mot, mais de par l'ecrévisse
> Tu n'auras pas toujours affaire à Dieu.'"

Notwithstanding the profanity of their tone, these trivial verses furnish an argument in favour of their exposition to sacred plays which the very reverential performance at Ober-Ammergau tended to weaken. A theatrical representation of the New Testament will more efficiently convey scriptural knowledge to an illiterate multitude than a gallery of cartoons on the same series of subjects. We assume that we may represent the most sacred personages by the manipulation of the pencil. Why, then, is it profane for an actor so to attire himself that an analogous representation may be effected? Roldé unknowingly gives to this question a very plausible answer. He virtually declares that the stage is an unfit place for the representation of sacred subjects inasmuch as theatrical art is more than any other subject to ridiculous, mischances which tend to promote irreverence.

As a specimen of typography, M. Milliet's little book is in every way worthy of the choice "Librairie des Bibliophiles."

* *Le L'Origine du Théâtre à Paris.* Par Paul Milliet, (Paris: librairie des Bibliophiles. 1870.)

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

It would seem superfluous at the time present to say a word concerning Mendelssohn's *Elijah* were it not a fact that there is "*everything* new under the sun,"—as those professing to write history make us remember ever and anon.

In an illustration, it was startling to read the other day in the columns of a contemporary, a "full, true, and particular" account of the production of *Elijah* at Birmingham, which took place scarcely a quarter of a century ago: and to be told that Grisi, Signor Mario, and Miss Dolby were among the original artists who (as the French have it) "created" the Oratorio. Grisi and Signor Mario sang one or two Italian pieces after the close of *Elijah* from which it would seem as if the Directors fancied that the greatest work of modern times might want "backing up." The principal soprano on the occasion referred to was the late Madame Caradori-Allan; who troubled the composer greatly, by requesting him to transpose to a tone lower the air "Hear ye, Israel," which passes into the chorus, "Be not afraid," in order to suit her convenience. This, of course, could not be done. "It was not," she said, "a lady's song." He was much annoyed, too, by her genteel and mannered delivery of the recitative, "Arise now; get thee without," which preceded the Chorus of the Vision. The principal tenors were Mr. Lockey and Mr. Hobbs. Owing to the limited compass of the latter gentleman's voice, the song, "If with all your hearts" had to be transferred to the younger singer, who may be said to have begun his career of popularity by the effect he produced in that lovely and tender sacred melody. The contralto was Miss Maria B. Hawes; Miss Anne and Miss Martha Williams were the assistant soprano and contralto singers. Miss Rosanne, too, sang in some of the concerted music. Staudigl was the original *Elijah*.

At the pianoforte, I heard the *solo* parts of the oratorio, as they arrived in fragments, gone through, at the house of Mendelssohn's friend Moscheles, in the presence of the composer. He had been so much hurried that year by other concerts and commissions as again and again to express fear that he could not be ready in time, and declared that he would never tie himself so closely again. How undecided he was on the eve of presenting his masterpiece, and how little he considered it complete, are proved by the fact, among others, that he was then in doubt whether he should not suppress the song, "O rest in the Lord," "It was too sweet," he said. His friends urged him at least to try its effect. The lady who was to sing it was anxious, in the fine old English fashion, to conclude it by a long shake on the closing notes. "No," said the composer, "I have kept that for my orchestra," and accordingly played that shake in the accompaniment for the flute; the effect of which is so delicious. The lady, I fear, was not altogether satisfied.

The amount of changes made by Mendelssohn after the first performance of the Oratorio, in which *only* eight pieces were encored, is very large. The scene of the widow and her son was re-written. So, too, was the scene for Jezebel, which even in its amended state was avoided by *contralti* till Madame Viardot had produced in it one of the sublimest dramatic effects ever heard in an orchestra. The vocal trio for angels was an afterthought, having been originally a duet for the second soprano and contralto, with a triplet accompaniment. This weakened the effect of the subsequent lovely chorus, "He watching over Israel," and was removed accordingly in favour of the movement as it stands. The recitative introducing the superb scene of the Vision, was re-written again and again, and only at last, I believe, was allowed to retain its original form. Mendelssohn intended, I know, to re-model the final chorus. I am not aware that this was done.

It seems like only yesterday that before our going into the hall, he said to me, "Now stick your claws into my book. Don't tell me what you like—but tell me what you don't like." When all was over, we came together again, and he said in his merriest humour, "Come, and I will show you the prettiest walk in Birmingham." He took me to the banks of a canal, bordered by coke and cinder heaps. We walked and talked there between two hedges for more than an hour; and the patience with which he considered the remarks which, —in obedience to what, with me, was equivalent to a royal command,—I had ventured to note, lives in my mind as one of the most precious proofs of that fairness, modesty, and candour—so to the suggestions of his inferiors, of which any one story of his life most contains so many instances. It may be as well, seeing that so many mis-statements are abroad, to put the above facts and corrections on record, for the use of biographers to come.

Henry F. Chorley.

SCHMALKALDEN.—On the 27th ult., the gold medal sent by Queen Augusta to the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," together with a letter from the Governor-General of the district, Herr Herwarth von Bittenfeld, was presented, at the Town Hall, by the *Landrath*, to Herr Karl Wilhelm. At the same time, the Corporation conferred on him the freedom of the town. In the evening, the various vocal associations got up a serenade and a torchlight procession in his honour.

DARMSTADT.—The want of good, spacious, and convenient concert-rooms, something on the model of the *Concerthaus*, Berlin, has long been an urgent want here. That want has at length been supplied, and the new establishment was opened on the 3rd inst. by a concert for the wounded German soldiers.

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NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street* (*First Floor*). *It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

PERHAPS, after one or other of the late Festival performances at Birmingham, some of the audience may have walked across Ratcliff Place to the Corporation Art Gallery. The trouble is not much, and it was worth taking, for in the gallery, in the place of honour—as it deserves to be—hangs the portrait of the man who set the good work on foot more than a hundred years ago. When a general wins a great victory, we give him a peerage and a pension, and set up his effigy in public places, and render honour to him through generations, in all imaginable ways. When a man gives his mind to saving instead of taking life, we do not quite make so much of him; and sometimes he is forgotten, or lives only in a sort of dim tradition, or in a casual portrait, which the public has no chance of seeing.

Now this is much the case with Dr. John Ash, the physician who set on foot the Birmingham General Hospital, and helped to begin the great series of music meetings known throughout Europe as the Birmingham Festival. Outside the town which he benefited so much, the history of Dr. Ash is not known at all, and in it very little; indeed, but for the portrait kept in the Board Room of the Hospital, he would be a name, and nothing more. But this picture really helps to keep before us the man as he lived. Happily, it was painted by a great artist—Sir Joshua Reynolds, who put his best work into it, and made it one of his masterpieces. Until now the picture has remained in the Board Room of the Hospital, carefully tended, but little seen—many Birmingham men, even, knowing nothing of it. At the request of the Free Libraries Committee, however, the Board of the Hospital lent the picture to the Corporation Art Gallery; and there it is now, freely open to view.

But it may be asked—Why all this fuss about Dr. Ash, a Birmingham doctor who lived a hundred years ago, and happened to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds? Just this. Dr. Ash was the founder of the Hospital, and from his day to ours, the Hospital has received and treated 750,000 patients, of whom thousands upon thousands have had cause to bless the benevolence which prompted and the brain which devised such a noble means of relieving human misery. The population of Birmingham is now about 370,000; and since the General Hospital was established, nearly twice that number has passed through its wards.

It is only proper that the well-to-do classes who throng to the magnificent performances at the Birmingham Festival should be thus reminded of the chief object which brings them together, and of the man to whom the beginning of the great work was due. Dr. Ash not only founded the Hospital but the Festivals as well. The two have gone on growing together. Dr. Ash had a prophetic instinct that it would be so. The Hospital was only a small institution when opened, but as back-ground to the portrait of the founder there is a view of the charity, which those who look at will allow to be an imposing feature. So with the Festivals. The first, held in 1768, yielded the modest amount of £299. The one, held in 1867, produced a net sum of £5,541. The whole series (not including the Festival just over) has realized for the Hospital more than £90,000, and provided, in addition, for the purchase of a great organ and a musical library, worth together £6,000, or £7,000 more. So that, looking both at the progress of the Hospital and the growth of the Festival, we recognize the vast importance of the work begun by a Birmingham physician a century ago. The result is worth commemorating, as a victory over suffering and disease; and the man who planned and gave the first impulse to an undertaking so noble and unselfish in its aims, and so admirable in its organization, deserves honourable recognition quite as much as if he had been a successful general with a peerage and a pension.

On such an occasion as the celebration of its great music meeting Birmingham has a right to put itself *en fête*, proud of what it has done, and proud of what it is going to do. For a large number of people the week is one of pleasure, with this difference from ordinary pleasure, that the ultimate object is charity. We do not say that all who attend the Festival attend because they are thus helping the sick and suffering, or that they would be so liberal if the impulse to benevolence were not supplemented by the attractions of art. But even with those who think least about it the consciousness that a great charity derives benefit from their expenditure must essentially operate as a healthy influence. If this feeling tells nowhere else, it is revealed in the collections after each performance. When the claims of the Hospital are thus preferred, people do not like to go back to their homes, after much refined enjoyment, without having made some direct contribution to the funds of the charity. In this particular year of 1870 the Hospital happened to be very much in want of aid. The reconstruction and enlargement of the building has been recently completed, augmenting to 235 the number of in-patients receivable at one time, and awarding to each nearly twice the breathing space which the limited capacity of former wards could furnish. New rooms have also been erected for out-patients; a separate building has been put up for fever patients; the nurses and resident officers have been decently cared for; and altogether the Hospital is a different place compared with what it was a few years ago. These improvements, it need scarcely be said, have cost money—no less than £22,000. And though many friends of the charity have come forward, and the public has behaved liberally, a large sum still remains to be provided. In fact, to pay for the new buildings and improvements, the Hospital Board stood in want of about £8,000, and looked to the Festival to help them very materially.

£8,000 is a large sum; but was it quite beyond the region of probability? The Festival Committee, in providing an admirable series of performances, sacred and secular, including several interesting novelties, and in keeping the expenditure, at the same time, within reasonable limits, did all that was expected of them, the hearty acknowledgment of which forms the best reward they can hope for or desire. The result has, we believe, surpassed anticipation. There was no reason why this should not have been so. Birmingham is growing in wealth and prosperity year by year.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—Messrs. Lyster & Smith have introduced an entertainment at the Masonic Hall new to the Sydney public. The *opera di camera*, or chamber opera, is often given in continental circles, and no doubt it will become popular in Sydney, judging from the patronage bestowed upon it last evening. The hall was filled with the *élite* of Sydney. The operas performed were *Lucretia Borgia* and *Maritana*. The performers were all in evening costume, and although there was no acting, the audience enjoyed a great treat with the vocalization. All the principals, English and Italian, appeared for the last time previously to their departure for Melbourne. One and all received rapturous applause at the conclusion of their performances. The only encore that was taken was by Miss Lucy Chambers, in "Alas, those chimes," from *Maritana*; the others simply bowed their acknowledgments.—*Sydney Paper.*

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IRELAND, if report may be credited, is subscribing impartially to the fund for the French and German wounded. The exclusive French committee only obtains small sums from a poorer class of donors. Mdlle. Tietjens, it is stated, was requested to sing at a concert for the general fund, at the close of her operatic engagement in Dublin, and would seem to have greatly displeased the Germans by declining without giving a reason. Her compatriots are the more annoyed as the request was made to her by one of the Prussian ministers.

In a sketch of theatrical matters in Italy, contributed by Signor Valentino Carrera to the *Rivista Europea*, the writer, himself an author of merit, expatiates on the difficulty which managers and authors have in finding good supernumeraries. In Italy managers of theatres are often at a loss for persons who can act, with some degree of intelligence, the subordinate (and generally mute) parts of peasants, guards, courtiers, &c. Out of six thousand who undertake them scarcely one hundred have any aptitude for the task. The pay of a supernumerary averages from fifty centimes to one *lira* a night; and at Turin there are workmen who for twenty-five centimes are willing to remain the whole night muffled up as Romans. At Florence the best supernumeraries are furnished by the Societa Tramagnini; but the assistance of this society of twenty is not to be had for less than fifty *lire* a night. If, however, the supernumeraries are generally at sea, they have some excuse, as they are frequently not called previous to the last rehearsal.

THE New York *True Democrat*, after an account of an organ-grinder's being struck by lightning near that place, says:—

"On examination of the body of the deceased at the inquest it was found that one of the limbs of the tree under which he was sitting at the time of the electric stroke, had been photographed by the lightning upon his left bosom. This is both curious and remarkable, and may lead to developments in science not heretofore known. The deceased was eating an apple at the time the bolt fell, and his knife was found lying alongside of him at the time of his death."

Photographs of the apple and the knife are said also to have been discovered upon the abdomen of the unlucky organ-grinder.—A. S. S.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

At the meeting of the Stewards, just over, the following accounts were audited:—

Principal Singers.	Band.	Chorus.	Advertising.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1867—1176 15 0 ..	966 0 0 ..	819 19 0 ..	63 11 6
1870—1011 5 0 ..	908 3 6 ..	578 3 0 ..	76 6 6
165 10 0 less.	2 3 6 more.	0 4 0 more.	12 14 11 more.

Miscellaneous.	Net Receipts.*	Expenditure.	
1867—698 18 7 ..	3494 17 0 ..	3343 4 1 ..	146 12 11 gain.
1870—581 10 8 ..	3058 8 6 ..	3183 8 7 ..	95 8 1 loss.
45 7 11 less.	440 9 6 less.	185 15 6 less.	

1870.		Collections.	
Expenditure	3183 8 7	1861	1075 17 7
Receipts	3088 6 6	1864	1126 14 0
		1867	1410 5 5
95 0 1 loss.		1870	1076 7 1

£2 Stewards, 31s. each .. .. .. £96 2s.

G. TOWNSHEND SMITH, *Hon. Sec.*

* After deducting commission on Tickets and Books.

Votes of thanks were given to Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, for the effective aid and countenance afforded to the Festival, and for their hospitality.

Resolved unanimously, that the thanks of the Stewards be given to the conductor and honorary secretary for his indefatigable exertions in making arrangements for the Festival, and bringing it to its successful issue.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Gustav Schmidt, *Capellmeister*, has lost his only son, who fell before Metz on the 18th inst.—At Michaelmas, Herr Reinecke will cease to be a member of the professional staff at the Conservatory.

PROVINCIAL.

WEYMOUTH.—The *Southern Times*, alluding to the last of the Promenade Concerts given by Herr van Heddeghem, writes as follows:—

It is with considerable regret that we announce this as the last of, perhaps, the most pleasant series of entertainments the inhabitants and visitors of Weymouth have enjoyed for some time; but shortening days and uncertain weather both point to the necessity of discontinuing the amusement. We must not dismiss the matter without mentioning the debt we owe to Herr van Heddeghem for having originated so attractive a means of public recreation. We trust that in the coming season Weymouth may still have the benefit of his residence here, and again enjoy another series of promenade concerts. In reviewing the eight entertainments that have been held, we call to mind that the principal features have been original compositions of Herr van Heddeghem, and we have no doubt that the numerous audiences who have shared in the pleasure of the concerts have, like ourselves, retained agreeable reminiscences of these pieces, in all of which are manifested musical scholarship of the highest order and worthy of the cherished pupil of De Beriot."

LEEDS.—In the *Leeds Mercury* we read the following account of Dr. Spark's "organ recitals:"—

"Since returning from a tour in Germany this summer, Dr. Spark has introduced to the lovers of music in Leeds many high-class foreign works secured by him during his temporary absence from England. Some of the compositions that we have heard have evidently been selected with special regard to the orchestral richness and power of the noble instrument over which the borough organist so ably presides, and rarely has the grand organ been heard to better advantage than on the occasion of some recent recitals. Dr. Spark seldom fails to place before the large audiences that attend the popular concerts on Saturday evenings high-class works which, played with a delicate appreciation of their merits, command the admiration of those present, but the hour devoted exclusively to an afternoon recital is unquestionably the time to hear the instrument at its best, in all the beauty and breadth of musical expression. Visitors to the Victoria Hall on Tuesday afternoon had abundant evidence of this. The new and the old were carefully blended in the programme, and yet each piece was so distinctive in its character that the contrast was well marked, while the general result was highly gratifying. As showing the organist's desire to bring new works before a Leeds audience it may be mentioned that the place of honour was occupied by a selection from the new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, composed by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, for the recent Musical Festival at Birmingham. Its first performance in Yorkshire made a favourable impression, and Dr. Spark would do well to reproduce it at some future recital."

OUTSIDE THE HALL ON *ELIJAH* DAY.*

From an early hour the whole aspect of the centre of the town gave evidence of something unusual. Shopkeepers were astir at unaccustomed hours arranging, polishing, and brightening up their shops and goods; by a judicious stroke of forethought on the part of some one, the fences were well watered in the approaches to the Town Hall long before anyone in the vicinity knew anything about it; the cab-stands—owing to the greater portion of the horses being required elsewhere—were tenantless; and, altogether, what with the efforts made to render New Street and Paradise Street, and the other principal thoroughfares converging on the Hall, as picturesque as possible, the appearance of the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of the Festival of 1870 was quite satisfactory. According to the arrangements the doors were to have been thrown open at half-past ten, and, punctual to the moment, access to the morning performance was obtained at that hour. A strong detachment of the borough police—whose appearance was quite in keeping with the universal furbishing mania which seems to have spread on all sides, publicly and privately—was disposed about the Hall and the approaches, and they had a busy time of it. Soon after the doors were opened the company began to arrive, and it was found that the arrangements worked admirably. By eleven fully one-half the brilliant assembly had found seats, and shortly before the lapse of another half hour the Hall, from the floor to the orchestra to the limit of the great gallery, was filled to overflowing. During the performance of *Elijah* a large crowd, happy in the possession of standing-places in Congreve Street and Ratcliff Place, and blessed with what it is familiarly known as "outside tickets," clustered about the barriers, and were rewarded by stray snatches of harmony, which, welling out from the windows high up among the Corinthian columns, made themselves heard all round the neighbourhood. For three hours a compact mass lined Congreve Street, spread out at the back of the Hall, and filled Ratcliff Place. If ordinary traffic had been forbidden, absolute silence would have reigned outside the walls temporarily devoted to St.

* *Apropos* of the recent Birmingham Festival.

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Cecilia, although thousands were congregated round about; but all were charmed into quiet by the occasional strains of Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio which reached them. To many, however, the chief attraction was the arrival and departure of the company; and, at the close of the performance some difficulty was experienced in preserving free egress. An over-zealous Corporation underling had—with the best intentions no doubt—flooded the carriageways with water a quarter of an hour or so before the company began to disperse; and as at the least two thirds were obliged to walk from the Hall or wait an unreasonable time for carriages, the consequences to many of the ladies were anything but agreeable. The break up, as has been mentioned, was witnessed by an immense concourse, and at half-past two, as the full stream of the assemblage poured down New Street and along Paradise Street, a spectacle well worth seeing was presented.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE DRAMATIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

In one respect dramatic criticism in the present day is quite in harmony with the tastes of audiences. It is thoroughly intolerant of long speeches or long scenes in a drama. This fact is curious and significant. In most respects dramatic criticism, whatever its defects, is immeasurably ahead of the public taste. Those who take, as the critic must, an intelligent interest in the drama, cannot but deplore the wrong counsel the public gives the actor, and the wrong passion it exercises upon the manner. Everything, or almost everything, the public urge those connected with theatrical affairs to do is wrong. The majority of the public—the vast majority—even cheers when it ought to hiss, and laughs when it ought to frown. Hence, those who endeavour to direct public taste must, if they have any fitness for the task they undertake, be perpetually at issue with those for whom they write. But in the matter of length the unanimity is complete. "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful." It does not follow, however, that because those who are at other times at issue are in the present instance at one that the judgment so generally held is correct. We doubt, indeed, whether many proofs of the erudity of our knowledge of dramatic affairs could be advanced much stronger than the evidence afforded by unanimity. The limitations English-bmen would impose upon stage representations in this one respect of length of scene and speech are fatal to drama of the highest order. It is impossible for a dramatist to exhibit his most refined analysis, to construct the strongest emotion, or to evoke his most powerful effects, if you tie him down to sharp stage speeches and crisp dialogue. For the display of great emotion and passion the soliloquy is necessary, and the soliloquy must needs be long under certain circumstances. Effective stage plays have been written by those who have looked to public taste and have clipped and pruned their dialogues and monologues. But a really great drama can never be composed under such conditions.

In England there is now little taste for the drama. There is a great and growing taste for theatrical entertainments, but that and a taste for the drama are quite distinct. People in England like to go to theatres and to be amused. They are fond of the gaiety and splendour of the scene, and they take a close and friendly interest in the actors. Some report in London, accordingly, has published upon two more theatres of one class and another. Our shop windows, wherein photographs of our celebrities are exposed, contain more actors, probably, than all other professions put together. When, moreover, an actor like Mr. Mathews is about to leave us for a distant country we give him such an ovation as no other country possibly can afford. Here is abundant proof of our fondness for the stage, but not of our fondness for the drama. We doubt whether any great nation shows less regard for the drama as such than ourselves. To an Italian the theatre is his house, his club, his *café*, and his friends' house in one. You would as soon think of asking an English merchant whether he was going to his counting-house on any given day as an Italian whether he was going to a theatre. You know, as a matter of course, he will be there unless ill-health or some exceptional cause prevents him. The performances to which he listens are most frequently musical rather than dramatic, but he is a connoisseur in the drama also, and tolerates and finds charms in pieces which would sink an English-man into the depths of weariness. The tragedies of Niccolini are among the hugest dramatic works that ever have been produced, and modern dramatic writings which are acceptable to the Italian, requires strong compression before they become fitted for the English stage. Germans and Spaniards are tolerant of pieces that would drive Englishmen to destruction. Every German piece prepared for the English stage needs to have its dimensions reduced by a third before it is capable of undergoing the ordeal of an English audience.

France, however, is more pre-eminently the land of the dramatist. It has at once the best actors, the best dramatists, and the public the most thoroughly appreciative and critical. When a new piece is produced in Paris it is, if good, a thing of national importance. A successful writer obtains a greeting such as in England we give only to a statesman or a soldier. The country showers honours upon the successful dramatist, the people delight to do him honour. It is hard to say where the marks of appreciation stop. M. Sardou's *Patrie*, which is not a work of genius, but only a production of high talent and admirable powers of adaptation, has secured for its author a larger share of distinction than the English people have ever awarded any writer, and will yet be productive of future honours. From the latest reports we see that M. Sardou is candidate for a vacant seat in the Académie. We are inclined to wager upon his obtaining it. Such minor distinctions as the various grades of the Legion of Honour are too common in France to call for notice. The French people, so ready to recognize merit that it makes the appearance of a dramatist in the private box of a theatre an occasion for tumultuous applause, does not limit the dramatist's art of the means by which he shall produce his effects as we in England limit them. So long as the result is dramatic and satisfactory it does not insist that each scene shall have its pungency, that no dialogue shall be introduced but such as is short, crisp, and rapid. It tolerates soliloquies as long as any in Shakspere. Take the best known pieces of Victor Hugo for instance: *Hernani*, the *Roi S'Amuse*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marion Delorme*, or *Ruy Blas*. There is not one of these that has not long—often very long—soliloquies to which the Parisian public listens with interest and with a keen delight in tracking the thought and intention of the author. Every piece of this author is cut, clipped, and pruned before it can be played with a chance of success in England, and few of them, even when cut and clipped to their smallest proportions, are held fitted for our pure and virtuous public. So soon as any piece is produced in England we hear the cry on all sides it must be cut. If it is in five acts, it should have been in four, if in two, it ought to have been in one. The principle on which people judge, carried a very short way, would reduce all pieces to the simple incident on which they rest, and take away from the dramatists every one of his means of impressing his audiences, except, perhaps, surprise. We are ourselves not guiltless of joining in the cry. It is difficult to resist always the influence of the epoch in which we dwell, and there are, moreover, many pieces produced concerning which the criticism that they are too long is as just and true as it can be. But the fault with modern English plays is, after all, rather in the other direction. Dramatists do not allow themselves scope enough fully to illustrate the passions they depict and the characters they design. There can scarcely be a greater difficulty than to let us see thoroughly, and recognize a rich and noble nature without the employment of soliloquy. Seldom, indeed, do events or incidents draw from us such speech or gesture as will enable spectators to know much about it. But soliloquy is on the stage what thought is in real life, and in it man can di-close his whole nature. What should we know of Hamlet if we took from him his soliloquies? How completely incomprehensible would be his slowness to action, his apparent lack of energy in form and character would appear but for the view it was taken. If ever, then, we are to have a great acted drama, we plead with audiences to be more tolerant of long speeches. It is not in the interest of long-winded writers nor mouthing actors that we thus plead, but in the sacred interest of the drama and pas-

BEETHOVEN, GOETHE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

I recollect once seeing in the Pitti Palace at Florence a picture by Rubens, a magnificent, first-class painting: an "Allegory of War." Enflamed with rage, Mars is rushing out through the gates, flung wide apart, of the Temple of Janus; a wild Fury, waving a torch, is dragging him forward; Harpies are fluttering before him, and Europe (represented as Cybele with the mural crown) follows writhing her hands. It is in vain that the Goddess of Love, with flattering embraces, endeavours to hold him back. In his furious career, as God of War, he has thrown over several male figures, with the emblems of art and science by their hands, among them being a man with a lute. In the background there are all kinds of desolation and wretchedness. It is evident that Rubens painted the picture under the impression of the Thirty Years' War, then ravaging Germany with fire and sword. Late events brought this painting to my mind, and I thought to myself that the Beethoven Festival Committee, at Bonn, might very well borrow it from the Italian Government, and hang it up as a public excuse before the Festival Hall (just as theatrical managers in Germany have red bills posted at the street corners, when there is any sudden and unexpected change of performance); the man thrown down with the lute, and Mars rushing past him would render any further explanation superfluous. But war and the tumult of war shall not prevent us from reminding our readers that in December a century will have elapsed since one of the greatest German masters of the art of music was born—the master whom we are fond of naming with Mozart, just as we are fond of saying "Raphael and Michael Angelo," or "Schiller and Goethe," when we would allude, by two names, to the highest efforts in other branches of art. If, however, matters proceed as they are now progressing at the seat of war, we may yet be able to leave Rubens' picture in Florence, and perform the Ninth Symphony with the "Te Deum" for victory and peace. God grant it may be so.

Of the bearers of the brilliant names just mentioned, the two great German poets, and the two great German composers, were contemporaries. Mozart and Schiller died at an early age, but fate permitted Beethoven to behold the countenance of his great predecessor, Mozart, who is said to have made on the occasion, the oft repeated remark: "Take care of him there; some day he, too, will have something to say." Goethe survived them all. He was, moreover, brought into personal communication with Beethoven, but, with regard to Mozart, we should scarcely be aware whether he ever knew of the existence of Schiller or of Goethe, if he had not set to music Goethe's "Veilchen;" Heaven knows in what chance walk of his he found the lovely modest little flower, whose aromatic perfume delights us even at the present day. *Don Carlos* and *Don Juan* both belong to the same year (1787—Mozart and Vienna, know and appreciate about the former? It was not till a long time afterwards, when Mozart had long been in the realms of eternal harmonies, that the Vienna censure at length admitted Schiller's tragic muse into the imperial hereditary dominions. This appears rather strange to us, who have been nourished on Schiller's dramas, as on a sort of intellectual mother's milk, but let the reader put himself mentally in the place of a Vienna Censor of the Year One, and answer the question whether, when the worthy individual in question perused the *Räuber*, *Kabale und Liebe*, *Fiesko*, *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and *Tell*, his hair must not have stood on end, even supposing him to have worn a wig. When people spoke in Vienna at that period of German literature, they meant Klopstock and Wieland, who, like Alpha and Omega, like the two opposite poles, represented the "Elevated" and the "Graceful." That so joyous a mortal as Mozart should not be particularly impressed by Klopstock's elevated bombast is something very intelligible, and he made a most furious resistance when called upon to set to music the ode, "Calpe, dir donnert's am Fluss," by a Viennese local Klopstock, Denis or Sned. The words were beautiful, lofty, anything you liked, but as for being fitted for music, such a thing was totally out of the question, he said. He was as little pleased with the pretty frivolities of Wieland: the latter, never dug the grave of his fame more deeply, at the time possessed a French *à la Grecque*, had given the world Greek *à la Française*. Mozart was just as little edified by Wieland personally, as we learn from his Mannheim letters.

Beethoven at first allowed himself to be talked into an admiration for Klopstock. What people in Vienna then thought of Klopstock is very amusingly shown by a picture of Abel's, to be found (if I am not mistaken) in the "new school" of the Belvedere, a copy by the artist himself being in the Picture Gallery at Prague: Klopstock's Arrival in Elysium." Klopstock is introduced by Siona, clad in Vestal-like costume, and bearing in her hand a palm branch half a fathom long. He is welcomed by a group of Greek poets, with Homer at their head. "I regret," Homer appears to be saying, "that I am acquainted with your admirable *Messiade* only through the medium of a translation, as I do not understand German." Dante stands some distance off, under laurel bushes, but he is perfectly penetrated with a sentiment of his own nothingness, and feels ashamed of his *Divina Commedia*, which must certainly have struck the wits of the Year One as a piece of barbarism. Near at hand sits Petrarch with his Laura.—The whole resembles a parody on Raphael's Parnassus, from which, indeed, the one Muse has been rather unceremoniously taken.

Beethoven, as he afterwards told Rochlitz, when the latter called upon him, was incessantly reading Klopstock's Odes. Who knows that he was not first excited to the Pastoral Symphony by the "Frühlingsfeier," which is really powerful and moving. When he became acquainted with Goethe's poems, he spoke no more about Klopstock. "He always began in D flat major—always from upwards downwards." What he thought of Schiller is proved by the words with which, according to his first plan, he meant to introduce the final movement of the Ninth Symphony. "Let us sing the song of the immortal Schiller: 'Freude schöne Götterfunken.'"

But Goethe probably was more highly prized by him. The highest and crowning task of his life struck him as being the composition of music to *Faust*; he wanted with this to conclude his artistic labours. His chorus, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," was dedicated by him to the author. Though this composition cannot, perhaps, be called one of his best, his melodies to some of Goethe's lyrical poems are so much the more magnificent: "Kennst du das Land?"—"Herz, mein Herz, was soll das gehen?"—"Trocknet nicht, Thränen der ewigen Liebe"—"Was zieht mir das Herz so"—no man ever composed finer songs, not even Franz Schubert. The words and the tune are so blended that it is impossible to imagine them apart; it seems to us as though something is wanting if we accidentally come across the verses alone when turning over an edition of Goethe's works. And, lastly, the music to *Egmont*? Kayser of Zürich (Goethe's composer-in-ordinary before Zelter came) composed, in Rome, where the poet had sent him the piece, some music for *Egmont*, which was just completed. In one of his letters, Goethe praises it as "very appropriate." This may have been the case, for we must confess that Beethoven's music to *Egmont* is "very inappropriate;" it appears to subordinate itself so much to the poetry; it appears to give in a more ideality form the situations that are musically rendered (let the reader compare with this Meyerbeer's intrusive show-music to his brother's *Struensee*); and yet—yet—with all respect for *Egmont* and the great poet, we must say that the music outshines the drama; the frame is, in this instance, finer than the picture, fine though the latter be.

Goethe appears to have been as deaf to all these beauties, intellectually, as the composer was physically. He made Beethoven's acquaintance at Teplitz, but appears to have been terribly little impressed by Beethoven's intellectual grandeur. We may say: without even having a suspicion of Beethoven's greatness, he beheld in the composer scarcely aught else than a man with whom it was difficult to keep up a communication, in consequence of his deafness, and who, with his bristling roughness and unsparing pining, was slightly sympathetic. To Bettina's enthusiastic epistle Goethe answered, "cool to his inmost heart;"—with a gracious nod, and half depreciatingly he admits, "Beethoven's talent, which will show him the right way, like young Mendelssohn played him the first piece of the C minor Symphony upon the piano, the old gentleman evidently did not feel at all comfortable. "That is music which would cause the roof to fall in if performed by the whole orchestra at once," he muttered.

Though taking the purest and deepest interest in plastic art and in music, nay, more, though perfectly capable of appreciating both most thoroughly, Goethe unfortunately had as advisers by his side mediocrities like Heinrich Meyer and Zelter. To what a degree his immeasurably larger mind believingly submitted to the guidance is strikingly proved, for instance, by his allowing Zelter graciously to accord him Sebastian Bach's music. He would certainly have been able to comprehend Beethoven's music ten times better! The "Sonate Pathétique" was, at any rate, something which could penetrate ten times more confidentially to his heart than the Chromatic Fantasia. After Goethe had become acquainted in Upper Italy with Palladio, and in Venice with all sorts of specimens of the Antique, he solemnly renounced the Gothic principle, and himself threw down the monument that he had erected, "dis manibus Erwini a Steinbach." But the Gothic, or rather that Christian, and, at the same time, profoundly and significantly mysterious principle of art, organically connected with the sharpest sense the principle which crossed the "frozen music" of the Gothic style of architecture, melted and was dissolved in the "thawed architecture" of Bach's Preludes, Toccatas, Fugues, and Fantasias, while the "heathen" Goethe knelt believingly before these revelations, or rather, "he went to bed, and let the organist, von Berks, play him Sebastian." Zelter praised this highly: "So he is; he must be overheard, as it were, by an eavesdropper!" According to this rule, when "Sebastian" are for the future announced in the programme, the public will do well to run

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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directly out of the room and listen at the key-hole, not to hear (according to the proverb) their own shame, but Sebastian's glory.

In the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter frequent mention is made of Beethoven. Zelter speaks of him in pretty much the same way that a blind man, hearing a peal of bells, would calculate the height of the steeple in which they hang. On one occasion, he even says: "We might, perhaps, compare Beethoven, at a distance, to Michael Angelo." That was a great thing to say to Goethe. For Goethe wrote from Rome after seeing the frescoes of the Sixtine Chapel: "I am at this moment so captivated by Michael Angelo, that not even Natnre pleases me after him, for I cannot see with such great eyes as he does." (Parenthetically remarked) It is a strange fact that Goethe never says available anywhere of the Moses or the Medici Digger, &c., &c.) Zelter hazarded the comparison, but only timidly; he places Beethoven at his proper "distance," that is, considerably *under* the great Florentine. We, having clearly before our eyes all Beethoven did, and knowing all his importance, shall not think Michael Angelo's truly Titanic mind less, but we consider what he created as analogous to only one side of Beethoven's labours. When parallels have been drawn between Mozart and Raphael—Rochlitz began it, and was followed by von Bentel, Hirt, and Allgeri—there is a great temptation to play the Plutarch between Michael Angelo and Beethoven, and, placing them back to back, as we sometimes place Jack and Gill, to see which is the taller of the two. Such comparisons are, in reality, not worth much, they are guesses at it rather than aught else, with which superficiality plays itself court. For instance, Rochlitz, who had certainly seen nothing of Raphael beyond the Dresden Madonna, could not possibly possess a correct standard by which to judge the master. When, therefore, he saw such paints soldered to each child young; each left his last an i not highly prized work unfinished, and it had to be completed by the hands of novices, &c., &c., such silly nonsense having nothing to do with the essential attributes of the master—we look about to see whether we are not also informed that it was "Both were exceedingly fond of such and such a dish." With regard, however, to Beethoven and Michael Angelo, the idea of employing the one to explain the other, recurs in the writings of exceedingly able critics, such as Lülke and Hermann Grimm, and we may as well have a glance at it.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE DE SAXE.

The circumstances accompanying the production of the play called *Maurice de Saxe*, a drama in five acts and in verse, are remarkable. It is the last piece of importance brought out at the Théâtre Français, where it was played early in June. Had it remained on the shelves a few weeks longer, it would never have seen lamplight. The hero of Fontenoy, when he wants to make himself especially popular, boasts that he is a German, and thus defies the taunts of the French nobles, who sneer at his illegitimate birth. Otherwise the authors of the drama, MM. Jules Amigues and Marcellin Desboutier, do not represent Marshal Saxe in a favourable light. If on the one hand he appears as the self-made man, asserting his dignity against advocates who rely on the sole merit of high blood, he is conspicuous on the other as an unscrupulous aristocrat of the lowest class, without scruple, employing dishonourable means to render the comic singer, Justine Chantilly, unfaithful to her husband, Favart. Herein he is the very opposite of the Maurice in early life, depicted by Scribe as the lover of Adrienne Lacourreur. He does not intrigue, he openly oppresses; and far from attempting to conceal his passion from Favart, exults in it, and dares the poor player to interfere. Favart, represented by Got is the character of the piece—a sort of Figaro, who, tortured by jealousy, retains a comic vein, contrasting the privileges of the great with his own unprotected condition, and predicting the Revolution as a judgment on lordly oppressors. The action consists in a series of attempts by the Marshal to secure Justine, and as many contrivances on the part of the husband to frustrate his assertions. Although the plot hinges on conjugal infidelity, there is not a situation by which propriety is offended. The characters are drawn with discrimination. Favart is elaborately coloured: Justine derives individuality from the circumstance that, while attached to her husband and her duty, she feels flattered by the homage of a prince of the and even Maurice has some excuse for his conduct in the fact that he is not a mere libertine, desirous of conquest, but the victim of a passion, the power of which he himself laments when there is none to overhear him. The dialogue abounds in forcible passages, though the piece is not strong. The drama resembles the romantic drama of the old English stage than one of the French classical school, the elevation of its style distinguishing it from such historical plays as the *Patrie* of M. Victorien Sardou. It begins with the battle of Fancoux, and ends with Maurice being killed in a duel by the Prince De Conti. In his early days the Marshal has had an intrigue with that Prince's mother, which has come to the knowledge of Favart, who, finding other means ineffectual, acquaints De Conti with the scandal, and thus indirectly produces the result. Though the story of the duel is without historical foundation, it is not the invention of MM. Amigues and Desboutier, but an old tale long believed in the French army.

N. D.

IMPEDIMENTS TO TRAGIC ART IN ENGLAND.

In the essay on "Tragic Art," by Dr. Westland Marston, delivered before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, of which we were fortunate enough to give lately a *resumé*, the speaker pronounced authoritatively opinions concluding to a great extent with those now and again enunciated in these columns. We have frequently pointed to the repression on the part of middle-class and educated England of all demonstrations of feeling and emotion as an unpleasant feature in English society, and one that sadly impedes the efforts of dramatists. When social distinctions are rapidly becoming abrogated, as they are in large towns, when men at dinner-table are dressed as much alike as if they were uniform, and are only distinguishable from the servants by whom they are waited upon by whatever appearance of dignity or cultivation they are able to impart to their faces and actions, there is indeed a poor field for the writer of comedies. It is necessary for him to paint broad and easily decipherable figures, to produce types which can by no chance be confounded each with other. But how is this to be done with becoming truth to nature when the chief aim of all men is to be as alike in their actions and manners as they are in their dress. Dr. Marston has shown what is in fact to be expected, that the same cause which operates so banefully upon comedy influences tragedy also. The tragedian, according to his views, finds in men thus constituted no types suitable for his purposes and no audiences capable at appreciating his ideal creations.

Our purpose to-day is less to add our unnecessary confirmation to views which while they do not need our sanction have already received it, than to point out other causes co-existent with those to which the lecturer pointed and co-operative with them in producing the result we deplore. We have never known an age more sordid than this, or one in which the outside re-embodiment of these ideas were more characteristic of a like uniformity of business. Money getting or moneygrubbing is the only employment of the immense majority of English-known. With elaborate care and conspicuous success we have succeeded in converting the profession of money-making of the poetry that was once associated with it. When we think of a London merchant of the olden times or of a Flemish burgher, we call up ideas of a character full of dignity and not devoid of romance. The man whose ships were sailing over the ocean whose word on Change was good for whatever he might say, and whose pride was in the honesty and dignity of his occupation, was a figure worthy of admiration and capable of employment in art. He who held up the London merchant now as symbolising anything but dishonesty, greed, rapacity, and the eagerness to obtain by any means a discreditable triumph, would be laughed at by all, and by none so roundly as by the merchant himself. The declension of which we complain has extended through all classes. Noblemen are chairmen of companies whose deliberate and systematic purpose is fraud; artists, with a few noble exceptions, are reduced to the level of mere shopkeepers. What, also! is tragedy or any form of highest art to do in the midst of a world like this? Characters such as these she can neither please nor present. Who will care to see a play in which the principal personages are drawn from the life of the day and consist of fraudulent trustees, dishonest directors, and youths with their fingers, to pay Derby losses, in their masters' till? For such society the realistic drama is specially provided. To celebrate these deeds it is fitting province to set before the age its repulsive portrait in its highest effort.

Of the school of realistic dramatists Mr. Boucicault is the chief and satisfactory representative. We must not be understood as sinking Mr. Boucicault to the level of the materials in which he works. He continues to throw upon the life and characters he depicts as much sentiment and illusion as they are capable of retaining, and he lends the features of the present age something almost like beauty and tenderness. But a dramatist who purposes to portray noble characters and noble sufferings is driven perforce from the world around him into another world remote in space or time. This difficulty he might overcome were it not met by another which is to follow it. Those men whom he cannot paint he cannot please. If he would obtain an audience he must be content to give his hearers what will please them. Most surely is the beauty of art a secret to those whose lives are ignoble. Those secrets and mysteries with which the beginnings of all religion were shrouded belong, in fact, to art. Cup, and pet proud of her beauty, she will not reveal herself to the unloving and unsympathetic. Hence all highest work of this age is confined to few readers. That an audience "fit though few" can be found for some highest forms of art we admit. There is a heaven of cultivation in England and heaven of nobility also. Were it otherwise we should not see poured forth a series of works in highest branches of art, such as has recently been given to the world. Take the one branch of poetry and we unhesitatingly say that the poems which have been the light during the past year or two are sufficient to shed on any age renown. A time that has seen Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, *The Ring and the Book* of Browning, the Laureate's continuation of *The Idylls of the King*, and the recently published work of Mr. Rossetti, has exhibited proof of poetic possession such as may enable it to challenge competition with the most illustrious in our annals. A public can be found, moreover, to support such works, and it is a fact creditable to the public that this work of Mr. Rossetti's, though it saw the light last month or that preceding, has already gone through five editions. But those who purchase and patronize works of this description are not patrons of the theatres. Rarely, on some special occasion, you may see them at a house like the Prince of

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Wales's, at which it is sought to give a superior class of representations, or at another house upon an occasion of excessive interest. But the realistic drama and the style of acting it has brought with it, drives the intelligent from the theatres. Those patrons to whom managers appeal are wholly insensible to the beauty and dignity of tragedy, and will none of it. Its lessons, could they take them home, would be only a rebuke to the practice of their daily lives. But, as a rule, they are insensible to its teaching, for their minds are pachydermatous. Intellectually, they sink to the level of the savage, and find the sight in a glass of their own features is more agreeable to them than any picture how beautiful soever.

Under existing conditions, then, we despair of seeing a revival of tragic or poetic drama. Daily, alas! the difficulties in the way of its revival grow greater and more numerous. Use, which is second habit, renders more and more familiar the class of productions now common on the stage. And increasingly distasteful works of a higher order until what would once have appeared a mere return to olden form will assume a semblance of revolution. Men again grow hardened in their pursuits. The widespreading canker of lust of unholy gain spreads itself wider and wider till it threatens to absorb the whole body.

That the poetic drama should be wholly banished from our stage we regard we need not say, as a distinct and great misfortune to art. What, then, is the remedy for the existing state of affairs? Again and again does the question arise before us; it is the close of the argument or enquiry concerning dramatic art in England. To it there is but one answer. The theatres want a government subvention. That they will not get it in modern years is no reason why the question should not be brought forward that men's minds may be prepared to receive it. To expect it from the most pronounced of all governments in matters of art which now holds the reins, would be madness. But we regret to say it is none the more expected from a Conservative government. Conservatives dare not give us a subvention and Liberals cannot elevate their minds to the level of such a thing. If, however by means of state aid one theatre in London were kept open in which works of the highest order could be played; if to this house were attached those actors who in different branches had distinguished themselves by superior excellence, and if occasionally performances in which these took part were given irrespective of the question of their proving remunerative, a reign of better things might be expected. A nursery for art would be provided. Actors would learn that their highest meed was not the approval of a deplorably ignorant public, authors would obtain a certain recompense for labours which attained a requisite measure of competency, and the public would have a chance of seeing high class performances. It is no time for us to declare with what kindred institutions we would link a subvention theatre. Our sole concern at present is with the need for the subvention. Its advantages can scarcely be doubted by those who believe in the purifying and elevating influences of art. Is it too much to hope that if occasionally to a noble and worthy performance of tragedy some members of that public to which tragedy is now sealed were attracted, a few among them might find the teaching of art and the contemplation of beauty a means of information, and might try to set their minds in tune with the moral beauty they had been led to contemplate and admire?

K.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard returned to Boulogne-sur-Mer after the Birmingham Festival.

Signor Bottesini, the eminent contre-basi, has arrived in London.

Mr. James M. Wehli is about to visit the United States this "fall."

Mr. Alexandre Billet, the well-known pianist, has arrived in London.

At Salvador, in Central America, the Theatre of the Union is being constructed by the Government.

The receipts at the Parisian theatres and other spectacles during the past month amounted to the exceptionally low sum of 680,000 francs.

The *Journal de Toulouse* announces the death, in his twenty-ninth year, of the celebrated gymnast Léotard.

The youthful Signor Ettore Mariotti has finished an opera, entitled *Fedra*, which is shortly to be brought out in Venice.

Mr. C. H. Ross has, we understand, become the lessee of the Charing Cross Theatre.

Sadler's Wells opens to-night under the management of Mr. Pennington, who begins with *Hamlet*.

Mdlle. Nilsson sailed from Liverpool, for America, accompanied by her agent, Mr. H. Jarrett, on Saturday, the 3rd inst.

The Dean and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral have adopted the resolution of adding another minor canon to their clerical staff.

Remember the Grotto!
My custom is not to.
Punch.

The copyright for England of the last successful opera of M. de Flotow, *L'Ombre*, has been purchased by Mr. Jefferys, of Berners Street.

The Parisian musical papers are temporarily suppressed. Were this not the case little items of immediate interest to musicians would be likely to come from that beleaguered city.

Two dramas by Mr. Watts Phillips are in the hands of the management of the Queen's Theatre. His *Marlborough* will not be played this season.

The Lyceum opens to-night with a new Irish drama called *Innisfallen*, from the pen of Mr. E. Falconer, again lessee of the theatre where *Peep o' Day* made so great a hit.

London musicians seeking recreation in the country, are getting up concerts in aid of the sick and wounded. Among them in the North, is Mr. Goss, organist of our metropolitan cathedral.

A short essay on Palestrina, entitled *Elogio di Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina, principe della Musica Sacra*, has been published at Rome by Agostino Bartolini.

Signor Mabellini's new opera, *Fiammetta*, recently performed in Milan, has been received with much favour by the public and musical critics of Italy.

All lovers of the dance will be pleased to learn that a new floor has been laid down in the Great Hall at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

A drama, entitled *Clelia, la Perla del Trasteverе*, founded on Garibaldi's novel, *Clelia*, and written by Signor Alessandro Sabbadini, has been published by Barbini at Milan.

Booth's theatre at New York has re-opened with Mr. Jefferson as Rip van Winkle. Wallack's theatre is occupied with the drama, *Our Fritz*, in which Mr. Emmet sustains the principal character,—a German who speaks imperfect English.

Playgoers will remember the favourable impression created by a young French actor, M. Marius, in M. Herté's *Chiperic* at the Lyceum Theatre. We hear that M. Marius has fallen before the walls of Metz, while serving in the French army.

At the termination of the Birmingham Festival, Mr. Peyton, secretary, on behalf of the committee, presented Mr. W. H. Cummings with a testimonial in the shape of a gold chain and appendages, for his kind and ready help in several cases of emergency during the Festival.

Mr. Howard Paul is preparing to take Napoleon III. in his entertainment. A few evenings since the audience at Bradford took exception to this; the consequence was a division of opinion winding up with a riot in which French and Germans were moderately represented.

The Beethoven Festival which was to have been held at Bonn this week under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, is, under existing circumstances, inevitably postponed. The new Beethoven Hall is used as a hospital.

Amongst the curiosities at the Exhibition of Antiquities and objects of Art belonging to the Sienese province, held at Siena on the 15th of August, under the direction of Prof. Carlo Livi, was the autograph will and testament of Boccaccio.

The *Rivista Europea* states that at the Balbo Theatre, in Turin, Señor Arteta's comic operetta, *Il Mozzo*, has been performed for the first time, but was not very successful. The composer is the Director of the Musical Conservatoire of Madrid.

In November an opera, by Johann Strauss, the prince of waltz-writers, entitled *Ali Baba*, is to be brought out at Vienna; the libretto by Herr F. Berg. The Vienna public anxiously await the first performance. The same subject was treated by Cherubini in an opera of the same name.

The new opera, *Aida*, by Signor Verdi, will be performed for the first time at the Cairo Theatre. The composer is said to have already received 150,000 francs from the Khedive of Egypt, for whom it is being written. The libretto is by Signor Ghislanzoni, and the subject was proposed by the distinguished Egyptian scholar, Mariette.

Mdlle. Nilsson's visit to the United States is, we understand, the occasion of considerable speculation, some agents having bought up tickets for the first half-dozen performances, to sell again at extravagant prices when the demand can no longer be supplied from ordinary sources.—*Choir.*

At the recent election of a parochial council in South London, one of the seatholders who was subsequently chosen for senatorial honours announced his intention of advocating the re-introduction of lady choristers and double chants. At present, he is in a minority, and the boys of the choir retain their position.

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The correspondents of the daily papers give some accounts of the manner in which the Prussians spend their Sundays on French territory. The celebration of the Holy Communion has been the rule even on the battle-field, and the by-standers are struck with the heartiness with which the soldiers join in chorales accompanied by military band.

The Amateur Musical Society of Brixton (founded in 1857) has issued its prospectus for the season 1870-71. Mr. H. Weist Hill is again the conductor, a guarantee that the concerts, of which six are to be given, will be satisfactory both in selection and performance. The orchestra is fifty in number. The first concert is announced for November 2nd.

The Chapel Royal, St James's, is temporarily closed. As the fabric is thus cared for by the Court, we would suggest some improvements, at the same time, in the services. For Sundays past the arrangements have been utterly unworthy the chapel of the English Queen and even at the best of times it is only the professional lay clerks who redeem the music from discredit.—*Choir*.

Charles Sloman, "the only English Improvisatore," who was for many years known in theatrical circles and "about town," has just died. The Improvisatore's talents were not very remarkable, and his efforts were often not a little dull, but as the original of one of Thackeray's most graphic sketches he will be long remembered. Every one who knows—and who does not?—the wonderfully humorous description of the Cave of Harmony, in *The Newcomes*, knows all about the only English Improvisatore.—*George Dolby's Musical Circular*.

The directors of the Opéra Comique called a meeting of their artists and *employés* the other day, and informed them what a deplorable effect present events had upon theatres. Two days before the meeting *Zampa* was performed, and the amount received at the box-office was *ten francs*; three days previously the box-office keeper had just *eight francs* in his till. The Minister, informed of the fact, gave permission to the Lyrique and the Odéon to defer the opening of their season, and to the Opéra Comique to continue its decay.

The accounts of the income and expenditure connected with the Festival of the Three Choirs recently held at Hereford, have been made up. All the bills are paid, and although receipts fall short of expenditure, the deficiency to be made up by the sixty stewards is trifling. The charity, however, benefits to the full extent. Donations have been sent in since the meeting, and the dividends from money funded by the Worcester and Gloucester Festival Committees, amounting to over £100, have been received, bringing the total receipts for the charity up to £1,053, 14s.

Should the war unhappily continue another month, there will scarcely be a literary or scientific journal published. In addition to a previous long list, we have received two fresh notices to-day, announcing the suspension of the *Moniteur des Architects* and the *Chronique des Arts*. Considering the drafts upon the editorial and working staff, it is not surprising that so many journals are dying at a time, but that any of them of this nature appear. To a certain extent it is the same in Germany. A French correspondent engaged in conversation with a private soldier of the Landwehr, attached to the army of the Crown Prince, and found that he was a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Tubingen.

Charles Dibdin's ballad opera, *The Quaker*, has been produced at the Gaiety. So many additions have been made to its music that little opportunity of judging of the original is afforded. When we state that "Cherry Ripe," "Why are you wandering here, I pray," and "Here's a health to all good lasses," are sung, the fact is apparent that no special regard for the composer and no wish to exhibit the music and verse of a particular epoch dictated the revival. The whole is dull. Miss Tremaine, as Cicely, gives "Why are you wandering here, I pray" exactly as it ought not to be sung, crowding it with unmeaning *roulades*. Miss E. Farren was lively as Lubin, Mr. Aynsley Cook quiet as Steady, Mr. Stoyle exaggerated as Solomon, and Miss Annie Goodall spiritless as Gillian.

Toujours perdrix was an aristocratic complaint; but the French soldiers are just as great *gourmets*, and just as fickle as princes and young ladies. The Mobile got tired of the everlasting *Marseillaise*; they had been roaring it for full a fortnight, when they cried out "*Toujours Marseillaise!*" and substituted the following elegant effusion—

Bon, ça commence!
Ca va fort bien,
Nous allons faire bombance,
A ce festin
Il ne manquera rien,
Car j'aperçois un jambon de Mayence.

Change *one* to *two* in the last line, and you have the second verse, and so on *ad infinitum*; or, as they say here, "*Un + n + 1 jambon*."

We take the following from the *Chicago Post* (of August —):—

"An important international wedding is to come off on the 29th instant, the bridegroom being a no less distinguished person than Ole Bull, the violinist. The bride appointed for the occasion is Miss Thorpe, daughter of the Hon. J. G. Thorpe, of Maddison, Wis., a very brilliant and accomplished maiden of eighteen years. Miss Thorpe and her mother are now visiting various parts of Europe, including the home of Mr. Bull in Norway, where the nuptials are to occur."

["The bride *appointed for the occasion*" is excellent! Bravissimo, old Ole!—A. S. S.]

Among some general observations upon the recent Festival, the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* has the following:—

"It need to be said of one of the orchestral stewards—and probably the same may be said of Mr. R. Peyton, the present holder of that important office—that before one Festival was over he was obliged to be thinking of the next. Why, it must be nearly twelve months since the members of the chorus were engaged, and all the present year they have been laboriously practising the choral music under the able guidance of Mr. W. C. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton. How long it is since the band and principals were engaged, and how long since the composers who have composed new works for the Festival received their commissions we don't know, but it must be a considerable period, seeing the importance and proportions of many of the new pieces. Then there are no end of local committees, who, under the general direction of Mr. R. Peyton and Mr. W. J. Beale, with Mr. Howard Smith as secretary, divide and subdivide all sorts of work connected with those business arrangements, which require to be so well done to ensure the success of the Festival."

There are many other details connected with these great meetings upon which our contemporary might have dwelt with equal justice. It is to be hoped, by the way, that there may be no real foundation for a rumour which lately obtained that Mr. Peyton contemplated resigning his position. A greater loss could hardly be.

NEW MUSIC.

The Message from the Battlefield. Song. Written by H. B. Farnie. Composed by John Hullah. [London: Metzler & Co.]

The "argument" of this song tells how a German warrior went forth to battle with his name-label sewn to his coat by loving hands; and how the label alone came back. A touching story, but one which Mr. Farnie has handled tenderly, and to which Mr. Hullah has set appropriate and expressive music. The composition appeals strongly to every one with a heart in his breast; and we shall be surprised if it do not meet with wide popularity.

Metzler & Co's Standard Edition of the celebrated War Songs of France and Germany. [London: Metzler & Co.]

In this convenient shilling volume we have eight of the most prominent songs of the war, the words being given both in the original and in a spirited translation by Mr. Henry Farnie. The editor has well preserved the impartiality of a neutral by devoting half his pages to the German and half to the French, but as regards the selection made he had no choice, for the respective nationalities having indicated their preference with unmistakable clearness. Hence the German portion of the volume contains "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" ("Where is the German's Fatherland?"), "Die Wacht am Rhein" ("The Watch by the Rhine"), "Lützower Lied" ("The Blucher Song"), and "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben" ("Thou shalt not have it, the German Rhine"). These titles are now as familiar as household words, and so should the songs themselves be, at least to all who can appreciate stirring, vigorous melodies, which seem as though they had been struck from the burning national heart, as sparks from heated iron. The French selections are "The Marseillaise," that model of a people's anthem; "Mourir pour la Patrie," "Le Chant du Départ," and "La Parisienne." These are better known than the songs of the opposite camp, and we need only add, therefore, that the volume before us is a collection of war music, the interest of which will outlive the war itself.

The Watch by the Rhine, the great national German Song, now being sung by the Army of the Rhine. Music by C. Wilhelm. [London: Metzler & Co.]

This is a separate issue of one of the songs comprised in the volume noticed above; the honour being due to the amazing popularity Wilhelm's composition enjoys all over the so-called "Fatherland. How the song sprang into notice when the time came for its use; and how honours are now being heaped upon the hitherto obscure composer, is too well known for description here. We may say, however, that the result can surprise nobody; for in "Die Wacht am Rhein" are all the elements of a true people's *lied*. Vigorous words and a bold rhythmical diatonic melody have made the song what it is, and what it deserves to be. The present edition is well got up, and ornamented with an appropriate title-page.

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MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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BEETHOVEN, GOETHE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

(Continued from page 630.)

In his admirable *Biography of Michael Angelo* (at first so violently attacked by the herd of commonplace critics), Hermann Grimm says that the statue of "Dawn," as it is called (in the Medici mortuary chapel) reminds him of a symphony by Beethoven—the reader, he observes, must excuse him for remarking that Goethe, also, was as pleased with the Ludovist Juno as with a "song by Homer." In his *History of Art* (fourth edition, p. 540) Lübke remarks: "The proper appreciation, the genuine enjoyment of his" [Michael Angelo's] "works, is, as a rule, a difficult task; hence it is generally a lie, whenever any one not profoundly acquainted with art breaks out into commonplace ecstasies over this artist's demoniacal creations, just as the raptures for Beethoven's later 'Titanic efforts' are simply empty babble." This observation is justified by truth. I myself (the reader will excuse me, I trust, for introducing my own sensations), when I first became acquainted with Michael Angelo, on my first Italian journey to Florence and Rome, experienced a kind of seared astonishment; I admired with my whole soul, but I could not love. On my second journey, it seemed as though the scales had suddenly fallen from my eyes, and the effect then produced was simply overwhelming; the first impression had had time to mature in my soul, just as sour fruit becomes, if kept, ripe and sweet. What the common, trivial intellect (mere art mechanics and critics thought at one time of Beethoven may be gathered from the old notices and correspondence of the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*; Spazier's *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*; the *Morgenblatt*, &c., notices and correspondence of which Lenz has reprinted in portion. But really the acme is attained when, for instance, the critic who first notices the *Eroica* in the *Morgenblatt* most urgently recommends as a model to Herr von Beethoven "the royal magnificence of the A major Symphony, by ——— Eberl, a Viennese fifth-rate composer (now forgotten)! With regard to Michael Angelo, we occasionally, being amused when we read in Kotzebue's *Journey to Rome and Naples*, that the author found nothing "great but the size" (*"nichts grosz als die Grösze"*)—the long marble beard being especially insupportable in his opinion; that, furthermore, the drawing of the "Last Judgment" swarms with coarse faults; here there is a leg too long; there, an arm too short," &c. Fancy Kotzebue correcting Michael Angelo's drawing—this beats by far Mrs. Leanox pointing out Shakspere's faults!

If we consider Michael Angelo's artistic moral grandeur; the solitude into which, when old, he bashfully withdrew; his ideal friendship for Vittoria Colonna; and his touching love for his brothers, so greatly inferior to him intellectually, the analogous traits in Beethoven's life are very striking indeed. (A second Michael Angelo will probably, go on to remark that Michael Angelo at last became blind, and Beethoven, deaf; Michael Angelo enjoyed the Torso by touching it with the tips of his fingers; Beethoven read Handel's music with his eyes from the score). The positions, too, occupied by both these great men in the history of art somewhat resemble one analogy. Michael Angelo (I am again employing Lübke's words), "was the first who recklessly broke with the schools, and it was in consequence of this that modern art commenced the dominion of subjectivity." The very same thing applies to Beethoven.

Michael Angelo pursued a short course of study (not quite three years) under Domenico Ghirlandajo; Beethoven's course of study, also, was short and irregular. The immense genius of both compelled them to create; their masters could not keep up with them: "He can do more than I can," exclaimed Ghirlandajo, on seeing a drawing by his pupil, and Haydn, with anxious solicitude, tried to dissuade Beethoven from printing the C minor Trio, because it left behind it everything to which the public had been accustomed. Michael Angelo created evergnme of his figures out of his own inward life, the struggle with every one of his motives, and exclaimed, as Job once exclaimed when struggling with the angel: "I will not leave thee unless thou blessest me." In the same way does Beethoven struggle with his musical motives; his "*Themenkehr of Ideen*" is something very different from that of his predecessors, which is essentially only contrapuntal, outward, and technical; he obtains from his motives, by continually fresh developments, their whole significant purport, their entire power of expression. But here there is a great difference. Burkhardt (in the *Cicerone*) justly directs attention to the fact that, with Michael Angelo, the motive is always to be felt as such, and not as the most appropriate expression for a given purport. (The reader has only to remember the two Medici tombs, in order to see the great force of this observation.) With Beethoven the motive possesses of itself only a relative value; the principal point is that it shall say what it has to say. While Michael Angelo "is never pretty or pleasing" (Burkhardt) and has a partiality for the Colossal (the lovely angel on the Dominican tomb at Bologna, a youthful work, being the only instance which can be looked upon as an exception), Beethoven can smile and joke musically, and lay the prettiest trifles close to the feet of his Colossi.

A principal element in Beethoven—namely, humour, is altogether wanting in Michael Angelo (I do not regard as a stroke of humour the fact of the poor master-of-the-ceremonies, Biagio, being put in Hell, —if, mind, there is any truth in the whole story). The great Florentine, is, too, deficient in Beethoven's tender warmth, and noble, elevated sentiment (for, after all, Michael Angelo's gentlest and most lovable effort, the Delphisc Sybil, is a giantess). Beethoven can frequently become good-humoured and absolutely jolly (the last comes under the category of humour); it is scarcely more than on one occasion that Michael Angelo makes an attempt at a mild smile—in the picture of the mothers brought by their coaxing and loving children into the most fearful throng (among the ancestors of Christ in the Sixtine). In approaching the very furthermost limits of the Possible the two masters are true brothers. The unrivalled master of anatomy sometimes presents us with what is impossible anatomically, and the unrivalled master of harmony with what is impossible harmonically. (By this I do not allude so much to the notorious chord in the *finale* of the "Ninth," or the horn in the *Eroica*, which nearly robbed poor Ries a box on the ear, as, for instance, to an irreconcilable opposition between strings and wind, such as occurs in the 126th bar of the "Scene at the Brook," or the much-discussed passage in the "Lebewohl Sonata," where the tonic harmony and the dominant harmony assert themselves simultaneously. Finally, Michael Angelo, like Beethoven, exercised great influence over subsequent art; the traditions of the schools still existed in Mozart, as they existed in Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Beethoven escaped from them, and created his own mighty Individuality—precisely like Michael Angelo. At present the individual is emancipated. The old, true tradition, from Cimabue down to Raphael, from Dufay down to Mozart, is now merely a fetter binding the pinions of genius. The types of the great and ideal model are in consequence the more borrowed and copied. But, because those who take them have not produced them from their own inward life, have not gained them from out a struggle with themselves, as their creators did, these types possess the unbearable characteristics of a lie, of what is in itself untrue. Anyone desirous of seeing what mischief Michael Angelo did, has only to look at Salviati's "Resurrection" (in the Belvedere, 1st floor, Cabinet Eight, number of picture, 37, opposite Andrea del Sarto's fine "Pietà").

And although beautiful is one of the Matter, who, without rhyme or reason, apes the motive of one of the gigantic saints (to the left and close to the Almighty Judge) in the "Last Judgment." This picture bears a remarkable analogy with the Ninth Symphony. Touches, such as the high A of the soprano sustained for thirteen bars, and the angel who allows the shaft of the scourge to be clapped on his stomach, are of the same kidney; they are equally unmeaning, and—equally the work of genius. After the "Last Judgment," just as artists were unable to paint anything smaller than battles of the Titans, Overtheows of Nations, &c.; just as the "Last Judgment," with its motives, peeps out everywhere (see Brangin's "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," in St. Lorenzo; Bugiardini's St. Catherine, in Maria Novello, at Florence &c.), so, for a long time, no composer ever got his music-paper ready for an Adagio without the "Ninth" standing like a bugbear behind him. "Who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Haydn?" is the general cry. I take you at your word, gentlemen; who can still write symphonies like Mozart and Beethoven? Would that you could.

What first came after Raphael and Michael Angelo, and what after Mozart and Beethoven, looks more or less like an aftergrowth—musically we are Epigoni; Wagner strikes me as being a purifying, though anything but a fertilizing storm. But for plastic art new paths were opened up and new triumphal garlands created (Beethoven, &c.), while lastly came the legitimate successors of the great old masters, such men as Karstens, Schick, Wächter, Cornelius, Overbeck, our magnificent Schwind; our virile splendid Führich, whose only fault consisted in his being too Christian for people; and Kaulbach, whose Battle of the Huns always strikes me as an alliance between Raphael and Michael Angelo, but who, unfortunately afterwards mistook the right road—and we see where he is. Shall not music blossom in a similar manner at some future time?

In one thing, however, Michael Angelo was more fortunate than Beethoven. No annotators have chosen him as a means of showing how awfully clever they are. As a matter of course, everyone must be able to gather from Beethoven's works (or interpolate in them) whatever pleases him. For instance, in perfect innocence of heart, we looked upon the C minor symphony as a picture of the struggle going on in the recesses of our soul, and of the victory achieved by that soul's Creator; but we were recently informed that Beethoven here intended to present us with an epitome of his political opinions. As, however, every reading is allowable, I beg leave to advance the following: In my opinion, Beethoven did not want to portray

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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his political opinions in a lump, but rather his dissatisfaction at the Continental blockade, then just introduced by the first Napoleon. Look at the first *allegro* with the double-knock motive,—— | —, is not that Beethoven at the coffee-house, rapping in vain for some coffee? In the A flat *andante*, flowing like sweet honey, the waiter brings him, instead of coffee, a bavaroise; in the defiant C major Beethoven bellows out for his coffee; the waiter looks anxiously round, and, after a time, again brings the bavaroise, but this time milled with "Obers." The succeeding *allegro* depicts Beethoven's resignation at having in future to drink chicory-coffee; it is true that it disagrees with him (the fugued theme of the basset, but what can he do? He already thinks of soup made of roasted butter (the conclusion with the weird-like kettle-drum), when—yes—yes—the Continental Blockade is suddenly raised; great stores of coffee arrive from Hamburgh; jubilation-finale! I give this interpretation for our Beethoven commentators to think over; they will perceive from it with what respectful admiration I have read and studied their clever essays.

When anything did not suit him, Beethoven was in the habit of heartily laughing at it. His owl-like sapient Interpreters would probably have afforded him a fine opportunity for indulging in this propensity. Perhaps his intellectual relative, Michael Angelo, would have helped him!

A. W. AMBROS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

There is no doubt that Mr. Tom Taylor, by means of his historical drama '*Twixt Axe and Crown*, has done an essential service to the dramatic art of this country. The great success of that piece proves that there is still a public capable of appreciating a poetical work, which does not pretend to reproduce the trivial details of the work-a-day world. We seem to be getting into a condition so thoroughly "realistic" that we should end by paying the cab that took us to the door of a theatre for the purpose of seeing another cab on the stage. The fact that Mr. Taylor's play is derived from the German is wholly immaterial. It is a "history" in the Shaksperian sense of the word, and the knowledge that the Londoners can now be pleased with a "history" is an unexpected addition to our long theatrical experience. Moreover, it has apparently fixed the position of the large handsome theatre in Long-acre, which previously floated about like the Isle of Delos before it was made stationary by divine interference. The dramatic history of the Princess Elizabeth having been at last withdrawn, its place has been supplied by the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspere. The ideal having been introduced the ideal remains. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is not a play to be easily put upon the stage. It is veritably a dream—dreamy. The characters who carry on the main action are such as no aspiring artist could accept. Allied, they are associated with dialogue which has become proverbial in our language. A work of fancy, in which the human personages bristling with anachronisms, are scarcely more real than the fairies by whom they are surrounded, is to be presented to the public with a certain amount of reverence. It must be treated as a "spectacle," but to treat so charming a poem as a mere "spectacle" would be profanation.

The play, according to the bills, is produced under the direction of Mr. Ryder, and to Mr. Ryder may fairly be assigned the merit of hitting the just medium between the mere spectacular and the thorough absence of show. The scenery by Messrs. G. Gordon and W. Harford is most beautiful; but it is not forced upon the vision. During those portions of the piece that take place in fairyland the stage is half-darkened, and a dreamy sensation is the result. In the eyes of some managers this fanciful play would seem a vehicle for the introduction of infinite *ballets*. So is it not at the Queen's. The bill proclaims the employment of 150 children trained by Madame Collier, but these do not interrupt the action. The poem is liberally but severely put upon the stage, and when no much is done to gratify the eye we may wonder at the tasteful abstinence from meretricious accessories.

In the days of theatrical monopoly and strong companies, there were doubtless artists who could make every one of the personages in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* a distinct character. This is not the case now, but one personage must remain as conspicuous—namely, Bottom the weaver, and the appearance of Mr. Phelps in this part is one of the "facts" of the revival. When he played the character at Sadler's Wells all playgoers were struck by the originality of his conception, and the renewed acquaintance with his reading at the Queen's does not correct former judgments. His soliloquy after he has been relieved of the ass's head seems to embody the whole spirit of the play. His dream is "Bottom's dream because it hath no bottom." A stupid, conceited dolt before he began to dream, his stupidity has now reached a point which would claim the admiration of a Mussulman. He has not been figuratively but actually a donkey; yet his reminiscence of the disagreeable fact is not clear. As a bat is something between beast and bird, he has a vague suspicion that he is something between beast and man. He feels for his long ears, he feels for his snout, both lost, and yet he is not certain whether they ever belonged to him. Admirable, too, is the humour of Mr. Phelps when the play is actually played before the "Duke of Athens." A vulgar actor would find here a license for rant, but Mr. Phelps, knowing that he is representing a man who is not a professional actor, rolls out his words without expression or emphasis, just as a charity boy utters his responses in the Catechism.

N. D.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

The fifteenth series, to commence on Saturday, the first of October, will comprise twenty-six concerts—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas—the first concert of the second portion to take place on the 21st of January, and the last on the 22nd of April. The performances will be conducted by Mr. Manns, whose benefit concert will be held on the 29th April. The land and chorus will be the same as during last season, and the programmes selected on the same principles. That the standard works of the great masters will be performed with all possible care, new works of importance brought forward when practicable, and every endeavour made to maintain the reputation of the Crystal Palace Concerts, may be taken for granted.

The present year being the hundredth year of the anniversary of the birth of Beethoven (born at Bonn on the 17th December, 1770), a more than usual prominence is to be given to his works in the first twelve concerts of the series. It is intended to perform the nine symphonies, with such overtures, concertos, and other compositions, vocal and orchestral, as can be conveniently introduced; and that all which intimate acquaintance, affectionate study, and careful rehearsal can do will be done to put these immortal works before the subscribers in a fuller and finer light even than hitherto, and thus to do honour to the memory of the great master, nay safely be counted on in advance. On one of the Saturdays the performance is to consist of *Fidelio*, in English, produced in the new theatre.

L. I. P.

Here Lies,
Politically speaking,
The Body of
Louis Napoleon Buonaparte,
Born 1808, at the Tuileries,
Died 1870, at Sedan,
Crushed
By the fall of an Edifice, to the edification of which
He has devoted
His life,
His abilities,
And the reputation of his Race.

Creator of the Liberty of Italy,
Dictator of the Freedom of France,
The Steadfast Ally of England
Opponent of Bismarck—not of Germany,
Author of
Les Idées Napoléoniennes,
Lived to behold
Italy refuse him,
France reject him,
England abhor him,
Germany subject him;
And to die
Amidst the howls of the goodly pack
That had licked his boots,
Yelped at the heels of his enemies,
And fed on the fragments from his table.

He fell a victim to
Centralization,
Of which he had been the Mahomet,
And to the pride of a nation
Whose prosperity he had increased,
Whose property he had secured,
Whose commerce he had fostered,
Whose homes he had beautified,
But
Whose Vanity
His negligence had stricken to the heart.

The Parisian
Erects this monument over him,
As over one who,
Whatever his faults,
Has left such marks upon the Present,
That his traces will be distinctly seen upon the Future;
And
Who has lived a life,
Which deserved a far more glorious death.

"Jam te premet Nox."

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ART AND PARIS BOMBARDED.

Paris may be immediately invested. The fair city will be surrounded by 300,000 men flushed with victory, and it is defended by a motley crowd, as numerous as, but in every other respect vastly inferior to, the investing force. We do not propose here to discuss the probabilities of the success either of the attack or the defence. Still less do we intend to say, anything as to the right of the German to take every advantage of their unparalleled victories in the field. Nor shall we enlarge on what we may happen to think would be the best policy of Prussia as things stand. All that we are concerned with in these observations is the frightful prospect for civilisation, and for all the highest interests of humanity, which the siege of Paris presents. Rome has been taken once and again, and we know what came of Alaric and the Constable of the Bourbon in triumph; we know what came of Titus in possession of Jarusalem; we know how Constantinople fared under the triumph of the Crescent. But these things happened in those here old barbarous days. Rome and Constantinople were in a sense richer in priceless treasures than even Paris, but the value even of Rome and Byzantium to the world which then was is as nothing to the value of Paris to the world which now is. Certainly the sack of Paris may not be so destructive as the sack of Rome; relatively to the conditions of society it would be ten times more fatal. And this is a matter which concerns humanity in general, and the best interests of all mankind. The guilt, so whomsoever it must be assigned, is greater in this case than in those cases; because the assailants know the true character of the loss should Paris and what Paris contains be destroyed, or irretrievably or even seriously damaged. Alaric knew not what he was doing. If the worst comes to the worst—that is, if Paris should fall, and it is by no means certain that it will not hold out—the open city, the streets and squares and public buildings will be bombarded. Now just let us think what bombarding means; its object is that briefly announced in the commissions given to naval warfare, to burn, sink, and destroy. This is war, and war of course cannot be conducted with bottles of rose-water. But what war means is, in the matter of a siege, the greatest possible destruction of life and property, precisely at those points where the resistance and defence is supposed to be the weakest. The object is to bring the most overwhelming destruction to bear where defence is impossible, or the most difficult. And given a siege as a necessity, nobody can object to this. It is of no use to interpose sentimental or moral objections to this cruel and barbarous necessity. There it is. Paris is besieged, and it must take all the consequences of a siege. Nobody can say that the Germans are not perfectly justified in undertaking the siege of Paris; and everybody must allow that the French are perfectly justified in defending Paris. So resolutely are they bent at present on defending the capital, that street barricades are already contemplated. And it is probable that mines and all sorts of combustible defences are prepared, or will on an extremity be resorted to. And should it come to this or even should it stop just short of this—that is, should the siege be protracted for six weeks or two months—who can say within what limit the destruction would be confined.

Yes; but we are constantly told, it will not come to this. The hopelessness of the defence of Paris, when France has no army in the field, will be made very plain before the end of six weeks or two months. The neutral Powers will make themselves heard. Something will intervene. Things will not come to these extremes. We may believe that they will not; but keeping in view the events of the last two months, theories and hopes and calculations about any future had better be dispensed with. The siege of Paris is the most improbable of all events; yet it has come to pass. And perhaps the defence of Paris may turn out to be equally opposed to all example, experience, and precedent. Why it is so impossible to conjecture the future, is because there was never a siege or defence since the world began which ran under the same or similar conditions. The nearest parallel is that perhaps of Titus before Jerusalem, when, as now in Paris, a vast swarm of country folk was swept into the city on the very eve of its investment; and though for the moment all is order, patriotism, and a stern resolve for defence in the inhabitants of Paris, there is as much fierce, wild emotional fanaticism among the Parisians as there was among the Jews; and, unless Paris shall belie all its historical precedents, there are enemies enough within its walls to reproduce a John and a Simon. If the Zealots can re-appear this is the time and place for them. When we speak of Paris, we speak of Paris with all its monuments and all its treasures. Within these fortifications are centered, and are at this moment exposed to the most imminent danger of destruction, collections and treasures the loss of which would annul all civilisation. We are not called upon to imitate or repeat all M. Hugo's shrieking eloquence, but the very thought of the Louvre, the Imperial Library, and the Picture Galleries exposed to a bombardment, makes one's blood creep. We are so accustomed to think of Paris as the capital of luxury and pleasure that we are apt to forget that it is the metropolis of letters and art—the very cynosure of civilization. In Paris is heaped up not only history, but the materials of history; not only the records of past science, but those registered and bequeathed results on which the science of the future depends; not only the choicest treasures of art, but the conditions on which art is founded; not only the results of past civilization, but the possibilities of progress and future enlightenment. To destroy the contents of Paris would be to tear out of the great book of humanity half of its noblest pages.

Yes—again it will be said—but it will not come to this. The siege will be conducted on the most humane principles; the great Emathian conqueror bid his followers spare the house of Pindarus, and the pious King Wilhelm, who has been very particular about Strasburg Cathedral, will be equally careful about Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, and above all about the Library and the Louvre, and its galleries of Arts and Antiquities. Possibly he will; and yet at Strasburg the Library has been destroyed, and an art-loving King cannot control the range of every projectile. We much doubt whether Prussian artillerists when they lay a gun will think much of Raffaelles or the Venus of Melos. Nor does the safety of the monuments and art treasures of Paris depend alone upon the forbearance or vindictiveness of the besiegers. It will be said that the Parisian mob is a very civilized and artistic mob. They are not likely to sack the Louvre, and to burn the contents of the Library, as the Christians not: though they did burn the Archbishop's Library once. But the Louvre is safe now because works of art were not destroyed in the Reign of Terror; and because in the Revolution of July, and during subsequent revolts of the Paris mob, public monuments and public property were safe. But these hopeful considerations all proceed on the supposition that what has been will be again. We venture to suggest that the past offers no guarantee for the future. Nobody can even guess what the condition of Paris will be three weeks hence. Just now, as we predicted, it presents a most sublime spectacle of order, courage, and patriotism. All factions are hushed in the presence of the one great necessity. But the thunderstorm overtakes very suddenly as well as very violently in Paris. We are incredulous as to all sudden conversions, and most suspicious of the permanence of all such social virtues. Two months ago the Parisians, who are now caricaturing and reviling the Emperor were kissing his stirrup. The Parisians are even now, when we are asked to be so very confident about them, at the height of confidence and in the wildest tumults of despair twice within eight-and-forty hours. And the courage and resolution and great-heartedness which is said now to prevail may take a very different turn when the first Prussian gun is fired. To rely for the safety of Paris and the contents of Paris on the continuance of Parisian patriotism is but to lean on a broken reed. Admitting that the garrison can be trusted for prowess, that the rural Mobiles can be turned into decent soldiers, and that General Trochu and the Provisional Government will do their best to preserve order—and we do not despair even of M. Rochefort for this purpose—there remain the dangerous classes, which even after the expulsion of the useless mouths, must reach a terrible cipher. Here is the worst danger of Paris. Nobody can say how large, after a week or two's misery, terror, and scarcity, if not starvation, the dangerous class may not become. Even quiet tradesmen become dangerous, revengeful, vindictive, and sanguinary under the influence of mortal terror. The population of Paris is already lashed into a frenzy; but frenzy may take all sorts of shapes. The Parisians have been reminded of the burning of Moscow; and though Paris will not burn if Moscow burned, or as the London of 1666 burned, we cannot think without horror of a patriotic immolation of Paris. No doubt General Trochu and the Government would not lend themselves to any such absurd fanaticism; but we are thinking of Paris in a state of anarchy, and a million and a half of people mad with every evil passion, and wholly or half starving, may hardly know themselves. They will have been familiarized with burnings; for all the woods and forests around Paris—St. Germains, St. Cloud, and, we suppose, Versailles—are to be, or are already, fired. The trenches are to be filled, so it is said, not with water, but with living fire. Paris with its gas cut off, and its stores of petroleum and nitro-glycerine and other military combustibles, may be at the mercy of any land of fanatic who may think it a patriotic duty not to let Paris and the Louvre become a booty to the German barbarians. That this contingency of a fanatical destruction of Paris by the Parisians themselves is not so violently improbable the recent incident at Laon shows. We believe and hope that the destruction of the citadel of Laon was accident, and there is no ground whatever for attributing it to the Commandant. But it is just possible that the crime may have been perpetrated by some flaming fanatic, and, what is even more serious, the Parisians are disposed to accept this view, and treat the event as an act of patriotic heroism. This deed may have its emulators; and the spirit which instigated it, or to which it is attributed, is of no good omen for the safety of Paris. The Germans are a very civilized and cultivated and æsthetic race, but we have not much confidence in the reverence shown for art or letters or monuments in a sack. The Duke of Fitzjames, and he is a respectable authority, announces horrible deeds perpetrated by the Prussians at Bazeilles. Both sides are getting savage, and if things go on will become more savage. England and France are very conservative of works of

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art, but the wanton destruction which they perpetrated in China is not forgotten. We remember the sack of Delhi, and the devastation which we committed on that occasion. The dangers which at this moment threaten Paris are dangers to the whole world, and to all those interests and acquirements which make our modern civilization what it is. We have not that excuse of ignorance and barbarism which Goths and Turks had. Nay, we may, and Prussians may, deplore the ruin of which they may say they are the unwilling instruments. But as far as art, letters, and civilization are concerned—to say nothing now of other interests—we cannot think of the situation in Paris without a shiver of horror and fear.

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ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 3.—Hermann Vezin.

Mr. Hermann Vezin is what is known as a character actor. He differs, however, from the majority of those belonging to the same class in the quality no less than in the range of his powers. Pathos and melodramatic intensity represent the ordinary limits of the character actor on the more serious side of his art. Mr. Vezin goes beyond these. His pathos deepens and darkens into tragedy, and his more serious performances have a large supply of inspiration and a certain measure of creative force. Not less remarkable than any energy of the actor and the breadth of his conception is the extreme delicacy of his method. Fine effects are produced by slightest movements, and the finesse and subtlety in which our stage is deplorably deficient, are displayed in all he does. In all that constitutes the highest form of dramatic exposition Mr. Vezin has no superior on the modern stage. His career has been impeded, doubtless, by circumstances for which he cannot be held wholly responsible. There are, however, in Mr. Vezin's idiosyncrasy qualities which have hitherto offered a barrier to his progress in his art. The most pronounced of these—and that which will require on the part of the actor strongest and most sustained energy in combat—is self-consciousness. Mr. Vezin's later impersonations display less of this defect by which his earlier representations were so greatly marred. So afraid was Mr. Vezin of over-acting he under-acted. In his inflexible determination to be moderate and artistic, to keep within legitimate bounds and by no sacrifice to the taste of an ignorant pit to gain a dearly bought applause, the actor sacrificed a measure of his inspiration. He preserved or appeared to preserve a habit of calm scrutiny and self-investigation which the strongest dramatic impulse was unable to conquer. This is, of course, contrary to all dictates of histrionic art. In the whirlwind of passion the actor may well, as Hamlet says, "acquire and beget a temperance that shall give it smoothness." But this must be the result of mental training previously acquired, and must depend upon no exercise of volition at the time. When acting a part of the highest importance an actor must forget or ignore the very existence of his art. If true to himself, his art, and his inspiration, he may be altogether indifferent to the opinions of the groundlings. This defect—the only drawback we know from Mr. Vezin's acting—has interfered with the power though not with the subtlety of certain of his impersonations. It is gradually disappearing, however, as the actor gets more frequent opportunities of appearing before the public in parts worthy of his talent

The number of characters in which Mr. Vezin has been seen in London is singularly few. We have, indeed, nowadays the curious spectacle on the stage from which according to the complaint of managers and public, almost all talent has disappeared, and on which one of the finest, most original, and most conscientious actors of the day is not allowed to appear. Signs, however are not wanting that this state of things is near an end, and the amateurs of fine acting may hope in future to see Mr. Vezin in parts worthy of his abilities. In the country Mr. Vezin, since his first appearance a score years ago, has played an entire range of characters, tragic, comic, and even farcical. The ordinary teaching, inseparable as we believe from lasting success, has been gone through, and the apprenticeship to art, without which success can scarcely be hoped, has been served. In London, however, about a dozen parts —rather more than half of which are of unimportance—represent all upon which a judgment can be found. Mr. Vezin's first appearance revealed an actor of highest promise. Mr. Falconer's drama of *Peep o' Day*—a crude and ill-digested production, with a large number of parts, all of value pretty nearly equal—afforded no opportunity to any actor to exhibit qualities much higher than those of the walking gentleman. In Mr. Harden, however, Mr. Vezin acted with a power and self-confidence that augured well for his future, and succeeded in conveying a belief in his capacity for playing parts of a very different order. Since that time—now almost ten years ago—Mr. Vezin has been seen as Bucklaw, in *The Master of Ravenswood*; David Garrick in Mr. Albery's *Doctor Davy*; Markham, in *The Sister's Penance*; Sir Grey de Malpas, in Lord Lytton's *The Rightful Heir*; Murdoch Mackane, in Dr. Westland Marston's *Life for Life*; James Harebell, in Mr. Willis's *Man o' Airlie*; Montignac, in *Seraphine*; Iago, and Laertes. Between the representations of parts so various great difference of course exists. In all, however, the faculty of forming at once a distinct conception of the character and painting a picture, which, however remote it might be in outline from that imagined by author or spectator, had at least the merits of clearness, comprehensibility, and justness of proportion was evident. Perhaps the part which more than any other contributed to secure for Mr. Vezin the approval of the more critical among playgoers was Sir Grey de Malpas in Lord Lytton's drama, Sir Grey de Malpas is a bold bad and unscrupulous man, a little after the fashion of Sir Giles Overreach. Nearly allied to the noble family of Montreville, he is separated by two lives only from the splendid estates which appertain to the Lords de Montreville. To obtain this coveted title and to exchange for ease and splendour the comfortless and humiliating dependence under which he has long winced, he will shrink from few paths however tortuous, from few deeds however desperate. Fortune seems to favour him, and he sees, or thinks he sees, one of the two men who bar his way slain by the other whose life, after the crime is committed, is sapped away by pestilence rapidly developing into heart-break. The outline of this character conceived by Mr. Vezin was fine, and some points of the filling up were admirable. A well-worn air of deference and subservience half concealed the consciousness of power unemployed as yet but fierce and dangerous. The face behind the mask was indicated until the moment came when the mask was quitted. Very few modern representations have exhibited anything finer than the burst of triumph when the schemer rose triumphant and bade those to whom he had hitherto bowed make way for his new-found dignity and bow in turn.

In Murdoch Mackane, the sombre chieftain of a Highland clan was presented with scarcely less power. A sense of unutterable wrong, a morose brooding over schemes of terrible revenge and a passionate yearning for opportunity for retaliation, filled the mind of the man, rendering him callous to all suffering that his progress along the path mapped out might bring with it. The light in his eye was cruel and treacherous. It was that of the man who had meditated on schemes of murder, until the face reflected no humanising trait, no expression into which any light of gentleness or forbearance could enter. In the scene in which Murdoch learned that his foe had at last been delivered upon one of the accursed race that had rendered him childless, the sullen embers of wrath broke for once into a flame, and the roused fury reached the verge of madness. This was finely depicted, as was the subsidence of passion and overflooding of soft thoughts when the child so long mourned for as murdered was restored to his arms and the life-long schema for vengeance was foregone. As David Garrick, in *Doctor Davy*, Mr. Vezin shows that his powers in comedy are analogous to those in tragedy. There is the same beauty of form, the same delicate and highly finished workmanship. A part like this lends itself easily to exaggeration. Mr. Vezin, however, does not yield to any temptation, and is as quiet and artistic when he depicts the garrulous old doctor, who undertakes to minister to a mind diseased, as when he counterfeits drunkenness, or when he draws tears from the puritanical old shopkeeper by his method of narruting the danger and escape of a child. Mr. Vezin's logic is a clever and adequate performance, wanting a little in colour, but full of suggestion. It was marred at first by a little haste of delivery, but it was striking and full of character. Very much the same praise may be accorded his Laertes. Such a character as these he has played in dramas like *The Master of Ravenswood*, *The Sister's Penance*, *Seraphine*, and the like, only show those qualities of intelligence which are but the groundwork of the intellectual superstructure. As James Harebell, in Mr. Wills's fine play, *The Man o' Airlie*, pathos and feeling were very finely developed, and the scene in which the mad old poet, standing beneath the monument erected to himself recognises the words and air of one of his own poems, and continues in quavering notes the melody is surpassingly moving and artistic. Mr. Vezin's powers is not fully yet revealed. When sufficient opportunity is afforded him he will take a place in the foremost ranks of his profession. Absence of electricity and, perhaps, of complete spontaneity may remain a defect, but grace of outline and sense of proportion such as he possesses cannot fail to win their way when backed by such gifts as he owns of keen perception and psychological appreciation and analysis. K.

MUSIC AT FLORENCE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The autumn season is close at hand, and the various theatres are busy preparing novelties. But these will excite very little interest as long as the war crisis lasts. The public mind is too unsettled to care much about art. In consequence of the great success achieved last season by Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Giannina e Bernadone*, several once famous old operas, long unjustly forgotten, will be revived. The Teatro Niccolini will open with an opera by Fioravanti, and this will be followed by other works of a similar description.—The presence of that indefatigable composer, Signor Petrella, has given rise to a report that he is about to produce a new opera.—Considerable sensation has been excited in musical circles by a new instrument, the "Melopiano," an invention of Signor Caldera, engineer, of Turin. The Melopiano is a simple stringed-instrument, but to the sounds of the piano it unites those of the organ. This result is obtained by a system of double and rapid percussion. Competent judges pronounce the Melopiano a great success.

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CHURCH MUSIC AND CHOIRMASTERS.

To the Editor of the "Church Review"

Allow me through the medium of your paper to call the attention of those interested in the present Catholic revival to what, I think, is one of the most important elements connected therewith—viz., Church music; but more especially to an evil which seems to be a rapidly increasing one. I allude to the assumption by some of the clergy—mostly young priests—of the duties of choirmaster, and that with little or no knowledge of the necessary requirements of that office.

As to the first point named—Church music—I have found a strong desire on the part of many of the clergy to use almost wholly in their services the ancient hymn tune. Now, I have no doubt that what follows will be deemed rank heresy by those of strong antiquarian tastes, who only seek to find something sufficiently old to offer thereto all the reverence and devotion they are capable of, without any regard to its practical use; but I speak as a musician and from experience, and, whilst feeling the greatest respect for such tunes as to their age and general excellency, I very humbly submit that, as a rule, they are utterly impracticable for congregations, and, to a great extent, for choirs. As one amongst many proofs of this take the example of St. Alban's, Holborn, where, I suppose, the congregation have been used to the "Hymnal Noted" for years, and I think that even the most enthusiastic devotee of that hymnal would scarcely venture to say that the singing by the congregation of such tunes is satisfactory. The reason is obvious to all who give the matter a moment's consideration, for the mere the rule of "one note to a syllable" is deviated from, the greater the difficulty to sing. Having due regard to the musical excellency of a tune, surely the best test of its adaptability to congregational purposes is that whereby it is seen how soon such tune can be learned and heartily sung by a congregation. The compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have shown their wisdom in this respect by introducing comparatively so few of the ancient tunes (those being of the most practical character) into their collection; and if such tunes were used in the same proportion as the modern tunes, no one, I think, could object—*e. g.*, let the anthem, as a rule, be sung to one of the ancient tunes; of course I mean by this in churches where the more elaborate composition under that name is not used. But let such, or other, tunes be taught the choir by an efficient choirmaster, not necessarily by the priest because he is a priest, unless he is duly qualified by study and experience for that office. To find such among the clergy is very rare, for it is well known that hitherto the study of music received little or no attention from the great majority of them; indeed it is only since the commencement of the present "revival" that their attention has been drawn a more generally in this direction.

I fear that is too frequently occurs that a priest who happens to possess "a good voice," and, perhaps, "a good ear," considers such qualifications all that is necessary to fit him for the post of choirmaster. Such an one as learnt his own portion of the service "is able to intone;" and perhaps can show the organist that he can by much struggling play through a hymn tune; therefore he at once sets up for precentor and choirmaster—and what is the result? The choir are made into so many "dummies" through his inability to teach the tunes he drags into the services, most likely not on account of their general excellency, but because he has heard them at this or that "correct" church. And a word as to the kind of tune such a choirmaster affects. It will generally be seen that they are either from "ancient" sources, or else they are painfully "modern," and, therefore, in the former case the choir get through at best they can, or in the latter they get through (for plenty of time in which such a choirmaster aims at) such tunes as the popular waltz-setting of "O Paradise," or Mébul's melody, "Ere infancy's bud," to the same words, or the *churchy* rendering of "We won't go home till morning" to "For thee, O dear, dear country;" not to mention "The Mill Wheel" (C.M.), the *andante* from Haydn's Overture in D, or "Brightly gleams our banner," and a host of other "adaptations" both sacred and profane.

Without going into the question of the desirability or otherwise of having church choirs trained by clerics or laymen (though much might be said on both sides) let us as Catholics, who feel in our worship that we must honour God by offering the best of everything, and as we, therefore, dedicate to His service our highest talents in architecture and painting—let us, I say, not forget the equally important sister art, Music, and at all times endeavour to promote what is best in music for congregational purposes, and have such music taught by one who is most competent, whether cleric or laic; and we may be sure that by this means our Church music will occupy a far higher position than it has hitherto held, and thus be a greater means of teaching all within and attracting all without the Church.

A CHURCH MUSICIAN.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The Russian operatic company was inaugurated by Moniuszko's opera, *Halka*. Mdlle. Lewinsky, who appeared this season as Drury Lane, is engaged to sing in M. Gounod's *Faust*.

LUCERNE.—Herr R. Wagner has just completed the first act of the third part of *Die Nibelungen*. He hopes to finish the entire work in two years. He is at present engaged on a book about Beethoven, which will, probably, appear before the beginning of next year.

SONGS OF THE WAR.

(From the "Parisd.")

LA MARSEILLAISE.

Be off now, infants of the country!
The day of glory proves a bore,
What boots your Boulevard effron'try,
When on you Prussian armies pour?
And where's the use of shouting "Alsoa"?
More need to murmur "Sauvons-nous?"
For things look precious Prussian-like
Since Moltke showed their backs to Châlons.
Ta heels, then, citizens! Prepare the bill to pay,
Marchands, marchands, bourgeois, there dawns a pretty settling day.

"SIR ROLLEN HER NIGHT HAREN."

O let 'em bag it wholly,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as they will solely
Leave me in peace to dine.
So long as through the Grenze
Good Gasthäuser endure;
So long as from Coblenz a
Road leads to Ems's Kur;
O they may sack and sit on
The free, the German Rhine,
But leave the travelling Briton
To eat his usual shine.

O they may take, and welcome,
The free, the Germa Rhine;
But let the tourist swell some,
And quaff his Mosel wein,
So long as ruins (Katzen
And Maine) standing are;
So long as one small Banzen
Will buy a mild cigar;
O let 'em cease their slaughters,
And seize the German Rhine;
But leave to me the waters
That suit my feeble spine.

"NOUS L'AVONS EU VOTRE RHIN ALLEMAND."

We would not have it, your free German Rhine:
It isn't worth the bowl and bother.
An ass was Condé, we opine;
De Musset was a flippant author.
We quite appreciate the laws of "mine" and "thine."
We would not have it, your free German Rhine.

We don't desire it, your free German Rhine:
Our Gravelotte is sufficient—shakes!
Sedan we looked on as a sign
How barren is the lonely-panky
Of fighting for *la gloire*; so please march back your line.
We don't desire it, your free German Rhine.

"WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

What is the German's Fatherland?	What is the German's Fatherland?
I'm fleet if I can understand,	Baptist is, parsons tremendous,
Is't where the china pipe-bowl burns?	Is't where the stately camels press,
Is't where the cabbage acid turns?	Excited from inner consciousness?
Oh no, oh no; and Arndt says No;	"Ach nein!" or *despite* Oh no:
The Fatherland is more. "*Ja so!*"	Not even Kant contents him so.
What is the German's Fatherland?	What is the German's Fatherland?
Do foreign landmarks bound the strand?	Give it a name, and have stand.
Is't Cincinnati? Is it where	'Tis where the guttarals spilt the ear,
We did streets last east of Leicester Square?	And hereby mind's quenched in beer.
Oh no, oh no, proud Cockneys, no;	"*Auch ne!*" "*Leb hoch!*" Bismarck & Co.
The Fatherland is not Sobo.	Hass Breitmann answers "*Eben so!*"

One Hundred Pounds Reward.

One hundred pounds of the realm will be immediately handed over to the *cumini sector* who will explain the exact meaning of the following:—

"Schumann, who dares to mount with thee must dare
Of pain and peril all a man may know,
Battle, and the cry to them that will not spare
Their chuckling—misery, and blood, and woe;
And inarticulate passion moaning low,
Mixed with mute calms and holy quiet gings,
That one might say, "fire and the flight of wings
Thro' heaven beside his feet are slack and slow;"
Hope, with an utter sadness creeping through,
Joy, that for ever coming comes not quiet,
And seething of black clouds more black than night,
And heights of blessedness more pure than snow,
Where one plunge downwards bringeth to the brink
Of passionless despair—but who would shrink?"

The foregoing is an extract from a volume of poems by James Rhodes, recently published by Macmillan & Co. "Battle, and the cry to them that will not spare *their chuckling*" sounds marvellous fine. But what does it mean? What, indeed, does the whole mean? Will "G. G." explain.

One Hundred Pounds Reward.

A SOUTH LONDON correspondent calls attention to the so-called harmonies to the Gregorian tones, played by the organist at a well-known Ritualistic church, forming a combination of sounds so hideous as to call for the interference of the Precentor of Canterbury, the proper authority to appeal to. Our suburban critic would find some difficulty in inducing his Lordship to interfere; but, from experience, we can sympathize with his indignation at the burlesque organ-playing now heard in London churches where the severe ecclesiastical style is followed by the choir, while the most unchurch-like gymnastics are indulged in upon the keyboard.—*Choir.*

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(By Electric Submarine Telegraph.)

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has arrived safely, after a very rough passage. Her first concert has already come off (Sept. 19th—at Steinway Hall).—An enormous success!—Receipts—four thousand eight hundred dollars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Fag-Gallia.—A people which could listen, without stoning the orator, to such miserable and inflated bombast as that which M. Victor Hugo has recently addressed to Frenchmen, or, rather, to Parisians (not exactly the same thing), deserves no matter what may be the "bitter end." If the Parisians are idiots, they must be content to take the ordinary way of idiots. Of what significance is their pompous bluster now.

Shaven Silver.—True. One scarcely ever takes up a serial without seeing a review of a new novel by "Percy Fitzgerald;" and one unconsciously asks—who the deuce (devil) is "Percy Fitzgerald?"

Ubee.—M. Jules De Glimes is at Brussels, where for many years he has occupied the position of *maitre des maitres*. He has "cut" England altogether.

Farmer Tough.—We never heard mention of such a dance. "Bourré," yes—but not the other. Is not Farmer Tough thinking of a Yorkshire dance, somewhat approximating to the Scotch "Jig"?—the dance to which Admiral Wink, Cornet Causer, Ancient Lucy, and Corporal Silent Ward of the North are so affected?

Jules.—Yes—but with a difference. When Alboni first appeared in England (April 6th, 1847) she was scarcely twenty-two.

Dilettante.—Mdlle. Amalia Corbari was recently married to a Russian gentleman, well to do and highly esteemed.

Tecaldo.—No. It was Mozart who wished to take Pasciello in "the coach." The composer upon whose melody Mozart improvized variations, was Sarti—the master of Cherubini.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

A HOLIDAY LEADER.

I, whose name is subscribed, am recreating at Dolgelly—a place chosen for various reasons, but principally for the natural beauties which lovingly encircle it, as the arms of Titania encircled the neck of Bully Bottom. I would do no wrong to Dolgelly; and when I compare it to the Athenian mechanic, beloved of the fairy queen, no wrong is done. The town is a queer little stone wart on the face of a charming country; and, looking at it, one marvels how it got there, or why, being there, it is not "improved" off with speed. This will suffice for Dolgelly; but its "ancient mountains" and its "lovely vales" (to quote from our newest national anthem), how many words would be requisite for justice to them!—Mr. Tupper, who welcomed Princess Alexandra with—

> A hundred thousand welcomes
> And twenty thousand more—

and who is, therefore, numerically minded, might be able to tell, but I cannot. Enough that in contemplating the mountains—climbing them I leave to people who are "better-breathed"—and wandering through the valleys, one gets exalted in spirit above the work-a-day world, and remains there till mine host of the wayside inn has to be settled with for refreshments. Than this, however, a much greater downfall was mine the other day. I had sauntered about the base of Cader Idris, and enjoyed the rare treat (in September) of seeing that respectable mountain take off its night-cap of cloud—in short I was prepared to follow Coleridge, and indite a hymn to its bald peak, when my editor spoke through the post thus:—"I shall expect a leader from you this week, let it be ever so short." Now, I appeal to all reasonable men, if these were not "hard lines." Saying nothing about the loss of that contemplated Hymn, how was I, abunted on a distant siding, with fires out and boiler empty—under repair, in point of fact—suddenly to get up steam and run over the old road, according to the time-table? The idea was monstrous; but editors, as a rule, are monsters; what is more to the purpose, they are despots, and must be obeyed. But there is obedience, and obedience; the one according to the letter, the other such as was Lord Nelson's—when he would have retreated but for inability to see the signal of recall with a blind eye. I resolved to give my editor a taste of the latter. "He shall have a leader,"—I said with grim satisfaction—but, it shall lead nowhere, and be *àpropos* of nothing." This is the prologue of it; and if, having read thus far, he refuses to print it, I don't care.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Observe these stars, for they have a signification. They mean that ten minutes ago I began to search out a path leading nowhere, and have not found it yet. The task is much easier in the Dolgelly country. I did it, for example, with the promptitude of instinct, only yesterday. There was a desirable point, and, here, an eligible track, leading straight towards the desirable point. But the eligible track dipped into a hollow, described a right angle, and stopped at a wall. It was a sheep track, and Welsh sheep take a deal of saltatory exercise; but I don't, and, therefore, the path led me nowhere. Now, if it were as easy to get on some mental course equally disappointing, I should enjoy a sweet revenge. Alas! it is not. Pen in hand, I gravitate at once towards musical topics, and begin where I may, the old familiar road is reached by the shortest cut. Dear old Uncle Toby, and pleasant old Corporal Trim (adjectives used because my editor hates Sterne and all his works), could not read the newspaper in their quiet garden without making ravelins and counterscarps—whatever they may be—among the cabbages. Such force hath the second nature we term use; and I, for one, don't believe in the talk sometimes heard about flinging off the harness of life, and grazing peacefully, like a superannuated hunter in some secluded field. The thing may be very nice as a bit of sentimentalism; but it can no more be reduced to practice than the "love-in-a-cottage" idea which haunts young ladies to whom existence without diamonds is a blank. Poor old Cowper sighed for—

> "—— a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Yet, who credits the possibility of his happiness, with pen and ink out of reach, and no Mrs. Unwin to hear his poems read o'nights? Stepping from Cowper to Jones, the retired grocer, have we not seen, when Jones made his fortune and won the Elysium, in view of which sand was often mistaken for sugar, how—

> "Melancholy marked him for its own."

Jones moped about the "snug little box" which was to be his haven of rest; waxed gouty of habit and cross of temper, and, at last, fretted himself into the grave, longing for the clang of his scales upon the counter. So it is, more or less, with us all, and that even when we assume to be at large for a little while. Mr. Gladstone may pick up sea-weed at Walmer; Mr. Disraeli may design porches for his labourers' cottages at Beaconsfield; and men less illustrious may disport themselves according to their several fancies; but whether statecraft or handicraft be the work of each, the mind can no more be kept from it than the superannuated hunter aforesaid can refrain from pricking his ears at

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sound of the bugle-horn. But, stop!—how did this moralising begin?—and whither does it lead? Looking back to answer the first question, I catch the "let it be ever so short" of the editorial order. Moreover, I see that by concluding here, and reserving music for next week, I shall have written "a leader which leads nowhere, and is *à propos* of nothing." *Au revoir, M. le Rédacteur-en-chef*; another time, I fancy, you will not disturb my holiday.

THADDEUS EGG.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IT is good news for those who love Art that the treasures of the Louvre have been removed from Paris to a place of safety, the whereabouts of which has been kept secret. There can be no impropriety in wishing that the English Government, or, say, the ever-energetic Mr. Henry Cole, had borrowed for the time as many of the precious pictures in question as could be accommodated at South Kensington.

IN continuation of what has been said on former occasions of the excellent music at Scarborough, a passing mention should be made of the reproduction of some secular marches, minuets, gavottes, and curtain-tunes of Handel, the stately and sublime. The freshness, vigour, and variety of this music is, of course, known to all who have studied the works of the master; but that they have fallen, like a pleasant surprise, on those who only know Handel by a few of his oratorios, is evidenced by the attention and applause with which the selection is received whenever it takes its turn among the lighter works of the modern school. Q. F. C.

AT the annual meeting of the Board of Governors of the Birmingham General Hospital, on Wednesday, a letter was received from Mr. Richard Peyton, Chairman of the Orchestral Committee of the Birmingham Festival, enclosing a cheque for £5,000, on account of the proceeds of the recent music meeting. It was stated that when the accounts are made up nearly another sum of £1,000 will accrue to the hospital, as the result of the festival of 1870—the most productive on record.

THE Restoration of Gloucester Cathedral is being carried out, under the supervision of Mr. Gilbert Scott, on as large a scale as the funds will permit. The south porch is nearly completed; the rich front of tabernacle work has been faithfully reproduced; and niches for statues, with beautifully carved canopies, have taken the place of the modern dial. Mr. Redfern, of London, is carving the fourteen statues for the porch. The aisles of the choir have been carefully cleaned and repaired; St. Andrew's Chapel has been finished for some time; St. Paul's Chapel is being completed; and the renovation of some of the other chapels is in a forward state. The estimated cost of the whole work is £45,000, whereas the total amount paid and promised up to the present time, even including £5,000 given by the Dean and Chapter, is only £14,157.

FOR the first time in Paris since theatres were permanently established, there has been a complete cessation of dramatic performances. Whilst the Revolution was progressing, the tragedies of Marie Joseph Chénier and Arnault *père* were performed; and while the Reign of Terror deluged the streets of Paris with blood, pastoral dramas, recording the lives and quarrels of Croydon and Amoret, divided the public favour with republican idylls celebrating the triumph of the new *régime*, the marriage of priests, and other novelties. Napoléon went to the campaign which ended at Waterloo while the *Triomphe de Trajin* was being performed; and the entry for the second time of the Allies into Paris was celebrated by the production of *Le Roi et la Ligue*. Subsequently, neither defeat nor revolution was able to check the voyage of dramatic performances. Not the least curious feature of the present struggle is the fact that theatrical entertainments have been stopped by authority, and that even before the interference of the law, public opinion had brought about their cessation. With the end of theatrical performances comes, of course, a stoppage of the journals wholly, or in a great measure, devoted to the drama.

PROVINCIAL.

PLYMOUTH.—The farewell visit of Signor Mario, at the "Three Towns Philharmonic and Oratorio Concerts," attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. The *Western Morning News* writes as follows:—

"Mario, the hero of the night, had a hearty reception, and sang with exquisite taste. Those who had forgotten that he had been for a generation one of the musical idols of the public were, perhaps, somewhat disappointed; but the great artist was quite himself in 'Spirito Gentil,' and rapturous was the applause which succeeded. According to an enthusiastic encore, he substituted 'Good-bye, sweetheart.' It is difficult to decide to which of his duets the preference should be given, especially as in the one he was seconded by Mdlle. Liebhart, and in the other by Mdlle. Enriques. In response to an encore for 'Little bird, so sweetly singing,' Mdlle. Liebhart, sang 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?'—quietly substituting 'bonny fair hair' for 'bonny brown,' to make the song suit her own personal individuality. She also threw true pathos into the 'Blind girl's dream.'"

BOW.—(*From a Correspondent*)—On Monday, the 19th September, the winter course of entertainments and lectures, in connection with the Bow and Bromley Institute, was opened by a concert which equalled any entertainment of a similar kind at the East end of London. The concert-room is well adapted for sound, and accommodates about 800 persons. Miss Amy Weddle played two pianoforte solos by the Chevalier de Kontski ("Souvenir de Faust," and "L'Echo de la Guerre"). She was encored in both, and well deserved the compliment. Miss Jessie Royd and Miss Augusta Darvell were received with marked favour, the former being encored in "Ah fors'è lui," "Diamond Eyes," and "Why are you wandering;" the latter in "Happy be thy dreams" and "Home, sweet Home." Mr. Edward Lloyd sang "Alice, where art thou?" and "Let me like a soldier fall;" and, in company with Miss Darvell, the duet, "The Sailor sighs." Mr. Farquharson, who acted as accompanist, also gave a descriptive scena, "The Desert," and a buffo scena, "Blue-Beard,"—of happy memory (remember John Parry!) The committee of the Bow and Bromley Institute deserve success in their undertaking to supply what has long been wanting to the East end of the Metropolis.

NEWS FROM VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

On the retirement of M. Herbeck from the Society of the Friends of Music, the post of conductor was, as our readers are aware, offered to Herr Hellmesberger, who, however, felt bound to decline it, on account of his duties in connection with the Singverein. Negotiations were then commenced with Herr Dessoff—a plan being started of a fusion with the Philharmonic Concerts—and, also, with Herr Brahms, but failed in both instances. Another and more pressing application was now made to Herr Hellmesberger, who ended by acceding to it, on the understanding that he is to be assisted at the Singverein by Herr Frank.—On the 8th inst., Herr Theodor Wachtel received, at the Carl Theater, the highest sum probably ever received by any German singer for one night's performance. After the nightly expenses, 400 florins, have been deducted, Herr Wachtel, by the terms of his agreement, has a clear half of the receipts. The receipts on the night in question were 2,850 florins. Herr Wachtel's share amounted, therefore, to 1,225 florins.

"Oh! dear me! who wouldn't then be,
A tenor thus blest with a jolly high C!"

—The Beethoven Festival, which was to have been celebrated this month, has, in consequence of the war, been postponed. It will now take place on the composer's birthday, in December. Z. Z.

A MEMBER of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, was lately, so at least says the *Morgenpost*, summoned to Salzburg, to fill the position of leader at the Mozarteum. He arrived in due course, and gave a touch of his quality as a violinist in a select and critical few, among whom was no less a personage than Herr Joachim, *facile princeps* of all the violinists in existence. The performer was highly praised, and, in his own mind, already looked upon his appointment as a settled thing. Next morning, however, he received a letter from the director of the Mozarteum, Dr. Otto Bach, stating that he could not be appointed to the vacant office because—he was a Jew. So, at least, again says the *Morgenpost*.

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PROVINCIAL CRITICISM.

If some of our miserably arrogant and intolerably conceited London musical critics want to know what musical criticism really is (or at any rate *ought to be*), let them peruse the subjoined, from the *Western Daily Mercury* (Plymouth), of the 15th inst. A perusal will repay their trouble, and in all probability give them a "wrinkle" or so:—

"Rarely, if ever, has the success of any concert given in the Three Towns excelled that given at St. James's Hall, Plymouth, last evening, and the scene that its spacious and brilliant interior presented for three or four hours was one that will long live in the memory of those fortunate enough to witness it. The concert was the first of Mr. Winterbottom's Philharmonic and Oratorio venture, and he is to be warmly congratulated upon the *éclat* which favoured the inauguration. Success, however, was anticipated, and it was difficult to see how other than success could be experienced. A programme bearing the names of Signor Mario, of world-wide renown; of Mdlles. Liebhart and Enriques, operatic singers of note; of a violinist so incomparable as Signor Sivori; and of a pianist so renowned as the Chevalier de Kontski, commands success by the incontestible character of its attractions, and to these were added those of a splendidly efficient orchestra, and of perfect arrangements. The result was a crowded house, and the auditory had all that variety which is naturally to be expected when the prices of admission conveniently range from one shilling to seven and sixpence. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, the Dowager Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, Lady Ernestine, the Hon. Mr. Edgcumbe and Admiral Sir W. Codrington were among those present. The audience were very appreciative and the artists obliging; and the consequence not unnaturally was that Mr. Winterbottom, in intimating that carriages might be ordered for half-past ten, causing them to be waiting just an hour before the concert closed.

"The concert opened full of promise with a very charming performance of Auber's light and fanciful overture to the *Crown Diamonde*, by an intelligent and powerful orchestra, made up of members of the Royal Marine Band, and of several leading amateurs of Plymouth, aided by a few members of Sir Michael Costa's Royal Italian Opera Band. Never have the piquant and typical characteristics of the melodies of the piece been so exquisitely rendered as they were last evening, and the passages for the stringed-instruments alone were played with a force that made it quite a feature of the performance. Mdlle. Liebhart placed herself at once on good terms with the auditory by singing in a high clear voice the *Figaro* recit., 'Ginnae allin,' and the following air, 'Deh vieni,' most tastefully. With stage accessories its excellencies would, however, have been more apparent. Mdlle. Enriques next sang Virginia Gabriel's beautiful song, 'She came like a dream' successfully, her rich and powerful contralto showing especially well in the lower passages. Signor Mario then, with Mdlle. Liebhart, gave the *Traviata* duet, 'Parigi o cara.' The reception given to the veteran tenor was of the most gratifying character, and the pleasure with which he acknowledged it was very evident. The Signor sang with all that marvellous grace and fervour which won for him, on the Italian opera stage a position unapproached by any other artist, and even the pains he takes to repair the ravages ruthless time has made on his splendid vocal powers were oftentimes rewarded with hearty applause. Very admirably did he sustain Mdlle. Liebhart, whose singing was very expressive, and the applause at the close was hearty. Signor Sivori, the only living pupil of Paganini, who was destined to become the idol of the evening, followed the duet with a brilliant performance on his violin (with full accompaniment), of the *Adagio Religioso*, and the rondo of his great master's, *La Chachette*. Its perfection in execution and in feeling was quite worthy of Paganini, and so great was the applause at the finish that he had to return twice to bow his acknowledgment. The orchestra won additional laurels in their glorious realisation of the delicate and manifold beauties of Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*. To Signor Mario fell very properly the honour of the first encore of the evening. It followed upon his singing the cavatina, 'Spirito Gentil,' which produced a thrilling effect. Responding to the compliment, he sang 'Good-bye, sweetheart,' and the selection was received with much approval. Mdlle. Liebhart's 'Little bird, so sweetly singing,' was very prettily interpreted by Mdlle. Liebhart, and the brilliancy of a very elaborate *finale* quite 'brought down the house.' The old song, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?' was chosen for the response to the encore, and it was sung with a deal of humorous expression, much to the liking of the audience. Chevalier de Kontski next absorbed the attention of the auditory by his remarkable pianoforte performance, fantasia on *Faust* airs, and wonderfully rousing was his playing of the 'Soldiers' Chorus,' given with all that fire which is characteristic of such selections. Contrasting favourably with this *fortissimo* effect was his playing of 'Salve dimora,' and the other music of the garden scene. The grand operatic selection from *Lucrezia Borgia*, arranged with much artistic skill, was a glorious finish to the first part, and another honour for the orchestra.

"The second part possessed features of equal interest. It opened with the *Gazza Ladra* overture, grandiose enough in its martial colouring to symbolise the triumph of a victorious army, and closed with the exquisite "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn, and these performances would do credit to any Metropolitan orchestra; as would also the really artistic interpretation of Beethoven's *andante* movement from Symphony No. 1. Signor Mario sang with genuine feeling a new song, 'Deep in my heart there dwells,' by Walter Maynard, and he appeared at his best in the duet, 'Se m'ami ensore,' which he sang with Mdlle. Enriques. Mdlle. Liebhart sang Louisa Gray's pathetic song, 'A Blind Girl's Dream,' and in answer to the encore she gave, 'Coming thro' the Rye' with much humour. But it was Signor Sivori and the Chevalier de Kontski who came in for the highest honours. Together they shared the enthusiastic applause accorded to the performance of a Duo Concertante (*Guillaume Tell*). Signor Sivori's wonderful command over the violin was most thoroughly demonstrated in his performance of a remarkable *Souvenir Perpetuel*—a composition of his own. The applause at the end was vociferous, and in response, he played a fantasia on an air, capable of being splendidly burlesqued. The Chevalier's performance of *L'Echo de la Guerre*, a piece arranged by him in relation to the present war, introduced the celebrated *March of Dessaix*, and the 'Marseillaise Hymn,' and the power and expression with which it was played from the beginning to the end had a marked effect on the audience. Altogether the concert was a great success, a rare treat to all, and through it Mr. Winterbottom is at once established as a guide in our musical taste."

What the concert had to do with "Philharmonic," or "Oratorio," we leave it to Mr. Winterbottom (the "enterprising *impresario*") to explain.

DEATH OF MR. MACHIN.

In our obituary column to-day is announced the demise of our esteemed townsman, Mr. William Machin, a gentleman who attained fame as a vocalist extending beyond local circles. Mr. Machin, who resided in Mayfield Road, Handsworth, went out on Wednesday for a walk, in his usual health, returning apparently well to his residence. Late in the evening, about ten o'clock, while talking with a friend, he suddenly put his hand to his heart, and gave one or two spasmodic gasps. His friend alarmed, ran for medical assistance, but before it arrived Mr. Machin was dead. The deceased won repute in Birmingham, London, and elsewhere, as a bass singer, and for many years was one of the most active members of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society. During boyhood he was apprenticed to Messrs. Jennens & Bettridge (papier-mâché and japan works), but very soon joined the choir of the Cannon Street Meeting House, where his special gifts were early developed. A little later Machin became a member of the Lichfield Cathedral Choir, and while there attracted the attention of the late Sir Robert Peel, at whose recommendation he received the appointment of member of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, in which he acquitted himself so creditably that he obtained the Queen's special patronage for his concerts in this town. By virtue of his appointment at the Chapel Royal, he became member of Her Majesty's household. The deceased was one of the vicars choral of St. Paul's, London, and held an office in connection with the Temple Church. He was in his 73rd year, and through a long life endeared himself to a large circle of professional and private friends.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

ALFRED NICHOLSON.

(*From the "Athenæum"*)

The obituary of last week records the recent death, at Leicester, of Mr. Alfred Nicholson, aged forty-eight, after his having for some years been withdrawn from public duty by a wearing and hopeless illness. The choice of his instrument—the oboe—is one which may be said to limit the player to orchestral or concerted performances; but in these the excellences and values of Mr. Nicholson were well known, and honourable to his master, M. Barret. As a man, he was of a gentle nature and one who cherished refined tastes and fancies, besides those of his own art: in brief, belonging to the company of contemporary English players, who, so far as manners and culture are concerned, have most acceptably replaced those of the preceding generation in this country. The sufferings of his last years were kindly ministered to, and, as far as possible, alleviated by his friends and comrades in art. But this was no exception to a well-known rule. The unobtrusive kindness and liberality of musician to brother musician, in the hour of need and decay, cannot be over-estimated, and should never be forgotten by those protesting against the ascetics happily diminishing in number, who have been used to deery a gracious and lovely art as one which necessarily demoralizes its professors.

To the Editor of the "Choir."

SIR,—Your correspondent, "R. M.," enquires where the beautiful chorale, "Jesus meine Zuversicht," is published in England. I purchased many years back in London a collection of chorales harmonized by J. Sebn. Bach—371 for a few shillings—of which Nos. 101 and 198 are both the chorale mentioned, with two totally different harmonies. The work was published by Hærtel & Breitkopf, with a preface in German signed "C. F. Becker," Leipzig, den 9 December, 1831. The stamp of R. Cocks & Co., Hanover Square, is on the title-page. I will have pleasure in writing out for him the two arrangements if he will send his address.—Your obedient servant,

Broadway, Worcestershire. A. DAWSON

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THE WAR-SONGS OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

At the outset of an article on such a theme it is not easy to avoid discussing the part played by music and poetry in all national movements—a part so great that the philosopher who esteemed a maker of songs more than a maker of laws can hardly be charged with extravagance. We shall, nevertheless, keep clear of a topic upon which the utterance of anything but truisms is hopeless; and pass at once to the war-chants born of, or revived by, the unhappy contest now raging. The wide-spread influence of these effusions, and the honour conferred upon them by national adoption, demand that they, not less than other features of a wonderful historic event, shall have due notice.

Giving place to the victors, we must also give place, among the victors' songs, to Wilhelm's "Die Wacht am Rhein," which, more than anything else embodies the fervent Teutonic aspiration, and expresses the stern Teutonic resolve. For some time the authorship of its words was doubtful, but the distinction is now awarded to one Max Schneckenburger, a native of Thalheim, in Wurtemberg, who, as a youth, wrote verses and printed them; but, as a man, founded ironworks at Burgdorf, near Berne, and regretted his poetic folly. Dying in 1849, when only thirty years of age, this respectable German tradesman never dreamed of the great heritage upon which his name was fated to enter. He probably remembered "Die Wacht am Rhein" from the fact that it was one of his sweetheart's passionate vanity, as a gift to his betrothed; but we may be assured that he thought less of it than of getting together a compact little library and carrying on his ironworks. The library still exists; so may the ironworks; so, emphatically, does "Die Wacht am Rhein," and with it will live for ever the name of Max Schneckenberger. The composer, Wilhelm, is not unknown, apart from the famous song. Early set to musical studies by his father, the organist of Schmalkaden in Thuringia, he subsequently became a pupil of Louis Spohr, Aloys Schmidt, and André of Offenbach. A prolific writer, and one not less able than prolific, Wilhelm has given to the world many things which have made their mark; but his genius shines most when patriotism is the theme. The "Wacht am Rhein," composed in 1854, and written for male voices, the "Wache auf, Deutschland," with its determined refrain, "Kein Fuss weit von dem Deutschen Lands soll je Franzosisch werden" (1868), are, undoubtedly, achievements upon which Wilhelm's fame, as a national musician, may safely rest. The former is a model people's melody. Broad in phrase, well-marked in rhythm, and, so to speak, pulsating with vigour, the memory seizes it at once; and the heart responds, as by instinct, to its appeal. Very grand must have been the effect of its stately march as the German hosts sang—

Und ob mein Herz im Tode bricht
Wirst du noch dann ein Waecher nicht
Reich, wie an Wasser deiner Flut
Ist Deutschland ja an Heldenblut.
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

It is pleasant to know that Wilhelm lives to receive the honours bestowed by a grateful country, and, it may be, to deserve still more. Schneckenburger's widow also survives; while his eldest son carries a rifle in the Wurtemberg contingent.

The wonderful popularity of "Die Wacht am Rhein" has thrown the other national songs of Germany somewhat into the shade; but two, at least, have played no mean part in the struggle now going on. We refer to "Was ist der deutschen Vaterland?" and "Sie Sollen ihn nicht haben;" the former representing the agressive, the latter the defensive spirit of Teutonic patriotism. It may be objected that there is nothing aggressive in Teutonic patriotism; but the existence of a popular song which says—

So weit di deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt
Das soll es sein, das soll es sein
Das, wacker Deutscher, nenne Dein

—has a significance anything but reassuring to Germany's near neighbours. The song, let us add, is well adapted for its mission. To the terse sentences of a half-a-dozen catechetical verses are wedded abrupt and imperative melodic phrases; while the declaration that Germania extends "as far as German words shall ring" is set to music of chorale-like solemnity, as though it formed part of a religious creed. "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben" is a composition, both words and music, of inferior value; the melody wanting dignity, and the verses being little more than a petulant defiance of "all and sundry" to come and take the German river, if they can. It is interesting to know that shortly after the Revolution of 1830, when fears were entertained of a French invasion, Mendelssohn was asked to write music for this song. That the great composer declined argues nothing against his patriotism, but a good deal for his strong common sense, which set down as positively childish these reiterated declarations that nobody should take away what could well be defended without bluster. He may also have foreseen that so direct a challenge was sure to provoke the retort which, as everybody knows, has since appeared, in the shape of Alfred de Musset's "Rhein Allemand." Everybody does not know, however, to what extent lyric "crowings" of this sort have excited the passions and intensified the mutual hatred of the combatants.

The three compositions above named sufficiently represent the war-songs of Germany; and we may pass over the host which have done subordinate duty. Before turning to those of France, however, it may be well to remark how all display an intense love of country, and a not less intense hatred of the foreign foe. Here we have the reflection in song of those weary years during which a divided Fatherland was the prey of conquest—years, be it also noted, the fiery trials of which helped to fuse all German hearts into one.

In France, the "Marseillaise" has asserted its supremacy, demolishing the barriers set up by twenty years of proscription, and becoming the expression of national sentiment from the Tuileries to the utmost limits of what only a few days ago was the Empire. This might have been expected, for, more potent than the Fiery Cross of the Highland clans, the French revolutionary hymn not only summons to arms, but infuses the spirit wherewith to use them. Its glorious utterances may well turn cowards into heroes, and make the weak irresistible; in short, it realizes all that poets have dreamed of the power of the sister arts. The story of its composition by Rouget de Lisle, in the now-beleaguered Strasburg, is too well known for relation here; but we must not omit noticing the feeble attempt made by a newspaper correspondent to give the tune a German origin. The writer in question is unaware us believe that the "Marseillaise" is "German holy music found in an old church of the German village, Holzheim;" to which our reply is a distinct refusal to do anything of the sort, and a strong expression of belief in an ill-timed hoax. Singularly enough, the two most popular French songs, after the "Marseillaise," are, like it, vestiges of the great Revolution, the three being the only survivors of a group which included the "Chant de la Victoire," the "Chant du Retour," the Chanson de Roland" (Méhul's), the "Chant de Juillet," the "Chant Martial," the Hymne à l'Etre Suprême, the "Hymne à la Liberté, and Gossec's "Peuple, reveille-toi." Those to which we now specially refer are Méhul's "Chant du Départ" and Girey-Dupré's "Mourir pour la Patrie," the former inseparably connected with revolutionary sacrifices and triumphs, the latter, in its origin at least, associated with the noble band of Girondists whose fate its author shared.

Méhul's song is ill-adapted by the peculiarity of its construction for general use. In point of fact, it might be termed a cantata with solos for different voices, varied by passages in chorus. Thus two old men, a mother, and a bride successively utter patriotic sentiments suggested by their respective circumstances, the chorus answering each thus:—

"La République vous appelle;
Sachez vaincre ou sachez périr.
Un Français doit vivre pour elle;
Pour elle un Français doit mourir."

That the song—if we may call it—has survived in spite of such a construction, is good proof of excellence in other respects. The music does credit even to Méhul, a composer whose credit is of the highest. The refrain has the genuine clang of the trumpet in it, and the martial spirit animates the whole to an extent which sufficiently explains and justifies its popularity. The words of "Mourir pour la Patrie" are, of course, an adaptation of those written by Dupré a few hours before he ascended the scaffold; but the melody remains unaltered. The new song is, in fact, the "Chant des Girondins," with only such changes as have fitted it for general use. We question, however if any adaptation can secure for it immortality. Revived by an accident—the concurrence of Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins* and the Revolution of 1848—and made popular by use in Dumas's *Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* "Mourir pour la Patrie" has won temporary rank as a national hymn, but words and music alike are wanting in that nervous force and resolute energy which are the first essentials of their kind. The songs of the First Empire can hardly be said to survive the second, "Partant pour la Syrie" being now as dead as Gretry's "Veillons au salut de l' Empire," Choron's "Sentinelle," or Suvan's "Veillant Troubadour." The airs of the Restoration, it need hardly be said, preceded these to the tomb; for it is long since "Vive Henry IV." and "Charmante Gabrielle" lost the semblance of that popular favour they never really enjoyed. On the other hand, the Revolution of 1830 gave birth to a song which still lives, and is a power in its way. We refer to the "Parisienne" of Casimir Delavigne, whose animated words, however, suffer much by union with an Hungarian air never thoroughly acceptable to French taste, though manipulated by a band no less distinctively French than that of Auber. From 1830 to 1870—from the "Parisienne" to the "Rhin Allemand"—nothing calls for notice; and De Musset's vigorous answer to "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben," is chiefly remarkable as bringing out into striking relief a feature of not a

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few national anthems. The "Rhin Allemand" was written during the consumption of one cigar; and the fact reminds us that the "Marseillaise" was the work of a night; that the "Sword" of Korner sprang from the exaltation which foreboded the poet's immediate death in battle, and that "Mourir pour la Patrie" was written while its author awaited the fatal tumbril. Such things must, indeed, be inspirations; and who can wonder that, coming, as it were, unbidden from the depths of a human soul, they move every heart to sympathy, and exert a power greater than all the material forces which are made their servants?

THADDEUS EGG.

A Word for the Fallen.

Another Sovereign of France has fallen! Louis Napoléon Buonaparte is said to have amassed enormous riches as Emperor of the French, and to be quite content to retire from the ruin he has caused into the splendid privacy which the resources of France will supply with every luxury. According to the prevailing rumours, he has money in the Dutch funds, in the English funds, in the American funds, and in railways all over the world. That such should be the popular notion is not surprising, for undoubtedly the Court of the Second Empire has had the control of incalculable sums. But persons of discernment will be quite prepared to believe that this opinion is entirely baseless. There have been Sovereigns who have been men of business. Louis Philippe was supposed to be one; Napoleon III. was not one at all. Whatever his faults, they were not in the direction of parsimony and private self-seeking. An enthusiast who believes in his cause, his fortune, his destiny, his overpowering will, his unerring judgment, is not the man to square his expenditure by his income. The man who saves is generally one who, though he does few great things, has the talent of doing small things well. This was just the reverse of the ex-Emperor's character, who, though till lately he applied to the concerns of the Empire a powerful judgment, always seems to have left details to others. What the Emperor's household must have been we may judge from knowing what the Emperor's army has been. The Emperor had a Civil List which economical Frenchmen thought exorbitant; but what were these millions to the expenditure of the Empire? What we have said will prepare our readers to learn that the rumours concerning the huge accumulations of the Emperor are absolutely without foundation. He went poor to France, and poor he has quitted it. People say there has been corruption; be it so—we do not deny it; we do not doubt it. Wherever there is a profuse expenditure, corruption as surely follows as disease follows the conditions which are favourable to it. But the Imperial family has profited nothing. Let the worst be admitted—that everything has been plundered—army, navy, public works, Paris improvements, political news, commercial enterprise; the jobbing has not enriched the Throne. Unless we are misinformed, the Emperor Napoleon, who has been the Chief of the French State for nearly twenty-two years, and its almost absolute master for nearly eighteen, retains no other private property than a small cottage which came to him from his mother. Call it rashness, call it overweening confidence, or call it a generous carelessness, it is proved by the event that he did not devote his reign to the accumulation of money. Whatever he has received from France he has spent in the country, in accordance with the social system which was established with the Empire. That system was, no doubt, extravagant in the extreme. No contemporary Sovereign has held such a Court. The Czar who owns vast domains as his private property, besides ignoring the limitations of a Civil List in dealing with the public Treasury, could not maintain such splendour. The Sultan may squander millions, but his Oriental magnificence has been mere shabbiness by the side of Paris. What our own Court is we all see; and as we know its cost, we may, when we compare it with that of the French Emperor, form some judgment of his expenses.

Thus we have a clear light thrown on the Court life of the late reign. The system was magnificent, profuse, extravagant, and, as the event has proved, relaxing to the best energies of the country. But the Chief of the State has paid the penalty. Fortunes have been made on all sides, but Napoleon and his family have made no fortune; they have spent all they received in maintaining their Imperial establishment at the high pitch which modern France, under their own tuition, has demanded. This will surprise no one who knows anything of the Paris of late years. Take, for instance, the reception of foreign Sovereigns and distinguished guests of all kinds, the lavish expenditure of 1867, and the constant entertainments at the Tuileries through a great part of every year. When to this are added the gratifications expected and received by the numberless friends of a dominant *régime*, we shall cease to wonder that the ruler, who is the paymaster of the whole, should not have amassed a private fortune. Napoléon III. will leave his German place of captivity at the end of the war almost as poor a man as he was when he entered France in 1848. The Empress has, indeed, her jewels, gifts at her marriage and on her fêtedays; but these are her private property, the State jewels being now in the hands of the French Government at Tours; she has, besides, an hereditary property in Spain, and the Prince Imperial has a house which has been bequeathed to him near Trieste. This, we believe, is all that remains to the family which lately was supreme in France. It need hardly be said that in speaking of these private matters our only object is to dissipate the calumnies which have assailed a dethroned Sovereign. In the country which he lately ruled no voice is ever raised in favour of the fallen. Sovereign, or Minister, or Republican celebrity, let him be but once overthrown, and he has the yelling crowd around him, and afterwards what is called History is too often tainted with the malignity of the hour. It is, therefore, not only excusable, but necessary, to state the truth at once. Napoléon III. has much to answer for at the bar of public opinion, but the world will do him this justice—that, though for so long a period he distributed the favours of the most splendid State in Europe, he left France in his old age with little of its wealth cleaving to him.—*Times*.

PRAYER AND SONG.

To all Christians, lovers of the Word of God, greeting!—As for public prayers, there are two kinds of them. The one is expressed in words only, and the other with song; and this is no recent invention, for from the first origin of the Church this has been the case, as appears in history. And even St. Paul does not speak of verbal prayer alone, but also of singing. And in truth, we know by experience that song has great force and power in moving and inflaming the heart of man to invoke and praise God with more vehement and ardent zeal.

It should always be seen to that the song should not be light and frivolous, but that it have weight and majesty—as saith St. Augustine; and also that there is a great difference between the music that is employed for the enjoyment of men at table and in their houses and the psalms which they sing in church in the presence of God and His angels. But when the form here given is rightly judged of, we hope that it will be found holy and pure, seeing that it is simply constructed for the edification of which we have spoken, as well as that the use of singing may be greatly extended, so that even in the houses and in the fields it may be to us an incitement and an instrument or means to praise God and raise our hearts to Him, and to console us in meditating on His power, goodness, wisdom, and justice, which is more necessary for us than we know how to express.

For the first, it is not without cause that the Holy Spirit exhorts us so carefully, by the Holy Scripture, to rejoice ourselves in God, and that all our joy should rest in Him as its true end. For He knows how truly we are inclined to please ourselves in vanity. Thus, while our nature draws and leads us to seek all manner of foolish and vicious enjoyment, on the contrary, our Lord, to separate and draw us from the allurements of the flesh and of the world, presents to us every possible means to fill us with that spiritual joy which he commends so much to us.

But amongst other things which are suitable for the recreation of men, and for yielding them pleasure, music is either the first or one of the chief, and we must esteem it a gift of God bestowed for that end. Therefore, by so much the more, we ought to see that it is not abused, for fear of soiling and contaminating it—turning that to our condemnation which was given for our profit and good. Even were there no other consideration than this alone, it ought to move us to regulate the use of music, so as to make it subservient to all good morals, and that it should not give occasion for loosing the bridle of dissoluteness, that it should not lead to voluptuousness, nor be the instrument of immodesty and impurity.

But further, there is scarcely anything in this world which can more powerfully turn or bend hither and thither the manners of men—as Plato has wisely remarked. And, in fact, we experimentally feel that it has a secret and incredible power over our hearts to move them one way or other. Therefore, we ought to be so much the more careful to regulate it in such a manner that it may be useful to us, and in no way pernicious. For this reason the ancient doctors of the Church often complained that the people of their time were addicted to disgraceful and immodest songs, which, not without cause, they esteemed and called a deadly and satanic poison for corrupting the world.

But in speaking of music I include two parts—to wit, the words, or subject and matter; secondly, the song or melody. It is true that all evil words, as saith St. Paul, corrupt good manners, but when melody is united to them they much more powerfully pierce the heart and enter in—just as when by a funnel wine is poured into a vessel, so poison and corruption are infused into the depth of the heart by melody.

What, then, is to be done? It is to have songs not only pure, but also holy—that they may be incitements to stir us up to pray to and praise God, and to meditate on His works, in order to love Him, fear Him, honour, and glorify

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Him. But what St. Augustine says is true, that none can sing things worthy of God but those who have received the power from Himself. Wherefore, when we have sought all round, searching here and there, we shall find no songs better and more suitable for this end than the Psalms of David, which the Holy Spirit dictated and gave him. And therefore, when we sing them, we are as certain that God has put words into our mouths as if He Himself sang within us to exalt His glory. Wherefore Chrysostom exhorts all men and women and little children to accustom themselves to sing them as a means of associating themselves with the company of angels. Further, we must remember what St. Paul says—that spiritual songs cannot be sung well but with the heart: but the heart requires the understanding; and in that, saith St. Augustine, lies the difference between the song of man and that of birds—for a linnet, and nightingale, and a jay (*papegay*) may sing well, but it will be without understanding.

But the peculiar gift of man is to sing knowing what he says. Further, the understanding ought to accompany the heart and affections, which cannot be unless we have the song imprinted in our memory, that we may be ever singing it.

The present book, for this cause, besides what otherwise has been said, ought to be particularly acceptable to every one who desires, without reproach and according to God, to rejoice in seeing his own salvation, and the good of his neighbours; and thus has no need to be much recommended by me, as it carries in itself its own value and praise. Only let the world be well advised that instead of songs partly vain and frivolous, partly foolish and dull, partly filthy and vile, and consequently wicked and hurtful, which it has heretofore used, it should accustom itself hereafter to sing these heavenly and divine songs, with good King David.

Touching the music, it appeared best that it should be simple in the way we have put it, to carry weight and majesty suitable to the subject, and even to be sung in church as has been said. JOHN CALVIN.

Geneva, 10th *June*, 1543.

WAIFS.

One of the greatest of singers, past, present, and to come—Marietta Alboni (the Countess of Pepoli), has arrived in London, and in all probability will remain for some time among us. May we look forward to hearing this consummate artist during the autumn and winter season—at the Crystal Palace or elsewhere? Let us hope so.

Mr. Tom Hohler has arrived in London.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller has gone back to Cologne.

Gay's *Beggars' Opera* has been produced at the Gaiety Theatre.

The Bonn Beethoven Festival is fixed to take place in the spring of 1871, should there be peace.

All the theatres and café concerts have been closed in Paris, and music is silent every where but in the churches.

Madame Adelina Patti is still in London. She has consented to sing, as we are informed, at more than one concert in the country.

Signor Schira has returned to London, from Milan, where the general talk in musical circles is his forthcoming new opera, *Leah*.

Mr. Maurice Strakosch is in London, with his family—not, as some of our contemporaries have reported, at New York, with Mdlle. Nilsson.

Organ music seems to be making way at the Antipodes, and the Australian papers give an account of "a Congress of Organists" at a Wesleyan chapel, Sydney.

The London public will, it is said, have an early opportunity of hearing Mr. Benedict's new oratorio, *St. Peter*, the production of which was "the event" of the Birmingham Festival.

There is reason to believe that Cherubini's *Deux Journées* will shortly be produced, in an English dress, at the Gaiety Theatre, with Mr. Santley in the character of the Water-carrier.

We understand that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept the dedication of Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, which produced so great an impression at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

The farewell tour in the chief towns of the United Kingdom of Signor Mario has commenced. He is accompanied by Signor Sivori, violinist, the Chevalier de Kontski, pianist, and Fraulein Liebhart and Mdlle. Enriques, vocalists.

Sir Michael Costa's new German national hymn, "All Honour to the King," composed expressly for the King of Prussia, and first performed at Berlin in presence of the Royal Family, in 1868, has been published simultaneously at Berlin, Leipsic, and London.

Mr. Ridley Prentice's "Monthly Popular Concerts" at Brixton, will shortly be resumed; and in the same neighbourhood Mr. Lemare's Choral Society has issued its programme, among the promised novelties being Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*.

The position of affairs on the Continent is exercising a natural influence on the movements of foreign as well as English artists, and the announcement that Signor ——— intends to remain in England during the autumn and winter is becoming a more and more common form of advertisement.—*Choir*.

The husband of Madame Pauline Lucca, Baron von Rahden, is not dead. He was severely wounded, but hopes are entertained of his recovery. Madame Lucca visited the head-quarters of the German army in France when she received the news. The Baron will be removed to his residence in the Victoria Strasse, Berlin, as soon as possible.

The Committee of the Birmingham Festival, through the Orchestral Chairman, Mr. Peyton, presented Mr. W. H. Cummings with a handsome gold chain and appendages in recognition of the obliging manner in which he had given much valuable and extra assistance both in the solo and concerted music,—a well deserved compliment to one of the most intelligent and conscientious artists before the public.

An accident occurred on Monday night by which a dancer was severely burnt, at the Alexandra Music-hall, in Peter Street, Manchester. A new ballet had been performed, and a set-scene was being completed by raising Miss Lucelle, leading *danseuse*, into view in the centre of the *tableau*, when the support on which she stood lurched, and she fell forward upon a row of gas jets, by which her dress was ignited, and she was severely burnt.

One of the most objectionable forms of "charity," called forth by popular sympathy with the sufferers by the war is that which induces persons to publish music absolutely worthless, under the plea that the proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the patriotic funds. The result in nine cases out of ten is that the composer airs his name, obtains credit for benevolence, and leaves his music with the certainty that he will be able to pay the printer.—*Choir*.

The final Report of the Royal Commission on Ritual is remarkable for nothing but divergence of opinion amongst Commissioners on nearly every point discussed. If their recommendations become law the only one effect in the musical portion of the services is that the rubrics after the third collect is to stand—"Here may follow an anthem or hymn"—instead of, "in choirs and places where they sing here followeth the anthem,"—merely by putting into words the practice of the day.

"Coming down this morning"—says a Paris correspondent—"I passed the church of the Madeleine. The scene there was certainly unique. The whole of the fine square which surrounds that still finer building was full of Mobile Guards going through their drill. It was strange to hear the music of the organ (Mass was being sung) mingle with the clashing of bayonets and the stern voices of drill sergeants. Inside the church the curate was preaching peace and goodwill, while outside the commander was shouting war and revenge."

The programme of the recent "National Musical Congress" held at New York, included the reading of papers. Dr. James Peck, organist of Trinity Church, read a paper on Academical Degrees in Music. Mr. G. F. Root discussed the principles of elementary musical education. Mr. Henry C. Watson read a paper on the Duties and Objects of the Congress. The musical director of the Peabody Institute at Baltimore discussed Musical Criticism; and Church Music was handled by a clergyman and a layman.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, will be re-opened for Divine service to morrow. At the 10 o'clock service the sermon will be preached by the Rev. Francis Garden, M.A., Sub-Dean, and at 12 o'clock by the Rev. F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter Cathedral and preacher at Lincoln's Inn. At Chapel Royal, Whitehall, the sermon at the 11 o'clock a.m. service will be preached by the Rev. Arthur Holmes, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Clare College, Cambridge, and at 3 o'clock p.m., by the Rev Francis Garden, M.A., the Sub-Dean. At Chapel Royal, Savoy, there will be holy communion at 8 o'clock a.m., morning prayer at 11 30 with sermon by the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain to the House of Commons and Savoy; evening prayer at 7 with sermon by the Rev. Dr. Barry, Principal of King's College, London.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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To the Editor of the "Choir."

SIR,—I was glad to see, in your last week's issue, that a lay clerk had come to the defence of the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral for their most meritorious conduct in giving the Choir boys a holiday, a proceeding which seemed to have raised the angry passions of your tourist correspondent. If he does not remember the adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," surely the very fact that he was himself seeking recreation might have induced him to be more merciful to the young choristers. During my school days it was my lot constantly to attend the Cathedral, and I can bear testimony to the regularity of the choir, both men and boys, which I have reason to know still distinguishes them, and might with advantage be imitated in our metropolitan and other cathedrals.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Stockwell, S. W. AN OLD KING'S SCHOLAR.

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VOL. 48—No. 40. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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NOTE.—A collection of 120 Original Sketches, taken at the Seat of War by the artists of the "Illustrated London News" and the "Graphic," and kindly lent to the Company by the Proprietors of those papers, will be on view To-day in the Picture Gallery. No extra charge.

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The present year being the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Beethoven a more than usual prominence will be given to his works in the first twelve concerts. It is intended to perform his nine Symphonies, in chronological order, with the Mass in C, Op. 86, and the music to "The Ruins of Athens" (both for the first time at these concerts), and such of his Overtures, Concertos, and other compositions, both vocal and orchestral, as can be introduced; and all that intimate acquaintance, affectionate study, and careful rehearsal can do will be done to put these immortal works before the subscribers in a fuller and finer light than they have hitherto been presented, and thus do fitting honour to the memory of the greatest and most beloved master of the modern concert-room. One of the Saturdays the performance will consist of the opera of "Fidelio," in English, produced in the new Theatre. On Saturday, 17th December, the performance will consist of the second act of "Beethoven Festival." The Choral Symphony and other works of the great master will on that occasion be performed by a largely increased band and chorus, and the most eminent vocalists and solo instrumentalists obtainable will be secured in order to render this Festival a befitting homage to the genius of Beethoven.

The following eminent artists are already engaged for the concerts of this season:—Vocalists: Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Josi Sherrington, Vanzini, Patey-Whytock; and Messrs. Sims Reeves, Foli, Patey, Nelson Varley, and Vernon Rigby. Solo Instrumentalists: Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Mr. Charles Hallé. Other eminent artists, local and foreign, will be added, so that the solo department of this series of concerts will be superior in excellence, and more varied than its predecessors.

By order,
G. GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, October 1, 1870.

MISS MARGARET GALLOWAY (Soprano), Pupil of Madame Rudersdorff, Sings at the Liverpool Philharmonic, Oct. 4, in *Athalie*, and Gaul's "Faithful echo." Also at Nottingham, Ecclesiall, &c., in October. Address, Madame Rudersdorff, 15, Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing "THE WEAVER," by KATE WARD, at Clifton, October 5.

MISS KATHERINE POYNTZ will sing Miss KATE L. WARD'S new song, "THAT'S THE WAY FOR WILLIE AND ME," at Manchester, October 3rd and 24th; Southport, 13th; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 19th; and during her provincial engagements.—WEEKES & CO., 16, Hanover Street.

MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing L. EMANUEL'S new song, "THE DREAM OF MY HEART," at his Provincial Engagements this Autumn. Address for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., care of Mr. G. Boiley, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 4.—Mr. Charles Mathews.

The extreme and enduring popularity of Charles Mathews does not rest wholly upon his merits as an actor, great and conspicuous as these are. His temperament has a large measure of that buoyancy, the effect of which upon most people is irresistible. In private life the most popular men are those endowed with more than ordinary elasticity of temperament, men incapable of being permanently depressed by calamity, and sure to float with cork-like buoyancy over the waves of life. Such may not be the men whom we grapple "to our soul with hoops of steel," but they are the most pleasing and palatable acquaintances with whom we come into contact. Those on whom life's concerns press heaviest, and to whom its struggle is painful and sometimes scarcely endurable, reap a kind of cheerfulness from the contemplation of natures unlike their own, and cling to the vivacious and confident companion, as the invalid clings to the strong man, whose presence seems like an antidote against the evils with which life is perpetually menaced. The popularity enjoyed in real life by men of this stamp is inconsiderable, however, compared with that they obtain on the stage. Men who can present before us on the boards the spectacle of unending triumph over difficulty, of irrepressible cheerfulness and unconquerable elasticity, who can make us forget in their successes our own defeats, and can secure our sympathy while they move our laughter, obtain a personal hold over us such as can be gained in no other way. In England, especially, are characters of this kind acceptable. Men who successfully enact them seem to become our personal friends. We are strangely tolerant, moreover, in characters of this kind of moral shortcomings.

A viler and more reprobate knave than Sir Fretful Plagiary does not present than the Lovelace of *Clarissa Harlowe*; yet towards him, even, the worst of his class, we find lurking in our hearts some feeling not wholly separated from liking. Young Wilding, in *The Liar*, is profoundly mean and contemptible, yet we cannot hate him as we do many characters that would revolt us. While he come to the unprincipled rakes and libertines of Charles II.'s time, our moral code is reversed. Not for the life of us can we hold to our own views of propriety. Our sympathies are given to the worthy "cits," who are the prey of the spoiler, and withheld from the dare-devils whom we know in our hearts to merit our sternest condemnation. The characters of this class, Mr. Mathews is the only living exponent. On him has descended the mantle, worn by successive generations of comedians, from Mountfort and Verbrugge to Gentleman Lewis. During the years that have elapsed since first in 1835 he appeared in *The Old and Young Stager*, and learned from Liston how to handle the reins, he has played many score parts of different descriptions, and has become unequalled in representations of the shifts and resources to which a man may be driven by love or impecuniosity. In high class comedy, in general, he is unsurpassed among living actors, but in the portraiture of scamps and adventurers he stands without a rival. Bold, fearless sanguine, callecticed, incapable of betraying confusion, and sure to seize on every passing circumstance and turn it to advantage, he carries our sympathies with him wherever he goes and whatever he does, and returns them to us not seldom after they have been dragged in wretched misuse through the mire. Balzac might have had in view his acting when he imagined the character of Mercadet le Faiseur, which, since under its English name, Sir Affable Hawk has become one of Mr. Mathews's most successful representations.

Unlike many actors Mr. Mathews knows his own range well. The limits of this are pretty clearly defined. Whatever heroes of adventure or animal spirits the polite comedy presents belong to him of right. But with the comic his empire ends. When emotion of the slightest or most transient kind has to be presented the actor is at fault. When the shadow for a moment falls on the life he is like a pilot placed among strange seas and beneath unfamiliar skies. He may take for motto the legend of the dial-plate, "Horas non numero nisi serenas." In saying this we chronicle a fact and impute no blame. We are not of those who would direct the developments of genius, or quarrel with it for being other than it is. During late years Mr. Mathews has played about forty parts, in all of which he has been more than respectable, and in about a fourth of which he has obtained conspicuous success. A few of these are characters in which, during the days of his association with Madame Vestris, his reputation was first established. The majority of them were, however, first seen at a more recent date. Young Wilding in an altered version of *The Liar*; Tangent, in the elder Morton's comedy, *The Way to Get Married*; Lavater, in Mr. Planché's *Not a Bad Judge*; the chorus in *The Golden Fleece* burlesque at the same theatre; Sir Affable Hawk, in Mr. *Game of Speculation*; a successful adaptation of Balzac's *Mercadet*; Sir Charles Coldstream, in *Used Up*; Felix Featherly, in Stirling Coyne's *Everybody's Friend*; Tom Dexter, in *The Overland Route*; Captain Patter, in *Patter v. Clatter*; Plumper, in *Cool as a Cucumber*; and Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary, in *The Critic*, are the parts in which of late Mr. Mathews has been seen to greatest advantage. His versatility is proved, however, by the fact that while presenting these various characters he has given a successful representation of a villain, Stewart Routh, in *The Black Sheep* of Mr. Edmund Yates, and has performed in French and has carried off the applause and approval of the most fastidious of French critics. Sir Charles Coldstream is probably the most generally diverting and the most artistic of his representations. Nothing can be conceived finer in its way than his representation in the first act of *Used Up* of aristocratic indifference and high-bred affectation The manner in which physical and intellectual strength and energy are indicated behind indolence and apparent incapacity for exertion is in the highest degree artistic. The strong arm hangs listlessly over the chair, the mouth scarcely opens except to yawn, and drops, without an effort, words of wit and wisdom. His friends are as ready to applaud his jokes as his wines, and he sits accordingly at a feast, both material and intellectual, of which he is the giver, while he is the only man to whom its delicacies are tasteless and insipid. No finer satire upon the manners of aristocratic society has been put upon the stage. Lord Dundreary, as depicted by Mr. Sothern, is equally clever but more caricatured. The manners of Sir Charles Coldstream are those of a certain section of English society. When the blacksmith, to whose wife he has made proposals of the culpability of which he is unaware appears, the manner in which he quickens into powerful and irascible manhood, is capital. The flush of indignation, aroused by such acquired habits as enable him to protract the commencement of a fight in order to ascertain under unprecedented conditions the state of his own pulse, is intensely droll. In the following act of the play the acting becomes farcical—a fault for which, however, the author, and not the actor is responsible. Mr. Mathews's performances in *The Critic*, wherein he ordinarily assumes the two characters of Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary, are among the best of his impersonations.

Surprise is a vulgar and commonplace element in acting, and that form of surprise which results from a rapid change of character is among the lowest devices to which, ordinarily, an actor can resort. Still, some portion of the spectators' pleasure in seeing Mr. Mathews in *The Critic* is due to this device, of which he makes admirable use. Bewigged, cowled, cowhided, curtained, Sir Fretful makes his exit at one door, and at the same moment, as it seems, enters Puff, spruce, dapper, airy, volatile, irrepressible. Both these representations abound with touches of genius. Especially noticeable is the manner in which the good nature and *bonhomie* of Puff yield to the irritability he strives in vain to repress. His nervousness of manner, his asides, and his appeals to all around him who might minister to his self-complacency, or soothe his injured vanity, are in the highest vein of comedy. In Sir Affable Hawk the actor has fully realised one of the finest conceptions of one of the finest comedies of the most daring of writers. Neither Scribe, the model part, nor Got, his successor, had *oplomb* so ineffable. Geoffroy was but a "bourgeois" speculator. Mercadet, as depicted by him, knew in his heart that he was a trickster. But Mathews, aflame in his imagination, believes the lies he tells, and sees himself always on the point of possessing, if not possession, of the riches for which he has schemed and plotted. So much in earnest is he that the return of his partner and the unexpected realization of his own wildest imaginings ruffle but a brief while his serenity, and he is ready in a moment to start again just as sanguine, as hopeful, and as composed as before. Potter shows the singular volubility of utterance of Mr. Mathews,—volubility which, when the clearness of articulation with which it is accompanied is taken into account, is nothing less than marvellous. Plumper is simply a man to whom bashfulness or any form of reticence or reserve is wholly unknown. So supremely impressed is he with the sense of his own merits, and so occupied with the ideas that pass through his own mind, that no thought that his behaviour may perplex others can enter into his comprehension. The utter absence of consideration for others constitutes simply an irresistible inclination to talk. With the affairs of others has formed the basis of not a few clever representations—notably, Aggravating Sam, Percy Wilding in Mr. Sketchley's *How Will They Get Out of It?* and Felix Featherley in Stirling Coyne's *Everybody's Friend*. Among representations not to be lost sight of in the shows in the burlesque of *Jason*, In this the ludicrous solemnity and dignity of bearing of Mr. Mathews showed a full sense of the burlesque. Mr. Matthews's method or art is admirable. The only fault to be found is the manifestation of an occasional tendency to jauntiness and over sprightliness. His walk too often quickens to a run, and his exits from a room are at times over demonstrative. Taken, however, for all in all, he is the best representative we possess of that class of drama known as light comedy. K.

Cologne.—It is intended to celebrate shortly a "memorial service" for those who have fallen in the war. Herr Brahms' *Deutsches Requiem* will be performed under the direction of Professor Carbashaim. The new term at the Conservatory of Music begins on the 3rd October. The following are the gentlemen forming the professional staff:—Herren A. Breuer, Fr. Derekum, Fr. Gernsheim, Hompesch, Hülle, Japha von Königslöw, O. von Königslöw, O. Lindhuit, E. Mertke, F. Weber, and Dr. Derichsweiler. At the head of all stands Herr Ferdinand Hiller as Director. The above list of names will show that the institution still continues one of the best of its class in Germany.—The operatic season commenced very favourably as regards the singers with Verdi's *Traviata*. The band, however, is anything but satisfactory. It had to be made up anyhow, as all the musicians of any merit who could subsist without belonging to it, refused to accept engagements in consequence of notices having been published to the effect that the terms offered by the management were shamefully low.

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THE STORY OF "MOZART'S *REQUIEM*."*

In the last ten years of the eighteenth century, there resided on his estates in Lower Austria, a certain Count Wallsegg, one of the wealthiest members of the Austrian aristocracy. Musical art was then held in high esteem; the Emperor Joseph was its zealous friend and patron; a long series of celebrated composers, of whom we will here mention only Haydn, Mozart, Salieri, and Dittersdorf, enjoyed the Imperial favour, and imparted unusual brilliancy to artistic life in Vienna. The Emperor's example was imitated by the nobility of the country; the noble landed proprietors especially were accustomed to keep up private musical establishments, to devote themselves to the study of music, and to strive after the reputation of being composers. Like others, Count Wallsegg did homage to this fashion of the time; kept a private musical establishment, and was fond of collecting around him celebrated musicians. His ambition was most particularly pleased at shining as a composer, and his hand had to execute every one of his compositions immediately it was written.

In the year 1791, the Count's wife died. Nothing was more natural than for the Count to wish to celebrate her memory in an artistic manner. He composed a *Requiem* to be performed at some funeral service in her honour. It was a rather considerable instrumental and vocal work, and the score, which still exists, and is written in the Count's own hand, bears the title: "*Requiem, composto del Conte Wallsegg.*" The work was returned with great care. For a strengthened the orchestra, a number of excellent musicians were sent for from Vienna, and, at the beginning of the year 1792, a grand performance took place at the Count's country mansion. The success was brilliant. The competent judges, who had been invited from far and wide, were astonished at the sterling merit and the genial spirit of the work. The latter was repeated several times, and the reputation of the Count as a highly gifted composer was established.

At this time musical Vienna suffered an irreparable loss. On the 5th December, 1791, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the greatest master of tone in any country, and in any age, breathed his last, at the very moment that his previously rather pinched pecuniary circumstances were beginning to improve, and when, too, people at home no longer refused to display that recognition which they had hitherto so sparingly paid his genius. Immediately after his death it was stated in the musical circles of Vienna, that the master, on feeling his end approaching, had composed a dying strain, a *Requiem*, of which the score was complete, and which would forthwith be publicly performed. The report turned out to be true, and the performance of the *Requiem* took place. The announcement ran thus: "*Missa pro Defunctis*, set to music by W. A. Mozart." The whole musical world of Vienna assembled to listen to the last legacy of the great composer. As a matter of course, it satisfied the expectations formed of it, and its fame instantly flew throughout all Germany. In Leipsic, too, and other towns, performances were given of it, and everywhere with the same successful result. Copies of the score were sold for high prices, and, to become the possessor of one a celebrated amateur of the day himself wrote out the work, note for note, placing in gigantic letters over the title the motto: "*Opus summum viri summi*" ("The greatest work of the greatest of men").

Up to this point we have been enabled to follow simply the course of events. We must now, however, acquaint the reader with the remarkable fact that the *Requiem* by Count Wallsegg, and the "*Missa pro Defunctis*" by W. A. Mozart, agreed exactly with each other; that they were both one and the same composition. But what is still more remarkable is that the real author of the work was neither Count Wallsegg, who could not have composed even three bars of such music, nor Mozart, at whose decease only a very little of it was finished. This remarkable forgery was the labour of two different individuals, one of whom attained after a certain notoriety, while the other was more nearly connected with the deceased master, and whom, therefore, when the noted falsehood began to be known, there was a wish to spare as much as possible: we allude to Mozart's widow.

Count Wallsegg was anything but a composer. His right to the authorship of the *Requiem* corresponded with that of a modern fashionable lady to her rich profusion of beautiful hair—he purchased it. As his vanity impelled him to appear in the character of an eminent composer, though he was not capable of writing the veriest trifle, he decked himself out in borrowed plumes, and bought from composers of repute at the time whatever he wanted. He gave a very good price, but made a stipulation that the author should renounce all pretensions to his work, and never claim it as his. In order to avoid the chance of discovery, the Count was accustomed not to print the compositions he acquired in the way described. He contented himself with having them performed by his private band at the concerts given by the latter. In order to escape even suspicion, he kept personally aloof from all the negotiations about these purchases; he had them carried out by exclusively confidential agents, so that the composers, as a rule, actually did not know what had become of their works, or into whose hands they had fallen. Of course, the worthy Count was not in a condition to deceive his own musicians as to the true state of his musical capabilities, but, as he paid them well, and, in other respects, treated them with consideration, it was clearly their interest to hold their tongue, and not spoil their employer's game.

After his wife's death, and when he had resolved on dedicating a requiem to her memory, the Count selected Mozart as the person best fitted to supply such a work. It is highly probable that Mozart had already executed commissions of a similar description for him; at any rate, the Count knew that the celebrated composer was in straightened circumstances, and consequently very ready to agree to such a bargain as the Count wished. One of his agents was, therefore, forthwith despatched to Vienna, to make arrangements with Mozart. This was the stranger, the subject of so much discussion, and who once played so mysterious a part in the concluding pages of the composer's biographies. Mozart expressed his readiness to execute the commission; he asked a certain sum, which the Count willingly paid in advance, and promised to double, as soon as the score was handed to him complete. Overwhelmed with a mass of other commissions, Mozart at first found but little leisure for this one; it was not till the others had been executed, and he had been reminded by the Count's agent of his promise, that he set to work with activity. About this time, the state of his health began to grow worse, and he had a presentiment of his approaching end. The fact that it happened to be a *Requiem* that was the occasion of him contributing very strongly to keep him in his melancholy forebodings. He continued, however, working very assiduously, until his medical man, who apprehended bad results from such application, forbade him most strictly to do so any more. A transient amelioration of his health supervened, and, during this, Mozart resumed his labours upon the *Requiem*; then he was suddenly called away to the land of eternal harmonies.

Mozart left his small family in very straightened circumstances. The non-completion of the *Requiem* caused his widow great anxiety. She feared, above all things, that the stranger who had given the order would, as soon as he heard the work was not finished, ask for the restoration of the money he had advanced. As, however, her husband's illness had nearly exhausted the whole amount, she was not in a position to refund it. In order to escape such a demand, she determined on having the work finished by some one else. She had plenty of acquaintances among the composers at Vienna, and, as for the expense, that would be fully covered by the extra money to be paid, according to promise, on the delivery of the score. After reflecting over the matter for some time, she came to the conclusion that the person best adapted for her purpose, was a young pupil of her husband's, Franz Xavier Süssmayer, who had been in daily communication with Mozart during the last few years of the latter's life; had assisted him in his labours; and, consequently, had scores for him. This young man, who was highly gifted musically, appears to have led a somewhat loose kind of life, without much stability of character. There are some compositions of his by no means without value, but, probably on account of his excesses, he died too soon to make himself a name.

According to the plan projected by Mozart, the *Requiem* was to consist of thirteen separate parts. One alone was quite completed at his death; others were commenced, or sketched out; but of the last four or five, there was not a single note. Süssmayer, who readily consented to undertake the task, completed what was unfinished, and supplied with his own compositions what was wanting. But he did even more than this. Mad. Constanze Mozart's widow, deemed it necessary that a full score should be written out in her husband's hand. This was really a more difficult task than the filling up of the music, for Mozart wrote a very peculiar hand, difficult of imitation. But Süssmayer was equal to this effort also. He had previously attained great dexterity in imitating his master's hand, and, by continued practice, soon brought it to such a pitch, that even the best judges were deceived. When everything was ready, he bound that part of the *Requiem* composed and written by Mozart himself with the parts he, Süssmayer, had added, and no one was able to discover even the slightest difference in the hand-writing.

(To be continued.)

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

DRESDEN.—Herr Fr. Wagner, composer and virtuoso on the trumpet, and band-master of the Saxony Guards, fell, pierced by six mitrailleuse balls, at Sedan.—Mdlle. Marie Krebs will proceed to America on a professional tour in October.

SALZBURG.—The Grand Mass, in D minor, by Professor Bruckner, Court Organist, at present stopping here, was lately performed in the Cathedral. Both the work and the performance of it are highly praised.

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BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At the annual meeting of the Governors of the General Hospital the secretary read a letter from Mr. Richard Peyton (Chairman of the Orchestral Committee), enclosing cheque for £500, part proceeds of the late Festival. As soon as accounts were closed and audited, Mr. Peyton hoped that a further sum would be placed at disposal of the Hospital board.

Mr. Jaffray had been requested to move a resolution with reference to the communication just made to the meeting, and was not sorry that Mr. Peyton was absent, inasmuch as his presence might hamper him in what he had to say about the services the gentleman had rendered. The resolution proposed by Mr. Jaffray is subjoined:—

"That the letter of Mr. Peyton be received and entered upon the minutes, and that in acknowledging the sum of £5,000, part proceeds of the late Festival, this Board desires to tender a warm vote of thanks to Mr. Peyton, chairman of the Orchestral Committee; Mr. W. J. Bent, chairman of the General Committee; and the other members of the Festival Committee, for time and personal labour, whereby the devotion of so large an addition to the Hospital funds has been secured."

As chairman of one of the sub-committees Mr. Jaffray could bear testimony to the work which the two gentlemen had performed. They gave up their business for some time before the Festival, and in the smallest things as well as in the greatest, in private as in public, they were assiduous, able, courteous, and unassuming. The thanks of the whole body of governors and of the town generally were their due. The most successful meeting up to 1864 was the one held in that year, and since then the Festival had gone on increasing in attractiveness. In 1867 the amount paid over to the Hospital was £5,641, and £5,000 had already been received on account of the late Festival. He believed that a further sum of nearly one thousand pounds would be received. That would be an answer to the objection entertained by some—namely, that a very large sum was expended in getting up the Festivals, while a comparatively small proportion of the proceeds was given to the Hospital. It could not be said that that was the case now.

Mr. Bickman seconded the resolution, and said there was no doubt that the proceeds would at least equal those of 1867, while he hoped Mr. Jaffray's estimate would be justified, of which there was at present some doubt. It was, therefore, desirable that a wrong impression should not get abroad. The account would be kept open for the purpose of affording gentlemen who had not subscribed the opportunity of doing so.

On the motion of the chairman, seconded by Mr. G. Heaton, the Orchestral Committee were re-appointed. D. H.

THE MUSICAL CRITIC'S DUTY.

L. H. Southard, Director of Music at the Peabody Institute Baltimore, read a paper on Musical Criticism at the recent Musical Congress. In the course of his remarks he said :—

"A musical literature, a musical criticism, is an indispensible necessity toward a national school of art and cultivated popular taste. Without it it is mere anarchy. With it comes regularity and the elevation of musical art to its proper share in the daily thoughts and life of the people. True, we must not lose sight of the fact that, to a certain extent, the public is to blame for whatever may be faulty in the musical press of the day. If there is little or no demand for high-toned and instructive articles, there will certainly be but a small supply. It is beyond question that we have in our three or four leading musical journals, and attached to a few of our most influential newspapers, gentlemen fully capable of writing with keen insight and just discrimination, and who sometimes give us articles which justly deserve to become part of our standard literature. But it cannot be denied that they reach a comparatively small class of readers, and that any marked improvement in popular taste must be heralded or at least accompanied by a corresponding change in the method of treatment of musical matters by the average daily press. But we urge then upon those who undertake to enlighten the public, the duty of making themselves at least a little acquainted with the estimation of elaborate works; of freeing themselves completely from all merely personal professions or prejudices, of merging the artist completely in the art itself, and of separating the private interests of the individual from the public interest so far as they may be incompatible. Nor is the essayist's influence in educating the public taste and appreciation of less importance than the critic's. A great composer must have a proper musical atmosphere, or his works die of suffocation, and it is the peculiar province of those who lead public opinion through the press to furnish such an atmosphere; which is obviously not to be done by merely accommodating one's self to the average taste of the general public. It is the critic's duty to pry the public out of those ruts to which it continually gravitates if left to itself, to make it feel the ugliness of tinsel and commonplace, and appreciate the sublime and beautiful. In doing this he becomes at once a public benefactor."

PROVINCIAL.

MARGATE.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"This healthy little watering place is crammed, and music has been exerting its attractions. Last week the Assembly Rooms were brilliantly attended on the occasion of Signor Mario's 'farewell' concert. Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Enriquez, Signor Sivori, and the Chevalier de Kontski assisted. Signor Mario, in excellent voice, was received with immense enthusiasm. He sang 'Parigi o cara,' with Mdlle. Liebhart, and the duet was encored and repeated. In response to the encore for a new song by Mr. Walter Maynard, Signor Mario gave 'Good-bye, sweetheart.' He also sang, with Mdlle. Enriquez, a duet from *La Favorita*. Mdlle. Liebhart introduced some of her most popular songs including 'Little bird' (G. B. Allen) and 'Deh vieni' (Mozart). Mdlle. Enriquez being encored in an air from *Faust*, substituted Mr. Benedict's 'Rock me to sleep.' The Chevalier de Kontski played several pieces in his usual style. Signor Sivori created a marked sensation in Paganini's 'La Clochette' and his own *Mouvement perpetuel*, at the end of which he was recalled. Mr. Walter Maynard was accompanist at the pianoforte. In the morning of the same day the Chevalier de Kontski gave a pianoforte recital, at which he performed several of his most effective compositions. He was assisted by the same artists, Signor Mario excepted. Mr. Hingston's benefit concert, at the Hall-by-the-Sea, has also taken place.

ALTRINCHAM (CHESHIRE).—Mr. R. Andrews recently got up a concert at the Lecture Hall of the Literary Institute in aid of the fund for the sick and wounded on both sides, in the Franco-German war A local journal says:—

"Mr. Andrews was ably seconded. Mrs. R. Cowley Squier, soprano, sang, without reward, but that which is in the consciousness of doing good. Miss Jones and Miss Winstanley, whom no ordinary motive could have induced to leave their homes for a public appearance, came forward and in the good work. Mr. G. Walton, bass; and Mr. Crogan, tenor, were just as willing. Messrs. Henry & Co. of Manchester, furnished a grand piano without charge. The directors of the Literary Institution gave their room for the same object. There was a numerous audience. It was hoped that the number would have been greater, but much had been already collected in this neighbourhood for the same purpose."

PENRITH.—A correspondent writes to us as follows:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Nunn's Annual Matinée Musicale took place on Wednesday, September 14th, in St. John's Hall, when a select programme of vocal and instrumental music was well performed. The concert commenced with a pianoforte quartet in G minor, Op. 6, by Henry Leslie, the executants being Miss Harry (piano), Mr. Vingoe (violin), Mr. Nunn (viola), and Mr. Barrack (violoncello). This was followed by H. Smart's duet, 'The Wood and the Wave,' admirably sung by the Misses Mitchell. The faultless execution by Miss Symons of Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 14, in G was listened to with the greatest attention, and enthusiastically applauded. A beautiful composition by Berthold Tours, *Melodie Religieuse*, for violin, pianoforte, violoncello, and organ, was charmingly performed by Mr. Nunn, Miss Hose, Messrs. Marrack and Vingoe; the effect of the fine organ with the other instruments quite captivated the audience, and it had to be repeated. The rendering of 'Parto, parto' from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, with clarionet *obbligato*, was a novelty and evinced careful training in both vocalist (Miss Woodcock) and clarionettist (Mr. H. A. Smith). The audience were more demonstrative in their applause of the trio by Dussek, 'O'er the star-lit waters gliding,' sung by the Misses Mitchell and Miss Davey (of Camborne). It was delivered with much taste and heartily encored. Songs were also given by Captain Douglas and Miss Davey; pianoforte duets, &c., by young ladies of the town and neighbourhood. The concert, which concluded with Mendelssohn's "Cornelius" march, performed on the organ by Mr. Vingoe, reflected the greatest credit on Mr. and Mrs. Nunn. The Hall was crowded in every part.

HALLE.—Herr Damm, a private gentleman of artistic tendencies, is now erecting, at his own expense, a large and splendid theatre. It stands in the midst of pretty gardens, and is so constructed that it can be employed as what the Germans call a Summer Theatre. Herr Damm will be his own manager. An excellent orchestra has been engaged, and will be under the direction of Herr H. Starke, of the Grand Opera, Paris. The only drawback is that Herr Starke is an enthusiastic Wagnerite, and may, perhaps, give the public more than they like of the Music of the Future. During the winter months, a series of concerts will alternate with the regular operas. It seems more than possible that Herr Damm and his new edifice will shut up the Stadttheater. Were the manager of the latter establishment an Englishman, he would probably say—"Damm it," and, under the circumstances, would be justified in employing such bad language.

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MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

By J. S. Dwight.

Our musical history has been peculiar. We were in no sense a musical people forty years ago. Nothing could be farther from the New England character and "bringing up"—we will not call it culture. But strangely enough, it was not much in accordance with the common theory that the way to elevate the taste is to begin with what is light and popular), the first real and deep interest in music awakened here in Boston was an interest in the greatest kind of music. Handel, and then more irresistibly Beethoven, were the first to take deep hold on thoughtful, earnest, influential souls. That was when the new spirit of culture, in the fullest freest, highest sense, became in various ways so rife in this community. So that it is scarcely paradoxical to say, that music in this country, or at least this portion of the country, "came in with the conqueror." That is to say, the love for the highest kind of music (for it is only the love of it, not the creative gift as yet), which has for some time been imputed to this once Puritanical Boston and the regions spiritually watered from it, came in with the conquering *ideas*,—with the ideas of spiritual freedom, of self-reliance, of the dignity of human nature, of the insignificance of creeds compared with life and practice, of social justice, equal opportunities to all, a common birthright in the bountiful,—ideas which from the time of Channing began to quicken the whole thought and conscience of the young Republic, and which were glowing with fresh fervour of conviction in the light of that ideal philosophy which, where it made one mystic, made a dozen practical and sound reformers,—ideas fitly summed up in the one idea of culture, in the nobler sense in which it then began to haunt the mind, as something distinct from, and superior to, the barren routine of a narrow, utilitarian, provincial, and timid education; culture in the sense of free unfolding of the manifold powers of character, of conscious, quick, sincere relationship and sympathy with all the beauty and the order of the universe, instead of, in the old sense of a mere makeshift clothing upon, from without, with approved special knowledges, conventional beliefs and manners, and the time-honoured prejudices. Intimately implied in this idea, of culture is the æsthetic principle. For what is culture without art?—art, the type and mirror of ideal, complete life, the one free mode of man's activity, wherein he may become partaker in the Divine creative energy? And what form of art, what ministry to the æsthetic instinct, was so peculiarly the need and product of our age, so widely, easily available, as music? It was not strange that it should come in with the conquering ideas, as we have said.

At all events, it is a fact of some significance, that the interest was felt in Beethoven at the same moment with the interest in Emerson and notably in the same minds who found such quickening in his free and bracing utterance. It was to a great extent the young souls drawn to "Transcendentalism" (as it was nicknamed), to escape spiritual starvation, who were most drawn also to the great, deep music which we began to hear at that time. For, let it be remembered, the first great awakening of the musical instinct here was when the C minor Symphony of Beethoven was played, thirty years ago or more, in that old theatre, long since vanished from the heart of the dry goods part of Boston, which had been converted into an "Athenæum," where an "Academy of Music" gave us some first glimpses of the glories of great orchestral music. Some may yet remember how many young men and women of the most cultured circles, when the new intellectual dayspring had made thoughtful and at the same time open and impressible to all appeals of art and beauty, used to sit there through the concert in that far-off upper gallery or sky-parlour, secluded in the shade, and give themselves up completely to the influence of the sublime harmonies that sank into their souls, enlarging and colouring thenceforth the whole horizon of their life. Then came the Brook Farm experiment; and it is equally a curious fact, that music, and of the best kind, the Beethoven Sonatas, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn, got at, indeed, in a very humble home made and imperfect way, was one of the chief interests and refreshments of those halcyon days. Nay, it was among the singing portion of these plain farmers, teachers, and (but for such cheer) domestic drudges, that the first example sprang up of the so called "Mass Clubs," once so much in vogue among small knots of amateurs. They met to practise music which to them seemed heavenly, after the old hackneyed glees and psalm-tunes, though little many of them thought or cared about the creed embodied in the Latin words that formed the convenient vehicle for tones so thrilling; the *music* was quite innocent of creed, except that of the heart and of the common deepest wants and aspirations of all souls, darkly locked up in formulas, till set free by the subtile solvent of the divine harmonies. A certain gifted friend who sits in Harper's "Easy Chair," has lately told the world what parties from "the Farm" (and he was "one of them") would come to town to drink in the symphonies, and then walk back the whole way, seven miles, at night, elated and unconscious of fatigue, carrying home with them a new good genius beautiful and strong, to help them through the next day's labours. Then, too, and among the same class of minds (the same "Transcendental set") began the writing and the lecturing on music and its great masters, treating it from a high spiritual point of view, and seeking (too imaginatively, no doubt) the key and meaning to the symphony, but anyhow establishing a vital, true affinity between the great tone-poems and all great ideals of the human mind. In the *Harbinger*, for years printed at Brook Farm, in the *Dial*, which told the time of day so far ahead, in the writings of Margaret Fuller and others, these became favourite and glowing topics of discourse; and such discussion did at least contribute much to make music much more respected, to lift it in the esteem of thoughtful persons to a level with the "humanities" of culture, and especially to turn attention to the nobler compositions, and away from that which is but idle, sensual, and vulgar.

The kind reader will grant plenary indulgence to these gossiping memories, and must not for a moment think it is intended by them to claim for any one class the exclusive credit of the impulse given to dawn days to music. Cecilia had her ardent friends and votaries among conservatives as well. But is it not significant as well as curious, that these free-thinking and idealistic "come-outers" (so-called, for I referred to (call them "Transcendental dreamers" if you will, they can afford to bear the title now!) were so largely engaged in the movement,—that among the "select few," constant to all opportunities of hearing the great music in its days of small things here, so many of this class were found? The ideas of those enthusiasts, if we look around us now, have leavened the whole thought and culture of this people; have melted icy creeds, and opened genial communion between sects; have set the whole breast of the nation heaving, till it has cast off at least one of its great established crimes and curses; have set all men thinking of the universal brotherhood of mankind. These are the conquering ideas, and with them came in the respect for music, which now in its way too, is leavening, refining, humanizing our too crude and swaggering young democratic civilization. A short pedigree! but great ideas, by their transforming power, work centuries of change in a few years.

The great music came in then because it was in full affinity with the best thoughts stirring in fresh, earnest souls. The same unsatisfied, deep want that shrank from the old Puritanic creed and practice; that sought a positive soul's joy instead of abnegation; that yearned for the "*beauty* of holiness," and for communion with the Divine in some nobler way of worship than the old profession; that kindled with ideals of a heaven on earth and of a reign of love in harmony with Nature's beauties and the prophesies of Art,—found just then and here unwonted comfort, courage, and expression in the strains of the divine composers, of which we were then getting the first visitations. It was as if our social globe, charged with the electricity of new divine ideas and longings, germs of a new era, were beginning to be haunted by ærreal gleams and flashes of strange melody and harmony. Young souls, resolved to keep their youth and to be true to themselves, felt a mysterious attraction to all this, though without culture musically. Persons not technically musical at all would feel the music as they felt the rhythm of the ocean rolling in upon the beach. They understood as little of the laws of one as of the other fascinating and prophetic mystery. Beethoven, above all, struck the key-note of the age; in his deep music, so profoundly human and heard, as in a sea shell, the murmur of a grander future. Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, found no more eager audience than among these "disciples of the newness"(as some sneeringly called them), these believing ones, who would, not have belief imposed upon them, who waited more for life than doctrine and creed. Music was a prime necessity of heart and soul to make life *genial*. This was to them "music of the future," in a more deep and real sense than any Wagner of these later times has been inspired to write.

All this is to be sure, does not prove us to be a "musical people." It does prove that the great music, into which great, earnest men like Beethoven breathed the secret of their lives, has a magnetic, quick affinity, with the great thought and impulses beginning at that time to renew religion, politics, society, and the whole spirit and complexion of life in this country. While the adroit fetish authorities and creeds came this instinctive feeling for Art, as for a tangible assurance of the essential "substance of things hoped for." The æsthetic instinct works in us (to music's touch more quickly than to any other) to save this radicalism from sheer discomfortable, boisterous, quarrelsome negation, from the rude, antagonistic, and destructive attitude, from that hard, dry killing *prose* of life, unquickening, discouraging, conceited, overbearing, which is of the very essence of atheism, and overturns the altars of the old religions only to worship self and the almighty dollar. True radicalism is positive, affirmative, not negative; a seeker of agreement, unity, and not of difference; a puller down of only what obstructs the rising of a more divine and universal temple. Resenting imposition and authority, it has respect for all sincere beliefs, and loves to find the truth there is or ever was in each. Now much of that transcendental radicalism was of this true and natural kind, naturally found a reconciling, saving grace in Art; in music, most of all, as the most fluid, subtile, sympathetic of the arts; the Christian, modern, youngest art, which weaving air in motion into forms immortal, best illustrates life's perpetual *becoming*, and does not entail a milestone of arrested progress, the act which, while it is infinitely expressive and suggestive, does not limit to precise interpretations, to mere word meanings; or too inquisitive *thought* meanings does not tie us down to definitions.

We were but babes in music, doubtless, and capable of little scientific understanding of the works we heard with rapture. Shall it be said, then, that this love was mostly affectation, or illusion? What was the so great need of understanding? Are great poems written, are great pictures painted, were the old cathedrals planned and reared, only for those who have themselves the knowledge and the power to do the like? The picture in the window which all passers stop to see was not made solely or mainly for professional enjoyment, but for men laymen also, ignorant of the art that made it, yet open, it may be, to the full influence and beauty of

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the thing made. Is nature spread out only for astronomers and physicists and chemists, or to rejoice and raise, refine and harmonize, the unscientific heart and soul of you and me? The least instructed of us may like the greatest kind of music, for the same reason that he likes the greatest kind of man; for the same reason that we enjoy real poetry more than that weak and commonplace, or find ourselves happier with Shakspere than with Tupper. May not a community which prefers an Emerson for its lectures be credited with all sincerity in choosing to sit under the influence of Beethoven rather than of Verdi, finding itself more warmed thereby? And if you are personally attracted to a fine, deep, genial nature, rather than to a shallower creature of convention, why should you not be to the same kind of more finely developed, deeper natures put their very lives? It is not our own fault, surely, if we find that we love Mozart, as we love Raphael or Shakspere, and turn to such when we most need strengthening refreshment, while we should be simply bored by miscellaneous concerts, potpourris on the hackneyed sentimentalities, or flash fancies of third and fourth rate composers. And if a man insist that this is all sheer self-illusion, and that we really do not like the thing we think we do, of what use can it be to argue with him? Friend, be you true to your love, as we too would be true to ours! We will not quarrel.

(To be continued).

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

We abridge as follows from the *Brighton Guardian*:—

"A fashionable and numerous audience assembled in the Dome on Tuesday night to hear the Grand Amateur Concert, on behalf of the funds of the International Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in the War. The performances were in every way successful, the gratification of the audience was evident, the encores were numerous and the applause hearty and continuous. The amateurs who sang were Miss Harriet Young, Miss Hurlock, Mrs. Walrond Clark, Mr Sutherland, and Mr. Whitworth Jones."

"The only appearance in Brighton this season of Mdme. Adelina Patti will take place at an evening concert in the Dome on Thursday, October 6th. The notice given has been short; but the presence of the enchanting Marquise in England is due only to the war, and the concert has been hastily organized. Mdme. Patti has supporters worthy of her talent—including Mdlle. Dravill, Signor Urio, Signor Delle Sedie, Signor Zoboli, and Signor Felli."

"On Thursday evening Signor Mario sang at Brighton, on his farewell tour, the occasion being the benefit concert of Mr. Walter Newport, conductor of the Brighton and Sussex Choral Association. The claims of Mr. Newport to public support, the attraction of a new singer, and from the great Italian singer and the return to a Brighton platform, after a very long absence, of Signor Sivori, brought together a full audience. Refugee Royalty was there in the person of the ex-Queen of Spain, who sat in one of the inner rows of the stalls clad in a neutral-coloured dress and wearing a hat of the 'brigand' shape that was fashionable a short time back, the Bourbon lady being accompanied by her son, the Prince of the Asturias, and by some ladies of her suite. Mario was rather disappointing in that he was suffering from an evident hoarseness. The malady, though slight, was enough to prevent him from doing himself justice. Still he was Mario. It was a treat to listen to the *style* in which he sang the well-known *Favorita* air, 'Spirto gentil.' Great artists are always great, even in their decadence, and Mario is great now. It would be difficult to match the vocal tenderness he threw into the duet from the *Traviata* ('Parigi e cara') and from the *Trovatore* ('Si la stanchezza') —the one sung with Mdlle. Liebhart and the other with Mdlle. Enriquez. Signor Mario's second solo was a new ballad by Mr. Walter Maynard, 'Deep in my heart there dwells.' The melody is not very striking, though graceful and flowing, and Signor Mario sang it with a restraint that probably arose from want of acquaintance with the music and the words. It is well known, however, that Mario's singing of English ballads is almost a triumph for a born and bred Italian. Those who heard him on Thursday night will for long have a vivid remembrance of his great natural gifts and his exquisitely finished accomplishments. Signor Sivori made a capital impression on his re-appearance. His playing has still great individuality—a saying which must not be at all taken as implying mannerism. No wonder, therefore, that the audience should have become enthusiastic in applauding Signor Sivori's brilliant efforts, and should unanimously recall him to the platform. Signor Sivori was accompanied on the pianoforte in each of his selections by the Chevalier de Kontski, who also played three solos. Mdlle. Liebhart was in excellent voice, and had, consequently, the highest possible measure of success. Mdlle. Enriquez is a graceful singer, with a rich and sympathetic voice. She had the hearty recognition that is due to her talents. The choral performances were hardly equal to the standard hitherto taken by the association."

"The Military Promenade Concerts at the Pavilion have been resumed with great success, in both the social and musical sense. The band of the Inniskillens is a capital one, and is ably handled by the present bandmaster, Mr. H. Murray. An unusually large and fashionable audience assembled, and great pleasure was evidently derived from the performance."

LEEDS.—The Gewandhaus Concerts recommence on Thursday, the 6th October.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Never did "old Drury" re-open under better auspices than on Saturday night. This house had been completely re-decorated, under the superintendence of Mr. C. J. Phipps and the white panels of the boxes, profusely ornamented with gold, presented a light gay appearance, the important work of the evening was a new version of Sir Walter Scott's *Kenilworth*, written by Mr. Andrew Halliday, and entitled *Amy Robsart*, constructed with a view to spectacular effect, and surrounded as it were with an historical halo, this is exactly the sort of piece that according to modern notions, is suitable to a large theatre. The day when it was universally believed that a genteel comedy could be properly performed on the spacious area of the old patent stage has long passed away, and yet there is a feeling that Drury Lane is to some extent deserved when employed for the production of mere melodrama. A clear discernment of these two facts has always accompanied the management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, but was never more clearly displayed than on Saturday night. He gave the public a grand historical pageant illustrating the times of "Good Queen Bess," and the public accepted it with acclamations.

The plot of the play we need not describe, based as it is on one of Sir Walter Scott's most favourite novels, with the termination so altered that Varney falls into the trap which he has contrived for the destruction of Amy Robsart—a modification to be found in a dramatic version of *Kenilworth*, familiar to playgoers of a former generation. Theatrical justice demands with inexorable rigour that on the stage, at least, villany shall be punished and innocence escape unharmed, and we doubt whether any amount of pageantry would induce a mixed audience to tolerate the murder of such a lovely and harmless being as the wife of the Earl of Leicester. The piece is divided into four acts,—the first of which, the least striking of all, takes place in and near Cumnor Hall, and exhibits the relative positions of Leicester, Amy Robsart, and Varney. The second brings us to the court of Queen Elizabeth, shown at its height of grandeur in the Palace of Greenwich, and terminates with the august lady's departure in her State barge, which floats magnificently on the misty Thames. The gorgeous revels at Kenilworth Castle, with the little unpleasantries by which they were diver-lified, occupy the third act; and perhaps nothing was ever put on the stage that could exceed in splendour the allegorical dances and tableaux contrived by Mr. J. Cormack to illustrate the description of Sir Walter Scott. A burst of applause from every part of the house followed the termination of this remarkable spectacle. Quite of an opposite character is the last act "sensational" in the strictest sense of the word and ending with the fall of Varney through the trap and the salvation of Amy. The suddenness with which this act concludes shows great tact on the part of the author. Directly Varney is in the moat and Amy upon her knees the curtain falls leaving the audience in admiration at the triumph of innocence. The title stops short with effective abruptness. Altogether Mr Halliday has done his task well. Not a scene comes to a weak termination, and every act ends with effect.

The appearance of Mr. W. Beverley, the discipline established by Mr. Edward Stirling, stage manager, the costumes founded on historical authority, and the music of Mr. Lovey, contribute to the success of the piece. The character of Amy Robsart, with its mixture of pride and gentleness is well exhibited, and perhaps Miss Neilson never displayed greater force of discrimination than in her presentation of this ill-starred lady. If Miss Fanny Addison does not make Elizabeth "every inch" a queen, she gives a capital picture of feminine shrewdness and vanity lifelike throughout. Michael Lamb orne, always intoxicated or on the high road to intoxication, is played with much fulness of colour by Mr. Brittain Wright; Tres ilian, the virtuous man of the story, does not very well suit Mr. Morton Tavers; Mr. T. King's Varney is a villain of the accepted type, and Mr. J. B. Howard a somewhat overweighted Earl of Leicester. The short part of Sir Walter Raleigh is played with ease by Mr Charles, and Phibbetigibbet becomes a creature of supernal acrobatic power through the agency of Mr. Fred. Vokes. All minor defects vanish in the magnificence of the whole which may be curtailed in the first and fourth acts, but of which the success cannot be doubted.

SCHWERIN.—In the Cathedral, where Mr. George Hepworth officiates as organist, a splendid new organ is in course of erection. It is from the workshops of the celebrated organ builder, Friedrich Ladegast in Weissenfels. It has 84 registers with 4 manuals and pedal. One particular feature is, the fact of there being a Crescendo and Decrescendo for all the registers.

BRUSSELS.—Herr von Flotow's new opera, *L'Ombre*, has been successfully produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. M Duprez's opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, is to be brought out shortly. The composer has already arrived for the purpose of superintending the rehearsals.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LYRE.—Allan Cunningham (father of the late Peter Cunningham), who wrote the ballad, "A wet sheet and a flowing sail." Charles Dibdin, who wrote "Tom Bowling," was educated for the Church, and hardly knew the stem of a ship from the "starn."

MARTIN HOLD.—George Gascoigne was one of those authors whom Gabriel Harvey (1578) found in the library of a maid of honour. The others were "Chancer and Surrey, with some medical authors." Gascoigne, besides other things, was chief amatory poet of his day, and yet, twenty years after death, was regarded as "author of an antique and obsolete school of poetry." He got more censure (in the modern meaning of that word) for his erotic effusions than he cared to bear when he grew older. Even the maids of honour, when married and sober, were as ashamed of him as old ladies at the end of the last century of having read Aphra Behn in their youth. Gascoigne met their humour, and published his love verses in a purified form, with a 'dedicatory' to certain reverend divines. It is as if Moore had released "Little," with a devout sense given to them, or altered *Fanny of Timmol* for the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

SAMUEL TOPER TABLE.—In Mr. Lane's edition of Charles Kemble's Plays of Shakspere there is a word in *Hamlet* which admits of dispute. To the king's question, "What do you call the play?" Hamlet replies, "The Mouse Trap!" "Marry, how? *Tropically.*" In Mr. Dyce's edition, it is "Tropically." The text is not referred to by Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. "Tropically" is defended as meaning that "Mouse Trap" is a trope—a figure of speech for something whereby the king or his conscience was to be caught. But where has Hamlet elsewhere converted, in such barbarous fashion, a noun into an adverb? Charles Kemble, we suppose, used "trapically," unless it be a misprint; and Mr. Bellew used the same word in his recent reading, uttering it as if "trapically" had good punning reference to "Mouse Trap." May not the original word have been "*trapically*"?—with the implication that though the title be comic, there is solemn earnest in the drama. It was as easy for the player as the printer to hurriedly make a mistake in the word. Charles Kemble himself once set a country theatre in a roar, when, in *Shylock*, instead of exclaiming "Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?" he screamed forth in that piping voice which unfitted him for much of the business he undertook on the stage,—"Shall I lay surgery upon my poll?"

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1870.

A SECOND HOLIDAY LEADER.

MY Editor permitted the Dolgelly article of last week to go in, suppressing nothing but his own retort. He is nodding at his post, beyond a doubt—even Homer nodded—and I am free. Query—Ought I to congratulate myself? "There is no more dangerous gift than freedom," say wise men. What if, after all, I am allowed the proverbial "rope enough" for the making easy a disagreeable operation which is also proverbial? I repudiate the idea, but shall be cautious.

In one special liberty I rejoice with exceeding joy. To me, a holiday-maker, the great world of music is nothing. I am supposed to know nought about it; and, though ignorance is often a qualification for the instruction of others, am expected to hold my tongue concerning all musical beings, doings, and sufferings. Gladly I accept the position. Let clique exterminate clique, and inaugurate the reign of "Chaos and old Night," I may pick blackberries from the Welsh hedgerows, and indite pastorals to my Editor. By the way, these mountain blackberries are not good, a fact at which I many times grieved, and only once rejoiced. Let me show the cause and circumstances of that rejoicing. Does any reader know Tan-y-groes Inn, on the road from Dolgelly to Festiniog? If so, he will understand how, after long tramping on dusty roads (and a proportionate refreshment), I could sit dreamily gazing through the homely latticed window at the beautiful picture below. The sounds of the place were in harmony with its sights. An old lady talked Welsh in the kitchen; a river tumbled down the ravine; Evan Rees's bees were buzzing among the gorse flowers; and a robin sang cheerily in the ash tree opposite. This was perfection; but alas! when perfection is caught, it disappears like a soap-bubble. There was a noise of feet in the road, and voices uttered words not Welsh; Heaven help me! There was more,—the unmistakable harmony of an unmistakable German band. I rushed from the place. An hour after those wretched Teutons—may the Fatherland claim them—were seen eating blackberries ravenously; and I rejoiced. The fruit was astonishingly sour, and German bandsmen, I suppose, have stomachs like ourselves.

From foreign to native out-door music is a transition so natural that even a lazy holiday writer can make it with ease. The ear-worn Londoner notices, gratefully, that very little of either assails him; while such as may be called native is seldom Welsh. Popular fancy in England depicts the "descendants of the Ancient Britons" as incessantly singing or harping, or whistling their ancient melodies. Popular fancy is wrong. Dolgelly, at all events, scouts the native lays; though Harlech is not far off, and Aberdovey is within easy reach, neither the "Men" of the one, nor the "Bells" of the other, will Dolgelly countenance; while it tolerates a dreadful old fellow who drones psalm-tunes to the accompaniment of a concertina; encourages Sunday school ditties of a "ranting" tendency; and is, by way of variety, much given to whistling "Wait for the turn of the tide, my boys." These be serious things for the supporters of Eisteddfodau to contemplate. Is the national sentiment decaying? Do the Welsh people care no longer for minstrelsy they have doomed to extinction along with the triple harp? I cannot answer these questions, but I know that the intensely Welsh county of Merioneth sings the lays of the Sassenach, when it sings at all. But I may be hurrying to false conclusions. There was an Eisteddfod at Dolgelly some weeks ago, and Miss Edith Wynne is quite competent to put the natives "out of conceit" with their own rendering of their own airs.

Some kinds of Welsh music—and those the best—will never die, nor even be affected by changing fashion. The music of trickling streams and of thundering torrents; the music of the wind as it rushes down ravines, and round weather-beaten hills; the music of the shepherd's voice far up the mountain, and of the sheep dog's responsive bark. These things remain, and while they remain there need be no lack of topics for a holiday "leader."

VIENNA.—The Beethoven Centenary Festival will commence on the 16th December next. The following is the programme:—Friday, the 16th December, *Fidelio*; Saturday, the 17th, afternoon, in the rooms of the Society of the Friends of Music, grand concert, comprising:—Prologue, Ninth Symphony; Playing by Madame Schumann and Madame Gompertz—Betrothing; Sunday, the 18th, morning, in the same locality, *Missa Solemnis;* evening, grand tanqnet; Monday, the 19th, morning, in the same locality, Concert of Chamber Music; evening, at the Imperial Theatre, *Egmont*.—Among the Beethoven MSS. in the library of the Society of the Friends of Music, there is the fragments of a Violin Concerto with orchestra accompaniment. The introductory movement is completed, and a large part of the *Allegro*; quite enough, in fact—at least so say competent judges, or those who consider themselves as such, to give an idea what was the plan of the whole work. Acting upon this suggestion, Herr Hellmsberger intends completing this torso and then having it performed. Herr Hellmsberger is a clever man, and might, so thinks the humble paragraphist who pens these lines, employ himself more profitably and more—sensibly. If Herr Hellmsberger wants a new pair of shoes—the said paragraphist is now indulging in a little sportive allegory—let him have a new pair, but whatever he does let him not attempt to step into a pair of Beethoven's. He would find them horribly too big for him.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

At the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert this day the Beethoven symphony is to be the No. 1, and Mr. Hallé is to play the pianoforte-concerto, No. 4 (G major). Among other good things we are also promised the *Overtura di Ballo* of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, recently produced at the Birmingham Festival, for which it was expressly composed.

It occurred to the original genius of Ebenezer Laycock, keeper of the now notorious Hotham Street dancing saloon, that he might be able to hide from the lynx-eyed law the liberal exhibition of fair bosoms, by marshalling them behind some busts of Shakspere; that he might make the delights of the not too cumbrously draped Terpsichore edifying, by linking them to the raptures of the chaste Shakesperean muse, in the form of *Shakspercan Readings*. But this desire to familiarize the masses with the world's great teacher has not been appreciated. Ebenezer Laycock has been fined forty shillings and costs.

Daniel Defoe's *Review*, which appeared with unvarying regularity three times a week for nine years, was the first newspaper England ever had. Antecedent to Addison and Steele's *brochures*, and in price one penny, it anticipated in most of its essential details the penny journals of to-day. We wonder how few persons know that Defoe was the original editor of the now prosperous Conservative newspaper in Scotland—the *Edinburgh Courant!* The literary influence which Defoe has exercised is scarcely less great than his influence as a social reformer. If we seek the source of the modern school of realistic word-painting, it is to *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Plague of London* that we shall find it.

Dryden has said that in Charles the Second's time two plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspere. This, however, is disproved by the record of what *was* played, and by the book of Downes, the prompter, which shows that *Hamlet* brought more profit to the house and reputation to the players than any piece by any other author. But if Dryden had said that, not after the Restoration, but before the Revolution, Shakspere's plays had ceased to attract full houses, he would have said what cannot be denied, but can be easily accounted for. Shirley wrote *The Sisters* and *The Brothers*. The former was produced fifteen years after the latter, in 1641. In the prologue to *The Sisters* there are these lines:—

> "You see
> What audience we have; what company
> To Shakspere comes, whose pirth earth did once beguile
> Dull hours; and, buskin'd, make s'en sorrow smile;
> So lovely were the wounds that men would say
> They could endure the bleeding a whole day;
> *He* has but few friends lately."

The reason why Shakspere, and Shirley too, had thin audiences is clear. In 1641 men were engaged, not with the poetry of the past or present, but with the passion and politics of the hour. The Courts of Lincoln's Inn and the Temple were echoing with assertions of Liberty. The London apprentices were flashing angry torches in the eyes of Laud, at Lambeth Palace. The North was in the hands of Scotsmen. The South was a-blaze with the abolition of Episcopacy; and in London had just commenced the Long Parliament which the king could not control, and the king's master only could suppress. In short, the hurricane was then heard which shook the king from his throne, audiences from the theatre, actors from the stage, and for a time silenced the voices of dramatic poets. But the stage rose again with the monarchy, and Shakspere recovered his pre-eminence. Dryden, nevertheless, talked a quantity of nonsense about Shakspere.

It is all up with Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. The critic of *Freeman's Journal* has spoken, and this is a portion of his utterance:—

> "We always dread this opera, because it has no real merit. The author took good care that all his hits should be endorsed by good names, as every part has to be filled by a great vocalist, and if we were to judge the composer by the performers, of course all should be praise; but, with true genius ringing in our ears, we have only to say that after those things which we have been permitted to hear from Mozart, Donizetti, and Bellini, we can only regard the performance of last evening as mere vocal declamation, in which no doubt, there was great merit. We hope the reproducing of *Les Huguenots* will be only in times to come, when it shall be given as an illustration of the follies of our ancestors and of those things for which we cannot account when 'The Prodigal Son' (the public) left their father's house to feed on the husks of swine."

Of course we accept the sentence, and bid a long farewell to poor Meyerbeer's master-piece, which never again can hope to see the gas light. But we will have our revenge. We may not question *Freeman's* opinion, nor resist his power, but his English—ha! ha! *Freeman* hopes "the reproducing of *Les Huguenots* will be only in times to come." Delicious! What other "times" are available? *Freeman* hopes, moreover, that it will only be given as illustrating "those things for which we cannot account when 'The Prodigal Son' (the public) left their father's house to feed on the husks of swine." O, unparalleled sentence! What does "those things • • • when" mean, learned reader? Who is the public's father? How is "The Prodigal Son" a plurality. Bravo! *Freeman* try again; but spare us our bad operas, and abolish bad writing.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(From a Rambling Correspondent.)

Opera in Germany, except in Austria, is now but little heard. Sunday is the principal day for the performance of the lyric drama. The two other days have national in their expression are chiefly given. In Vienna the Stuttgard tenor, Herr Heinrich Sonnh-im, and the Berlin tenor, Herr Wachtel, have been starring. There is an excellent local tenor in Herr Wath-n, who is not, however, such a powerful singer as either Sontheim or Wachtel, both of whom, like Duprez and Tamberlik, have any number of high cheek C's at command. Mr. Adams, the English tenor who sang at Covent Garden Theatre, has left Vienna. Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged at Vienna. In Berlin the Operahouse frequenters are anxiously waiting for the return of Pauline Lucca, who is now to Bonk-Mouscou (France) to nurse her wounded husband, the Baron Von Rohden. Frau Harriers-Wippern and Fräulein Lehmann are the leading *prime donne*. The former is known in London; the latter is likely to find her way there—she can act as well as sing. There is a Swedish tenor, Herr Arnold-en, who has made a favourable impression in Berlin as Count Almaviva. Herr Niemann is, however, the great magnet of attraction; he is perhaps now the best declamatory tenor in Europe. Fräulein Muzell has appeared with success as Gabriel, in Kreutzer's *Das Nachtlager zu Granada*. Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* has been revived in Berlin, and is, of course, as a martial opera most liked. The soprano part was originally written for Jenny Lind, who was to have sung it in English at Drury Lane Theatre, but broke her engagement to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, for which a jury gave Mr. Bunn £2,500 damages. In the Prussian capital patriotic airs and part songs have been in the ascendant. Herr Taubert and Herr Eckert have composed national appeals; but the music of all this style of music is pitched in one key—there is a rawness which becomes monotonous. Heard from a marching regiment, some of the melodies are stirring enough. The old German repertory is unusually rich in national airs, and there is not a town in which a *kapellmeister* or director is to be found who is not contributing a new work; but the *Lied am Rhein* maintains its supremacy. *Was blasen die Trompeten* of Arndt (1813) is often heard, as, of course, *Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland*, also Arndt. Taubert's *Vorwärts Vorwärts* is exciting enough. Dr. F. Hiller's *Zur Wehre* is also a soldier's stimulant. As for the *Siegesmarsch*, the composition for the pianoforte are innumerable with names of all the localities where battles have been fought. Whilst music is thus brought to bear to stir up the nation, artists are at work night and day to produce prints of the feats of arms of the Germans. Portraits, photographic and otherwise, appear of all the generals, the royal ones in the ascendant, of course. But not the least curious of these art publications are the caricatures which are to be seen in the windows of every kind of shop in all the leading towns. Some of these prints are of a coarse kind, but the majority are sufficiently droll, and as they were published prior to the precipitate downfall of Imperialism in France, no particular objection could be made for the German humorists to present the Bonapartes in a ridiculous point of view, especially as the example had been set in Paris.

C. L. G.

Cologne, Sept. 17.

Württ.—Among the French wounded here was Colonel Parmentier, of the Engineers, husband of Therese Milanollo, once so well known as a virtuoso on the violin. The gallant officer is a distinguished writer on subjects connected with harmony and acoustics.

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G. F. HANDEL OR JOHN CASPAR KERL?

Whilst collecting materials for compiling a history of the most celebrated organ players and composers for that instrument of the 17th century, I perused as an authority Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, for references concerning that famous organist and composer John Caspar Kerl, and to my great delight I found a specimen of his superior style of writing in the form of a canzona.* It will be easily seen, when compared with the chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, "Egypt was glad when they departed," that the latter is quite identical with Kerl's canzona. In both compositions we find nearly the same number of bars, the same subject and counter subject, the same harmonies and modulations and both are written in the same key and in common time. The method of treating of the different parts is also corresponding with the exception that Handel's chorus is treated in dispersed harmony for the convenience of singing in parts whilst the canzona is composed in close harmony. The measures are now and then altered for the better adaptation of the words, for example, the canzona commences: [musical notation] and the chorus: [musical notation] The whole of Kerl's composition leaves not the slightest doubt but that it was composed as an instrumental piece for the organ, and that Handel has turned it into a vocal composition. It may not be generally known that John Caspar Kerl was a great performer and composer. Hawkins gives the following account of him:—

"Kerl was a native of Saxony and having in his early youth made great proficiency in music, was called to Vienna by the Archduke Leopold and appointed organist at his court, where discovering signs of an extraordinary genius"

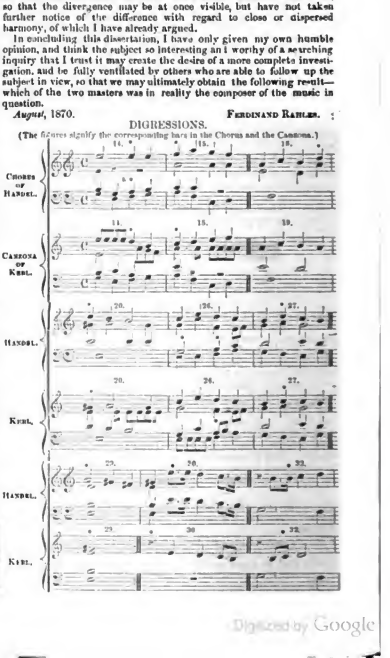
I subjoin to the preceding superficial narrative some more precise dates. He was born in 1625. In his earlier years he received instruction from Valentine, Chapelma-ter at the Court of Vienna. The Emperor Ferdinand the Third supported him afterwards, and at his expense he studied at Rome under the celebrated Carissimi. At the coronation of Leopold the Second at Frankfort he was invited to perform on the organ before the court. After a preludium in the grandest style, a subject written by the Emperor himself was handed to him, which he first treated as a fugue for two voices, then he worked it out for three and four voices, then formed it into a fugue for five voices with pedal *obbligato*, joined to it a contra subject, interchanging the time from common to triple time, and *vice versa*, interweaving the whole in a wonderful double fugue, so that the assemblage arose in raptures. A mass composed for the occasion charmed the Emperor so much (he having been highly skilled in the musical art), that he conferred upon him a knighthood. The Prince Elector and the Prince Palatine of Bavaria offered him the appointment as Chapelmaster, but he decided for the first one and entered his new position at Munich in 1658, where he composed for the Court Church a great number of beautiful compositions during the period of twenty years. Gerber relates the following incident:—Italian singers who had been engaged long before him at court and also for the church did not like the honest and strict German conductor; they intrigued against him whenever there was an opportunity, but he revenged himself in the following original way, by composing a very difficult piece, which they were obliged to sing publicly. They could not perform it, and breaking down, created laughter. Tired of provocations, he accepted the appointment as organist at the Cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna in 1677. However he must have returned again to Munich where he died 1690, and lies buried in the Church of St. Augustus. A monument of marble upon which three choral notes are engraved with the word "Seni" designates his resting place. The greatest number of his collected posthumous works are presented in the archives of the Court Church at Munich. The best known works are: Delectus sacr. cantionum; Six Masses; Toccatas and Suites for the Piano; Trios for the Gamba and Violins; Missa Nigra, so called because no semibreves nor minims are used in it, but only crotchets; Concerto for two Castrates (eunuchs); voices with basso continuo; Compendioso relazioni sopraal contrapunto; Two Kyrie; Two Masses for two choruses with organ, violins, and four trombones; a Requiem. His principal work is his, "Modulatio Organico super magnificat," engraved and printed in folio, Munich, 1687.

Returning to the question who was the composer of the chorus in *Israel in Egypt*? I add to the already made comparisons the following arguments:—Kerl was born 1625 and died 1690. Handel was born 1684 and died 1759. The latter must have been only a child 6 years of age at the death of Kerl.—Handel composed *Israel in Egypt* in 1738 then in his 54th year and therefore 48 years after the death of Kerl. If the canzona of Kerl in Sir John Hawkins' *History* is a genuine specimen of his writing, which, I for my part believe it to be, we must come to the conclusion that the chorus, "Egypt was glad," so fine a composition as it is, is a *plagiarism*, and it is well known, notwithstanding the inaccessible position our immortal Handel occupies, that he sometimes used the motifs of others in his own compositions and that is the case with this canzona. That he knew Kerl's compositions and acknowledged his talent, we may be sure of. It has been said of Handel, and very truly, that whatever he appropriated, he made perfect, and his sound judgment must have easily detected the quality of gold he selected, which he purified and refined in his mental crucible for his own use. But what is most surprising is, how the words suit the music, whilst the character of them is preserved throughout. And again comparing the chorus with the canzona, we find, as already mentioned in the beginning of this review, that the length and brevity of the notes are altered when required for the words (text) also the use of rests when necessary for the same purpose throughout the whole chorus; and so skilfully is it done, so fluently are words and music combined, that the chorus may be designated as a masterpiece. To the question, we may safely rely upon it that the canzona is a genuine specimen of Kerl's composition as given in Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*. I further-more remark that Hawkins became in possession of the musical treasures and manuscripts of Dr. Pepusch not immediately after his demise, but later, as he bequeathed them to his intimate friends, Travers and Kelner, and no doubt this collection contained compositions of John Casper Kerl, as it is generally known that Sir John Hawkins replenished his great work with materials from Dr. Pepusch's collection. For better comparing the digressions in the two compositions I extracted and have numbered the bars and marked them with a-teriaks, so that the divergence may be at once visible, but I have not taken further notice of the difference with regard to close or dispersed harmony, of which I have already argued.

In concluding this dissertation, I have only given my own humble opinion, and think the subject so interesting an i worthy of a searching inquiry that I trust it may create the desire of a more complete investigation, and be fully ventillated by others who are able to follow up the subject in view, so that we may ultimately obtain the following result—which of the two masters was in reality the composer of the music in question.

August, 1870. FERDINAND RAHLES.

DIGRESSIONS.

(The figures signify the corresponding bars in the Chorus and the Canzona.)

* In Sir John Hawkins's original edition, Vol. IV., page 97, and in Novello's reprinted edition, Vol. II., page 507.

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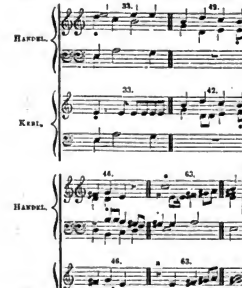
AMERICA.

(From a Special Correspondent.) New York, *Sept.* 16.

"She is Come."

Such is the heading given by more than one morning paper here to articles upon the advent of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. I am pretty sure that not one of the writers ever heard her, and yet they are all wild with enthusiasm. Isn't it strange? The eternal "interviewers" boarded the vessel which brought over the fair Swede as a matter of course, and immediately sought her presence; but were introduced instead to the portly and genial Jarrett, whose impenetrable countenance boded no good. The more experienced added up the amount of intelligence likely to be got out of him, and set down "nothing." Still he smiled blandly, took out his snuff-box, and looked complacently around. "Miss Nilsson suffered much from sea-sickness?" asked one. "More or less," said Jarrett. "Miss Nilsson afraid of the sea?" enquired another?" "More or less" replied the smiling manager. "Christine's voice all right?" demanded a third. "Better, if possible, than when we started," responded Jarrett, murmuring something mysterious, in which the words "sea-air," "bracing," "throat," were alone intelligible, while he waved his hand about as though endeavouring to illustrate something. Can we have the pleasure of seeing Miss Nilsson?" asked the chorus of interviewers? "By all means," responded the obliging Jarrett, and the whole party descended to seek the lady in the saloon; but lo! the bird had flown! (she was indeed the first to leave the vessel). Never did a man *look* more disappointed than Jarrett. The interviewers retiring with note-books, blank as their faces, made for the nearest groggery, determined, if possible, to make what they could not find, and judging by their next-morning accounts, succeeded perfectly.

That Mdlle. Nilsson is going to have a very great success here, I have every reason to believe. There is certainly a prevalent feeling that she might have been more attractively supported. Vieuxtemps is the only really great name beside hers, and he, I need scarcely say does not belong to that "sensational" class of violinists most admired in America. Ole Bull is still the reigning favourite here, though no longer followed in Europe. Mr. Wehli is held in some estimation as a "brilliant" pianist in New York, but can scarcely be called an attraction. M. Verger, the French baritone, is quite unknown in this part of the world. Mdlle. Carl, the contralto, is an American singer of no very great repute, and Beignoli, who has resided many years in the United States, is nearly "played out." Nevertheless, the prospects are excellent, and whatever success may attend the enterprise, will be entirely due to Mdlle. Nilsson, aided by the management of Max Strakosch, and the intricate Henry Jarrett.

The wire-pullers have got hold of the press completely, from the *Herald* downwards or upwards, and everything seems to portend a brilliant, financial result. Some of the musical articles will be quite wonderful. I will send you a few choice specimens. There will be for the New York concerts, at least—what is termed here a "grand orchestra," under the experienced and able direction of Max Maretzek, one of the best conductors and genial artists in America, and Mr. Wehli is to officiate as pianoforte accompanist as well as soloist throughout the tour. The programme of the first concert at Steinway Hall is not yet published, although the inaugurative performance takes place in three days—that is, on Monday, September 19th. The magic name of Nilsson is to do everything, I presume. The much-prized young artist had to undergo the operation of a serenade last evening.

The following account of it is from the *New York Tribune*:—

"A grand complimentary serenade was tendered last evening to Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, by her countrymen, the Swedes and Scandinavians of this city. Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Nilsson dined with Prof. Dorenus and wife at the Clarendon Hotel, and later in the day sang a few Swedish airs, which those who listened to say were extremely touching. In the evening, she was the guest of Prof. Dorenus, at whose residence the serenade was offered. At about 11 o'clock, a procession, consisting mostly of Swedes, with a slight sprinkling of Danes and Norwegians, formed at Germania Hall, on Third Avenue, and marched 800 strong, each with a Chinese lantern, to the residence of the Professor, and entering the gate soon filled the garden. An immense number of people lined the sidewalks of the Fourth Avenue and obstructed the road, and the services of a large number of policemen were required to keep a path clear for the fresh arrivals. Within the house a proportionately large number gathered to pay their respects to Nilsson.

"The garden front of the house presented a beautiful and picturesque sight. Hundreds of coloured lanterns threw their light over the grounds, and illuminated the dark retreats and rural resting-places beneath the large trees. Banners, with the names of Nilsson and Jenny Lind, formed an arch over the front entrance, while behind it were the national colour—blue and yellow—of Sweden. Mademoiselle Nilsson appeared to be considerably affected at the display, and replied to a question of a friend if she did not feel gratified at this mark of affection, 'Ah! indeed I do; it makes my heart palpitate.' At this juncture she was waited upon by a committee from the company.

"Mr. Björkstrand addressed her in Swedish as follows:—'Mademoiselle Nilsson, we are delighted to meet you on the occasion of your first visit to America, and desire to express our heartfelt thanks that we have had an opportunity to greet our honoured countrywoman. We hope you will consider that every man has a personal esteem for you, and greets you most cordially through the Committee.' To which Mademoiselle responded in a sweet, unaffected manner:—'My countrymen, I hold and shall ever carry Sweden in my heart. I am glad to thank you for all this kind honour, and would have you tell each one that I thank him personally. My heart is very full.'

"The Committee then escorted Mademoiselle Nilsson to an upper window, and retired a little to allow her a place alone, where her beautiful face could be seen by the hundreds below. She was dressed in book muslin, flounced, with a blue silk overskirt and tulle ruches. As she sat at the window, with an elegant, brilliantly-coloured shawl thrown carelessly about her shoulders, and a white cloud over her head, though drawn back sufficiently to reveal the dark (?) eyes and pleasant, though decisive face, the crowd below cheered tumultuously, again and again; and the band, as soon as the noise subsided, commenced 'Reminiscences,' from Flyerberg. Among the beautiful pieces played was the 'Christallen den Finn,' a Swedish national air, containing the first song that Nilsson ever sang. At the conclusion of the serenade, the procession paraded before the singer, enthusiastic cheers were given, and the company separated."

Michael Angelo Ormolished.

I wish to say one word about Michael Angelo Buonarotti. I used to worship the mighty genius of Michael Angelo—that man who was great in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture—great in everything he undertook. But I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—nor tea—for supper—for between meals. I like a change occasionally. In Genoa he designed everything; in Milan he or his pupils designed everything; he designed the Lake of Como; in Padua, Verona, Venice, Bologna, who did we ever hear of, from guides, but Michael Angelo? In Florence he painted everything, designed everything, nearly, and what he did not design he need to sit on a favourite stone and look at, and they showed us the stone. In Pisa he designed everything but the old shot tower, and they would have attributed that to him if it had not been so awfully out of the perpendicular. He designed the piers of Leghorn and the custom-house reputations of Civita Vecchia. But Rome—here it is frightful. He designed St. Peter's; he designed the Pope; he designed the Pantheon, the uniform of the Pope's soldiers, the Tiber, the Vatican, the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, the Barberini Palace, St. John Lateran, the Campagna, the Appian Way, the Seven Hills, the Baths of Caracalla, the Claudian Aqueduct, the Cloaca Maxima—the eternal bore designed the Eternal City, and unless all men and books do lie, he painted everything in it! Dan said the other day to the guide, "Enough, enough, enough! Say no more! Lump the whole thing! say that the Creator made Italy from designs by Michael Angelo!" I never felt so fervently thankful, so soothed, so tranquil, so filled with a blessed peace, as I did yesterday, when I learned that Michael Angelo was dead. Mark Twain.

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Adulteration of Food.

The following is an abstract of a paper read at the Social Science Congress, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on "Legislation to Prevent Adulteration of Food and Drink," by Mr. Phillips Bevan, F.R.G.S.:—

Although it is one of our most important social questions, the apathy and ignorance of the public on the subject of adulteration is astonishing. Any person thinks that all others are mortal except himself, so he imagines adulteration affects any class but his own; and although we acknewledge its prevalence, and cry shame when we read of any particularly bad case, the sensation is but momentary, and we go on our way as before. What is adulteration, and what does it mean? It means the lowering of the *physique* of the nation, the poisoning of the people, the deterioration of our constitution; and, morally, a fraud practised by the seller on the buyer, a cheating to which we have become so callous that it has hardened our conscience for honesty in silver and bigger things. The great difficulty in dealing with it is, that the Government is so slow to move; and even men in high places practically defend it, by declaring that it is not so bad as it might be; that the buyer must look to himself, and so on. It is also a very common argument that people bring adulteration on themselves by buying such very cheap articles; so cheap, that they cannot be good for the money. But they do so in ignorance; and if the seller were compelled to label the goods with the names of the real ingredients, such as "best butter mixed with starch, mashed potatoes, and horse bone oil;" "coffee, with bread-crumbs and sand;" "tea, with iron filings;" "sugar, with chromate of lead;" "beer, with salt and cocculus indicus;" it is not the least likely that their cheapness would tempt the buyer; and, if a certainty of detection and punishment followed, we should find that the sellers would think twice before they offered such articles. A stronger that, in all our sanitary machinery, the food question and its purity have been so overlooked; but pure food is as necessary as pure air, good drainage, or wholesome water; and it ought not to be left to the philanthropist to remedy the evil, with the tolerable certainty that he will only get snubbed for his pains. It is a governmental question, as important as that of education or the Irish Church; and it ought not to be the duty of a private member of the House of Commons to bring in a bill.

With a view to arouse public interest, in conjunction with Messrs. J M. Johnson & Sons, of Castle Street, Holborn, in February last I established the *Food Journal*, feeling that there was a great want of some public organ to discuss these matters; and so convinced was I that no bill could properly be passed without the knowledge of the legislation which prevailed in other countries, that the late Earl of Clarendon was important so that of education, address the various British legations and consulates abroad on the subject. His Lordship not only gave that permission, but evinced his great interest in the matter by requesting that a circular should be drawn up, embodying all the inquiries on food matters that I was desirous to make. A thousand of these were accordingly issued through the Foreign Office; and Earl Granville, who has taken up the subject in the same warm and earnest spirit as evinced by his predecessor, has forwarded for publication in the *Food Journal* a mass of valuable information, which has never before reached this country. In detail even an epitome of these answers would take up far too much of the time of this meeting. I will, therefore, only briefly touch on some of the main points of the question of the circular, viz., "What legislative enactments at present exist in the country to which you are accredited respecting the adulteration of food and drink? Are these laws actively enforced; and how far do they appear to meet the evil?" Very valuable information comes to us from the United States, in Mr. Thornton's report; which adverts to the difficulty of getting systematic information, even through the well-arranged machinery of official correspondence. The State legislation varies very much in the different states, some possessing no legislation at all, and others inflicting very severe penalties. Each state legislates independently; and, in so doing, often delegates the regulation of these matters to the various town or county authorities within their borders. As a general rule, the adulteration of alcoholic liquors is almost universal.

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The laws generally work well throughout the States, but all the reports show that there is generally a pretty high standard of reputation among the dealers, although it is at the same time true that the system of comprehensive laws, and the knowledge that they will be strictly enforced, tends to preserve this feeling.

The Prussian penal code provides that any person selling adulterated or spoiled goods shall be liable to a penalty of 50 dollars, or imprisonment for six weeks, with confiscation of goods. In these cases, it is not necessary that the seller be aware of the adulteration, for he is liable just the same. If death ensue, the seller is punished with death; but if only severe bodily injury, the penalty is imprisonment from ten up to twenty years. At Konigsberg there is an additional law respecting the sale of damaged meat, and particularly of pork containing *trichinæ*. At Leipsic the same regulations are in force, but the police are not active. At Hamburg, if any injury happens to the buyer, the seller is liable to be imprisoned for from three months to four years. In Holland, the Dutch law is very similar to the Code Napoleon, and inflicts a punishment of imprisonment for from six days to two years, with a fine of from 16 to 500 francs. The adulteration of bread with copperas or vitriol is dealt with by an imprisonment for from two to five years, and a fine of from 200 to 600 florins. Not only is punishment provided for people who mix ingredients for adulteration, but also for those who manufacture or sell the ingredients, knowing that they were to be used for adulteration.

Any fresh legislation on this subject should be compulsory in its character, and not permissive. All articles of consumption which are manufactured should have their ingredients declared, for there is a feeling prevalent amongst manufacturers, as, for instance, cocoa makers, that as long as their articles contain nothing hurtful, they are at liberty to call them by the generic name of cocoa. Still, a sophistication is, to a certain extent, a fraud, and every purchaser has a right to know what he is purchasing; and, although we might be safe in the hands of the largest and most respectable manufacturers, there is a considerable class of unprincipled makers who are not above taking advantage. Differences of opinion sometimes occur as to the relative hurtfulness of certain common adulterants; and an eminent authority has assured me that he had grave doubts as to whether alum was not a good thing instead of a bad one. I would suggest there should be a Food Sub-department formed, which should take cognizance of all food legislation and supplies. To it a board of two or three of the most eminent analytical chemists should be attached, who should examine and pronounce upon all disputed chemical questions, and whose opinion should be law. The sub-department should have the election of, and a certain amount of control over, the county; and analysts, whose appointment should be compulsory and not permissive; neither should it rest with vestries or corporations, many of the members of which are interly concerned in adulteration. Inspectors should have the power to visit and take samples from all dealers in food, subject to certain checks, so as to prevent any risk of tyrannical obnoxiliary visits. They should also have the power of testing the supplies furnished to public bodies, such as union contracts; for guardians have frequently a habit of accepting tenders for food at a price at which the real article cannot possibly be supplied; as a London Union Board did the other day in the case of butter. In cases where a petty dealer declares his ignorance that the goods which he sells are adulterated, I should make the onus of proving this fall upon him, and then it would be for the Food Commissioners to take the matter up, and prosecute the manufacturer. When adulteration takes place before importation, as in the case of the Maloo tea mixture, the department might well provide the machinery for setting consular and other influences to work to prevent it; and might also step in as the proper arbiter between conflicting interests. In this very case, a great fraud on the public was allowed to go unpunished, because the Customs could not legally forego the duty.

As to offences, when proved, I am no believer in either a very small or a very large fine; but I would have no sliding scale at the option of the magistrate. For the first offence, the penalty should be sufficient to make the offender smart in his pocket; for the second, I would double it, and have an *affiche* detailing the offence put outside his door, as also outside the door of the church, police-station, and town-hall, for a month. The case should also be advertised in the local papers at the offender's expense. For the third offence, there should be imprisonment for one month, with hard labour. Adulteration is either a fraud or it is not, and it should be punished like any other cheating.

Phillips Bevan, F.R.G.S.

[We make no apology for inserting the foregoing. Wholesome food is as much a desideratum for musicians as for any other member of the community.—Ed. *M. W.*]

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—May I ask the favour of you to convey the following notes to the reviewer of my "War and Patriotic Songs," published by Lonsdale, to avoid any misapprehension:—

No. 1. "The Sword in hand," by Mendelssohn, is not originally composed to the words; they have been adapted to the music, and is sung for some time ago as a patriotic song by many of our German choral societies.

No. 4. "The Fatherland's Call," by Mozart, is also sung as a patriotic song and the words adapted, dated from 1813.

I think it is in so far my duty to mention these facts for the purpose that these songs mentioned may not be considered as original composition, to the words.—Yours very truly,

September 26th. FERD. RAHLES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—In answer to your call for an explanation of the term applied to the winter series of concerts just commenced at Plymouth under my direction, I beg to say that it is my purpose to give two miscellaneous concerts, such as that of the 14th inst., and two oratorio concerts. To the former concerts the name "Philharmonic" is applicable, and to the latter the name "Oratorio."—I remain your obedient servant,

Plymouth, Sept. 27th. W. WINTERBOTTOM.

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HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

Handsome is that Handsome does is the title of a new comedy-drama in four acts, written by Mr. Tom Taylor, and produced at the Olympic Theatre. "Comedy-drama," we may note, is the designation now applied to works deficient alike in the wit of comedy and the interest of drama proper. Of "tragedy-drama" we have had as yet no experience, but no doubt our playwrights could produce farther hybrids if required.

The scene of the new play is laid in the valley of Easedale, and what is called "local colour" is often so heaped upon the canvas that all sense of proportion is lost. The story was probably devised as a means of bringing upon the stage like and mountain scenery, a representation of a tempest on the hills, a wrestling match in which real combatants are employed, an auction guide in which "oak falls" on imitation turf, and a flood of dialect that passes very well for Westmoreland, being unintelligible to the ears of a southern. In the mouths of certain of the performers this dialect now a stage-Irish, now a Cockney flavour, which does not affect its value or redeem its tediousness. Some half-dozen undergraduates, members of a Cambridge reading party, with their coach, Tom Turner, B.A., have arrived at Easedale valley, and secured lodgings at the farmhouse of Job Tyson, Butterlip Knowe University students are seldom treated with much respect on the stage, but in the present instance playwright and players portray them as habitually indulging in the antics of circus clowns and the horseplay of Sunday-night roughs on the Embankment. Joshua Gawthwaite, a Dale schoolmaster of mathematical learning, is employed by the undergraduates in their studies. Joshua is in love with Elsie Fleming, daughter of a Dalesman, but the maiden regards his suit coldly, and is moved to bestow her affections upon the Hon. Henry Cleveland, member of the reading party. Mr. Cleveland is a weak-headed young man, who wears a perpetual smile, and is uneasy in his deportment; but his love is honest and he is most anxious to make Elsie his wife. There are difficulties in the way, however, and the youth is bound to become the husband of Miss Florence Conway, ward of his father, Lord Claremont. Presently his lordship and Miss Conway arrive. The father, surprised and indignant that his son should contemplate marriage with one occupying an inferior social position, does what either noble fathers have done under similar circumstances—he explaining the case to Elsie, hinting at the prior engagement with Miss Conway and appealing to the village maiden to release her lover from his promises, and turn a deaf ear to his further wooing. Elsie following prescription as faithfully as his lordship, and undertaken to reject the suit of Mr. Cleveland. She continues, however, to receive from him letters written in "invisible" ink, and to send replies. Joshua Gawthwaite who intercepts the correspondence, does not scruple to read letters never intended for his eyes. He is only by the sudden intervention of Elsie hindered from flinging his rival down a precipice. The play is clumsily constructed, and the termination is arrived at with awkwardness. There is a storm and a mist upon the hills. A rock upon which Mr. Cleveland is seated is struck by lightning, and his life is in peril. He is saved, however, by Joshua. The characters then transfer their affections with rapidity. Mr. Cleveland discovers that he really loves Miss Conway, a young lady, who seems to have been introduced merely that her fashionable airs and graces might divert the audience during "carpenter's scenes." Elsie discovers that *she* really loves Joshua Gawthwaite, for the reason that his deeds are more handsome than the looks either of himself or of Mr. Cleveland. Upon these discoveries the curtain falls.

The play is overburdened with words though not with dramatic interest. It has obtained but a qualified success, the undergraduate and wrestling scenes encountering opposition from an audience otherwise friendly and uncritical. Mr. Compton has been engaged to play Gawthwaite, but it is to be hoped that more suitable occupation may be found for so excellent a comedian. Gawthwaite is but a kind of Westmoreland John Mildmay, with jokes from the comic Latin grammar. Sentiment there is none worth platitudes, heroic action there are not in Mr. Compton's way, though he does all he can with the part. The best sustained character is perhaps the Matthew Fleming of Mr. Belmore. Miss Rheinhardt was graceful as the heroine. The others hardly call for remark, being provided with but little chance of distinction.

—o—

To Musicians about to Marry.

Woman has at last stepped into the shoes of man. The "Married Women's Property Bill" is the instrument which has effected this mighty change. To enable our readers to clearly understand the full scope of this measure, we will sketch an outline of the procedure formerly pursued by persons about to marry, as regards property, and the process which will now be required. All our readers know that, up to the present Act, all property accruing to the wife after marriage became, with few exceptions, absolutely the property of the husband, and even the personal earnings of the wife might be seized by her husband for his own use and benefit. Among a very large portion of the population, especially the more educated classes, this tyrannous exercise of power was curbed by ante-nuptial settlements, which instruments secured to the wife such portions of any property coming to her after her marriage, as might be agreed on by the contracting parties. Thus amongst the upper ranks was the balance fairly adjusted, but among the lower and uneducated classes, where settlements were not made, wives often became the victims of the foulest injustice. To remedy this evil an Act was passed, enabling wives deserted by their husbands to obtain a protection order from the magistrate of the district to save her property from the rapacity of her husband. It is abundantly clear that the maxim, "there is no wrong for which the law does not supply a remedy," was not falsified in this instance.

Now let us see what advantages the "Married Women's Property Bill" will give us. The substance of the bill may be summed up thus: "All property accruing to the wife after her marriage, with a very obscure exception, including her earnings, is absolutely her property, and she may employ it for her own use and benefit as fancy may dictate." Now this in the abstract is all very good, but there are one or two considerations of equity which very much detract from the beauty of the picture. Thus, what is to make the wife give a fair portion of her income to the support of the family? Say a women inherits real estates to the value of ten thousand a year. Under the recent Act she can spend every penny of this sum upon herself, and then come upon her husband to pay all the housekeeping debts. Such being the case, what will be the remedy to save the husband from an extravagant, thoughtless, or wicked wife? Why, the same remedy as before. It will now be absolutely necessary for a man to insist upon an ante-nuptial settlement, so as to compel the wife to give a fair portion of her income to the support of the family. Thus it will be seen that the husband and wife have changed places. Whether the result of this important alteration in the relations of the two sexes will be for good or evil time alone will show.

Feloverse.

—o—

WAIFS.

Frau Harriers-Wippern has returned to the Berlin stage.

The Michaelmas term of the Royal Academy of Music has commenced.

M. Hingel, the eminent music publisher, has returned to Paris from Brussels.

Herr Hans von Bülow (late son-in-law of Abbé Liszt), is now in Florence.

Signor Petrella, now residing at Florence, is engaged in the composition of a new opera.

Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* has been revived in Vienna, Herr Wachtel appearing as Georges Brown.

Herr Eckert and Herr von Radecke have composed patriotic songs for the Operahouse at Berlin.

Miss Fanny Jarvis, the pianist, is now studying singing at Florence, with a view to her appearance in Opera.

A new organ, given by the Rev. Sir R. H. Jodrell, has been placed in the Church of Reepham St. Mary, Norfolk.

Lord Penrhyn has given £1,000 more (a third donation) towards the restoration of the choir of Bangor Cathedral.

Signor G. Lucchesi, the tenor, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera, is among the involuntary fugitives from Paris to London at this anxious period.

There is a new Italian tenor, Signor Cesena, who is studying German, and will make his *début* next month as Eleazar, in Halevy's *Juive*.

The professorship of the piano in the Milan Conservatoire is now vacant—salary, 2,000 lire. Applications may be made up to the 15th October.

The return of Pauline Lucca from Pont à Mousson, where she has been nursing her wounded husband, Baron von Rahden, is anxiously expected in Berlin.

Mr. Jefferson still draws crowded houses in the *Rip van Winkle* of Mr. Boucicault, at Booth's Theatre, New York. Our authority is Watson's *Art Journal*.

Mdlle. Lewitzsky, who sang at the Drury Lane Italian Operahouse last season, is engaged for St. Petersburgh, and will make her *début* as Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*.

Mdlle. Stelli, who sang *Lucia* recently at the Frankfort Theatre, is likely to be heard in this country. Fräulein Lohmann, of Berlin, may be another importation in due course.

Madame Adelina Patti, who has not left England since the close of the Italian Opera season, was to sing at the concert at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, yesterday, and is to sing again there to-day.

M. Henri Lütgen, the well-known violoncellist, of the late M. Jullien's Orchestra, has arrived in London. M. Lütgen was one of the instrumentalists who accompanied M. Jullien on his American tour.

The announcement of a new novel by Lord Lytton has excited a great demand for early sheets among American and, curiously enough, also amongst Dutch publishers. One American house is said to have offered £500 for them.

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The destruction of artistic and literary monuments at Strasburg and Toul has induced a protest from the five classes of the Institute of France, in view of the probable bombardment of the monuments, libraries, and museums of Paris. It is addressed to every academy in the world, and invites adhesion.

"There is a division" (says the *Athenæum*) "in the ranks of the disciples of the 'Music of the Future' in Germany, caused by the marriage of Herr Wagner with the daughter of Liszt, the divorced wife of Herr von Bülow, the pianist, symmetry on of Wagner's most devoted adherents. The first act of the third part of the *Nibelungen* is completed."

An accessory of dinner, of which the Russians are fond, is music. Every restaurant of any pretensions has a barrel organ to play during meals—a large, handsome instrument, generally occupying the whole of one end of the room, and from which is heard the rolling of the drum, the thundering of the kettle-drum, the clashing of the cymbal. Every popular new air is at once added to its repertory.

A correspondent from Brussels writes as follows:—

"Dupuy, the celebrated ex-tenor of the Italian Opera, is at Brussels, preparing the representation of his opera of *Jeanne d'Arc*. A cantata, *La dernière Nuit de Faust*, by M. Emile Mathieu, performed for the first time yesterday, has been well received. A new oratorio, music by Benoit and words by Kreutzhoff, entitled *Hymne à la Paix*, will be performed in about a fortnight at the Théâtre de la Monnaie; 200 singers and 400 musicians are to take part in it. Medle. Block will be contralto, Medle. Sass soprano, and Signor Aaisel baritone."

The Cunard steamer *Cuba*, Captain Moodie, which arrived at New York on the 14th instant, encountered fearful weather on the outward voyage, and although it was her first voyage across the Atlantic, Medle. Nilsson was to a certain extent free from sea sickness. A gentleman passenger on board, and who combines literary with commercial matters, in a letter to a friend at Liverpool says:—"As a gratifying mark of testimony of the respect and esteem in which Captain Moodie, the commander of the *Cuba*, is held, took place just before entering the harbour of New York, in the presentation of a purse to that gentleman, containing £50. It was handed to Captain Moodie by the Hon. J. H. Pendleton in a very excellent and appropriate speech in which he alluded to the unanimous feeling ever expressed by travellers in the *Cuba*, that a kinder or a more attentive commander to those under his care it was impossible to find; and it is not too much to say that Captain Moodie is one of the most esteemed and popular captains in the service." Although there is no details given of the voyage of the *Cuba* across the Atlantic yet private letters state that the ship encountered fearful weather but rode through it like a cork; that all on board were as comfortable as if in fine weather; and that even Medle. Nilsson herself was astonished at the easy transit across the Atlantic.

"It is understood"—says *Dwight*—"that the Handel and Haydn Society are making arrangements to give three or four oratorios with Medle. Nilsson in November, about Thanksgiving time. *What* oratorio, it is not yet decided, though there can be little doubt that among them will be *Elijah* and *Judas Maccabeus*.—Of course the old society will give the *Messiah* and something else at Christmas time; and then they will be preparing for their great Triennial Festival, which comes round next May. What noble new tasks this involves, we have not learned. The government had set their hearts strongly upon *Israel in Egypt*; which resolution, we trust, will remain firm, so that at last we may hear the whole of this great oratorio worthily presented. With all this extra work, we suppose we must be resigned to the postponement of the noblest plan of all, the bringing out of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, for still another year. But we would ask if it be not practicable, as well as in every way desirable, that one part of one of the Festival concerts should be devoted to a judicious series of selections from the Passion music;—say, just the selections which were studied last winter, and which interested most of the singers very deeply, to wit:—the opening chorus, *perhaps*; the chorus with tenor solo, 'O grief,' and 'I'll watch with my dear Jesu awa';' the thunder and lightning chorus, and by all means, the concluding chorus; by all means also, several of the unspeakably beautiful chorales;—these, interspersed with two or three of the fine solo airs, and scenes of wonderfully expressive recitative. Think of it, brethren, and think seriously."

Musical, dramatic, and other entertainments are not quite unusual on board the splendid mail steamers that cross the Atlantic with such regularity and success; but an entertainment which took place on board the Cunard steamer *Cuba*, on her recent trip to New York, seems somewhat unprecedented in character, and particularly happy in its result. A gentleman very well known in the best journalistic, theatrical, and social circles of London, was a passenger upon the voyage, and being an adept in the mysterious science of conjuring, as well as brimful of animal spirits, he was naturally led—if not to "set the table in a roar" (an achievement of which he is also capable at discretion)—at least to mesmerise the guests after dinner with some of his sleight-of-hand accomplishments. This brought down upon the adventurous performer a deputation of young and lovely girls, headed by the distinguished artist, Mdlle. Nilsson, who insisted in the most irresistible manner possible that he should give "all hands" the opportunity of witnessing a set display of his magic power. Refusal was out of the question, and accordingly flaming circulars announced that on the night of Sept. 10th, under the patronage of Capt. Moodie, health and weather permitting, the Wizard of the Waves would give a grand *soirée magique*. The reserved seats were announced as established, and the admission free, but not so, however, the exit, as the sequel shows. The attendance was immense, Mdlle. Nilsson and party occupying front seats. The entertainment, prolonged by the amusing commentary of the performer himself, lasted two hours, and was pronounced a "tremendous success." The magician followed up this advantage by drawing a harrowing picture of shipwrecks and making an appeal for contributions to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage. This appeal was strengthened by the presence of sturdy sentinels at the doors, and the result was a collection of £41 4s. 6d.

The *Boston Post* says:—

"There must have been a fearful time among the four pianos, eight guitars, and a lonely violoncello and a flute, at the concert given the 10th instant, by the senior music class of Eminence College, Ky. A Cincinnati paper says it fell to three instruments, in the gentle hands of a bevy of Annies, Nannies, Lizzies, and Louisas, to describe the *Battle on the Plains of Heaven*, so musically conceived by the extraordinary genius who presides over the musical department of that institution. And here is what had to done, in eighteen movements:—

"First movement—Conspiracy of Satan; Council of Seraphs; Withdrawal of the faithful Abdiel; Announcement of the Revolt. Second—Summoning and Marshalling of the Heavenly Host, and Sounding of the Celestial Trumpets. Third—Moving of the Angelic Cohorts to Battle under the conduct of Michael and Gabriel; Their nimble tread through the pastoral air. Fourth—Sounding of Infernal Trumpets Summoning the Legions of Satan. Fifth—Marching of the Insurgent Army led by Satan. Sixth—Combat between Abdiel and Satan. Seventh—Trumpet Calls of the Battalions preparatory to the Grand Encounter. Eighth—First Onset; General Engagement; Satan Repulsed. Ninth—Bivouac of the Celestial Forces on the Field; Stationing of Outposts. Tenth—Council of War by Satan and Principalities; his Despair of the Council; Invention of Devilish Engines by Satan; Revival of Hope. Twelfth—Moraing Call of Infernal Trumpets and Rallying of Forces. Thirteenth—Call of the Ethereal Trumpets; the Infernal Machines Trained and Opened upon the Celestial Hosts; Disorder, then Rallying of Michael and his Angels. Fourteenth—Terrific Battle of the Mountains, Cessation of Hostilities. Fifteenth—The Son of God Commissioned to Expel the Revolting Hosts from Heaven. Sixteenth—Celestial Trumpets Sounded by Infernal Trumpets. Seventeenth—Messiah, 'Invested with Ten Thousand Thunders,' Rushing upon his Impious Foes; the Foes Dismayed by the Fierce Terror of His Countenance, Hurling themselves in Wild Chase, from the Verge of Heaven, down, down, to the Bottomless Pit of Perdition. Eighteenth—Rejoicing of Angels Around the Throne."

In a recent number of a weekly musical publication, an article has appeared entitled, *Mr. Chorley and St. Peter*, purporting to be a reply to the statement in the *Athenæum* of the 3rd inst., as to the book of the oratorio. In a still more recent number of a weekly journal, not especially devoted to musical matters, an article has also appeared, with the heading, *The Athenæum Critic Criticised*. The object of the first leading article is to defend Mr. Benedict as regards the *St. Peter* libretto; and the aim of the second missile is to attack the festival critic for his comments on the preface to the book of the words. Now, inasmuch as the writer of the articles in both publications is the "gentleman" referred to in Mr. Chorley's communication of the 3rd inst., "who consented to accept the strange task of remodelling another man's production," the intervention of such a champion of Mr. Benedict cannot be regarded as disinterested. He is, in fact, a *particeps criminis*, and cannot be called as an impartial witness. The colleague of Mr. Benedict in the concoction of the libretto, which superseded Mr. Chorley's version declared himself that he is "not in a position to judge between Mr. Chorley and Benedict on matters of fact." If so, why has Mr. Chorley's successor entered the list as the defender of Mr. Benedict, who has not yet attempted to disprove any of Mr. Chorley's assertions? Why has the "remodeller" displayed such acute sensibility respecting the remarks of the critic of the Birmingham Musical Festival, because the latter regarded the present version as neither "fish, flesh, nor fowl," and has been utterly unable to comprehend the meaning of the misty preface, which, whilst it professes that the composer's intention was to set a few incidents in St. Peter's life, disavows him as Peter the disciple and Peter the apostle, and will not treat him in any symbolical or representative character? The preface is, therefore, a mystification, for why is the oratorio called *St. Peter?*

ROTTERDAM.—The German operatic season has commenced. *Le Nozze, Il Trovatore, Faust, Rigoletto*, and *Lohengrin* have already been performed.

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REVIEWS.

How long will thou forget me? Sacred song for Soprano or Tenor, with chorus *ad lib.*, as sung at the Temple Church; set to music by WILFORD MORGAN. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS anthem—for such it is—opens with a short accompanied recitative in G minor, followed by an air in the same relative major, marked by a suave melody extremely pleasing in character, though, possibly, open to criticism on the ground of over prettiness. Few, however, would entertain such criticism, or regard the air as other than an admirable example of the emotional music which threatens to supersede the "high and dry" effusions of old church writers. A second recitative leads to another and well contrasted air, also in B flat major, the subject of which is taken up and amplified in a final chorus. There can be no question that Mr. Morgan has produced an anthem adapted for popularity as much by its character as its easiness.

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PESTH.—The rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* have commenced at the National Theatre. The principal parts will be sustained by Mesdames Pauli-Marcovits, Helery, Herren Ellinger, Lang, and Hazos.

STRASBURG.—M. Emil Mark, manager of the Theatre, has been killed during the bombardment. He was formerly a popular member of the Odéon company, Paris.

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THE STORY OF "MOZART'S *REQUIEM*."*

(*Continued from page* 654.)

The manuscript thus completed was delivered to the agent, who immediately forwarded it to the Count. The latter, though well acquainted with Mozart's handwriting, suspected nothing, but was greatly delighted that his plan had succeeded so admirably. Mozart's sudden death, even more than his promise, protected the Count from discovery; he now considered himself perfectly secure, and did not have the slightest hesitation in calling the work his own. This time, it is true, he reckoned without his host, or rather without his hostess. The speculative Mdme. Constance was not contented with deceiving merely an unknown customer; on the contrary, she intended to deceive the whole world. Regardless of the agreement concluded between her deceased husband and the stranger, she retained a copy of the score for herself. This she had performed in Vienna, as Mozart's last complete work, and carried on a lucrative business with it elsewhere. Count Wallsegg was, probably, not a little alarmed, when he heard of the performance in Vienna; but he was not in a position to lodge a public protest; he contented himself, therefore, with sundry reproaches made privately, but the widow, who was not very sensitive, took no notice of them. It was not till 1800 that the score was published by Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipsic. At this time a report was spread about that Süssmayer had had a share in the composition. The publishers did not consider themselves justified in ignoring this, and applied to him for information on the subject. Süssmayer did not deny that the work was partly his. The Leipsic firm published his letter, but accompanied it with the remark that it was not very probable a composer so little known could have been capable of producing music which bore the plain impress of the highest genius. All the musical judges of the period appear to have held the same opinion, for they paid no further attention to the matter. Süssmayer, who died not long afterwards, sank into complete oblivion.

Five-and-twenty years later, the controversy concerning the genuineness of the *Requiem*, was revived by a musical scholar of Darmstadt, Gottfried Weber, the founder of the *Cäcilia* paper. A careful examination of the score caused him, as he subsequently communicated, to come to the conclusion that the larger portion of it could not have emanated from Mozart; because, in all his other works, the great master had erred only very rarely against the laws of counterpoint. At the same time, Weber referred to Süssmayer's letter, and pronounced it as his opinion that the young man was only telling the truth when he claimed a portion of the authorship as his. Weber's appearance in the field created a warm controversy, in which many eminent musicians of the day took part. Mozart's widow, who had meanwhile married one of her deceased husband's biographers, preserved, for good reasons, a profound silence, and thus the dispute led to nothing more than Weber's being left in the minority, while the *Requiem* continued to be regarded as an irrefutable work of Mozart's.

In the year 1839, the matter entered on a new phase. Count Wallsegg was dead, and, some years after his decease, the very original MS. of the *Requiem* which had been furnished him by Madame Mozart, was found in his library. Count Maximilian Dietschens purchased it for the Imperial Library, Vienna, and this circumstance was the occasion of the whole matter being subjected to a new and thorough examination.

At the first glance, all experts in handwriting declared that the whole score, from the first note to the last, was written exclusively by Mozart. From this it appeared that all the reports about ungenuineness and Süstmayer's co-authorship, were based upon an error, and that the entire work ought to be regarded as exclusively the original production of Mozart. Fortunately, the persons interested had great experience of the forgery of manuscripts, which is sometimes done in the most deceptive manner, and, therefore, resolved to proceed with the utmost care and conscientiousness.

In the first place, they set about procuring the manuscript of such portions of the work which undoubtedly emanated from Mozart's own hand. These they compared with the entire score found in the Count's library. We must here remark that it would certainly have been the widow's interest to make away with all such MSS., and she would not have hesitated to destroy them altogether had her avarice permitted her to do so. After in vain attempting to dispose of them to a Frankfort publisher, on condition that they should be kept secret for a long series of years, she had got rid of the leaves separately, so that it appeared absolutely impracticable then they could ever be collected again. A fortunate chance, however, brought this about; all the pages fell into the hands of judges who were capable of appreciating their value, who placed them at the disposal of the Imperial Library.

Of themselves, these detached pages could not, certainly, excite any suspicion against the complete score. Mozart was accustomed to write down his first sketches upon loose leaves, which subsequently constituted a foundation for working out the whole. But they afforded, at any rate, an admirable opportunity for instituting exact comparisons as to the actual mode of writing the separate notes, words, and lines. These comparisons were made, but it was impossible to detect any difference anywhere. All the manuscripts submitted to examination appeared most decidedly to have emanated from one and the same hand.

Not contented with this, the persons engaged in the investigation procured about eighty other manuscripts, undoubtedly genuine ones of Mozart, and dating from different periods of his life. This rich store of materials was confided to a committee comprising musicians, experts in handwriting, and other duly qualified persons, for the purpose of examining and comparing them with the score of the *Requiem* recovered from among Count Wallsegg's effects. The committee set to work most conscientiously, and at length declared, and by a large majority, that the score in question might certainly have been written by another hand than Mozart's. A number of Süssmayer's manuscripts had been simultaneously included in the investigation, but they exhibited such very different distinctive marks, that the committee felt fully assured that any forgery executed by Süssmayer would be instantly recognised.

A minority of the committee granted that there was certainly a far greater probability of the genuineness of the score than not; but, at the same time, they considered the following striking points worthy of some consideration :—

1. Under Mozart's name stood the date, 1792, while it is well known that the composer died at the close of the year preceding.

2. The composition contains several passages which must, according to theoretical rules, be pronounced faulty, and hence it can scarcely be assumed they emanate from such a master of composition as Mozart.

3. A slight difference is perceptible in the formation of the signs denoting restoration, which are occasionally more like those in Süssmayer's scores than in Mozart's.

4. A difference is manifest, also, in the initial capitals, B, P, O, R, and T. These letters in the present instance are not like those in Mozart's other scores.

The last two instances of difference mentioned, commence only from the second page. In the first movement it was observed that the forms were invariably those usual in all Mozart's manuscripts.

In conclusion, it appeared that the numbering of the pages did not follow with perfect correctness, nor could it fail to strike anyone that Mozart would have made a fresh copy, instead of filling up and completing the one he had already commenced.

With respect to the error in the year, the committee were reminded that, having begun the work towards the end of one year, Mozart thought probably he should not be able to finish it before the commencement of the next, and for that reason selected the later date. Or he might have made a mistake, just, for instance, as he made one of a similar kind when he dated, with his own hand, a Rondo for the French Horn, "in Vienna, Good Friday, the 6th April, 1792." Now it was the Good Friday of the year 1791 which fell upon the 6th April; consequently, Mozart was in error as to the year. Each of these suggestions appears much more plausible than that anyone, who calmly and deliberately meditates a forgery, should stick to the forged document a date when the pretended author has long been dead.

With regard to the passages attacked upon theoretical grounds, it was argued that, in consequence of the work being so quickly executed, they may have escaped the composer's notice, or may have been left purposely by him, as he might have considered their employment exceptionally justifiable, as such theoretical mistakes being found in the works of many masters, and very often in those of Handel's especially.

Of the somewhat different formation of the marks for restoration, many examples could be adduced from other manuscripts of Mozart; it was a remarkable fact that these marks in the Wallsegg score tallied perfectly with those in the Rondo for the French Horn above mentioned.

The instances of difference in isolated initial capitals were not very glaring, but, on the contrary, were detected only after exceedingly minute comparison. It appeared, moreover, that, for instance, the letter B was formed differently in different manuscripts, and that the letter R in the word "Rondo" of the piece for the French Horn already repeatedly cited, resembled most exactly that in the word "Requiem." The word "finis" on the last page of the *Requiem* tallied, stroke for stroke, with the same word at the end of another of Mozart's compositions, a composition undoubtedly emanating from his hand, and written in November, 1791. Finally, there was another mark which tended to prove the genuineness of the manuscript. Mozart was in the habit of scribbling detached phrases or musical notes on the margin of pages he had written, and many notes thus scribbled down were remarked in the Wallsegg manuscript.

Finally, with regard to the incorrect numbering of the pages, as well as the improbability of Mozart's having written out the entire work afresh, instead of completing his former sketches, especial importance was

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

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attached to an assertion previously made by the widow, that her husband was extremely careless with his manuscripts, and, if a detached leaf got mislaid, was accustomed to supply its place out of his head, an easy task for him, as his memory was in this respect never at fault, instead of taking the trouble to look for the missing leaf.

Still, Stasmayer's own declaration, as well as the evidence bearing upon it, and collected at the time of the Weber controversy, from Mozart's widow and other sources, was important. Stasmayer's pretensions were speedily disposed of, being rejected as presumptuous and highly improbable; his capability of composing such music was denied without more ado, and, as some slight inaccuracies were discovered in his letter, his critics thought themselves justified in doubting the truth of the whole. The widow, too, contradicted herself frequently in her evidence; only modified importance was, therefore, attached to her assertions. Of the other witnesses, it was assumed that they were too imperfectly informed to be accepted as unconditionally worthy of credence.

(To be continued.)

TOM D'URFEY.

Thomas, better known as "Tom" D'Urfey, was the pet and idol o the age of Charles the Second, who was more than once seen walking up the "Mall" in familiar talk with him, dog and courtiers following behind. Nay, the merry monarch carried his complaisance still further and condescended to sing duets with him, Tom and he holding the music between them—a fact which the poet has recorded in his memoirs with great gusto and satisfaction. D'Urfey was principally known for his songs, which he wrote to old and popular tunes—sometimes, if not invariably, adapting as much as was quotable of the old words and choruses to new themes, and otherwise altering and amending, as Robert Burns did with the popular songs of Scotland more than a century later. The king was partial to the fiddle, as the violins was then called both by the fashionable and the unfashionable, and to those lively airs and jig tunes of which the fiddle was the best exponent. When in exile, with but slight chance of ever sitting on the throne of his ancestors, and when he could but ill afford luxuries of any kind, he lavished such money as he could command upon fiddles and fiddlers. When, after the death of the Great Protector, the Commonwealth of England found itself without a strong hand to rule it, and "the king enjoyed his own again," one of the first things he did was to engage a corps of four-and-twenty fiddlers to play for him during dinner, and his pleasant little private parties and conversations in the evening. It was on these occasions that D'Urfey's services were called into requisition to sing his own songs, not for reward and emolument, but wholly for the honour and glory of singing for the king and basking in the pleasant sunshine of his countenance, and that of the fair and frail ladies in whose society he took most pleasure. At the time of the Restoration, Tom was a gay young fellow of twenty-three, who had abandoned the study of the law for the pursuits of literature and conviviality. During the whole reign of Charles he lived like a prosperous gentleman, making small means to go a long way in keeping up appearances; and being always a welcome guest, not only at the palace, but at the houses of the nobility and rural gentry, where, after dinner he would sing his own songs without much, if any, pressing, and where the hosts and the other guests would join lustily in the chorus. A collection of his songs, under the somewhat coarse title—though it was not considered coarse in that age—of *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, was published by Tom, and had a highly remunerative sale. The poet lived to the good old age of seventy-four, and was buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where a stone with the simple inscription "Tom D'Urfey, dyed Feb. ye 26th, 1723," points out the spot where he lies. He was not in such favour with the gloomy James the Second and the taciturn William the Third as he was with the merry monarch; but in the reign of Queen Anne he was again taken notice of by the court, and received fifty guineas from her Majesty for writing some verses in ridicule of the Princess Sophia, Electress and Duchess-Dowager of Hanover, and mother of George the First. A sample verse will suffice:—

> "The crown's far too weighty
> For shoulders of eighty;
> She could not sustain such a trophy.
> Her hand, too, already
> Was grown so unsteady;
> She can't hold a sceptre,
> So Providence kept her
> Away—poor old Dowager Sophy!"

Ten times as much for this poor doggerel as Milton received for "Paradise Lost!" But Tom's songs were better than his satirical pieces, and had a joyous ring about them which commended them to the gay cavaliers of the period. Four of them out of a vast multitude have survived in a lingering state of quasi-vitality to our day.—"The Brave Men of Kent," "Dame Durden," "The Bonny Milk Maid," and "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town." In our day the Kentish men sometimes sing the song that Tom wrote in their honour, with its roystering chorus:—

> "The men of Kent,
> So loyal, brave, and free,
> 'Mong Britain's race, if one surpass,
> A man of Kent is he."

"Dame Durden" makes a capital glee, and the words and music rattle along together in a manner that King Charles heartily approved, and which will long preserve the little ditty in popular favour:—

> "Dame Durden kept five serving girls
> To carry the milking pail;
> She also kept five labouring men
> To use the spade and flail.
>
> 'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and Dorothy Draggletail,
> And Tom and Dick, and Joe and Jack, and Humphrey with his flail.
> And Kitty is a charming girl to carry the milking pail."

"The Bonny Milk Maid" is a good description of a country lass by a poet who was pre-eminently a Cockney. But, like other Cockneys of his day and ours, he took much real enjoyment in rural scenes; and his milkmaid is a true picture of a rustic, and not such a caricature of a high born damsel masquerading as a shepherdess, as was the fashion of that artificial age:—

> "When cold bleak winds do roar,
> And flowerets spring no more,
> The fields that were seen,
> So pleasant and green,
> By winter all candied o'er.
> Oh, how the town lass
> Looks with her white face
> And lips so deadly pale:
> But it is not so with those that go
> Through frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
> To carry the milking pail."

"Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town" was written to please Queen Anne, who was fond of Scottish music, as became a scion of the House of Stuart. But little of it, as now sung, was written by D'Urfey, and the air, in imitation of the Scottish manner, was composed for Vauxhall Gardens towards the end of the last century by Hook the father of Theodore Hook, the wit and novelist.

Tom, who had ceased to be able to sing in the sere and yellow leaf of his age, fell into neglect, if not into penury, and a benefit was arranged for him at Drury Lane Theatre, which both Steele and Addison recommended and publicly supported. The latter was particularly cordial in the *Spectator*. "Tom D'Urfey," he said, "has made the world merry; and I hope they will make him easy as long as he stays amongst us. This I will take upon me to say: they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, or good-natured man." Tom was never married, and as a man about town, and a frequenter of the coffee-houses, was the best known personage of his day. But he long outlived his popularity, and his name and his works are now scarcely known except to literary antiquaries.

GAIETY THEATRE.

Donizetti's comic operetta of *Betly* is almost unknown to the British public. Some form of English version of it was given, we believe, at one of the minor theatres more than thirty years ago, or very soon after its first production, and a principal scene from it has been performed in Italian, with Mdlle. Alboni in the principal character. It is too slight a work, however, to obtain much hold upon the British public, which leans to musical compositions of a graver order. *Betly*, has some charming and graceful music written in Donizetti's later and superior style. It was produced at Venice in 1836, immediately after the composer had returned from his first visit to Paris, and had obtained his post of professor of counterpoint at the Naples College of Music. It belongs thus, to the time in which he produced *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Nothing can be simpler than its plot in which a soldier returning from the war, after fifteen years' absence, finds his sister indisposed to meet the advances of a man he deems suitable for her husband, and ultimately frightens her into the marriage he desires. The method of narration has much archness, which is enhanced by delicate and graceful music. Mdlle. Florence Lancia plays Betly, the heroine, pleasantly, singing with good intonation and faultless method. Mr. Cummings is thoroughly agreeable as the lover, and Mr. Aynsley Cook comic as the returning soldier. These revivals at the Gaiety are well done, and therefore popular.

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MUSIC IN BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The rapid increase of the population of this flourishing town has produced a very natural desire for a corresponding increase of intellectual entertainments, and we have great pleasure in noticing the vast improvements which have been brought about in the management of concerts and musical gatherings. The oldest society of the town, the "Choral Society," has discontinued giving public performances, though its meetings are held regularly. However, a younger institution, the "Bradford Festival Choral Society," which derived its origin from the musical festivals which were held here some ten or twelve years ago, has acquired a well-earned notoriety by its assistance at various musical festivals in the provinces, as well as at the Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace. Mr. James Broughton, of Leeds, is at present the conductor of this Society which has given its first concert of the season last Thursday, a detailed notice of which we shall publish next week.

For the last five years a few gentlemen, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Hallé, have arranged first-class concerts at St. George's Hall, a noble building capable of affording sitting room to upwards of 3,000 people. These concerts take place once a month during the winter, and are sustained by Mr. Hallé's splendid band of 70 performers, who come over from Manchester, and in oratorios by the entire strength of the Festival Choral Society; for the solo parts the best available London and foreign talent is engaged. When these concerts were commenced they resulted in a rather serious loss, but by dint of perseverance the committee has succeeded in making them self-supporting after a few years, and now they have become a permanent institution of the town. Chamber music finds its exponents in Mr. John Burton, a very clever piano player, who arranges occasional concerts, and in Mr. Gustav Wolff, a young German pianist and composer of great promise, who gives three classical concerts every season, and whose endeavours to promote the taste for the highest class of music find a ready response in the increasing numbers that attend his performances. Besides a number of very pleasing and cleverly written songs and smaller pieces for piano, Mr. Wolff has produced a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, which was performed with great success last season. The popular department of music is now in the hands of Mr. Morgan, a local caterer of great energy, who gives concerts and other entertainments every Saturday night at St. George's Hall, at very low prices of admission.

MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA.

It is too hot in our city of red bricks and level streets, to think much of amusements or of anything that necessitates full-dress or bright lights. The theatres open in a week or so, but music is still flirting at the sea-shore, or playing the mountaineer up in the North. It is to be supposed that our musicians have some ideas concerning their coming campaigns, but the few who are in town are very indisposed to talk much about them. The Academy of Music reports but one engagement of consequence; of course we will have our share of the stars of the day, but they either have not arranged their orbits, or have not thought it necessary to notify the local astronomers of their intentions. One enterprise is however fairly under way, for Mark Hassler, a well-known and competent leader of our city, fired by the exploits of Gilmore's military band, has organized one of excellent materials and size, and will probably make a prominent feature upon all occasions when it can be used.

Of orchestral music there is yet no mention, but it certainly becomes us to be active in this respect. Our musical weakness lies in our orchestral performances, and last season it was very rarely that we had one that was passably good. We have the nucleus of an admirable orchestra, but there is also too much dead wood in each organization, and the apathy of those who play for money soon chills the ardour of the younger members who have some artistic ambition. But if we had a new conductor who was willing to face and conquer difficulties, who had some love for his art for its own sake, and who, animated by the ambition of taking a first class position where he would finally be not only appreciated, but warmly seconded, to come to our aid, there is nothing too much for him to hope for. Several of our leaders have ability, and some ambition, but in our present state we want fresh, new blood to make orchestral music vital and active. As to the musicians we offer them in our pleasant city in our well-arranged and inexpensive houses, in our fine markets, comforts they can find in no other city, for nowhere else are such homes offered for scanty purses.

The two well-known societies, the old and the young Maennerchor, have combined, but unable to get a name that would be distinctive and satisfying to everybody, have simply joined their titles, and will hereafter be "The Old and Young Maennerchor." Why it would not suit them to be "The Maennerchor" is best known to themselves.

The prospects for our Beethoven celebration seem bright and promising. It is reported that among the German celebrations will be a performance of *Fidelio*, but this seems rather doubtful. The most important will most probably be that given by the "Beethoven Society" on the birthday of the composer. The programme will be miscellaneous and is well-arranged, with the proper and artistic desire not to undertake anything it cannot perform in a worthy manner. The conductor, Carl Wolfsohn, is however so well known from his Beethoven interpretations that there can be no risk of disaster if he but keeps everything well in hand.

Messrs. Wolfsohn and Jarvis will each give their series of concerts, and the Handel and Haydn, the Parlour Quintet Club, are all quite reliable for performances, so that after the mosquitoes and the warm days are gone and the Quakeress returns, there will be a proper degree of activity among the keyed instruments, the reeds, the brass, and the strings. There will be clearing of throats and industrious practisings, so that then I can give you some idea of what our winter prospects are likely to be.

E. E. N.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The coming musical season is likely to be a busy one, and there is every indication that it will be an exceedingly brilliant one. The visit of Nilsson, the Thomas concerts, the Harvard concerts, the Beethoven observances, the oratorio performances (in some of which Nilsson is sure to take part), the Handel and Haydn Festival in the Spring (in which. It is also hoped, Nilsson will likewise take part) and the great Gilmore Festival of the early summer, will make busy work for our concert goers and concert reviewers.

Mr. Theodore Thomas's series of concerts will be the first thing in order. The series will embrace ten concerts on the following dates:—Tuesday, Oct. 4th, Wednesday 5th, Thursday 6th, Friday 7th, Saturday 8th (afternoon and evening), Monday 10th, Friday 14th, and Saturday 15th (afternoon and evening). Miss Anna Mehlig and other artists are to assist at these concerts, and a great number of works entirely new here are to be performed.

The Harvard concerts will open November 3rd. The following symphonies will be performed in the course of the season: Nov. 3rd, Beethoven's No. 8 in F; Nov. 17th, Haydn's C minor No. 9; Dec. 1st, Mozart's in C (Jupiter); Dec. 15th, Beethoven's No. 7; Jan. 5th, Schubert's in C, No. 2; Jan. 26th, Mendelssohn's in A minor (Scotch); Feb. 9th, Schumann's E flat (Cologne); Feb 23rd. Gade's in A minor, No. 3 (first time); March 9th, Schubert's in C arranged by Joachim from Grand Duo. Op. 140 (first time); March 23rd, Beethoven's Eroica, or No. 5. The orchestra works of Bach, Gluck, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Gade, Rietz, Liszt, Wagner, Rossini, Raff, Grim, Volkmann, etc., concertos and solos by Bach, Viotti, Spohr, Moscheles, Chopin, and the vocal works of Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Schumann, and others, will also be laid under contribution.

Mdlle. Nilsson's concerts will take place on the 21st, 22nd, and 24th of October. Four oratorio performances in November in conjunction with the Handel and Haydn Society, and four more in January, are among the things talked of, but nothing definite will be done regarding them until Mr. Strakosch returns. Miss Anna Cary (Mdlle. Cari as she has been Frenchified and Italianized abroad), who is to accompany Nilsson in her American tour, is a much esteemed Boston vocalist who has been absent in Europe several years.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give no oratorio performances until Christmas time, unless it be in conjunction with Nilsson as above suggested. The regular rehearsals will begin on the first Monday evening in October. Preparations will early be made for the festival, which is appointed for the second or third week in May. It will include five oratorio performances and several miscellaneous concerts, and probably one or more new oratorios will be given.

The arrangements for the observance of Beethoven's birthday have not been fully completed, as all the leading musicians and musical people, are yet out of town. It will be, however, an appropriate demonstration, and the leading musical organizations of the city will participate in the course of the three days.

Mr. Gilmore is, of course, awaiting the result of present events in Europe, before he enters full into the preparations for his great Jubilee. Should Europe be convulsed in war next spring, the affair will be postponed, but it is much to be hoped, and in fact, circumstances seem to indicate, that a genuine "Peace Jubilee" may be celebrated by that time. Meanwhile Mr. Gilmore is busy in shaping his plans, and when the proper time shall arrive, he will be prepared to push forward his preparations. The plans for a building capable of containing one hundred thousand persons, and other details are already engaging attention, as is also the musical selections to be sung. When the festival does take place it will be the grandest affair of the kind ever projected, far eclipsing in magnitude the Peace Jubilee of last year.

L. L. H.

VIENNA.—Sig. Cereza is still being assiduou-ly "coached up" in German for his *début* at the Imperial Operahouse. He was formerly first tenor at the Italian Opera. Having amassed a large fortune, he retired. He lost it all, however, by unfortunate speculations, and consequently determined on returning to the stage. He is said to possess a voice such as has not been heard since the time of Fraschini. He will first appear as Eleazar in *La Juive*.—The "Gesell-chafts-concerte" recommence, on the 20th Nov., with Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

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SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. J. Spencer Curwen read a paper before the Congress at Newcastle last week on the Philanthropic Aspect of the Tonic Sol-fa Movement. Starting with a quotation from the late Mr. W. E. Hickson, who said the Germans had been changed from a drunken to a sober nation by the influence of singing in their common schools, the author dwelt on the immense power music wields over the hearts of men—all the greater because, unlike painting and sculpture, it is independent of culture. And it was in singing rather than in playing our instruments, that the universal art would always find the most universal expression. But on the wide difference between singing by ear and reading music he was anxious to insist. It was the difference between learning to repeat a French poem by rote and learning to read the French language. If it was doubted whether this power of reading music could be imparted to the ignorant and the child, Mr. Curwen answered that it had been done, and was being done, by means of the simplified notation, and exact arrangement of topics known as Tonic Sol-fa; and though he had chosen in addressing a company of social reformers to speak of the philanthropic aspect of the work, it was incorrect to suppose that the Tonic Sol-fa movement only existed among the ignorant and uncultured. The author then proceeded to quote letters from the governors of reformatories, Band of Hope teachers, clergymen, and town missionaries, describing their experience in the use of the Tonic Sol-fa method of singing. The uniform testimony was that, having tried in vain to interest their pupils in the established notation, they had been led to take up the new, with best results. As to whether equal results could be obtained by the old system, these teachers, by taking up the new, had declared that they could not; and, more than this, the universal testimony was that, in the short time necessary, it was utterly impossible to explain the complex and contradictory signs of the staff notation. Teachers said that if they had not Tonic Sol-fa they must teach by ear as an alternative, the established notation being far out of the question. At the same time the relations of the two notations were quite friendly, for music was an abstract thing, independent alike of quavers and crotchets and of Sol-fa letters; and the pupil who was travelling to her citadel on one road would have no difficulty in crossing over to the parallel road close at hand. This was proved by experience, for Sol-faists were in fact under the old notation quickly without a master's aid, and musicians of the old school had learned to read Sol-fa at a sitting. Mr. Curwen also maintained that the good old Tonic principle, on which the system was so firmly built, was the best key to the difficulties of the old notation; and that, in fact, the Sol-fa letter notation first was the best introduction to the staff notation. Replying to the common statement that the success of the movement was due to the enthusiasm of its promoters, the author thought that history reads us no plainer lesson than that enthusiasm directed upon merely objects is stifled and paralyzed, and that truth only can alike kindle and sustain it. He concluded by urging upon those who have leisure for benevolent work the claims of this form of it upon them, ending as he had begun, with a passage from Mr. Hickson, who asked what penal measures and moral exhortations had done to soften and refine the coarser manhood of so many of our countrymen, and said—"Why not try to work upon them through the medium of their amusements?"

Mr. Colin Brown Ewing, lecturer on music at the Andersonian University of Glasgow, said he remembered the introduction of the system into Glasgow, had watched its spread through the various institutions of the town, and amongst the various sections of the people, and from the great difficulty experienced in perfecting scholars in the reading of music there had been in the last ten years not less than 20,000 children annually taught under the system, to read music as easily as any other description of writing. He had been struck by the change of music in the streets; and instead of those airs which might be picked up at a public-house or concert hall, the finest airs either religious or secular, and from the best authors, were heard. He was struck by this fact most forcibly on seeing some boys passing beneath his office window, who were carrying baskets on their heads, yet who were singing a part-song by Mendelssohn, as they went. The system had received the opposition of musicians generally but this did not prevent its spreading, and there was now scarcely a school in Glasgow without it. The cause of its success was, first, its simplicity, and secondly, its scientific usefulness; indeed, having it simple, having it good, and having it cheap, had been the means of introducing it amongst all sections of the people. It had been successfully introduced into the sabbath-schools, and choirs had been formed from the ranks of the scholars, and the result was, that in Scotland, where church music was proverbial for its badness, the choirs were the best now to be found anywhere. Having referred to the fact that out of a hundred candidates who obtained prizes and certificates at the last examination of the pupils in the Society of Arts, 57 were from Scotland; the speaker related an anecdote of Madame Rudersdorff, who after taking part in a concert, and receiving one of the books that each of the three hundred choristers used, had in a letter home (a notice of which had appeared in the *Cologne Gazette*) pronounced the Glasgow chorus as the most correct in its singing of any she had ever heard. At the concert each of the audience had a book of be music sung, turning over the leaves as regularly as the artist, and Madame Rudersdorff added that she would much sooner sing before a guinea London audience than have to go before a shilling Glasgow audience.

Mr. J. M'Kendrick bore testimony to the change effected by the introduction of the system into Newcastle, amounting as it did almost to a revolution.

The Chairman tendered the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Curwen.

Passion Plays.

The theatre is a large open wooden building at the west end of the village. The stage consists of a proscenium eighty feet wide by twenty feet deep, a covered-in stage thirty-six feet wide in the centre of the stage, with curtain, &c., as in ordinary theatres. In this the *tableaux vivants*, consisting of types from the Old Testament, are represented, as well as the different scenes in the play, such has *Christ in the Temple, The Last Supper, The Crucifixion, &c.* On either side of the stage are the houses of Pontius Pilate on the left, and Annas on the right; and on either side again of these are the streets of Jerusalem. The auditorium, capable of holding nearly six thousand persons, is uncovered, and affords no protection against rain or sun, except quite at the back, where wa had fortunately reserved seats. During the performance—which lasted eight hours, with one hour's pause—the large audience sat patiently on the rows of benches under a continuous downpour of heavy rain, which must have drenched them to the skin. Precisely at eight o'clock the chorus (numbering twenty persons, ten men and ten women) enter the stage from corresp nding doors on either side, and arrange themselves in a row across the proscenium, according to their height, the tallest in the centre. They are dressed, men and women alike, in long flowing robes of different colours; over these are white tunics of a light material, and bright coloured mantles fall gracely from the shoulders. Their hair is long, and flows over the shoulders, and they wear coronets on their heads. Their gestures are graceful and expressive, their movements slow and measured, and their general appearance indicates the solemn nature of their duties, which after the manner of the chorus in the old Greek plays, are to explain to the audience the different *tableaux* as they are presented on the stage, being types of the different scenes in the play, and to impress, upon all, the important lessons to be derived from them.

Thomas Aquinas the Younger.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

It is a sing lar fact, but I never set eyes on your excellent British Museum till to-day. I've sent a great many strangers there, and have been to your Tower of London, however. It happened thusly: When one of my excellent countrymen just arrived in London would come and see me and display a inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would suggest a visit to the Museum and Tower. The Museum would ockepy him a day at least, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble edifices, and I hope they will long continuer to grace your metropolis. There's my frend Col. Larkins, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it yit. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The col. says it is fortnit we live in a intelleckooal age which wouldn't countenance such infamus things as occurred in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provycation we who live in it go to entire each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all.

* * * I first visited the stuffed animals, of which tha gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beings to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never wouldled I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stummuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while going down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the hogs shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a sensible beast. Now what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' to the devil that I know of.

Eisleben.—The Oratorio Association lately gave a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded in the war. The programme was made up of compositions by J. S. Bach, Handel, Stradella, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Professor Fink. A very deep impression was produced by the fact that, as the soprano air, "Der du die Menschen sterben lassest" ("Thou who lettest men die") originally composed by Mendelssohn for *St. Paul*, was being sung, the bell of the neighbouring Roman Catholic church began tolling for a soldier brought from Strasburg who had died of his wounds. Herr Friedrich Fink, master in the Conservatory of Music, Stuttgardt, performed, with marked ability, an organ prelude, in E flat major, by J. S. Bach.

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NILSSON'S DÉBUT IN NEW YORK.

(From the "New York Herald.")

Had the *début* of this beautiful and gifted young Swedish artist proved anything less than the great success which it did last night we should have been disappointed. But who could be dissatisfied with such a grand occasion? The art-loving public have been waiting with anxiety and expectation for, the advent of a great artist, of whose wonderful voice, great beauty and exquisite dramatic intelligence the Old World has been singing praises. The worshippers of art and the devotees of fashion crowded the house to hear Mdlle. Nilsson last night at Steinway Hall. So fair, so critical and so enraptured an audience has probably never assembled to welcome a young aspirant for the tributes of the American people, and surely never had genius a nobler recognition than was accorded to Nilsson. It is true that she filled to the full measure the highest expectations entertained of her, and, indeed, in many things surpassed them. The perfect figure—lithe, active, graceful in every motion, the type, indeed, and the model of life in its womanly perfection —harmonizes with the extreme purity which characterizes a face formed in a mould of classic beauty and radiant with the halo of innocence. The wonderful capacity of that girlish face to transform its expression to suit every interpretation of thought or passion was superbly manifested in the grand Ophelia scene from *Hamlet*. Nothing perhaps so electrical has been witnessed in a concert room in this country before. Without any of the accessories of the stage all the dramatic effects were produced with a wonderful fidelity to the story of the poor mind-tossed Ophelia that kept the audience literally bound in a spell.

Nilsson's voice is, strictly speaking, comparable to no other artist than Jenny Lind, of which, in point of immense power and delicacy combined, it much reminds one. In higher cultivation and distinctness of intonation, perhaps, she surpasses her predecessor. Success so unqualified as that which crowned the *début* of the young Scandinavian warbler is rarely bestowed by a New York audience except upon genius of the highest order. We are strengthened, therefore, in what we have always upheld, that sterling talent finds its high-tariff most judiciously disposed reward from the people of this country. It is no wonder, then, that Nilsson received an ovation too genuine to be mistaken from an audience composed of the most refined portion of the community—no wonder that when the last notes of her voice died away in the exquisite Swedish ballad which she gave in response to an encore, for the cavatina from *Traviata*, her countrymen should have assembled in a vast concourse and thronged the carriage to her hotel amid the wildest enthusiasm. The first one of the modes in which people express their appreciation of those entitled to honour; but the earnest, honest verdict upon Christine Nilsson's claims to the title of a great artist was best rendered by the two thousand people in Steinway Hall.

The picture would not be complete without its frame. It would be incomplete if we did not tell how kindly the audience recognized their old friends with a hearty welcome—Vieuxtemps, Wehli, and Brignoli —and how quickly they recognized in the fair *débutante*, Annie Louise Cary, a contralto of great purity, and an artist of more than ordinary merit; how they acknowledged in Verger, the new comer, from the Italian Operahouse, London, a baritone such as we have not heard for a long time, and how Flora and her whole tribe of art-radiant hurtiest-turi-ts were drawn upon to cover Nilsson from foot to forehead with sweet-scented tributes, representing all fantastic things known to land and water; in short, how an audience composed of the highest intelligence in this city most cordially endorsed Christine Nilsson as a grand artist worthy of all the honours she has won in the Old World and may win in the New.

The war pictures lent to the Crystal Palace Company by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* and laid open, to public view on Saturday, have a higher interest than many more finished productions, as they were taken on the spot, at the risk of life and limb, by gentlemen more zealous in pourtraying incidents than prudent in avoiding the danger of being arrested and shot as spies, not to speak of stray bullets. These artists have represented the most important scenes of the fields of battle, and faithfully delineated the striking incidents of the campaign.

MDLLE. NILSSON IN AMERICA.

A fortnight ago we were able to publish a special telegram announcing the great success of Mdlle. Nilsson's first appearance in New York. That the press of the Empire City agreed with the audience let the following extracts show :—

(From the "Herald.")

Mdlle. Nilsson sang "Angels ever bright and fair," the celebrated mad scene from *Hamlet* and the cavatina, "Ah! fora è lui." When she first made her appearance she received such an enthusiastic reception as rarely falls to the lot of any artist, and flowers, from the huge pyramid down to the tiny nosegay, were showered on the stage. The quality of her voice is so different from that of the Italian and English artists we have been so long accustomed to that when the first notes of the simple, childlike little air of Handel fell on the ear a feeling of wonder at first pervaded the audience. The quality of the voice is extraordinary clear and penetrating; it has none of the voluptuous roundness of the Italian school, but a limpidity, delicacy and transparent depth which is susceptible of the most intense expression and tenderness. This selection from Handel was so simple and touching that it requires a world of soul and feeling to give it the required interpretation. By her artless, unaffected rendering of it Nilsson won at once, not the expressed applause, but what was a higher compliment, the deep attention and sympathy of her hearers. The mad scene in *Hamlet*, where the unhappy Ophelia bids farewell to the gay court of Denmark, was sung and acted with such mingled *abandon*, childish glee and sad feeling that the entire audience broke forth in an avalanche of applause. But the crowning feature was the exquisite *morceau*, "Ah fors e lui." The *andantino*, was given with an intensity of passion and tenderness such as the operatic and concert stage has long been stranger to, and the wild, reckless spirit which is conveyed in the cabaletta, "Sempre Libera," was a whirlwind of mingled despair and gaiety. Nilsson never resorts to inartistic tricks to gain applause. Her style is finished and yet simple. What surprises us most was the breadth of tone apparent in her voice. She rarely displayed it, however, to its full extent, as we have heard from other artists, but keep it under admirable control. This apparent self-abnegation is true proof of art. We can say of Christine Nilsson what was said of Jenny Lind, whom she resembles in her voice and style, that we have heard an artist who makes a conscience of her art.

(From the "Tribune.")

When Mr. Maretzek led the *prima donna* upon the stage they saw a slight and graceful figure, beautifully dressed in white, with a few simple trimmings of green leaves and white blossoms; a fair sweet face, a charming smile, deep eyes, and the light golden hair which is the glory of the Northern women. She bowed gracefully before the storm of welcome, but with a little discomposure which was not unpleasant to see; and then, after a few notes of prelude from the orchestra, burst into the introductory recitative of "Angels ever bright and fair." For all our expectations, the first tones took us by surprise. From one so young, so delicate, we were not prepared for anything like the volume and richness of sound which the first measures displayed. As the song went on, and from the stately prelude she passed to the ethereal tenderness of the touching old song, breathing out its tender and pensive strains with such rare purity, such perfect intonation, such incomparable softness, our wonder grew that in this young girl should thus be united excellences which it has seldom been given the greatest singers to combine in their highest perfection,—majesty, richness, power, and delicacy like the breathing of a gentle breeze. The same extraordinary gifts of voice were equally well displayed in her second piece, the mad-scene of Ophelia but in this she showed more fully than in Handel's song the true refinement of her style, the extent of her vocal culture, and her marked talents as an actress which not even the restraints of the concert-stage could wholly conceal. We can imagine what an effect this scene must have had upon the Paris stage. Yet there can be no harm in saying here in Steinway Hall the scene is a very dull one. At the opera it comes in the fourth act, and the preceding three are such unmitigated dolefulness that Ophelia would come like a vision from the realms of the blest, if she came singing nothing better than "Old Dan Tucker." Taken out of its sombre setting, the scene lacks the advantage of contrast with surrounding gloom, and suffers accordingly. While its performance may have been relished last night by musicians capable of appreciating the peculiar ability which it served in display on the part of the singer, it was far less keenly relished by the audience generally than the "Ah! fors e lui" from *La Traviata*. It was in the part of Violetta that she won her first successes both in Paris and in London, and we are not sure but we ought to call this aria her principal success of last night.

It is not difficult, to pronounce after a single hearing upon the secret of Mdlle. Nilsson's success. She is young, she is beautiful, she is charming in her ways, and she has one of the most exquisitely lovely voices ever given to a woman. It is a voice altogether exceptional. Its purity is perfect; its quality is without a flaw; its evenness from the lowest tones of the soprano register even to those empyrean heights which Carlotta Patti glories in scaling, has no parallel within our existence. There is not a harsh nor a shrill, nor a husky note in its whole range. All is exquisitely sweet, all is fresh and beautiful as the singer's own face.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUSCHIELLO.—No. Both the papers named by our correspondent are in error. Donizetti's *Betly* was never played entire at the Royal Italian Opera. In 1847 one scene from it used to be given, between opera and ballet (there was then ballet at both houses)—the scene containing the well-known *Tyrolienne*, "In questo semplice," which Alboni used to sing in such perfection.

A RECENT ACADEMICIAN.—An overture to the *Tempest*, an overture in D minor, and an overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, all preceded the overture to *Paranina*. The one immediately following *Paranina* was an overture, styled *Dramatic Overture*. Of course Professor Bennett will allow none of these to be heard; and of course still he will let the world know nothing of the six symphonies preceding the one in G minor which (happily) he has permitted us to know; and yet not one should be permitted to die—and most particularly the No. 5 (in A), and the No. 6 (in G minor).

S. L., JUN. (Liverpool).—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was first brought out in London at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Gye, in the summer of 1849, with Madame Viardot and Sig. Mario in the principal characters. The same composer's *Pardon de Ploermel*, under the title of *Dinorah*, was produced at the same theatre, and under the same management, in the summer of 1859. Sir Michael (then Mr.) Costa was conductor on both occasions. Verdi's "Exhibition Cantata" (1862), though not given, as intended, at the opening of the Exhibition, was once performed at Her Majesty's Theatre during the same summer. We believe that it was published by Boosey & Co. The other questions of our correspondent it is not in our province to answer. To reply to them would be to advertise the catalogues of music-publishers *gratis*.

THOMAS ADDER.—We happen to have had the article in our possession. In the main, Mr. Adder's memory has served; but as he will see, on perusing the paragraph to which he refers, there are one or two discrepancies in his preamble:—

"*Fiat Justitia*, especially when a fair city's honour is at stake. Yesterday I spoke of what seemed the apathy of Hereford in view of its Festival, and sought ingenious reasons why such apathy may have been excusable. It turns out that Hereford was merely circumspect, the inhabitants reserving both enthusiasm and bunting till the sun shone. No sooner was the order given, 'Pack, clouds away,' than the population descended into the streets, flags flaunted from the windows, and the little city put on an appearance thoroughly equal to the occasion. Fair weather continues, and Hereford is to-day more than ever taken possession of by its Festival. From the Cathedral Close to the city boundaries there are signs of the solemnity in progress; while even those who can only hope to catch the faintest echoes of the music wear a holiday and contented look. That the phenomenon of a Royal visit has something to do with these results may be assumed; but I must not anticipate what will have to be said in its proper connection."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1870.

BEETHOVEN AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

CENTENARY homage to Beethoven has been sadly disturbed by the war. Germany, we are assured, would have done its best to honour one of its greatest sons, had the piping times of peace continued; and Beethoven would, *pro tem.*, have reigned Lord Paramount over the nation of "culture." But, as matters now stand, the will must be taken for the deed. German brains have something else to think about, and German hands something else to do, while Bismarck, not Beethoven, is the man of the hour, and the national admiration directs itself more towards Von Moltke's strategy than to the *Eroica* symphony. By-and-by, perhaps, when the end of the war has come, Germany may remember Beethoven; but the victor's laurel-wreath is an absorbing toy. What, however, as regards "the balance of the world"?—for there are, as yet, a few countries not included in the reply to "where is the German's Fatherland"?

If Beethoven, like Shakspere, was "not for an age, but for all time," he was, also, not national, but cosmopolitan. Every country able to appreciate his genius may claim him, and share equally with "kinsmen according to the flesh" in the glorious legacy of his works. We are bound to say, however, that no very hearty appreciation of the fact has yet been shown. Poor France, of course, can do nothing, and we do not gratuitously insult her when we doubt whether, if she could, she would. Elsewhere on the Continent it would be idle to look. A Beethoven Commemoration has had place in America; but the great name was merely trashed on,—turned into a Yankee "notion," and sold, wrapped up in a copy of "Hail, Columbia" As for England, where thousands really, and tens of thousands affectedly, appreciate the master's genius, it at one time seemed as though nothing whatever would be done. The Birmingham Festival managers honoured the Centenary with half a programme; the Hereford Festival managers overlooked it altogether; and but a few hole-and-corner festivities have taken place elsewhere. Undoubtedly, till within the last few weeks, we were justified in fearing that England would let the occasion slip, and by refusing to grace it, disgrace herself. A conclusion to this effect must, however, have been arrived at without taking the Crystal Palace into account. No more serious omission could exist under the special circumstances of the case. The American aloe blooms but once in a hundred years; and the Crystal Palace makes a fuss over its flowers when they come. Was it likely that an equally rare event of far greater import would be overlooked; especially at a place where the managers publish a musical calender in weekly instalments? Assuredly not; and those who were confident in such a belief are now justified by the result. Beethoven is receiving honour at the Crystal Palace—not honour in an avalanche, such as that bestowed every three years upon Handel, but in exquisitely measured dribletts, with a promise of something special at the end. As a boy prolongs the sweet enjoyment of a tart by biting round the edges, and finally swallowing the jam, so the master is, perforce, to receive the tribute of his English admirers. Let us hasten to approve the arrangement as one far more useful, as well as more worthy, than the pretentious fuss of a regulation *fête*. He honours Beethoven most who most reverently studies his works, and in affording the best opportunity for so doing, the Crystal Palace not only fulfils its mission, but redeems the credit of a nation.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Moritz O. Klengel, formerly leader in the Theatre and the Gewandhaus Band, and teacher in the Conservatory, died on the 14th ult. in his 78th year.

PRAGUE.—A national and historical opera, *Bretislaw*, words by Krasnohorska, and music by Herr Carl Bendl, has just been produced, with what the local German Czeck paper terms great "outward" success.

CASSEL.—At the Industrial Exhibition, which closed on the 1st inst., prizes were awarded: To Herr W. Biese, Berlin, for great excellence in the manufacture of square pianofortes; to the firm of J. Blüthner, Leipsic, for excellence in the manufacture of grand pianos; to Herren Mollenhauer & Sons, Fulda, for wind instruments; to Herr K. Scheel, Cassel, for pianinos; to Herren J. & F. Schiedmayer, Stuttgarda, for harmoniums; to Herr Torletzky, Elbing, for a drawing-room organ; and to Herr Ed. Zacharia, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, for a newly invented pedal for instruments with key-boards.

BRUSSELS.—At the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Mdlle. Bloch has appeared in *La Favorita*. She was well—but not ecstatically—received. The critic of *Le Guide Musical* says she possesses a superb voice, a magnificent person, that she sings with skill, displays experience of the stage, and yet fails ever to electrify the house, for want of one spark of sacred fire. Another fair fugitive from the Grand Opera, Paris, who has appeared here is Mad. Sass. She sang in *Robert le Diable*. Of course, she achieved a great success.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THERE is no foundation for a report published by a weekly contemporary that Mr. Santley had been seriously ill. On the contrary, our vigorous baritone was never in his life more seriously well. True, he has been to Jersey (not Wight—as another weekly contemporary puts it); but visiting Jersey and being seriously unwell are distinct matters.

At the Crystal Palace Concert to-day, the Beethoven symphony is the No. 2 (D). Good. There are three overtures in the programme —Rossini's *Siège de Corinthe*, Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, and Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (all good, we need hardly add). The singers are Madame Vanzini, whom we know; Signor Foli, whom we know; and Mr. Nordblom, whom we don't know. Why is there no Beethoven concerto—Alexandre Billet being in London?

MR. COLIN BROWN EUING, Lecturer on Music at the Andersonian University of Glasgow, made a speech at the Social Science Congress, and said:—"Madame Ruderadorff added that she would sooner sing before a guinea London audience than have to go before a shilling Glasgow audience." We have no more doubt that Madame Ruderadorff expressed her real sentiments than we have that Mr. Euing construes her words into a splendid compliment for the Glasgow mechanics. What a thing is a Scotchman's belief in Scotch supremacy! No doubt Mr. Euing is in other matters "canny" enough.

DR. J. MENDEL, organist at the Cathedral of Berne, speaking of "Die Wacht am Rhein," says that, as originally written by MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, it had no burden, but each of the six strophes consisted of six lines, the last one only concluding with the words, "Lieb Vaterland," etc. Dr. Mendel, who, in 1840, at the author's request, set the song, always made the above two final lines the invariable burden, and supplemented the concluding strophe with the double verse, "Zum Rhein, zum Rhein," etc. Schneckenburger approved of these alterations in the text, and thus the song was first published as "by M. Sch.," music by J. Mendel. Just as it was first sung in Burgdorf at the Town Hall by the author's friends, Spiess, Blösch, Buri, Roller, Haas, Dürr, etc., it was first sung at Berne in the house of the Prussian Ambassador, Herr von Bunsen, before a numerous circle specially invited, by a small choral association, in which Herr Methfessel, the *Musikdirector*, who then resided at Berne, sang the first tenor part, and Dr. E. Gelpke, Professor of Theology, the second. The song was then printed and sent about. But the proper moment had been allowed to pass by; Becker's "Rheinlied" had already monopolized the public ear. Dr. Mendel intends including in a second edition of his compositions for male chorus, which he is shortly about to publish, his musical version of "Die Wacht am Rhein." "*A quoi bon?*" impartial people might remark, except to gratify Dr. Mendel personally. It seems, however, strange that the latter object can be achieved by the worthy Doctor's drawing especial attention to the fact that, had no one but himself set "Die Wacht am Rhein" that now world-renowned song would long since have been forgotten.

IN a review of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's last novel *(Beauty—* something), which appeared in the pages of a contemporary, we find the subjoined:—

"Another amusing though slight photograph is that of Mr. Mendelssohn Jackson, the music master, who would be a gentleman. Mr. Mendelssohn Jackson is a genuine revelation of Mr. Fitzgerald's. We recognise the truth of the portraiture at once, and also fairly confess that it has been taken from the life, and at first hand."

Who is recognized? Which among our "music-masters"—for the most part quite as much gentlemen as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, or the literary editor of our contemporary?

AT the annual book trade sale of New York, when the auctioneers reached Mrs. Stowe's book of *Defamation of Lord Byron* in the catalogue, it was found impossible to get a bid for it. Half a cent a volume was offered amidst shouts of derision. At last the lot was sold for about its value at the paper mill.

THE *ATHENÆUM* AND *ST PETER*.

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."

SIR,—On returning to town a few days ago, I saw, for the first time, a paragraph taken from the *Athenæum*, and some comments of your own thereupon. Permit me to supplement the latter. I promise to be brief, and so clear that even your contemporary shall understand me, I promise, further, to make my statement final; seeing that you have no space, and I have neither time nor inclination for a lengthened squabble with wounded pride and its sympathizers. The following are preliminary observations:—

I. I can add nothing to your just rebuke of a gross violation of press etiquette by the *Athenæum*. Personally, however, I have no reason to complain, since it opens your columns to this letter.

II. Before charging me with partiality, the *Athenæum* should have looked at home. That journal allows Mr. Chorley to air his private grievances in its pages; identifies itself with his cause, and then twits others with a biassed mind. A manifest case, you will say, of stone-throwing by a dweller in a glass house.

III. The remarks I have made in your paper, and elsewhere, must stand or fall by their own force, or want of it. The question of partiality does not affect them. Misrepresentation, for example, is none the less misrepresentation because pointed out, by, say, an advocate such as the *Athenæum* has made itself on Mr. Chorley's behalf. I come now to the main issue.

Mr. Chorley describes me (and the *Athenæum* is obviously proud of the description) as "a gentlemen who consented to accept the strange task of remodelling another man's production." What a pity it is when the imagination has to be drawn upon for facts! I consented to accept no such "strange task." Dissatisfied with Mr. Chorley's libretto, the composer of *St. Peter* did me the honour to invite suggestions for its improvement, *which he might place before the author for acceptance*; and so, on examining the MS., such suggestions were obvious. I agreed to make them. This was my task, at the outset, and not the arbitrary "remodelling" of which Mr. Chorley speaks. The opening of the libretto seemed to me admirable; and beyond advising some trifling excisions—such as that of a passage in which the "Leviathan" was classed among the inhabitants of Lake Gennesareth—I saw no room for improvement. Hence, the prologue of *St. Peter*, necessitating the disciple's long-delayed entrance, against which the *Athenæum* protested in diverting ignorance of its cause, is substantially Mr. Chorley's. Further progress of a like sort was barred by an insurmountable obstacle. Mr. Chorley, I was told, refused to hear of any alterations; and the composer being unable to adopt the book as it stood, it only remained for me to go on independently. Thenceforward my business was not to make suggestions, but to make a libretto; and I did it without the smallest reference to Mr. Chorley's MS., as a comparison of the two works would show. So much for the "strange task." I need only mention that the rejected book contained long episodes—such as the first miracle and the entry into Jerusalem, with neither of which was Peter specially concerned—to relieve myself from the charge of presumption in thinking improvement possible. As regards my own share of the actual libretto, I am not careful to defend it. Let the public voice decide its fate.

In conclusion, I would point out that every allowance should be made for Mr. Chorley at present. When a veteran poet, novelist, and critic finds himself rejected in favour of an unknown man, he is naturally, if not justifiably, indignant. All the greater need that his friends should keep cool and avoid getting into a sympathetic flurry. Whereof let the *Athenæum* take note.—I am, Sir, faithfully,

Sept. 29th. YOUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

MUNICH.—A three-act romantic opera, *Morgiane*, music by Herr Bernhard Scholtz, libretto, founded on the story in *The Thousand and One Nights*, by Herr Th. Rehbaum, has been produced at the Theatre Royal, with marked success. The principal characters were supported by Mdlle. Stehle, Herren Vogl, Bausewein, and Kindermann. At the fall of the curtain, there was a call for all of them, as well as for the composer, who himself conducted.—The Joint-Stock National Theatre, which has been taken in tow by the Theatre Royal, was to be opened on the 1st inst., under the management of Dr. Hermann Schmidt.—It is intended to serve as a sort of artistic nursery to the Theatre Royal.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The weekly orchestral concerts under the direction of Mr. Manns, which, from October in one year to April in the next, offer so many attractions to the lovers of genuine art, were resumed on Saturday afternoon. There was an unusually large attendance for a first concert, and the enclosed and commodious music-room has rarely presented a more animated appearance. The programme, varied as it was, and thus appealing to variety of tastes, did not contain a single piece, vocal or instrumental, against which objection could be fairly raised. We subjoin it *en extenso* :—

Overture "Oberon" ...	...	...	...	Weber.
Symphony No. 1, in C (Op. 21)	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Air, "I mourn as a dove" (St. Peter) ...	...	...	...	Benedict.
Air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere" (Paradise and the Peri) ...	...	...	...	J. F. Barnett.
Concerto, pianoforte, in G (Op. 58) ...	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Duet, "Mira la bianca luna" ...	...	...	...	Rossini.
Ouverture di Ballo ...	...	...	...	Arthur S. Sullivan.
Pianoforte Solos ...	...	...	...	Schubert and S. Heller.
New Song, "Phebe the Fair" ...	...	...	...	Balfe.
March from Suite No. 1 ...	...	...	...	Lachner.

When Mr. Manns took his place before the conductor's desk he was received with a burst of applause, in which every one of the audience seemed more or less heartily to join. No such compliment was ever more worthily bestowed—and this for reasons with which all regular readers must be tolerably conversant. That the orchestra was the same numerous and well-trained body of executants which for many seasons, under the superintendence of their zealous—nay, enthusiastic—director, has helped to win an almost exceptional musical reputation for the Crystal Palace, the performance of Weber's overture to *Oberon* sufficed convincingly to show. Nothing more careful as to detail, nothing more spirited, could have been desired. Still more interesting, however, than this fiery and romantic prelude was the piece immediately following. It is generally known that, in consequence of 1870 being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven (who came into the world December 17, 1770—four lustres and one year before the death of Mozart), it is intended at the concerts preceding Christmas to accord unusual prominence to his orchestral compositions of this month, and especially to give his nine symphonies without exception. The admirable execution of the first of these undying masterpieces, the vigorous, bright, and everywhere melodious Symphony in C—the symphony in which, as it were at a bound, the Beethoven of all summers (or, as he himself, with sad veracity, might have styled them, winters) proved himself equal to Haydn and Mozart at their best—was an alluring foretaste of what we have to expect. And it may be stated with confidence, judging from experience, that what we may reasonably look forward to is a performance of each of the nine symphonies as good as any performances that have been heard elsewhere, at home or abroad—even at the Paris Conservatoire, where, but for antagonistic causes, lamented by all the civilised world, the universally renowned orchestral concerts, which the musical Germans themselves have never been able to surpass, rarely to emulate, would be just now about to commence. (Fancy the thunder of German cannons silencing the symphonies of Beethoven—most German of all Germans!). Thus much may be relied upon with confidence; and a better guarantee of what is to follow than the execution on Saturday of the "No. 1"—an execution to criticize which would, as it seems to us, be hypercritical—could not possibly have been afforded. Movement after movement—from the grave *adagio* ushering in the *allegro con brio*, first-born of the giants, to the humorous and exhilarating *finale*—was precisely what it should be. Every member of the orchestra apparently went through his task con *amore*—that is, if unswerving precision, the delicate observation of light and shade, and a sustained unanimity of attack which up to the final reiterated chords might have induced the belief that a single instrument with many various stops and voice had been played upon all the time, by some expert and vigorous executant, may count for anything. To say more than that each movement of the symphony was listened to with eager attention, and that at the conclusion the applause was loud and general, would be superfluous. Let us hope (and we have little doubt of it) that when the turn of the "No. 9"—Coleridge's Colossus comes round, we may be able conscientiously to exclaim, "The end is worthy the beginning."

Among the ingenious and instructive "programmatic" remarks signed with the familiar and, to amateurs, always welcome initial "G." (the signature of a genuine enthusiast, if there ever was one), there is one passage to which we must with deference take exception. "Except however," writes "G," "for the fact that it is Beethoven's first, the starting point in his mighty orchestral career, this symphony is hardly of any especial interest." Happily, a short way down, in his succinct but able analysis, "G." shows that he himself takes an "especial interest" in every part of the symphony. So did a greater than "G.", Mendelssohn, on being asked which of the seven great symphonies of Beethoven he liked best, answer abruptly, "*Seven*—why, there are nine;" and, on further discussion, said that he liked to hear one or another according to the frame of mind he might happen to be in. At times—and that the least frequently because of the enormous stretch of attention it demanded—it would be the "No. 9," at other times the "No. 7;" at others the "C minor"—and so on; but on no account would Mendelssohn hear of Nos. "1" and "2" being placed apart from the other seven.

If it is intended, which every one will hope may be the case, to include the five pianoforte concertos (as well as the violin concerto) in the *auto*-Christmas programmes, it was wrong, we think, to begin with the fourth. That to hear so noble and beautiful a composition, played, too, with such brilliancy and refinement as were exhibited by Mr. Charles Halle on the occasion under notice, must be agreeable under any circumstances can hardly be denied. Nevertheless, in order to make the scheme consistent, it would have been wiser to commence with the earliest concerto (C major, Op. 15), three proceeding chronologically, through the series, which culminates with the not inaptly styled "Emperor" (E flat, No. 5)—the grandest, perhaps, of all concertos, no matter for what instrument, or from what pen. By the way, Mr. Hallé, who was loudly applauded and called back to the orchestra at the termination of his performance, introduced in the first and last movements, the cadenzas written by Beethoven himself, who in his fifth and last concerto expressly stipulates that there shall be "no cadenzas." To our notion a cadenza—generally no more nor less than something interpolated in the work of a master which that master has not himself composed—is out of place and out of taste, unless improvised, as Mendelssohn was out to do. Cadenzas are simply opportunities for egotistical display on the part of the solo executant, and, in nine cases out of ten, blemishes on the otherwise transparent surface. That Beethoven held them in no great affection may be gathered from the cadenzas ostensibly meant to be introduced whenever his fourth concerto is played, but which are virtually so extravagant that one can scarcely refrain from the belief that in writing them the illustrious musician had chiefly in mind to turn the system of interpolation into ridicule. Regarded as abstract music, these cadenzas are out of sorts with the Orpheus inspiration with which certain zealous musicians who think Beethoven was incapable of a joke connect their every utterance. Improvisations, such as Mendelssohn, Hummel, and occasionally Moscheles, have been heard to make, by not a few amateurs now living, and such as Mozart, Beethoven, Woelfl, Steibelt, Clementi, and Dussek, according to credible authority, were accustomed to make, must always be entertaining in a degree commensurate with their merit; but written improvizations are pure anomalies. Nevertheless, we find many such perpetrations—like the ornaments supplied so prodigally for the pure and noble pianoforte concertos of Mozart, by men of no less repute than Hummel and John Cramer—actually printed and published with the works themselves, as though they formed integral parts of them. To the fact that Mr. Hallé played Beethoven's cadenzas well, no one who knows anything about pianoforte playing could be insensible; but that, on the other hand, these cadenzas, if only as matters of composition, were better omitted, must equally have been apparent to those who know anything about music. When Beethoven wrote over one cadenza, "*Cadenza—ma senza cadere*"—a bad play upon Italian words, he indirectly made known the small esteem he entertained for gratuitous exhibitions of "virtuosity;" and this was more emphatically shown by his sudden admonition to ambitious pianists, just at the long coveted "*point d'orgue*"—" no cadenza"—in the first movement of his E flat concerto. Mendelssohn left no opening for cadenzas in either of his pianoforte concertos; while, in his concerto for violin, finding that one might be in place and effective, he cunningly inserted a cadenza of his own, which reminds us of the terminal shake for the flute, in "Oh rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*) which saved the singer much pains and the composer, perhaps, still more annoyance.

Mr. Hallé's solos—"Musical Moment" (so-called—we can scarcely believe by Schubert himself), and M. Stephen Heller's *Tarantella*, by no means his best movement of the kind—were both executed as Mr. Hallé knows how to execute them. The first was encored and repeated.

Not the least interesting feature of this excellent concert was the *Ouverture di Ballo* of Mr Arthur S. Sullivan, written, it may be remembered, expressly for the last Birmingham Festival, and received at one of the evening concerts with marked and well deserved favour. Another hearing of this newest effort from the pen of our most promising composer fully justified the impression created by the first. The composition is in some respects unique, each movement being constructed upon a dance measure (*polonaise—waltz—polka*), and the whole knit together in such wise that we have a consistent and well wrought-out piece, with beginning, middle, and end, symmetrical in form, and amply developed. Apart from this, however, there is a certain lode-

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finable charm about the *Ouverture di Ballo* which may be described as fairly irresistible. It is full of genuine melody, and the instrumentation is throughout masteriy. Waber's *Invitation à la Valse*, together with two or three of Auber's overtures, may stand in our path, when about crediting Mr. Sullivan with an idea wholly original in the construction of his overture; but that takes nothing from its merit. A more sparkling and animated orchestral piece of its kind it would be difficult to name. The performance by the Crystal Palace band was, as might have been anticipated, splendid; and the new overture was greeted with no less flattering tokens of approval than, scarcely a month previously, had greeted it when performed, under Mr. Sullivan's own direction, by the magnificent orchestra of the Birmingham Festival.

That other selections from the programme of the late Birmingham Festival were included in Saturday's performance has been shown above. The lovely and truly devotional soprano song, "I mourn as a dove," from Mr Benedict's successful oratorio, *St. Peter*, was sung by Miss Edith Wynne with exquisite feeling; and the tenor air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere," from Mr. J. F. Barnett's no less successful cantata, *Paradise and the Peri*, was given by Mr Vernon Rigby with even more than his usual earnestness. Both were heard with pleasure, and rewarded with applause. The new ballad, "Phœbe the fair," by our veteran composer, Balfe—whose muse is now too infrequently heard, and one of whose operatic overtures (like one of John Barnett's, E. J. Loder's, Vincent Wallace's, and G. A. Macfarren's) might occasionally be heard without dissatisfaction by the Crystal Palace audience—is graceful, elegant, and melodious. It is of the genuine Irish type, and was charmingly sung by Miss Wynne, but came too late in the programme to produce a marked effect. Rossini's melodious duet was well given by the lady and gentleman named; but who in the name of melophony wrote the orchestral accompaniments? The stately but not over original overture by Herr Franz Lachner is well-known *Suite* served effectively as voluntary to play the audience out.

For to-day's concert we are promised the second symphony of Beethoven; and among other attractive things, Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Fantasia-overture," *Paradise and the Peri*.

MR. HORSLEY'S *EUTERPE*.

On the occasion of opening the new Town Hall at Melbourne, a concert was given, whereat the chief feature was a new cantata for voices and orchestra, by Mr. C. E. Horsley. The result, we are glad to learn, was an unqualified success, and the composer, who also acted as conductor, received an "ovation" from his gratified fellow-townsmen. Some idea of the work may be gathered from the following analytical notice, which appeared in the *Melbourne Age*:—

"The overture in B, is founded on two principal themes in the cantata, the air, 'When the meek-eyed Maiden' referring to the power of music in charity, and the final chorus, directly alluding to the building of the hall. The *allegro* of this movement presents the subject in a variety of contrapuntal forms, aided by a fugued episode intended to heighten the climax. The real business of the composition begins, with an invocation to Sound. This chorus is in three movements,—the first slow and majestic, accompanied by full orchestra; the second, an *allegro* with florid accompaniment of strings, leads to a fugue finished by a recurrence of the opening subject, in the original scale, F major. In No. 2, a religious chorus, variety is produced by an appropriate use of the organ. The subject is an elaborated chorale in D flat. This is first sung as a quartet, "When in her sacred Fanes," and then taken up by the chorus. A novel effect is produced at the close by the voices singing in unison (not octaves), the grave notes of the sopranos coupled with the acute sounds of the men's voices presenting, no doubt, the result aimed at. No. 3 is a solo, 'And when that meek-eyed Maiden,' in A flat, for soprano; it is scored without violins for flutes, clarionets, bassoons, horns, violas, violoncellos, and contrabasso. After this (No. 4) we have an orchestral *intermezzo*, requiring great skill in the performers on the wood wind instruments, who have each solo parts to a rich accompaniment of strings. The *intermezzo* is in E flat, and leads without any pause to No. 5, the next chorus, 'Beautiful is Sound devoted.' This may be described as a good tune, harmonized with due regard to contrast; easy of performance, and of pleasing character. At this point the character of the music completely changes. A choral recitative, No. 6, in B major, 'When on the Battlefield,' leads to the 'War and Triumphal March,' No. 7. This is a powerful and elaborate composition, bearing the impress of vigorous thought. By a perfectly natural progress it, from triumphal marches we come to funeral dirges—'Slowly and mournfully moves a Procession.' No. 8, in G minor. This is of the conventionally lugubrious pattern, and has an effective solo for bass clarinet. Another change takes place, and the composer now shows us Euterpe in the domestic circle. No. 9, 'But pausing from Sorrow,' a short recitative for women's voices, introduces us to a lullaby song in C minor, for contralto, entitled 'The Night Shades gather;' and this is followed by a waltz chorus, No. 11, 'When the Summer Moon is beaming,' in G major. The title will explain the character of this piece, which is full of vivacity, the stringed instrumentation having plenty of dash and sparkle, while the rhythm is very distinctly marked. In No. 12 we have an ordinary ballad for a tenor voice, 'When Twilight glides with ghostly tread.' We do not think that in this number the composer has quite lowered himself down to the requirements of this style of composition. It is not, however, without elements of popularity. This phase of music in the domestic circle is brought to an end with a brilliant drinking song in C major for men's voices, No. 19, 'But hurrah for the Table that heavily groans.' This is scored by the composer with every means at his command whereby its spirit might be appropriately illustrated. A bass recitative, No. 14, 'When far from Friends and Home,' now turns our thoughts into another channel, and leads to the chorus No. 15, 'Then at Sea or in Wildwood,' in which, by a highly ingenious device, the accompaniment consists solely of 'Home, sweet Home,' played by violins. This chorus is in E major. No. 16 is an air for bass, 'In the yellow Flame of Evening,' in which a graceful oboe solo bears a prominent part. In No. 17 we have a soprano recitative, 'And thus it is that Music manifold,' the accompaniment cleverly contrived to introduce reminiscences of the leading themes which have preceded it. This recitative brings us to the final number, 18, the choral recitative, 'Now a Vision comes,' referring to the stately edifice raised by the 'Fathers, founder, of a mighty nation;' followed by the *allegro* of the overture worked up into a double fugue, and expressed in varied forms. This leads to a pedal point which culminates in a device greatly favoured by Handel—a long pause on a silent bar. The whole power of sound is then brought to bear on the concluding bars, and the work ends in the original key, B flat."

HENRY WALLACK.

Tidings of the death of Mr. Henry Wallack have come to us from America. Although never attaining the distinctive celebrity of his brother, James Wallack, whose memory is inseparably associated with Alessandro Massaroni in *The Irishman*, "Harry" Wallack, as he was familiarly called, was an admirable actor in his time. He made his first great hit in England at Drury Lane in 1832, as Silver Jack, in Douglas Jerrold's domestic drama, *The Rent Day*. When a mere lad he had played at the Surrey, about the commencement of the present century, then he went to America, and returned to this country in 1829, making his *début* as a full-grown actor at "Old Drury," as Julius Cæsar. He was an excellent stage-manager, a post which he filled with great credit for Osbaldeston, at Covent Garden, in 1837, and for Mr. Knowles, ten years afterwards at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The most overdrawn period of his career was that which saw him lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1843 and which might be described as marking the shortest season on record. He opened the theatre at the end of October, 1843, and closed it early in the month following. He had a company including Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Vandenhoff, Vandenhoff, Phelps, James Anderson, Walter Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and others; but the fates were not propitious. First he tried a comedy by Mr. Bourcicault, called *Women*. Then he introduced his brother-in-law, Mr. Thalaba, afterwards of Sadler's Wells, and now in Australia, as Charles Courtley in *London Assurance*. *Othello* was next tried, and *The Lady of Lyons* was promised; but the manager could not accede to the terms demanded by the author for the privilege of playing it. Finally he brought on the stage a troupe of French children called "Les Enfans Castelli," and on that night the audience blessed heartily for four hours and the theatre was closed. All this was in the space of three weeks, and in each week a fresh season had been announced in the playbill. The failure of his first season the lessee attributed to his tragedians, of his second to his comedians, and of the third to the serious conduct of a rival manager. The most amusing reminiscence of this time is, perhaps, the benefit which was being constantly announced but which never took place. In the first week the manager's benefit was fixed for a particular night; in the second positively for another; and in the third, most positively for the ensuing Saturday, by which time the theatre had finally closed its doors. The frequent reiteration of this announcement was very pleasantly alluded to by Mr. John Oxenford, who, under the signature of "Theocritus Cantabrensis," wrote some choice articles called *Pratt Pages*, for a little theatrical publication, called *The Critic*, then in existence, and now possibly quite forgotten. The manager summoning the call boy, who was to be sent to the printer exclaiming through his medium, "I will have a benefit Oh! boy, on Monday. Hasten to Fairbrother, mighty in type; to Fairbrother whose works adorn the metropolis. Fairbrother shall tell the world that I will have a benefit." And then followed the oft-repeated classic strain, "Sing, Oh! Muse, of the benefit that the future fondled in its lap and loved so much that it never yielded it to the present." The benefit never came off. Jullien took possession of the theatre, and many after gave promenade concerts. No ingenuity in smothering the outer walls with enormous placards could, however, entirely overshadow the original posters announcing this visionary benefit, and even two years after, when the famous "Corn Law League Bazaar" was held in the theatre, lingering remains of the great posters printed for this impracticable benefit were still to be met with in different parts of the building. The last time Henry Wallack appeared in England was at Drury Lane, under Mr. E. T. Smith's management, in 1853, when he appeared as Robinson, the thief, in Charles Reade's drama *of Gold*, the first form of the afterwards celebrated novel, *Never too Late to Mend*. Henry Wallack died on the verge of eighty.

E. L. B.

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PROVINCIAL.

Weymouth.—We read as follows in a local paper:—

"The distinguished concert party engaged by Mr. Avant gave two entertainments at the Royal Hotel Assembly Rooms, on Saturday. The afternoon concert was very thinly attended. In the evening, however, the affairs assumed a brighter aspect. The first piece on the programme was the *allegro* from Weber's grand sonata, in A flat, played by the Chevalier de Kontski, who proved himself to have richly earned the title of the "lion pianist." The recitative and aria from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, were very sweetly sung by Mdlle. Liebhart, who was loudly applauded. Mdlle. Enriquez followed with, 'She came like a dream.' She was rapturously encored, and responded with Benedict's charming ballad, 'Rock me to sleep.' The next duet, 'Parigi o cara' (*Traviata*), by Mdlle. Liebhart and Signor Mario, gave much satisfaction, and obtained considerable applause. Then came Signor Sivori, who played Paganini's 'La Clochette.' It was a superb performance. He was greeted with an enthusiastic recal, and retired to give place to Mario, the idol of former days, when his voice used to electrify thousands. He appeared before us Weymouthians to sing Donizetti's 'Spirto Gentil,' and was encored. The first part closed with 'L'Echo de la Guerre,' played by Chevalier de Kontski with astonishing transitions between fire and impetuosity and sweet melody (*sic*). The second part commenced with Da Beriot and Osborne's *Duo Concertante* for pianoforte and violin from *Guillaume Tell*, played by de Kontski and Sivori. Signor Mario was well received in the ballad, 'Deep in my heart there dwells,' and 'The blind girl's dream' was rendered beautifully by Mdlle. Liebhart. Next came a *duo* for two pianofortes from *Les Huguenots*, the performers being the Chevalier da Kontski and Mr. T. Avant. We are proud to say, for the honour of native talent, that our townsman came out with honour from the encounter. Mdlle. Enriquez then sang 'When all was young,' from *Faust*, and Signor Sivori was heard in a solo which demonstrated the perfection of bowing and staccato playing. The *finale* was a grand fantasia, on airs from *Faust*, played by the Chevalier with undiminished success."

REVIEWS.

Songs of the War (French and German), as now sung by the belligerent armies. With the original words and an English translation. London: Cramer & Co. The war songs of France and Germany are now so familiar that we scarcely need do more than specify the contents of this cheap and well-got-up selection. Of Teutonic lyrics, choice has fallen upon "The Rhine Song," "The German's Fatherland," "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Kömer's" Sword," while the Gallic muse is represented by Musset's "Nous l'avons en votre Rhin Allemand," "Mourir pour la patrie," "Le Chant du Départ," and the "Marseillaise." The arrangement for voice and piano is, in all respects, excellent, and little exception can be taken to the English translations—some of all to those by Mr. Du Terreaux. De Musset's poem has, however, received but scant justice. For example, "Du pied de nos chevaux marqué dans votre sang" is rendered, "Our horses stampt in blood of your defeated line," and the grand warning, "Et surtout les morts de leur repos auguste," appears as "Take heed to wake the dead from their victorious shrine." On the other hand, some of the translations have the true battle ring in them.—*L'Echo de la Guerre*. Fantasie Militaire, par Chevalier de Kontski. London: Chappell & Co. The war, though an "ill wind," has blown good to the race of pianoforte for the piano by supplying them with a host of new and popular themes. In the work before us Chevalier de Kontski has taken "Lützow's Wild Chase," the "Deutscher Marche," and the "Marseillaise," making out of them, as will readily be believed, a very spirited and vigorous piece, at once showy and easy. The title-page presents a striking illustrative and allegorical design.—*Twelve Popular Melodies*; arranged for the pianoforte by Immanuel Liebich. No. 1. "La Marseillaise." London: Metzler & Co. This arrangement is the first of a series consisting, so far as yet announced, of French and German national songs. Judging of the rest from the example before us, we may pronounce them thoroughly adapted for popular use, Mr. Liebich having done his work in the case of "La Marseillaise" with studied simplicity. Moreover, he has taken thought for beginners as far as to finger passages which present but the smallest difficulty. For these things not a few will thank him.—*Keep your powder dry*. National song. Written by Henry B. Farnie. Composed by Dan Godfrey. London: Chappell & Co. This timely enforcement of old Noll's advice is appropriately illustrated by one of his buff-coated invincibles standing sentry on open Bible, and looking well to the priming of his musket. The words of the song enforce the lesson thus suggested in a hearty vigorous fashion which commands our entire approval. Mr. Godfrey's melody is broad and tuneful, but the refrain seems to us out of keeping, as wanting dignity in itself, and becoming absolutely trivial by comparison with that which goes before.—*Rondo for the Pianoforte*. Composed by Westley Richards, Associate of the Royal Academy of Music. London: Lamborn Cock & Co. Looking at the introduction to this *rondo* before reading the title-page, we saw the familiar arpeggios which precede the regulation *morceau de salon*, and expected to come in due time upon "Forest Whisperings," "The Mountain Rill," or something of that sort. We were agreeably disappointed; for though Mr Richards' piece bears, here and there, a striking resemblance to music not called by a classical name, it is a *rondo* nevertheless. Next time, perhaps, the composer will attempt no compromise between mere show and high art. The two are incompatible, and it is clear Mr. Richards has ability enough to warrant his devotion to the latter. Meanwhile, as a step in the right direction, we welcome the *rondo*.—*Chappell's Organ Journal*, consisting of favourite movements, selected from the works of the great masters, arranged for the organ, with pedal *obbligato*, by the most eminent organists; Nos. 6, 7, and 8. London: Chappell & Co. We are glad to see that this useful and interesting work goes on; for, though an organist owes his first devotion to music written for his instrument, he can hardly afford to ignore transcriptions such as those here presented. No. 6 contains a slow movement in C major from one of Mozart's quartets, arranged by G. E. Griffiths, who, also, has adapted a slow movement by Haydn for No. 7. The work, in each case, has been done with all needful regard both for the composition, the instrument, and the convenience of the player. As to the music, we may safely let the authors' names be sole guarantee of excellence. In No. 8 we find Hummel's Romanza (from Op. 104), a charming little movement which the majority of amateurs will recognize at a glance. The arranger in this instance is a gentleman—Mr. J. Hiles—whose skill has been well proven. As the pieces are all adapted for moderate-sized organs, our application of the term "useful" to this journal needs no vindication.—*The Musical Pipes*. No. 35. Twelve National and Patriotic Songs." London: Metzler & Co. The songs in this number are neither French nor German, as might be supposed, but English; the publishers hoping, perhaps, that out of the present rage for patriotic airs will come a little extra remuneration to those of our own country. A better selection could hardly be made, while the price, sixpence, could hardly be lower. Now is the time for lovers of the "Bay of Biscay," "Tom Bowling," "The Death of Nelson," "The Red, White, and Blue," and "The Tight Little Island" to gratify their tastes by an expenditure ridiculously small.—*Lady Clare*. Song. Written by Edward Legge. Composed for Signor Mario by Walter Maynard. London: Chappell & Co. A song of chivalry which tells of knightly devotion and truth. The music is often elegant, always pleasing; and we can readily believe that Signor Mario, in his happy moments, creates with it no ordinary impression. But in the hands of other and less illustrious tenors the song will be acceptable for more than a single reason.—*The Blind Girl's Dream*. Song. Written and composed by Louisa Gray. London: Chappell & Co. Touching words are here allied in music which, though of the simplest order, is perfect in its apt expression. As music, the song presents nothing on which to hang critical remarks; as both words and music, we must acknowledge it to be, in its way, an admirable thing. That "The Blind Girl's Dream" will be popular with all who love an unpretending yet pathetic ballad is beyond doubt.—*The Buccaneer*. Song. Written by E. Reece. Composed by Berthold Tours. London: Chappell & Co. Our impression was that songs in praise of pirates, highwaymen, gipsies, and the like had gone out of fashion, and were only to be heard from elderly gentlemen with deep bass voices and a knowledge of "The Wolf." We were wrong, it seems; for here is a brau new work lauding the sea rover's life in vigorous strains. And a very good song it is. The words are instinct with power, and Mr. Tours' music runs on with all the freedom and grace of the pirate's ship. In the latter, moreover, there are signs of skill and care rarely met with among works of the sort. We can give the song our heartiest commendation.

WAIFS.

This evening Mr. Santley is to make his first appearance at the Gaiety Theatre, in an English version of Hérold's opera, *Zampa*.

Mr. Alfred Baylis, the tenor, has returned to town from his provincial tour.

Among recent arrivals from Paris here are, M. Gounod and M. Faure.

Herr Ferdinand Ludwig, the pianist, has returned from his tour in Germany.

Prince Poniatowski, the friend of Rossini, and well-known musical amateur, has arrived in England.

Mr William Rea has resumed his interesting and admirable orchestral concerts at the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Messrs Cramer & Co. have projected a concert in aid of the "Red Cross Fund," to take place in Brighton on Wednesday next.

Among our illustrious artistic visitors this winter will, we are informed, be Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia, the worthy sister of Malibran.

We understand that a concert is shortly to be given in the Town Hall, Brecon, at which Miss Edith Wynne will appear. She will be supported by a Welsh tenor, whose voice is said to have the unusual compass of two and a half octaves.

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There is no foundation for the report that Sir Michael Costa has resigned the conductorship of the Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts.

It is stated that, after the surrender of Strasburg some of the French soldiers danced to the music of the Prussian bands, as the victorious besiegers entered the city.

Madame Adelina Patti sang at a concert at Brighton on Thursday evening, with what brilliant success may easily be believed. Among her companions was Sig. Delle Sedie.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, will be given at the end of November, at St. James's Hall, Mdlle. Tietjens and Mdme. Patey are to be among the principal singers.

Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the well-known bass, gave a lecture on Wednesday last, at Belmont House, Ealing, on "The Voice and the Art of Singing," introducing many excellent songs, all of which were highly applauded. Mdlle. F. Naingans and Herr Weber assisted Mr. Bishenden.

Before Paris was invested nearly all the leading artists took their departure for other countries. Many are in Belgium and Holland, and the operahouses in the Netherlands will therefore have the advantage of singers and instrumentalists of note. It is already announced that M. Dupres, who is in Brussels, will produce his opera, *Jeanne d'Arc*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, with a strong cast of emigrant singers.

An evening concert will be given, on the 12th inst., in aid of the fund of the German Association for the Sick and Wounded. Amongst the artists who have promised their co-operation are Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, Madame Rudersdorff, Fräulein Drasdil, Herren L. Ries, H. Bohrer, Benedict, Signor Randegger, &c. The United German Gesang-verein will sing national part-songs, including Dr. Hiller's new composition, "Zur Wahre," Arndt's "Vaterland," and Wilhelm's "Wacht am Rhein."

We take the following from the *Harvard Advocate*, and recommend it as a college song:—

"The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity,
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity.
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and pinch the diaphragm as though the deuce was in it.

CHORUS.

"The pharynx now goes up; the larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note from out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm."

An enthusiastic Prussian has written to an English journal, requesting the editor to inform his readers that the melody of the famous "Marseillaise," now once more so popular in France, is not French but German. It is, we are assured by him, German sacred music, which was found in the old church of the village of Holgheim; the French having merely adapted it to their words. This is, perhaps, the most cruel attack yet made by the Prussians upon the French nationality. Are we really to believe that all the famous romance about Rouget de l'Isle, celebrated in so many histories, and glorified in so many pictures, is mere delusion? and the young Southern composer, who has certainly done more than man ever did before to stir the hearts of a people, only an impudent plagiarist? Perhaps so; but the Prussian correspondent referred to might have been more explicit. When and by whom was it found in the old church? Obviously, the antiquity of the church would prove little; for there is of course nothing to prevent very new music being found in a very old church. The Prussian gentleman ought to have shown that a German copy existed undoubtedly, older than the revolutionary period when "La Marseillaise, paroles et musique," was first published in France. Till we have some such evidence, we must hold the claim of Rouget de l'Isle to be unshaken. Meanwhile, patriotic Frenchmen may console themselves with the reflection, that no national melody ever yet escaped from a controversy of this kind.

The new *Bouffe* has not yet begun at the Grand Operahouse, New York; but that establishment was the scene of a *rencontre* some days ago, between Mr. James Fisk, jun., proprietor, and his *impresario*, Max Maretzek, which has greatly amused the town. Fisk sent Maretzek to Europe to engage the company, and complains that his agent swindled him in a large amount. At the first morning rehearsal of the corps he proceeded to tell Maretzek so, applying to him the epithets of liar and thief, upon which the latter attacked Prince Erie, and the two fell together in desperate conflict on the floor. Beyond a few scratches and bruises, and ruin of Mr. Fisk's violet velvet coat, no harm was done, but as Maretzek's assault was the first actual violence that has been offered to the person of Fisk, and as he has been a possible subject of it for many months, the "scrimmage excites no little talk, and has since been transferred to the daily papers, where the combatants are firing cards at each other and the public. It has been suggested that the "mill" should be introduced into one of Offenbach's extravaganzas, and be repeated upon the boards of the Grand Operahouse, so that the public might see it. Fisk might then appear, first in his gorgeous array as Colonel of the 9th Regiment of Volunteers, and next, on the *encore*, in his resplendent uniform as Commodore of the Fall River Steam-boat Line on Long Island Sound.

The autumnal equinox is over, and New York has resumed its wonted appearance of animation. The inhabitants who ran off for the summer to the mountains or the sea-side have mostly returned to their homes; the hotels overflow with Western and Southern merchants, who have come to buy goods, and the theatres have reopened for the season with such attractions as the managers have been able to secure. Nilsson, the sweet songstress of Sweden, is just now the reigning novelty, and she has been received with a warmth that is but rarely elicited by foreign favourites. Had she appeared in opera there is no knowing to what height the enthusiasm of her admirers might have gone. As it was, the old compliment was paid her by a dozen young men of taking the horses from her carriage and dragging her themselves from the concert hall to her lodgings, a freak that did not fail of course to bring out the time-honoured but just rebuke that they proved themselves donkeys in so doing. Miss Nilsson, so far, has sung only in concert, and it is set forth by her manager that she will not sing in opera at all in the United States; but this is only a *ruse* to secure good houses, and we may be reasonably certain that before the winter is over we shall see her announced as Ophelia. Simultaneously with the arrival of the cantatrice came the distinguished German violinist, Maria Seebach, who has made her *début* in America, as Marguerita, with great success.

THE COLSTON HALL ORGAN.

A "festival" was held in the Colston Hall, Bristol, on Tuesday and Wednesday last, to celebrate the opening of an organ, for which the citizens are chiefly indebted to the munificence of Mr. Wills, of tobacco fame. The specification of the instrument runs as follows:—

Stops.	Feet.	Stops.	Feet.
SOLO ORGAN.			
1 Flute Harmonique	8	5 Corno di Bassetto	8
2 Concert Flute	4	6 Orchestral Oboe	8
3 Viole de Gambe	8	7 Tuba Major Harmonic	8
4 Violin	4	8 Clarion	4
SWELL ORGAN.			
9 Contra Gamba	16	18 Echo Cornet, 3 ranks	
10 Salicional	8	17 Contra Posaune	16
11 Voix Angelique	8	16 Cornopean	8
12 Lieblich Gedacht	8	15 Hautboy	8
13 Open Diapason	8	14 Clarionet	8
14 Principal	4	21 Voix Humana	8
15 Fifteenth	2	22 Clarion	4
Tremulant to Voix Humana and Hautboy.			
GREAT ORGAN.			
23 Grand Double Diapason	16	29 Quint	3
24 Open Diapason	8	30 Sesquialtera	2
25 Open Diapason	8	31 Fourniture, 4 ranks	
26 Violin	8	32 Trombone	16
27 Claribel	8	33 Tromba Harmonic	8
28 Octave	4	34 Clarion	4
CHOIR ORGAN.			
35 Dulciana	8	40 Flageolet	2
36 Lieblich Gedacht	8	41 Corno di Bassetto	8
37 Clarinet Flute	8	42 Bassoon	8
38 Violoncello	8	43 Posaune	8
39 Flute, Octaviante Harmonique	4		
PEDALE ORGAN.			
44 Double Diapason, wood	32	48 Octave wood	8
45 Open Diapason "	16	49 Mixture, 3 ranks, metal	
46 Violin metal	16	50 Grand Bombard	16
47 Violoncello "	8		
COUPLERS.			
1 Solo to Great		8 Solo to Pedals	
2 Swell to Great Sub-octave		7 Swell to "	
3 Swell to Great Unison		6 Great "	
4 Swell to Great Super-octave		9 Choir to "	
5 Choir to Great		10 Bellows "	

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In the afternoon of both festival days, a choice selection of classical music was played by Mr. W. T. Best, to the gratification of large audiences. The instrument, which gives entire satisfaction, has been built by Mr. Henry Willis.

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SERONIARD.—The Abbate Franz Liszt, according to a correspondent of the *Ton*, is still engaged on the "great work" which he commenced so successfully at Weimar. Baron Anton Augusz has placed a whole castle at his disposal, and the artist's pupils, friends, and admirers come to him here just as they used to come at Weimar. Among his present visitors are Herr Servais, son of the well-known violoncellist, the Polish Countess Janina, a passionate lover of art, and Mdlle. Menter. There is a very general wish in musical circles that the Abatte-Virtuoso should settle definitively in Hungary, where he might do a very great deal to improve and raise the character of the national music. As, probably, for political reasons, he may not feel inclined to return to Rome or Weimar, he might, it is believed, be induced to stay in Hungary, provided anything worthy his acceptance could be offered him. It is proposed that the high Hungarian clergy should endeavour to secure his services for the music of their Church.

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L'Echo De La Guerre.

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THE STORY OF "MOZART'S *REQUIEM*"*.

(*Continued from page* 670.)

The result of all these investigations was, as we have already remarked, a tolerably firm conviction that the score was genuine. An accident, however, gave rise to fresh doubts. Up to this period, only two short and rapidly written manuscripts of Süssmayer's had been available for the purposes of comparison; notwithstanding every research, it had been impossible to obtain a larger store, when several fragments of an opera composed by Süssmayer in 1793, two years after the death of Mozart, were unexpectedly obtained from a Baron von Lannoy.

Immediately these fresh pieces of documentary evidence were submitted to the examining committee, they created the utmost astonishment. The manuscripts of Süssmayer's previously examined, differed most essentially from Mozart's; but the fresh ones, to everybody's amazement, tallied so completely with them, that it needed the strictest proofs of their origin to convince competent judges that they did not emanate from Mozart. On near scrutiny, the resemblance to Mozart's writing became even more deceptive and astounding, but what was of incomparably greater importance was the fact that the comparison of these manuscripts with the Wallsegg manuscript proved the complete identity of the writing in both cases; there were all the peculiarities, already mentioned, in the hand, and the peculiar form of the letters B, Q, and R, which were not so shaped in Mozart's manuscripts, appeared again in these new manuscripts of Süssmayer's.

As a matter of course, the points upon which a stress had been laid in the report of the minority now gained additional weight; but the longer and more carefully the investigation was continued, the more entangled did the matter appear to grow, as in the score of the *Requiem*, there was also found a very great deal that seemed most decidedly to tally rather with Mozart's handwriting than with Süssmayer's.

In order to find an outlet from this labyrinth of contradiction and embarrassment, the committee considered that the most advisable course they could pursue would be to apply, with an earnest appeal for a truthful answer, to Mozart's widow, who was still alive. As we know, she asserted, immediately after her husband's death, that he completed the *Requiem*; but this statement had been, at a subsequent period, partially withdrawn by her. After the lapse of so many years, during which all motive for concealing the truth had disappeared, an answer fully worthy of belief might reasonably be expected from her. The wished-for answer was soon received this time; its expressions were, also, more decided than those obtainable at former periods from Madame Constanze.

"If the score is complete," writes the widow, "it cannot emanate from Mozart's hand, for he never finished the *Requiem*. It is easy to perceive what Süssmayer wrote, since, in my opinion, it is impossible to imitate anyone's hand in such a manner, that the imitation cannot be distinguished from the original. So much on this head; I declare that no one but Süssmayer finished the *Requiem*, which was no very difficult task for him, as the plan of the work was precisely laid down in advance for him, and an error on his side was hardly possible."

This decided the matter. Another thorough examination of the score established with satisfactory clearness the difference of the handwriting in the first movement which really emanated from Mozart, and that of the subsequent parts added by Süssmayer. It is true that some persons still refused to be convinced, and still clung to the opinion that the whole work was due to one and the same hand; the proofs, however, were too overwhelming, and the actual facts spoke too loudly for any serious doubt to be still entertained about the ungenuineness of the *Requiem*.

What motive induced Süssmayer many years after Mozart's death to imitate his handwriting is yet a riddle. Perhaps he was actuated by a mere boastful spirit, or by pride at the success of his first attempt, or perhaps it was his intention to publish some more of his own works as Mozart's. One fact is certain: there would have been but little chance of deciding the question of the genuineness of the *Requiem* had not the later imitations been fortunately discovered.

However little respect we may entertain for Süssmayer's moral character, his skill in imitating Mozart's handwriting, and his talent for composition, are certainly deserving of great admiration. The writing of musical notes and signs is quite as individually peculiar as that of ordinary letters, and whoever is at all familiar with a composer's hand can immediately recognize it. The imitation of musical writing is quite as difficult as, if not more difficult than that of ordinary writing. There have been some cases known of great skill in this art. Joachim, the celebrated violin virtuoso, amused himself, when a young man, by imitating the writing of Mendelssohn, for whom he entertained a profound respect, and he obtained great dexterity therein. The wife of the younger Bach could imitate his writing in such a manner that no one was able to see any difference. Süssmayer's imitation must have been masterly, or it would not have been so long a subject of dispute among experts, yet it was executed in a very short period, for, on hearing of Mozart's death, the Count, no doubt, immediately demanded the delivery of the score which he had ordered, and paid for in advance.

But Süssmayer's talent for composition is even more astounding than his power of imitating handwriting. As we have already remarked, there was only one movement of the *Requiem*, the first, quite finished by Mozart. For some of the following, he wrote the vocal parts, and gave probably, here and there, suggestions as to the instrumental accompaniment. Here Süssmayer had to carry out and complete the intentions of the composer, and the fact of supplying, in a style worthy of such a composer, what was wanting most certainly required extraordinary capability. Mozart wrote only a few bars of the "Lacrymosa;" Süssmayer had to carry out the idea, scarcely suggested, of the entire movement, and he did it in such a masterly manner that the possibility of the fact was most emphatically denied. But, as though this were not enough, he added creations, exclusively his own, and of scarcely less value, as being these of the master; at least, he claimed them as his, and we have no reason for doubting the justice of his claim, though many distinguished critics declared, on purely musical grounds, that such an assumption was untenable. Gottfried Welser, who was the first to direct attention to the ungenuineness of the *Requiem*, was, nevertheless, of opinion that it contained many beautiful ideas of Mozarts which could not have come from Süssmayer's garden. The well-known critic Marx, after citing several passages from the "Agnus Dei," says: "Now, if these passages are not Mozart's, it was, at any rate, a Mozart who wrote them." But it is precisely these passages which, as far as we can speak from our knowledge, founded upon a long chain of irrefutable proofs, which were certainly not written by Mozart, and by no other than Süssmayer. The sole solution to this riddle must, perhaps, be sought in the fact that Süssmayer, who, during Mozart's last illness, scarcely allowed an hour to pass without visiting him, may have come into the possession of sketches, which he employed in working out the last part of the composition, or that he heard Mozart play the said motives, and then, thanks to his good memory, confided them to paper. He must, however, have been musically gifted in a musical sense, and we can only sincerely regret that so few of his own productions have been preserved.

A belief in the genuineness of the *Requiem* can now-a-days no longer be defended! However wonderful and incredible it may appear, Mozart furnished only the smallest part of it; all the rest is the work of another, who, however, knew how to embue himself completely with the spirit of the master, and to imitate his handwriting in the most deceptive manner. We are not acquainted, in the domain of art, with another forgery executed with so much skill and genius, and so successfully deceiving the world for a period of from forty to fifty years.

PARSON *versus* ORGANIST.

At the Honiton petty sessions, on Wednesday, the Rev. Henry George Tompkins, vicar of Branscombe, summoned Miss Mary Ford, the organist of the church, and Mr. W. Ford, one of the oldest inhabitants, for disturbing the services of the church. The case against Miss Ford was first proceeded with. On the 15th of September last a Harvest Thank-giving Service was held in the parish church. The vicar sent word by the sexton that there would be no hymn sung until just before the sermon. The sexton neglected to deliver the message, and when the service had proceeded as far as the third Collect, Miss Ford commenced playing a tune upon the organ. The Rev. Mr. Tompkins continued reading the prayer for the Queen, and some confusion followed. Immediately that Miss Ford discovered the mistake she desisted, and the service went on. The rev. complainant gave out a hymn just before the sermon, but Miss Ford, not understanding the hymn, did not play the organ, nor did the choir stand up to sing. The rev. gentleman accordingly started the Old Hundredth tune, and sang the hymn himself. The Archdeacon of Exeter preached, and while the collection was being made at the close another hymn was given out, which was duly sung by the choir. For this disturbance of the service the vicar summoned Miss Ford and her brother, under the second section of the 32nd chapter of the 23rd and 24th Victoria, which gives power to the magistrate to inflict a fine not exceeding £5, or to commit to prison for a term not exceeding two months. The Rev. Mr. Tompkins stated that he was greatly disquieted, and acting under the advice of the Archdeacon of Exeter, he, on the following day, dismissed the organist, the choir, and a portion of the singers. The inhabitants felt very indignant, and drew up a memorial, which was presented to the Bench. Lord Sidmouth, without calling for the defence, dismissed the case. The summons against Mr. William Ford was withdrawn.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

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FRANZ LISZT AS A BOY, DESCRIBED BY CARL CZERNY.

In his *Autobiography*, written in 1842, and now just published, Carl Czerny says:—In the year 1819, a short time after the Bellaville had left us, a man brought me one morning a little boy of about eight, and requested me to hear him play something on the piano. The child was pale and weak-looking, and, while playing, rocked to and fro upon the chair as though he were tipsy, so that I was afraid he would fall on the floor. His playing, too, was utterly irregular, incorrect, and confused, and he had so little notion of fingering that he flung his fingers quite at random over the keys. Despite of all this, however, I was astounded at the talent with which nature had endowed him. He played *a vista* something I put before him, in a purely naturalistic fashion, it is true, but, for that very reason, all the more in a manner showing that in his case nature herself had formed a pianist. It was just the same when, at his father's request, I gave him a motive on which to extemporize. Without the slightest acquirements in harmony, he infused a certain genial significance into his performances.

His father told me that his name was Liszt; that he was a subordinate official in the service of Prince Esterhazy; that he had hitherto himself instructed his son, but begged to know whether I would not take little Franz in hand when in a year's time he came to Vienna. I readily consented, and gave him directions how he was meanwhile himself to continue the boy's instruction, showing him the exercises on the scales, &c. About a year later, Liszt moved into Vienna with his son, and took a lodging in the same street as ourselves. I had little time in the day, but I devoted almost every evening to the boy. Never had I had so zealous a pupil, or one with so much genius.

As I knew from experience that just such geniuses as he, with whom mental powers anticipate physical strength, are in the habit of neglecting to study thoroughly technical details, it struck me that it was necessary above all things to dedicate the first few months in so regulating and fixing the boy's mechanical dexterity that it would be impossible for it to go astray in years to come. In a short time he played the scales in every key with the most masterly ease, which he had acquired, thanks to his fingers, so favourably formed for pianoforte-playing, while by making him study seriously Clementi's *Sonatas* (which will always be the best school for pianists, if only studied in the proper spirit), I accustomed him to be always correct in his *tempo*, a particular in which he had hitherto been deficient; to obtain a beautiful touch and tone; as well as the most irreproachable fingering and correct musical declamation, though the said Sonatas at first appeared to him somewhat dry, for he himself was always lively and in very high spirits. The result of this method was that, when a few months later we took up the works of Hummel, Ries, and Moscheles, followed by those of Beethoven and Sebastian Bach, it was no longer necessary for me to devote my attention to mere mechanical rules; I was enabled at once to initiate him into the spirit and character of these several composers. As he was obliged to get up each piece very quickly, he finished by becoming so skilful in playing at sight, that he was capable of playing off at once even very difficult compositions, as though he had been studying them a long time. I also fostered his talent for improvization by frequently giving him themes on which to exercise his powers in this way.

Little Liszt's unvarying cheerfulness and good humour, together with the extraordinary development of his talent, caused my parents to love him like their own son, and me to love him like a brother; and not only did I teach him for nothing, but I made him a present of all his music, which comprised pretty well all that was good and useful existing at the time. A year later, I was able to let him play in public, and he excited in Vienna such enthusiasm as but few artists succeed in exciting.

The next year his father gave concerts with him for his own benefit; the boy played Hummel's Concertos in A minor and B minor, the quite new; Moscheles' "Variations," and Hummel's Septet; Ries's Concertos, and many of my compositions, besides extemporizing, at every concert, on motives given by the audience. The world was then really not wrong in thinking they beheld in him another Mozart. Unfortunately, his father wanted to gain large pecuniary advantages by him, and when the boy was in the very best of his studies, and as I was just beginning to initiate him in composition, he commenced his travels, first visiting Hungary, and, afterwards, London, Paris, &c., where he created the greatest sensation, as all the papers of the day testify. In Paris, where he settled with his parents, he made, it is true, a great deal of money, but lost a great many years, as his life, like his art, took the wrong road. When I went to Paris sixteen years later (1837), I found that his playing, despite all its immense bravura, was, in every respect, decidedly wild and confused. I thought the best thing I could do was to advise him to travel through Europe, and, when he came to Vienna a year later, his genius took another flight. Amid the unbounded applause of our delicate-minded public, his style soon displayed that brilliancy combined with clearness, for which he is now rendering himself so famous in the world.

BRADFORD FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

This season's first concert came off with great success on the 6th inst. at St. George's Hall, and was opened by Handel's "Occasional" overture for organ solo, performed, in masterly style, by Mr. James Broughton. Unfortunately, the instrument, though a very large one, is not kept in good condition by the directors of the hall, and is hardly fit for solo playing. The great attraction of the concert was, of course, the performances of the chorus, which excited a special interest by the fact that Mr. Broughton made his first *début* as conductor in Bradford. The steadiness of his beat, the thorough control he exercised over every individual singer in the large chorus before him, the nicety with which the most difficult passages were brought out, and the due attention which was paid to light and shade and to proper expression showed that the members have every reason to congratulate themselves in having secured the co-operation of so talented a gentleman. Spohr's anthem, "How lovely are Thy dwellings fair," a composition full of difficulties, such as only Spohr can create, by his peculiar mannerism and the great many chromatic harmonies he introduces, was given with great precision, excepting a slight unsteadiness in the last fugue. The 43rd Psalm of Mendelssohn, for eight parts, without accompaniment, was the best performance of the evening, and brought out the splendid resources of the society to great advantage, affording another proof that nothing can surpass the effect of some 300 well-trained voices expressing breathing sweet harmonious strains—now swelling out like a mighty storm. "Alma Virgo," by Hummel, concluded the first part. The performances of the chorus in the second part comprised Callcott's glee, "In the lonely vale of streams;" Bishop's "Tramp Chorus;" Sullivan's part song, "Hush thee, my baby;" Mendelssohn's part song, "The Nightingale," and the "Hunting Chorus," both very effectively rendered; the "Echo Chorus," by Neithardt; and concluding with Purcell's "Come, if you dare." These were interspersed with solos, by Mr. Thornton Wood, Miss Amy Empsall, Mrs. Lindley Sutton, Miss Myers, and Mr. Charlesworth Prince, who each contributed their share to the success of the evening. Miss Empsall, who has lately come to reside in Bradford, made her first appearance at these concerts, and we were agreeably surprised by her finished execution, which, allied to a mellow, rich soprano voice of considerable compass, will make this young lady a very valuable addition to our local talent. Her selecting the great air from the *Freischutz*, "Softly sighs," for her first introduction, might, perhaps, be considered too ambitious; but we had heard her sing it, we could not help thinking that she had done right in showing what she really could do. Altogether, it is very gratifying to know that a really first-class concert can be got up in Bradford by purely local talent; and the result of this evening's performance will be very encouraging to the members of this society.

COLONIAL.

SYDNEY.—A complimentary concert, tendered by the friends and fellow-artists of Mr. Fairfax, took place at the School of Arts last night. The programme was carried out by most of the leading members of the *corpes de concert* of Sydney. The most noticeable features were Mr. Fairfax's and Mr. Hill's performances. "The Last Man" and "The Exile's Lament," by the former gentleman, were given in his well-known excellent style. For an encore to "The Exile's Lament," he substituted "Will-o'-the-Wisp." Mr. John Hill, K.S., R.A.M., performed upon the harmonium the overtures to *William Tell* and *Semiramide*, the execution of each eliciting unbounded applause. Mr. Hill also appeared as a vocalist, in Blumenthal's "Requital." Mr. Sebastian Hodge played a selection from *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* on the clarionet. Miss Kosten was most successful in her efforts to please, and was recalled after her first song, "The Queen of the Sea."—*The Empire* (August 10th).

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The report of the directors submitted to the shareholders at the quarterly meeting on the 10th inst., at the Norfolk Street offices, gives the receipts for the quarter ending at Michaelmas, £36,693 7s.; for the financial year ending at the same date, £133,176 17s. 11d.; the grand totals, £1,583,359 15s. 2d. The withdrawals were, £399,971 3s. 9d., and the reserve fund, £10,500. The auditors were re-elected and the report adopted. Viscount Ranelagh occupied the chair, and among the directors and members present were Col. B. Knox, the Hon. and Rev. W. Talbot, Col. Jarvis, M.P., Col. Meyrick, Mr. Goodson, Mr. T. K. Holmes, Mr. Newcomen, Mr. Stride, Mr. Winstanley, Mr. John Ashdown, Mr. Sangster, and Mr. C. L. Gruneisen (secretary).

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GAIETY THEATRE.

A new English version, by Mr. Alfred Thompson, of Hérold's romantic opera, *Zampa*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night, for the *début* of Mr. Santley, whose return to the English lyric boards, upon which he won his earliest laurels, has naturally been looked forward to by the musical world as an event of exceptional interest. That the manager of the Gaiety intends, at least for a period, to make opera, of one kind or another, his principal source of attraction is tolerably well known. It would scarcely have answered the purpose to resort to M. Offenbach and his school for the first appearance of one, not only the most popular baritone of our day, but for years ranking among the chief ornaments of the Italian operatic stage; and though, for various reasons, we are inclined to believe that *Zampa* was not precisely the best work to select, at all events, as the admitted masterpiece of a celebrated French composer, it conferred a certain dignity upon the occasion.

With *Zampa* and its composer, even had space been more accommodating than is the case just now, there would be no necessity to occupy the attention of our readers at any length. Originally brought out at the Opéra Comique, in 1831 (two years before Hérold's death), when it drove the easily moved Parisians almost wild with delight, *Zampa* has kept the stage ever since, and is scarcely less popular in Germany than in France. A history of the several occasions upon which the London public have been enabled to judge it, terminating with its resuscitation—with accompanied recitative in lieu of dialogue—at the Royal Italian Opera, during the summer of 1858 (Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Nantier-Didiée, Signors Tamberlik and Ronconi in the chief parts), would be of little interest; nor are we called upon to dwell upon the critically-the merits of an opera sanctioned by the approval of nearly two generations, and the melodies of which, incomparably its most legitimate claims to esteem, have, through various mediums, become familiar to all musical Europe. Least of all shall we be expected to inflict upon our readers a new description of the libretto of M. Mélesville's work, or of the late Scribe's earliest co-labourers, but this time acting solely on his own responsibility. Those who have forgotten or are unacquainted with the story of Zampa di Monza, a dissolute nobleman, a rover in two senses, Corsair and Don Giovanni in one;—how he has destroyed a certain Alphonso in this guise; how he becomes a corsair; how, under threat of murdering her father, he frightens another young maiden, Camilla, into consenting to be his bride; how, at a banquet with his lawless retainers, he beholds a marble statue of Albina, and, overcome with wine, in mocking redemption of his early promise, places a wedding ring within the statue's hand, which, to his consternation, clutches and retains it; how, hardened in iniquity, he, in spite of this, marries by force the terrified Camilla, to the despair of Alphonso di Monza, to whom she loves, to whom she has pledged her troth, and who must time out of mind send to be Zampa's own brother; how, to "make short tale," at the moment of importuning Camilla, and defying Alphonso with his sword, the "Marble Bride" unexpectedly appears, claiming the Corsair for her own, seizing his hand, and sweeping him off to regions unknown—these matters are forgotten or are unacquainted with these striking incidents can hardly do better than repair to the Gaiety, where they may appreciate them for themselves, together with other notable events too numerous to specify, and where, whatever they may think of Zampa and his achievements, or misachievements, they will listen to some very pretty music, and, best of all, hear Mr. Santley sing.

That Mr. Santley was greeted with enthusiasm may easily be credited. His general notion of the Italian Don Giovanni,—ho, daring and reckless as the Spanish Don Giovanni, is, like that di-tingui-hed personage, submitted to supernatural influences and carried to perdition by a spectre in stone—differs in no material respects from what has been long accepted as the correct one. Signor Tamberlik saw the character from much the same point of view as M. Cholley, the original; and Mr. Santley, though he could hardly have witnessed the performance of either, instinctively adopts their idea, and illustrates it after his own fashion. That the part has never been better sung than by him may be fearlessly asserted. The music which Hérold has given to his hero, unlike ordinary music, can be made to suit a tenor voice (even a high tenor voice—witness Tamberlik), or a baritone. The original Zampa was a tenor of that peculiar stamp belonging by prescriptive right to the Opera Comique. The voice of Chollet (also the original Fra Diavolo) was, in the meridian of his career, neither a low tenor nor a high baritone, but a kind of mixture of the two. During his whole career he shone more as an actor than as a singer; but what he lacked in one respect he made up for in another—good taste, strong feeling, and remarkable dramatic power more than atoning for certain mechanical deficiencies as a vocalist. What Chollet could accomplish by means of certain artifices may be seen in the tenor parts of Fra Diavolo and Zampa, as they exist in the recognized published scores of Auber and Hérold. For a quarter of a century the part of Zampa has been indifferently sung by tenor or baritone, according to the immediate resources of the theatre where the opera happened to be given; but in Germany, since the once renowned Fischer undertook the character, it has most frequently been confided to a baritone. So that although Mr. Santley gives some of his songs in the original keys, he cannot now fairly be accused of high treason against the majesty of Hérold, seeing that if treason there be it has long been sanctified by tradition, and, moreover, has been the means of preserving Hérold's most highly valued opera from comparative oblivion. The four solos put into the mouth of Zampa—the barcarole, "Que la vague écumante lance vers les cieux" (*Anglice*, "What if the foaming billow"), the most striking passage in the first *finale*; the *cavatina* and *scena* in the opening scene of Act 2, "Camille, tu m'appartiendras" ("Camilla's there," &c.), in the last movement of which wanting a Leporello, Zampa celebrates his conquests, not to a long-suffering Elvira, but in soliloquy, for his own edification; the barcarole, "Douce jouvencelle" ("Maiden eyes are glancing"), which plays much the same part in the second *finale* as its predecessor in the first; and the address to Camilla, "Quand tremblez l'or" ("Thou art my Queen," &c.)—are among the most attractive passages in the whole, and upon their effective delivery no little depends. True, Mr. Santley sings none of them exactly as Hérold composed them—a liberty in defence of which we may cite honourable precedent; but on the other hand, he sings each and all of them in a manner for which precedent would by no means be so easy to find. Where all was good it will suffice to single out that which was best of all—the *scena* at the commencement of Act 2 (Zampa's "Il Catalogo" —*without* the "Madamina"). This was perfect from end to end, and brought down such a storm of applause that Zampa was forced to recount his victories over again; and there were not a few present who would willingly have listened to the recital even a third time.

Mr. Santley had, for the most part, reason to be satisfied with his concerted music. Madame Florence Lancia gave the music of Camilla with the facility and correctness of a practised artist, and acted with equal intelligence and feeling. Camilla's music, apart from the romance wherein the story of Albina, Zampa's victim, is narrated ("Dune haute montagne," the theme of which occurs early in the overture), exhibits more of Hérold's weakness than his strength. When, as often occurs in *Zampa*, he tries to imitate Rossini and the followers of Rossini's early manner, he is as lamentably feeble as when, agreeably to his nature, writing in the pure French style, brought to perfection by Auber, he is strong. Thus his Camilla, in a musical sense, is the poorest character of the opera. Nevertheless, the part requires experience and skill to sing with fluency; and both are possessed by Madame Lancia in such a degree as to make one regret that her voice has not more power and quality. In the dramatic scene between Camilla and Zampa, near the end of the last act, Madame Lancia fairly divided the honours with the hero of the night. Nothing could be more engaging and acceptable than Miss Emmeline Cole, as Rita, Camilla's favourite attendant; and nothing more careful and refined than the part that Mr. W. H. Cummings had to sing, in the somewhat lackadaisical character of Alphonse, Camilla's lover. Mr. Cummings is as yet a novice on the boards; but our lyric stage is greatly in want of singers so unpretentious and, at the same time, so thoroughly efficient. Mr. Aynsley Cooke exhibited his accustomed vigour and broad idea of humour in the part of Daniel, the Corsair's chief mate; and Mr. Charles Lyall, as Dandolo, the timid bellringer, so frightened at the apparition of Zampa (a small part, of which Rosenthal was by no means unequal), justified further hope that, should such a desirable institution as a permanent English opera ever be established in London, an admirable representative of certain subordinate, though by no means unimportant characters, is immediately at hand. Owing to this gentleman's quaint and yet natural acting, the trio for Camilla, Rita, and Dandolo (Act 1), when the last-mentioned enters, terror-stricken at the menaces of Zampa, threatening him with instant death should he ring the bell for the marriage of Camilla and Alphonso, became one of the striking effects of the performance; and this was the more gratifying inasmuch as the trio itself is, perhaps, the best piece of concerted music in the entire opera—best alike whether judged from a musical or dramatic point of view.

With regard to the execution generally, we need only say that Herr Meyer Lutz, the conductor, deserves credit for the skilful manner in which he uses the materials at his disposal. Though the orchestra under his control is by no means strong enough, either numerically or otherwise, to produce the effect contemplated in music like that of Hérold, it contains some excellent players in its ranks; and the familiar overture was given with such spirit as to draw down an encore, apparently so unanimous that Herr Lutz felt bound to repeat the whole—thus, we think, injudiciously prolonging the performance. The chorus is, for the most part, good—and this, remembering that an opera by Hérold, and not an opera by M. Offenbach, or M. Hervé (M. Offenbach's shadow) is under consideration. Much, indeed, of the *finales* to Acts 1 and 2, the two most ambitious concerted pieces, was extremely well done. A line must suffice to say that Mr. Gordon has devised some very appropriate *tableaux* for the occasion

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—a Sicilian coast scene (Act 2) being especially noticeable for its picturesqueness; and that the ballet and *mise-en-scène*, comprising an exceedingly well-managed representation of the "Marble Bride," are quite up to the standard to which the public have been accustomed at the Gaiety. The performance, as may be gathered from the foregoing remarks, was a complete success—not only for Mr. Santley, but more or less for all concerned; and the fall of the curtain at the end of each act was merely the signal for its being raised again. Herr Lutz, who has made some very advisable "cuts," may venture still further in the same direction, without injury to Hérold's music, which is not unfrequently diffuse to little purpose. In conclusion, if it is the director's intention to go on with operas of so pretentious a character as *Zampa*, one thing should be impressed on his mind as indispensable—his orchestra *must* be numerically strengthened; more "strings," above all, are required; and the complement of wind instruments (the "wood" imperatively) should be filled up.

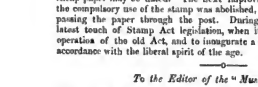
THE OLD NEWSPAPER STAMP.

The old newspaper stamp, abolished on Friday, September 30, had an existence of 158 years. In the year 1712 Queen Anne sent a message to the House of Commons complaining of the publication of seditious papers and factious rumours, by which means designing men had been able to sink credit and the innocent had suffered. On the 12th of February in that year a committee of the whole House was appointed to consider the best means for stopping the then existing abuse of the liberty of the Press. The evil referred to had existence in the political pamphlets of the period. A tax upon the Press was suggested as the best means of remedying the evil, and for the purpose of avoiding a storm of opposition the impost was tacked on to a Bill for taxing soaps, parchment, linens, silks, calicoes, &c. The result of the tax was the discontinuance of many of the favourite papers of the period, and the amalgamation of others into one publication. The Act, passed in June 1712, came into operation in the month of August following, and continued for 32 years. The stamp was red, and the design consisted of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, surmounted with a crown. In the *Spectator* of June 10, 1712, Addison makes reference to this subject, and predicts great mortality among "our weekly historians." He also mentions that a facetious friend had described the said mortality as "the fall of the leaf." The witty Dean Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, under date of August 7, speaks of Grub Street as being dead and gone. According to his report the new stamp had made and havoc with the *Observator*, the *Flying Post*, the *Examiner*, and the *Medley*. Twelve years afterwards—namely, in 1724—the House of Commons had under consideration the practises of certain printers, who had evaded the operation of the Stamp Act by printing the news upon paper between the two sizes mentioned by the law, and entering as pamphlets, on which the duty to be paid was 3s. for each edition. Its deliberations culminated in a resolution to charge 1d. for every sheet of paper "on which any journal, mercury, or any other newspaper whatever shall be printed," and for every half sheet thereof the sum of one half-penny sterling." In 1751 the stamp duty upon newspapers was made 1d., or £4 1s. 8d. for 1,000 sheets. The next change in the stamp duty was effected on the 28th of May, 1776, when Lord North advanced the price from 1d. to 1½d. Another alteration was made on the 12th August, 1789. On this occasion the stamp was increased from 1½d. to 2d In 1794 the stamp went up to 2½d., and in May, 1797, to 3½d. The highest rate of the stamp was obtained in 1815, when the amount was 4d. After this date a period of decline ensued. In the reign of William IV. an act was passed for the reduction of stamp duty upon newspapers from 4d. to 1d., and ¼d. upon any supplement. This Act came into operation on the 15th of September, 1836, from which date the rise of the cheap paper may be dated. The next improvement occurred in 1855, when the compulsory use of the stamp was abolished, save and except as a means of passing the paper through the post. During the last Session we had the latest touch of Stamp Act legislation, when it was decided to determine the operation of the old Act, and to inaugurate a new order of things more in accordance with the liberal spirit of the age.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Would you or any of your readers kindly inform me through the correspondence of your paper who *the publisher is* of "The Augustineburg March," composed by W. Whitmore Warne. By so doing you will greatly oblige, A LONDON SUBSCRIBER.

P.S.—The commencement of the tune is:—



[The seven-bar rhythm of this tune is curious, to say the least.—A. S. S.]

GLOBE THEATRE.

Redecorated by Mr. E. W. Bradwell, under the direction of Mr. Walter Emden, and opened by Miss Alleyne, the Globe Theatre on Saturday night presented a very pretty appearance. Everything was new and bright, and the act drop, representing Shakspere's old Globe Theatre on the Bankside, Southwark, conveyed an impression that something of the higher order would be attempted in the house. This was confirmed by an address, written by Mr. Walter Lacy, and spoken by him, after the conclusion of an introductory farce. The main piece of the evening was the abridged version of the *Taming of the Shrew*, commonly played under the title of *Katherine and Petruchio*. The fair vixen was represented by Miss Alleyne, who modestly professes herself a novice. Her voice and appearance are greatly in her favour, she speaks with discrimination, and her manner generally recalls that of Miss Neilson. Of the character of Katherine she takes somewhat too sensible a view, keeping the "Shrew" in the background, and more plainly revealing the loving nature which ultimately leads to the reconciliation of the tamer with the tamed. But altogether it was a most creditable *début*.

Had Miss Alleyne, who confesses inexperience, been better advised, she would have revived, not the farce, always played as an after-piece at the patent theatres, but Shakspere's entire comedy, with the character of Christopher Sly, after the fashion in which, some years ago, it was admirably reproduced at the Haymarket Theatre by Mr. Benjamin Webster. She would then at once have marked out her theatre for what is technically called a "speciality," and, at the same time, have concealed the weakness of her company. Comparatively few have seen the comedy, but everybody is familiar with the farce, which is associated with the names of our greatest comic actors. Mr. Fairclough, who plays Petruchio, does his best, and is a good declaimer, but of the buoyant, joyous gallant represented by Charles Kemble and others he has no more notion than Mr. Cathcart has of Grumio. Sad errors, too, are there in the general conduct of the piece, showing that oblivion of tradition does not necessarily cause increase of light. The leg of mutton which provides the rage of Petruchio was really burnt to a cinder, the cup which he rejects really ugly. Now, the gist of the play consists in the assumption of motiveless rage by a man who wishes to put to shame the unreasonable temper of his bride. The wrath of Petruchio on being handed such a joint as is served up at the Globe Theatre would have been natural in a fiery gentleman of the 16th century who had not attained that control over passion which is the boast of the nineteenth. Had the old comedy been revived with all its appointments in a sound archæological spirit, the defective details would have been lost in the novelty of the spectacle.

The evening concluded with Mr. Palgrave Simpson's romantic drama, *Maces Spada*, originally produced by the late Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre. N. D.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Business is very good just now at the Imperial Operahouse. This may partly be attributed to the great number of strangers here at present. Mdlle. Bertha Ehnn has returned, after a long absence in Italy, and re-appeared in *Faust*, *Mignon*, and other operas. Miss Minnie Hauck, too, is singing away again as blithe as a lark; she is a great favourite in parts like Zerlina, but her more serious efforts are not so popular. Speaking to Tartuffe, that worthless brother-in-law says: "Les hommes la plupart sont étrangement faits," adding: "Et la plus noble chose ils la gâtent souvent, pour la vouloir outrer et pousser trop avant." Now this assertion is as applicable to the principle of "alternation" as to any other, a fact most convincingly proved by something which happened lately at the Imperial Operahouse. At that establishment the principle has been laid down, once for all, that the various artists representing the same line of business shall, as it is termed, "alternate" in the different parts, or, to speak more idiomatic English, that each artist shall play every part in his turn. *Robert le Diable* was announced. Herr Rokitansky was Bertram. Herr Rokitansky was, moreover, hoarse, and very hoarse, to boot. But the principle of "alternation" required that Herr Rokitansky should, on that particular evening, sing the part, though he had not a note in his voice, and he consequently did sing it—without a note in his voice—while not fewer than four other bassos—Herren Schmidt, Draxler, Hablawetz, and Meyerhofer, all belonging to the theatre, in the rudest health, and the best possible vocal feather, if such an expression be permissible, were in the front of the house, *seeing* their unfortunate colleague sing. Most decidedly Red Tape is not patronised exclusively in England. S. S.

MUNICH.—Herr Czerny, formerly conductor at the Augsburg Theatre, has just sent in a new opera, *Das Testament*, to the Royal Operahouse here. The Volkstheater was re-opened on the 1st inst.

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PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—Our own correspondent from this town writes to us as follows:—

"The Festival excitement having cooled down, thoughts are being turned to the winter musical season. Last week there was a concert at the Town Hall, with Madame Rudersdorff, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas as principals. The programme was of the usual miscellaneous character. On the 24th Mr. Mapleson's troup is to commence a series of six performances at the Theatre Royal, *Don Giovanni*, *Lucia*, *Norma*, *Masaniello*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Sonnambula*, and the *Huguenots* are to be the operas, with Mdlles. Tietjens, Ilma di Murska, Trebelli, Sinico, Scalchi, and Signori Bellini, Vizzani, Rinaldini, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Mr. W. Morgan as singers. The conductor's name is not yet mentioned. More anon.—BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM."

BRADFORD.—On the 6th inst. the first concert by the Festival Choral Society for the year 1870 was given in St. George's Hall. The audience was large. The principals were—Miss Amy Empsall, Miss Myers, Mrs. Lidney-Naylor, and Messrs. Robert Leach, Thornton Wood, Charlesworth Prince, and William Northrop, supported by the entire strength of the members and the orchestral subscribers, numbering nearly 200 voices. The organist and accompanist was Mr. A. Moorhouse, and the conductor Mr. Broughton. The programme included Spohr's "How lovely are Thy dwellings fair," Hummel's "Alma Virgo," with other important sacred and secular works.

CARMARTHEN.—The *Journal* of October 7th says:—

"A Festival of the choirs of the Church Choral Union of the Rural Deanery of lower Carmarthen, was held at Lampeter Belfrey Church on the 28th of September, on the occasion of a thanksgiving, and for the purpose of publicly evincing gratitude for the late bountiful harvest. The Laugharne, Narberth, Llandissilio, and Lampeter Belfrey choirs attended on the occasion, and formed into procession and sang the processional hymn, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and were followed in procession by about twenty clergymen, the singing throughout was considered excellent. At the close of each of the services collections were made, part to be given in aid of the funds of the Choral Union of the Deanery."

MALVERN.—From a notice in the local *Advertiser* of October the 8th, we abridge as follows:—

"During the present week the concert-room has been occupied by the English Opera and Burlesque Company, who hall, we believe, from the metropolis. The company is one of undoubted merit, and it is therefore satisfactory that the performances have been well patronized. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was the first opera given, and in *The Rose of Castile* on Tuesday the company acquitted themselves creditably. *Il Trovatore* was given on Wednesday, and on Thursday *La Sonnambula* was presented to a crowded house. Friday's performance included Balfe's *Satanella*. All the characters throughout the week have been well sustained, and the audiences have appeared highly gratified."

WARMINSTER.—*Apropos* of a new operetta by Mr. Frank Spinney, a local paper says:—

"Mr. Spinney promises by his industry and talent to attain a position in the musical world of no mean standing. Some time ago he wrote a cantata which brought him prominently before the notice of local musicians, and now he has produced an operetta which will undoubtedly gain him the attention of a much wider circle. The latter was presented to the public for the first time on the morning and evening of Wednesday last, at the Town Hall, Warminster, in a manner that the character of the work deserved, and was evidently much appreciated by the large audience on each occasion. The libretto, from the pen of Mr. Percy Thornton, entitled *Village Belles* may be characterized as spirited and expressive. The ideas are prettily woven, pungently and well expressed, and the musical composition harmonizes with them in a pleasing and striking manner."

HEREFORD.—We read as follows in the *Bristol Times* of October 8th:—

"The grand organ erected in Castle Hall was formally 'inaugurated' yesterday. At present it has an unfinished look. If the outer covering is incomplete, however, the organ itself is finished, and is a magnificent production of Mr. Henry Willis, at a cost of £2,500. It is the largest in the West of England, and is next in size and power to that of Birmingham. The festival commenced with an organ performance in the afternoon, the player being Mr. Best. The pieces chosen for the recital had been most carefully selected so as to display the various features of the instrument, and consisted of:—1. Organ Concerto, in G minor—Handel; 2. Larghetto, from the quintet for clarionet and strings—Mozart; 3. Rondo and Fugue, in G minor—Bach; 4. Air with variations, for the organ—J. L. Hatton; 5. Grand Fantasia, 'Orage suivi par une prière'—Lemmens; concluding with the National Anthem, arranged by Mr. Best himself. The capabilities of the organ were admirably displayed. In the evening the *Messiah* was performed, the soloists being Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The chorus was the fullest and most complete ever assembled in Colston Hall. The solo singers were all in excellent voice, and have seldom sung better. Miss Wynne especially charmed by her able interpretation of 'Rejoice greatly' and 'Come unto me.' Very warm applause also greeted Miss Julia Elton after singing 'O thou that bringest' and 'He shall feed his flock.' Her most successful effort was, perhaps, 'He was despised.' Mr. Vernon Rigby sang all his music with his usual care and excellent taste; as did also Mr. Lewis Thomas. The choruses were given with great precision, and were most effective. The voices were well balanced and went harmoniously together, which must have been gratifying to Mr. George Risely, the conductor. 'He shall purify,' 'For unto us,' and 'All we like sheep,' were interpreted in a manner seldom heard in the provinces. The organ performance of Mr. Best was astonishing. At times the different string and brass instruments were imitated to perfection, and a better substitute for a band could not have been found. The Pastoral Symphony was well played."

LEEDS.—The *Leeds Express* of October the 3rd says:—

"The compositions of Mr. Henry Smart were thoroughly enjoyed at Saturday night's concert, by a large audience. There is no composer living who more thoroughly devotes his talents to legitimate music than Henry Smart. There is not the slightest approach to vulgarity or clap-trap in his popular ballads; and no inane words will be found wedded to Mr. Smart's music. For variety, for melody, for good writing, and for what people love to call 'prettiness,' no modern compositions equal his. This was evident when the audience, although hearing nearly all the pieces for the first time, at once became so interested of them as to demand numerous repetitions. Most charming is the song, 'The birds are telling one another,' and Miss Winder sang it with great taste. 'The Switzer Maiden' is an excellent characteristic song, which Miss Hiles gave effectively—the inevitable echo in it being capitally produced. Amongst the most taking of the pieces was a MS. song, 'Hurrah! for merry England,' capitally given by Mr. Dodds, in which Mr. Smart has shown that vigorous, stirring music, and a most pleasing melody may be combined. The words of this song are by Barry Cornwall, and, as soon as published, it will become popular amongst amateur vocalists. Organ solos were played by Dr. Spark, all of which were enjoyed. The *Andante gracioso* in G was especially noted for its lovely flowing subject and elegant treatment. Mr. Smart might have had the singularly beautiful reed-stops in our Town Hall organ in his mind when penning this composition, so charming were the effects produced."

GLASGOW.—Mr. Sims Reeves appeared on the 8th inst. at a "Saturday Evening Concert." We take the following notice of the event from the *Daily Herald*:—

"On Saturday evening the City Hall was crowded, and numbers had to be turned away, a circumstance which always occurs when Mr. Sims Reeves' name is announced. The immense popularity our first (we had almost said only) tenor enjoys it is nothing more than due to his great talents. It is comparatively easy for a vocalist to obtain a passing esteem, but it is seldom granted to any artist to make and maintain such a position as Mr. Reeves has done. Speaking for ourselves, there is no vocalist from whom we have derived more pleasure than Mr. Reeves. Listening to him we acknowledge a master, and are happy to find ourselves at the feet of such a teacher. Long may Mr. Reeves' superb voice be spared, but even were that to fail, he could still exercise over the art that influence which has been acquired by years of thoughtful study. On Saturday Mr. Reeves' appearance was a signal for an enthusiastic reception. He was in splendid voice, and in its use unsparing. He first sang, 'In Native Worth,' which was listened to with breathless attention. At its termination he was twice called back. He also sang a manuscript ballad, 'Marnie of the Mill.' The ballad of itself is without any pretension, but to its simplicity is added purity. In reply to a hearty demand, Mr. Reeves repeated the song, and as an encore to Bishop's 'Pilgrim of Love,' he gave 'My Love is like a red, red Rose,' which was enthusiastically received. We have always a strong sympathy for any artist appearing with Mr. Reeves. The fact that the audience are as-sembled to hear him alone places all the other singers at a disadvantage. It is, therefore, the more to the credit of Misses Blanche Cole and Fennel and Mr. Bantian Kelly that they made a favourable impression, and were so well received. Mr. Berger, who satisfactorily discharged the duties of accompanist, played a composition of his own, under the somewhat polyglot title, 'Tarantelle impromptu Punchinello.' The 'Tarantelle' is not difficult to perform, and was encored."

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—Mr. Robert Cocks has obtained a renewal of his license for music and dancing at these renowned rooms.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLAUTO MAGICO.—Charles Nicholson made his *début* in London about 1820, with that form of flute usually called the "concert-flute," to distinguish it from the old German flute. It was bored on a new and better principle, and its holes were enlarged, and graduated with more exactness, though still on an unequal scale. With this flute, improved in tone and extended in compass, Nicholson presented himself before the public, fifty years ago. It is true he only introduced a very old friend, but so changed in voice and appearance that it was practically new, and this was one cause of his popularity.

B. OF B.—Fifty of Haydn's symphonies are arranged for the pianoforte, and, if we are not mistaken, may be obtained at Novello's.

EPHRAIM BOTTLOCK.—No—just the opposite. Cherubini dedicated his *Medée* to Méhul.

PURPLE POWIS.—Donizetti's operetta, *Betly*, was first heard in English at the Grecian Saloon, where the late Robson played Daniel. The story of *Betly* (the same as that of Scribe and Adolph Adam's *Chalet*) has been often dramatized here. The late Keeley may be remembered in *The Swiss Cottage*; and another version was produced at the Lyceum.

DR. SEPTIMUS WIND.—The question asked by Dr. Wind can only be answered by the author of *St. Peter* (first and unsettable version) himself. We have no wish to take any part in the controversy. Mr. Chorley, like his reviser, has enjoyed the advantage of the publicity conferred by our columns.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1870.

AN EXAMPLE OF BAD TASTE.

WE hear a good deal about German "culture;" and, no doubt, it is an excellent thing in its way. Unfortunately, "what is bred in the bone will be sure to come out in the flesh"—culture or no culture; and hence our Teutonic brethren are occasionally liable to ebullitions of the old barbaric spirit. He is the truest gentleman, as high authorities tell us, who shows most consideration for the feelings of others. *Per contra*, he is the truest savage who regards only his own. Judged by this standard, the Germans resident in London are worthy descendants of the tribes who swarmed over the Alps, long ago, and extinguished Roman civilization.

There is a society in London calling itself the "German Association for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded in the War of 1870"—a very laudable society, with a very praiseworthy object. It wants money, as a matter of course, and adopts various methods of supplying the want—among others that of concert-giving. Against this there is not a word to say. If "the end does not sanctify the means," there are some ends—notably that of succouring fellow-creatures in distress—which make the use of every lawful means imperative. So far we are entirely in line with the German Association, &c. Further on, we diverge at the greatest possible angle.

Our London Germans, however important an element they may be in metropolitan life, are aliens in a strange land, with the obligation upon them not to abuse the hospitality they enjoy. Just now, their position is one of extreme delicacy. They live among a neutral people, who watch with pain and sorrow the bloody struggle between a kindred race and a good neighbour and firm ally of twenty years' standing. They live, moreover, in a country which is proud to sustain its old character, as an asylum for the distressed of all nations, by receiving and sheltering the thousands of French people whom the cruel exigencies of war have driven from their native soil. In view of this position, what line of conduct would naturally suggest itself to a German of delicacy and good taste, supposing the phenomenon to exist? Would not the fortunate possessor of such a nature say within himself—"On this neutral soil I must refrain from exhibiting my sympathies, lest they should prove compromising to those whose guest I am. Still more must I keep clear of demonstrations certain to pain my fellow guests, whose position, as enforced exiles, gives them a special claim upon forbearance." A German reasoning thus might belie his national characteristics, but he would prove himself a gentleman and a man of taste. Unfortunately, the character is hypothetical—at least within the ranks of the German Association for the Sick and Wounded, whose concert, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday night, was nothing less than an outrage upon decency. The offence, be it understood, lay not in Herr Hallé, playing extracts from Schubert and Chopin; in Herr Hammer, essaying variations on a maudlin melody; nor in Herr Nordblom, conveying his impressions of a battle-field. These things, and others like them, were harmless, if not edifying; but we cannot say so much for the blatant shouting, by a German Gesangverein, of German battle-songs; for the recitation (save the mark!) of gigantic puffs of "Vaterland;" and for the cry of "Vorwärts," raised by Frau Ruderdorff, to the music of Herr Randegger—as if such a cry were needed while any part of France is available for "requisitions." We hold these things, however tolerable in their place—that is, in Germany, or in exclusively German gatherings—to be examples of the worst possible taste when brought forward at a public gathering, in the heart of a neutral city, and within possible hearing of those whom right feeling should guard from every chance of insult. If the French give a concert on behalf of their wounded, let us hope they will gain an advantage over their conquerors by showing that delicacy at least remains to them.

WIESBADEN.—The war has, of course, sadly deranged all artistic matters here just as elsewhere. The Administration of the Kurhaus was accustomed to get up every year from six to ten concerts, at which the most famous artists from all parts of Europe were engaged. This year, also, the Administration had arranged a splendid programme for the season, but the concerts were summarily stopped after the second. The artists at the first concert were Mad. Loderer-Ubrich, soprano, from Darmstadt; Mdlle. P. de Smet, pianist, from Brussels; Herr Betz, baritone, from Berlin; and M. Léonard, violinist, from Paris. Those at the second were: Mad. Peschka-Leutner, from the Leipsic Theatre; Mdlle. P. Fichtner, pianist, from Vienna; Herr Schelper, baritone, from Berlin; and M. Jules de Swert, violoncellist. The band from the Theatre began the concerts by some overture, and executed the necessary orchestral accompaniments. After these two concerts, a third was given, but the artists belonged to the place or to some town not far off. The performances at the theatre have gone on as usual.

MOSCOW.—The Italian operatic season commenced on the 27th Sept., with Donizetti's *Lucrezia*. The leading singers engaged are Mesdames Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, Artot-Padilla, Murska, Volpini, Wiese, Trebelli; Signori Tamberlik, Stanjo, Bettini, Marini, Rota, Padilla, Steller, Belleval, Bagagiolo, and Bossi. Señor Guis, a Spaniard, is the conductor.

An Improbization.

Picked up in the Crystal Palace Concert-Room, on Saturday, October 8th.

THE TENOR'S APPEAL.

When other artists sing this song,
And burst on upper A's,
They'll sing so long and sing so strong,
Enough the roof to raise.
You'll grind your teeth when they sing sharp,
Or break on E or G;
But as I sing both loud and strong,
Then you'll remember me.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Without wishing to stop the flow of charity, we may express little sympathy with the entertainment given in St. James's Hall for the German wounded. Concerts for charitable purposes are oftentimes the cause of great imposition upon artists, who are called upon to work real sacrifices while the audience get a *quid pro quo*. But apart from this was it decent for the Gesang-Vereine to be shouting their war-songs in the heart of neutral London, and within hearing of the French refugees who have sought our hospitality? Surely there was music enough without bringing forward compositions so manifestly out of place.

Ernest Feydeau—author of *Fanny*, *Un Début l'Opera*, *Monsieur de si Bertrand*, *Le Mari de la Danseuse*, and other infamous books—is at Boulogne-sur-Mere, struck (like the country which he, and others, like himself, have been the means of debasing) with paralysis. To the sinister influence of such writers as M. Feydeau, more than any to other cause, is France (especially Paris) indebted for the state of degradation into which it has hopelessly sunk. The tolerance (not to speak of approval) for so many years, of writers like M. Feydeau, who have made the liberty of the press a pest and a mockery, instead of a blessing, would alone suffice to explain why the modern Babylon has collapsed.

The programme is published of the resuscitated Olympic Games, which are to take place at Athens, not at Olympia, and to celebrate, not the deeds of Hercules, but the opening of the Greek Industrial Exhibition. This revival deserves to rank with the Eglinton Tournament, but seems scarcely conducted with such purism. On the first day, indeed, the 16th of October, gymnastic games are to be held at the Panathenaic Stadium, and competitors are to appear in the ancient Greek costume. Considering what that was on such occasions, there will be no great call on the costumiers. On Sunday, the 23rd, we are promised a lottery, with swimming and boat-races in the harbour of Phalerus. "Sea-manœuvres after the fashion of the ancient Greeks" are also announced; so we may presume that the modern Greeks have solved the Trireme problem.

It appears that Mr George Perren has resumed his post as director of the Crystal Palace operas. We are glad to hear it, because, doubtless, Mr. Perren may be trusted to work far better results than those we have had of late. The prospectus mentions several additions to the established repertory of the Palace, among them being such important works as *Der Freischütz* and *Fidelio*. Mr. Perren needs no assurance that the music of Weber and Beethoven will tax all his resources, and that its execution will be judged by a different standard than the execution of English ballad operas. Knowing this, he may be trusted to do his very best with the means which the entire absence of an English school of lyric drama so seriously limits. Let us add a hope that in the prosperity and long-continuance of Crystal Palace opera, we may see the beginning of a change which shall develop musical talent by establishing an English lyric stage. Should this result come about the Sydenham "glass house" will have made another claim upon national gratitude by accomplishing another national good.

It is doubtful consolation for the sufferers from street music to learn that the character of its strains is the result of Protestantism. Mr. Kaines, tell us such is the case, and that even "the emotional cravings and wild unrest" which mark the melodies of our times are indications of the religious spirit of the age. We do not contest the position that national temperament influences national music, and should be prepared to find in the music of the north a more sombre tone than in that of the south. But we find a difficulty in accepting the theory that when "*Protestantism broke the spell under which the human intellect was bound by Roman Catholicism and enlarged the sphere of man's knowledge*," the temperament and music of northern nations became saddened by an increased sense of responsibility, and the thought of the mysteries of life and death, thus losing the brightness and cheeriness which unreformed people of the south still retain. It may be questioned whether any modern English music can be called national; and if there be a tinge of sadness in the airs heard in street and drawing-room we should feel inclined to ascribe it to that dreariest of follies—comicality, sometimes miscalled humour.

"St. Peter" and Mr. Benedict.

As I perceive that the conductors of *St. Peter* are not content without attracting new attention to their proceedings—and that this attempt continues to take a form not so much defensive as offensive, rendering misapprehension possible—I am obliged to return to the subject.

In answer to a letter published in the columns of a contemporary on the 2nd ult., I have to point out, first, that not a single one among the statements made by me in this journal, on the 3rd of September, is contradicted. On the contrary, they are confirmed; especially the one in which attention was called by me to the engagement of an assistant by Mr. Benedict to make the changes, *which*, he assured me, *he had him self made by aid of a Concordance*, and which, as having been made in total contravention of our expressed agreement (that is, without consulting me), I declined either to examine or to sanction. The writer of the letter entirely overlooks the fact, that betwixt the months of May and January I was ignorant of Mr. Benedict's proceedings; having till then the impression that he was thoroughly satisfied with the libretto committed to him by the Birmingham committee to compose, and not to be patched, to suit his confessed incompetence, by a strange hand.

Further, with regard to the criticisms in the *Athenæum*, which it appears I am supposed to have influenced, let me state that I was absent from every rehearsal of *St. Peter*, in London and Birmingham; that I have not seen a line of the music in manuscript or in print to this day, and that I was totally unacquainted with the book of the oratorio till the morning of its production, on the 2nd of September—after my letter which appeared on the 3rd had been written and printed. My statement had only to do with the transaction, not with its results. The critic of Mr. Benedict's oratorio has never to this day seen a line of the original book on which Mr. Benedict's accomplice—alike indelicately and unjustifiably—pronounces his judgment, after private perusal; and is thus totally unaware of the extent of the transformations of a libretto accommodated to the musician to compose, and by him accepted with every expression of satisfaction.

I must reluctantly add a few words more. These in my former letter were withheld out of forbearance. They may now become necessary to the completion of an unpleasant story. On Mr. Benedict, in January last, expressing his amazement and vexation at my refusal—after the sale of his oratorio—to make acquaintance with changes not made by myself and as such expressly provided against, I offered to refer the matter in debate to the arbitration of two mutual friends of ours—Sir Michael Costa and the late Charles Dickens. This he distinctly declined. I did not, however, conceive myself prevented by such refusal from laying the case and the correspondence which had passed between us before two judges so competent, and above all suspicion of favouritism. I have the opinion of both before me; and if Mr. Benedict and his assistant desire further publicity in regard to their strange transaction, I am ready to publish the entire correspondence.

Henry F. Chorley.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Walworth.—The members of the Choral Society in connection with the Literary Institution, opened the session of 1870-71 on the 7th Inst. with a public performance of selections from the first and second part of the *Messiah*. The works announced for rehearsal during the season are Handel's *Semele*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *Antigone*, Mr. Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*, and Dr. Bennett's *May Queen*. The opening performance on Friday night, although upon a small scale, there being no instrumental adjunct save the piano, was thoroughly satisfactory as it went, and well deserved to have been better attended. The solo singing (by members of the class) was really admirable, and would have elicited a very favourable opinion even if regarded from a severely professional point of view. The chorus, too, quite maintained the excellent reputation it gained by the performances of the two last seasons. The principal singers were Misses Dix, Ford, Stringer, and Houghton, Messrs. Evison and Kaberry. Mr. F. Corfeus played the accompaniments. W. H. P.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—In the notice of the late Henry Wallack, by E. L. B. (may his pantomimic shadow never be less!), which appeared in last week's *Musical World*, there is a slight error which should not go uncorrected. Mr. Hoskins (not Hoskins) was son-in-law (not brother-in-law) of Henry Wallack, having married Julia, his daughter. Mrs. Hoskins, under the name of Julia Harland, played in opera for one or two seasons at the Princess's Theatre under the management of Mr. Maddox. I think the last piece in which she appeared in London was an opera by Hérold, called *Marie*. Subsequently, she played for some years in the provinces, with an operatic *troupe*, including Fanny Reeves, Elliot Galer, Henry Corri, &c.—Yours, Drinkwater Hand.

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ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 5.—Edmond Phelps.

Mr. Phelps cannot be said to belong to that race of tragedians in whose footsteps he essays to tread. Of the three constituents of tragic acting to which reference has been made, not one can in any plenary sense be said to be characteristic of him. His emotional power and his psychological perception are small, and his command of form is quite inadequate to the poortrayal of the higher characters of the tragic drama. But he is, notwithstanding, a clever, useful, and conscientious actor. Measured by the tests of a previous generation he seems small in stature, but placed side by side with his self-constituted rivals, his proportions are more than respectable. Earnestness of purpose and persistence of effort are revealed in all he does, and their presence goes some way to atone for the absence of any salient quality of perception or divine spark of creative power. His method in art is limited. The inflections of his voice are few, the more significant of his gestures are so frequently repeated as to become familiar and expected, and his general acting has a large measure of exaggeration, such as is in time adopted by all actors who play in large theatres and possess no special art or talent for the expression of passion. While, however, he comes short of greatness, Mr. Phelps is far removed from the commonplace. Some of his most ambitious attempts in tragedy, while they fail in subtlety and beauty, exhibit genuine and undeniable overs of a kind, and his comic impersonations are admirable in many respects, and contain at times a measure of the underlying fire wanted in his tragic assumptions. No English actor at present on the stage has been seen in so many parts of importance. By the manner in which, at Sadler's Wells or elsewhere, Mr. Phelps has mounted the plays of Shakspere he has rendered a service to lovers of the drama, and his impersonations of Shakspercan characters, while unsatisfactory in most cases to the student and the critic, are free from caricature, and incorporate fairly enough for the average playgoer those general features which are handed down by tradition.

In comic or semi-comic parts Mr. Phelps goes further, and adds to the tradition he inherits something of his own. More than one of his representations of this class has breadth, depth, and originality. Of the Shaksperean characters he has essayed we are inclined to regard his Justice Shallow as the best. In parts in which a measure of nobility is to be preserved, Mr. Phelps has always been most successful. His King Lear, strikingly defective as it is in many respects, is decidedly the best of his purely tragic impersonations. In parts, however, in which the pathos is remote, and the comic side of the character is that nearest to hand, Mr. Phelps is often admirable. Shallow is the type of a bore, and is drawn obviously from the life. Once and again, doubtless, has the hard been wearied past endurance with the imbecility and brag of the antiquated old simer, whose wits have rusted in country occupations. But the character is drawn forcibly, and redeeming traits are not spared. In the manner in which these are put forward by Mr. Phelps lies the secret of his success in the character. The exterior of the man and the interior are almost equally well presented. There is, perhaps, a little exaggeration in the manner in which old age is depicted. The tongue stammers over much, and the motion of the head and hands is too tremulously senile. In the expression of face the mixture of fatuous self-content with a measure of greediness is good. A sort of sordid cunning, such as long residence in the country and occupation with rustic pursuits is apt to breed, underlies the expression, and the confidence assumed is not without a vague suspicion of evil. The feeble moralizings of Shallow upon death interrupted by his curiosity as to the price of beeves, his self-assertion modified by an affected depreciation of his own office and possessions, his vapourings concerning the prowess of his youth and other doings with the swashbuckler men, he has told so often he at last believes them, are all admirably rendered. Shallow with Mr. Phelps is vain, foolish, cunning, pragmatical, and irreverent, with little of the bovine stupidity characteristic of the country justice, and with a touch of common sense which enables him to accept the defeat which the mortification of Sir John brings upon him with no vain lamentations, but with an approach to philosophical serenity. More or less resembling the Shallow in the manner in which age is depicted, is Mr. Phelps's representation of Richelieu. In this there are many good points and the whole assumption is spirited and not wanting in light and shade. But while the memory of the Richelieu of Macready is fresh, that of Mr. Phelps can never obtain but half-hearted approval. It lacks altogether the dignity and the grandeur and power almost leonine which Macready imparted to the wily, astute, and unscrupulous-ing precursor and preparer of the revolution. The Falstaff of Mr. Phelps has received great and perhaps exaggerated praise. In one or two instances it is excellent, and it is in all respects intellectual. But it is, to our thinking, erroneous in its basis. Falstaff is not, as Mr. Phelps represents him, a hard dry man, preserving an unsympathetic demeanour while delivering jokes by which others are moved to hilarity. He is thoroughly unctuous and sensual. He laughs with those around him and delights to feel the shaking of his own fat sides. He speaks of himself as "old and merry," the latter, a word he would not use were his humour not affluent and unrepressed. An admirable point, however, in Mr. Phelps's impersonation is the preservation of a sort of courtliness in the old knight whom he never allows quite to forfeit his claim to gentility. Adequately to present the defeat and mortification of Falstaff at the close of the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* requires the talents of the tragedian, which as we have said, Mr. Phelps does not possess. No nearer approach to psychological subtlety has been made by Mr. Phelps than in his representation of Bottom, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The contrast in this between the well-worn stolidity and pragmaticalness of the character in the opening scenes, and its dreaming, dazed, and bewildered look and gait is finely conceived and executed. Bottom, in certain scenes, and notably in those wherein, after his magic experiences are over, he awakes to the realities of life, is invested with a measure of dignity. Gross as is his nature he is still like the man in the Kubla Khan —

> "He on honey dew hath fed
> And drunk the milk of Paradise."

There are divine recollections behind the muddled and besotted brain. Not altogether lost even in the most commonplace natures, are the visions of higher and lovelier life which visit us in sleep. And Bottom remains translated. If Mr. Phelps had presented no characters besides Shallow and Bottom he would have won himself a position upon the stage. There are, however, many parts in which his acting, while less subtle and original than in these creations, is decidedly effective. His Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, in *The Man of the World*, is an exceedingly good assumption. The dryness of style which is so sensible a disadvantage in many of Mr. Phelps's presentations, is in this thoroughly effective, and his acting in some scenes of the play rises nearly to the level of that in Shallow. Much inferior to this, is his Sir Giles Overreach. In this character the confines of tragedy are reached, and although the greed and avarice of the terrible old miscreant are depicted, the more splendid ideas of his character are altogether lost. Mr. Phelps's Cantwell, in *The Hypocrite*, is a good assumption; his Lord Townley and his Mr. Oakley are respectable. A version by Mr. Halliday of Sir Walter Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel* converted Mr. Phelps with two characters, both fairly suited to his powers. The plausible cunning of the miser, Trapbois, and his love for money, so keen as to do duty for valour, contrast cleverly with the undissembled cowardliness and total want of kingly dignity of King James. In more serious parts the tendency of Mr. Phelps to extract and to exaggerate the gesture and emphasis operate as a serious drawback. His Marino Faliero and his Manfred are undignified in bearing and stilted and declamatory in delivery. When we come to purely tragic characters—Othello, Richard, Hamlet, King John, Iago, Macbeth, Timon, Coriolanus, and Wolsey, intellectual shortcomings and the defects of method are equally noteworthy. What small measure of subtlety any of these impersonations exhibits, is inherited and not original, and the representation is blurred by offensive mannerisms and tricks of delivery. Rant, violence, and exaggeration are their principal characteristics, and the same objectionable method is employed to denote the existence of opposite passions. In comedy a rank close to the highest, in tragedy one equally near to the lowest, is the position we must accord Mr. Phelps. A little less dryness, or at least compensation for dryness in the shape of occasional unction, a little breadth and colour in comic impersonations, would raise Mr. Phelps to the very front of our comedians. In tragedy, to win the position he seeks, his entire theory and method must be un-learned and re-considered. K.

THE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

(*From "The Period."*)

Who and what are the Christy's Minstrels? Are they artificially blacked by nature, or is their inky hue, like their elegant comedy, the effect of the highest art? Do they at their birth salute the world with a "Yah! yah!" instead of the usual shrill shriek whereby other infants are accustomed to announce their advent, and do they cut their baby teeth by gnawing corn-drums of their admiring nurses? Do they reside in the Waterloo Road and devote their leisure hours to beer, skittles, and the my-teries of Tommy Dodd? Or do they, a happy family, inhabit a model plantation somewhere in the wilds of Euston or Hampstead, and beguile the weary hours before performance with the practice of part-singing and telling each other funny stories? Where do they go when they die? Does the original Bones play sonatas on his own femora? and do Sam and the Professor preserve their lugubriousness of aspect, even in death? Do they ever perform out of London, and, if so, by what means have they contrived to obtain for themselves not only a local habitation but also a name with the portion of the public that adores them, swears by them, sits out their performances, and, moreover, pays its entrance-fees in hard cash for the blessed, the honoured, the glorious privilege of laughing at their witticism and weeping at their songs of sorrow?

Some such questions as these occurred to us on our first (and last) visit to St. James's Hall, during the pleasing operation of filling the seats after the mode adopted with so much success in packing pilchards at the Ives; an operation which, though exhilarating in the extreme to an "outsider," is not so pleasing to an interested party. It will be seen that we had gone thither determined to do at Rome the thing which is done of the Romans. We were resolved to laugh even to tears; to be funny at all hazards. The notion of being bored by an entertainment to which some hundreds of respectable—very respectable—people were flocking with an admirable eagerness, was something too absurd. Bored? Preposterous idea! Is not Mr. Moore a fellow of infinite jest? Is not the great Rawlinson a Sims Reeves, who modestly black his face instead of simply colouring his moustache? Is not

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Little Bob" a refined and exquisite comedian? Can such men be simply the synonymes of so many soporifics? Bah! The thought is absurd. So we sat, with a glowing presentiment of misfortune, and a sickly attempt at awakening an artificial enthusiasm, and watched the assembling audience. Comely maidens and their adorers, respectable old gentlemen, old and middle-aged ladies, young men clad in garments of sober hue and preternatural gravity of aspect; all regardless of the seats (which certainly are detestable and undesirable in the extreme), all patiently enduring the heat,—and anxiously attendant on the moment when Mr. Moore should burst upon their gaze in all the glory of shirt-collar and brass bott-ons, and inform them generally, to the accompaniment of harps and trumpets, that he felt like a morning star, or that he saw his lovely Angelina going down Piccadilly, and that he laughed at her attempt to do the Grecian bend: with what results is well known.

Presently a tuning of instruments was heard to proceed from under the stage. Then the lights were suddenly elevated, and before the excitement attendant on this proceeding had subsided, the real original Christy's Minstrels made their appearance. As the original Bones flopped down into his chair, there was a general delighted whisper of "There's Mr. Moore!" There, indeed, was Mr. Moore, as disgreeably obtrusive on the stage as he is pleasantly modest on the hoardings. He is evidently a popular favourite, and the audience hailed his first and last wittieism with equal favour. This remark will serve to characterize its behaviour during the dreariest two hours that we have been our lot to spend either within or without the walls of any place of amusement whatever.

Certes, he must have been a mad wag, indeed, who first applied the term "entertainment" to the performance of our black brothers. Divided into two parts, with an interval of three minutes between the most grateful and indeed of the evening), the Minstrels gratified their audience awhile with a sort of sardine, the comic element representing the traditional Vauxhall slice of ham, the serious the thick bread-and-butter wherewith it is enveloped. Nothing more depressing than Christy comedy, nothing more exhilarating than Christy pathos, can well be imagined. "Little Bob" displayed his humour and his love in bidding farewell to Sally, we felt moved even to tears; and when Mr. Romer told of his love for a certain Little Somebody, expressing his passion in notes so deep that we thought he was doing a comic *De Profundis*, we laughed outright, though we had not laughed since the departure of Mr. Charles Mathews for Australia. Mr. Cyrus W. Neile, "the Christy's peerless tenor," scarcely answered the brilliant expectations advertisements had led us to form of him. His style and capabilities, moreover, do not disgrace his surroundings; while his fausset "high C" falls amidst even the set of Exeter Hall. Of Herr Wachtel, has apparently ceased to exist, even in the vivid imagination of Mr. Burgess, to whom we owe, we presume, so many brilliant paragraphs in the first page of the *Daily Telegraph*. Nor were the marvels of the Christy's "marvellous alto" any more conspicuous. A Mr. Rawlinson, *Double primopa*, sang a song in a hard thin voice, describing a certain "Little Daisy;" and when his *confrères* were whispering the chorus in mournfully monotonous tones, they reminded us of nothing so much as of a set of mutes bewailing the untimely decease of true and genial humour.

Of the second part, which consisted almost entirely of chorographic exhibitions, we need say but little. Though most of the performers displayed what Artemus Ward called "a smart chance of spryness in their legs," yet they had so little notion of grace and elegance as to excite a feeling rather of pity than of admiration.

We have a collection of Christy melodies beside us as we write; and turning to it, we are enabled to perceive, for the first time, the poet of the age is named not Tennyson, not Swinburne, not even Tupper, but Green. Mr. Green's muse may be described as one of the rural order; but no buxom milk-maid is she,—her cheeks flushed with the sun, her arms hard with exercise, her figure worthy of the natural beauties amongst which she dwells. Still less is she a *bergère à la Watteau*, with a score of ribanded sheep, a crook, and a Thyrsis who plays the flageolet. No; the muse is evidently of Cockney origin. She wears a chignon and hoops her in tremendously; when she chants the country, it is not as one who knows it, but as one who reads a little pastoral poetry and goes to Hampton Court on Sundays. Mr. Green seems, indeed, to have seen the country *par raccroc*, and to have remembered only that leaves are generally green, that brooks are in the habit of flowing musically along, and above all, that the nightingale sings every evening on the tree. That unfortunate bird is being continually dragged in, whether she will or no; for, should Mr. Green invite Bella, or Rosalie, or Nelly to meet him, he invariably concludes his catalogue of the inducements offered by nature, the weather, and the scenery, with an announcement to the effect that the nightingale is up, and may be heard as usual. This is an idea of the country that savours more of Bow Bells than of Llanberis; of Cremorne Gardens than of the open champagne: but it is an idea that, as music-makers

MUSIC AT LEIPSIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

A grand concert was given, a few days ago, by the members of Riedel's Association, in St. Thomas's, for the benefit of German soldiers and their families. It commenced with J. S. Bach's choral piece for the organ, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," well played by Herr Louis Papier. Then came two Hussite songs for chorus, which, as well as the other pieces of a similar kind, two sacred songs by Peter Cornelius, two choruses from Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, were sung with spirit and correctness by the members of the Association. Herr and Mdme. Joachim executed together the solo for alto and *obbligato* violin accompaniment, "Erbarme dich meiner, o Gott," by J. S. Bach. Mdme. Joachim sang also the air, "Ich weiss dass mein Erlöser lebt," from Handel's *Messiah*, while Herr Joachim performed, as only he can perform, two *Andantes* from Bach's Violin Sonatas, a similar composition by Tartini, and Schumann's "Abendlied." Mdlle. Mahlknecht sang the soprano solo from Raff's "De Profundis." —First Gewandhaus Concert on the 6th inst.: Oxford Symphony, Haydn; air from *Judas Maccabæus*, Handel (Mdme. Peschka-Leutner); Concerto in A major for Pianoforte, Mozart (Herr Reinecke); Recitative and Aria, Mozart (Mdme. Peschka-Leutner); and the Seventh Symphony, A major, Beethoven.—The Directors of the above concerts contemplated, a short time since, raising the subscription, in consequence of the very high prices demanded by "stars," especially by all vocal stars. With reference to this circumstance, a correspondent wrote a very strong letter to the *Leipziger Tageblatt*. Among other things he said:—

"We feel convinced that the real friends of music will applaud the Directors, if the latter will simply refuse to listen to exorbitant demands, even at the risk of our not hearing here in Leipsic some celebrated songstress, while, on the other hand, by proper remuneration, they seek to retain the admirable members of the band, and to gain fresh ones, for the great attraction of the concerts is the celebrated orchestra; it is solely their performances, not strange virtuosi, which have obtained for the concerts their world-wide renown."

In consequence partly of this article, perhaps, the Directors have made no alteration in the subscription. Herr August Lngert has just completed a new opera, entitled *Dornröschen*, which has been accepted at the Stadttheater, and will be produced this season. The libretto is by Dr. Alexander Levy of Treves. The rehearsals of Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* have been resumed. The scenery is ready, and in all probability, the opera will be produced towards the latter end of December.

W. L.

MEETING OF BOOK AND MUSICSELLERS.

(From the "Melbourne Daily Telegraph.")

This meeting took place at Mechanics' Institution, Carson occupying chair. Chairman opened by detailing steps taken, at instance of Wilkie, Webster, & Allan, against several publishers for selling certain books said to contain indecent copyright.

Twelve months ago, the Weston and Hussey Minstrels opening Operahouse, made an arrangement with Clarson, Massina, & Co., to print, in collected form, the melodies they were singing. These, sold at the place of performance, came into demand at the booksellers' shops, nearly every bookseller being a vendor. On the issue of the second book, Wilkie & Co. deeming some of the tunes issued an infringement of copyright, made, through solicitor, a demand for account of profits and destruction of books. In view of this damage, Clarson, Massina, & Co., by outgoing mail, made overtures to English publishers for permission, on terms, to print tunes for which any demand might arise. Frequently a tune suddenly became popular, and, no copies being here, demand ceased before copies could be imported, and thus considerable loss resulted to English owners. This proposal, in *transitu*, Wilkie & Co. served notices, and filed nineteen bills in Equity against publishers and vendors, calling upon them to render account of sales, and destruction of plates and copies. In view of impending litigation, Clarson, Massina, & Co., after endeavouring to effect amicable settlement, received notice that suit should be stayed on payment of costs. Instead of settling on their own account, that firm refused any arrangement except as settlement for all concerned, and offered, without prejudice, £100 as settlement in full, which was declined. At this a public meeting was convened, prior to which, however, a proposal from Wilkie & Co. came, offering to settle for £250. Clarson, Massina, & Co. accepted, on condition that it should quash all proceedings which might be taken under alleged infringement, against the whole trade or themselves; the following receipt being read:—"*July 29th*, 1870.—*Received from Clarson, Mu sina, & Co., cheque £150, amount agreed to in settlement of all suits, subject to compliance with requirements of correspondence. Wirewould to be instructed as to settlement by defendants.*—Crisp, Lewis, & Wilks." On close of chairman's statement, several contended that action might have been successfully defended; but majority agreed that the matter was better settled thus. On motion of Miramo, seconded by Needham, it was resolved:—"That arrangement entered into by Clarson, Massina, & Co., with Joseph Wilkie, to set aside (by payment of £150) all proceedings in respect of publication of books said to contain copyright music, be accepted as satisfactory, and that a subscription be opened to defray the costs." Wilkie & Co. are agents defending interests of their principles, and are not responsible for imperfections of law.

Duff Short.

NEW MUSIC.

War March ("Die Wacht am Rhein") for the pianoforte. By Selmar Kahlenberg. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.]

Of the making of war music there is no end, and we should very much like to see the aggregate of "rejected communications" which have been returned to aspiring composers by unsympathetic publishers. Their number must, indeed, be legion; but, however great, it hardly meets the justice of the case. Here is Herr Kahlenberg's March for example. Why it was composed we cannot tell, unless for the sake of embodying "Die Wacht am Rhein," and why it was published is still more inexplicable. There is absolutely nothing to recommend it. If the Germans could not fight better than some of them can write war marches they would hardly be investing Paris now.

All Honour to the King. Hymn, composed and dedicated to his Majesty the King of Prussia, by Sir Michael Costa. [London: Lamborn Cock & Co.] This hymn is, we believe, not born of the Franco-Prussian war, but of some other war in which Bismarck has had a hand. If, however good reasons existed then for bespattering King William with praise, they exist in far greater number now. Indeed, were not the monarch so pious, he might array himself, like Herod, in his royal apparel, and confidently expect to be saluted as a god. We must say for the author of the words before us that he has laid on his laudation pretty thickly. The King is hailed as one

> "Who with undying will
> A weary people's bonds unbound."

We do not exactly know what an "undying will" may be, but we can understand the unbinding of bonds after the fashion shown to the fasteners some twenty years ago. The second verse begins thus:—

> "Almighty heaven protect
> A life that's given mankind,
> A span of mighty deeds
> With equal love and hope entwined."

It is fortunate that "Heaven" is omniscient as well as almighty, and can understand exactly what this confused utterance may mean. Sir Michael Costa's music is vigorous, plain, and straightforward—such, indeed, as might be expected from his ready and practised pen.

Marinella: Canzone, Parole del Signor Ciabatta; Musica di Alberto Randegger. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This canzone is written throughout with Signor Randegger's unfailing fluency and grace. The melody is really charming, while not a few devices of accompaniment are used which, besides giving piquancy to the song, show once more the composer's ingenuity and its constant desire to obtain that variety which accompaniments so frequently lack. We recommend "Marinella" to all lovers of Italian music.

Onward, Christian Soldier: A Sacred Choral March. *Brightly Gleams our Banner:* Choral Processional Hymn. *Thy Will be Done:* A new Choral Setting. *Though Nature's Strength Decay:* Choral Hymn. Composed by J. Tillerd. [London: Novello, Ewer, & Co.]

The first two of these pieces are fair examples of the modern hymn tune, but their rhythm is surely against resolution for marching purposes. Mr Tillerd went out of his way to write in three-four time, the metre clearly suggesting four-four. How would he keep his procession in step, with right and left feet alternately marking the beginning of the bar? The third hymn has a good and expressive tune; but we see little in the Te Deum to recommend it for notice above the shoal of settings already available. The last piece has our hearty approval, and, taken in conjunction with the others, inclines us to place Mr. Tillerd among the best psalmodists of the day.

An old dispute has at length been settled at Berlin. Schiller's statue is to be erected in front of the Schauspielhaus. It will be solemnly uncovered on the 10th November next.

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WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard is still at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Owing to the war she has been compelled to renounce for the present her continental tour, and will be heard this winter both at Monday Popular Concerts and the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Augustus Harris has returned to town.

Mr. Charles Millward is writing the Christmas burlesque for the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Farnie that for the Adelphi.

Madame Parepa is about to make a tour through America with an English opera *troupe* from London.

The St. James's Theatre re-opens this evening with Victorien Sardou's *Fernande*, revised by Mr. Sutherland Edwards.

Kapellmeister F. Wagner, of Dresden, is said to have been amongst the killed at Sedan.

Mr. Swinburne's *Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic* is said to have been written at a sitting.

Mr. Charles E. Stephens has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Music.

Birth, a new comedy by T. W. Robertson, principal character, sustained by Mr. Sothern, has been produced with unqualified success, at the Cheltenham Theatre.

Mr. H. J. Byron has written a drama, in four acts, entitled *The Last Shilling*, and another "original play," the title of which is not yet fixed. He has also a comedy, entitled *Tom Thumb*, in preparation.

Mr. W. H. Liston takes his benefit to-night at the Olympic Theatre, when a new extravaganza *Paul and Virginia*, is to be produced, in which the manager's wife will make her appearance.

A musical celebration has been organized in Cologne, in memory of the victims who have fallen in the Franco-Prussian contest—the "Requiem" of Brahms being a leading feature of the programme.

Mr. J. T. Stone, author of *The Classical Organist* and *The Student's Organ Companion*, &c., has just been appointed organist of St. Mary's Church, Leicester.

Mr. G. W. Martin's great choral gathering at the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday night, is to be repeated on Wednesday next, when we hope to be able to attend and report our impressions.

Madame Goldschmidt-Lind, being indisposed, did not sing on Wednesday at the concert in aid of the German wounded. In revenge, however, Herr Otto Goldschmidt played a duet, for two pianos, with Herr Jules Benedict.

The bag of postal cards despatched by magnesium balloon at the Crystal Palace fire-work display on Thursday week, was picked up at Acrise Farm near Folkestone, and the cards posted at Hythe, reaching their destination by first delivery on Saturday.

Alexandre Dumas, who is staying in the neighbourhood of Dieppe, is not expected to recover from the illness with which he has been afflicted since the present troubles broke out in France. His daughter is likely to seek a refuge in England.

Mr. Chatterton has entered into a partnership with Mr. B. Webster, by which the Adelphi and the Princess's are placed under their joint management. The Adelphi opens on the 22nd inst. Madame Celeste will appear for a few nights as Miami, in *The Green Bushes*, and take her farewell of the stage.

Herr Julius Blüthner of Leipsic, piano-manufacturer to the King of Saxony, who gained the first German prize at the last Paris Exhibition for his grand piano, has also, we read in the *Zeitschrift fur Musik*, gained the first prize at the Industrial Exhibition, held at Cassel, in September last.

We take the following from a contemporary :—

"It has been stated to us as a singular coincidence, by a friend who is curious in such matters, that the greatest Oratorio Society in the world—the Sacred Harmonic of Exeter Hall—has never performed either Handel's first or last oratorio, *Esther* and *Jephtha*."

Our contemporary's friend's curiosity has led him slightly astray. *Jephtha* was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society.

On Tuesday night week a fire broke out in the Philharmonic Music Hall, Ramsgate, and the building was totally destroyed. The Philharmonic was the first music hall erected in Ramsgate. Before the fire broke out there had been the performance of a piece called *The Ship on Fire*, in which a miniature ship in flames is sent across the stage. It is conjectured that sparks fell upon some sawdust and rubbish beneath the stage, which smouldered unobserved till the hall was closed. Several bed-rooms in the tavern adjoining the hall were burned, but happily no lives were lost.

The Beethoven contributions to the Crystal Palace programme of to-day are the *Prometheus* overture and the *Eroica* symphony. Signor Delle-Sedie and Madame Florentini are the singers; Signor Batesini plays a solo on the double-bass; and the concert ends with Schumann's overture to *Genoveva*, which many amateurs hold to be his finest.

That young and promising singer, Mdlle. Anna Trafford, according to the Italian journal, *L'Arte*, has had a brilliant success at Bergamo, as the Queen, in *Gli Ugonotti*. Mdlle. Trafford has concluded an advantageous engagement for the Carnaval season at the Teatro Comunale di Trieste, where she will sing in *Une Folie a Rome* and *Lallah Roukh*.

Mdlle. Elena Corani, who has been singing in Italy and Brazil with much success, has arrived in London, and will appear at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday the 22nd inst. Mdlle. Corani is a native of Dublin, and daughter of the late William Sarsfield Conran, the once eminent pianist of that city.

Two concerts of national melodies with bands of harps were recently given by the Workmen's International Exhibition, at the Agricultural Hall, with a chorus of 300 voices. The conductor was Mr. Reviloff; and the solo singers were Miss A. Sinclair, Miss J. Derby, Mr. Beardwell, and Mr. J. H. Pearson.

Anna Trafford e il nome di una avvenente cantatrice, che esordiesteb con brillante successo ai teatro di Bergamo, nella parte della *Regina* negli *Ugonotti*. Questa giovane possiede un tesoro di voce ed a tutti gli altri doti del canto, alla scuola dell' egregio maestro Sangiovanni. Essa ha firmato un onorifico contratto per la stagione di carnovale e quaresima al teatro Comunale di Trieste. L'ARTE.

In reference to the amateur performance of the Oxford Dramatic Club, Mr. Mitchell writes to say "that we have not attempted a dramatic entertainment for some time, and as it is likely to mislead our friends, may we trouble you to inform them that we have no knowledge of the parties who gave it, or that they have ever been connected with us in any way for the sixteen years we have been established."

Madame Adelina Patti, who has been singing at St. George's Hall, Liverpool (two concerts), and at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, left on Monday, with Mr. Maurice Strakosch (enterprising *impresario*, if there ever was one), for Holland, where, at the Hague and Amsterdam respectively, she was to give concerts. Madame Patti will shortly go to fulfil her engagement at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburgh.

One of the especial qualities of the late Mr. Bowley as administrator was his organization, a long time in advance of the performance of any musical undertaking in which he was engaged. Amongst his papers have been found the arrangements of the Triennial Handel Festival, which takes place next year. Sir Michael Costa will be conductor. The Sacred Harmonic Society commences its season next month, with Sir Michael Costa as conductor.

The opening of the Italian Opera season in St. Petersburgh is announced for the 19th of October; the company will comprise Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Volpini, Madame Penco (of the Grand Opera, Paris), the Sisters Marchisio, Signora Perelli, Madame Dall' Anese, Signori Calzolari, Mongini, and A. and J. Corsi (tenors), Signori Graziani, Steller, Everardi Bagagiolo, Capponi, Zucchini, Fortuna, and Baccolini, baritones and basses. Signor Vianesi is conductor.

Foreign journals announce the death of Princess Amalia of Saxony—a lady who beguiled the tedium of German court life by writing comedies, which made their way on the stage for a while, and the best of which, for their purity and quiet humour, deserve to be remembered. A translated selection from them, with a prefatory memoir was some years ago published by Mrs. Jameson. The Princess wrote under the pseudonym of Amalia Heiter.

The Italian opera season in Dublin came to an end last Saturday night, when *Oberon* was performed for the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens, who created a *furore* by substituting for encored pieces some of Moore's melodies, which, though seldom sung now-a-days in private circles, and not often heard in places of public amusement, still possess a charm for people of all ranks. The great *prima donna* was detained on the stage long after the curtain fell, bowing her acknowledgments to an audience who appeared desirous to retain her for ever.

Madame Adelina Patti sang at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester last week, with the co-operation of Madame Patey, contralto; Signor Mario, tenor; Signor Delle-Sedie, baritone; Signor Foli, bass; and Mdlle. Carreno, pianist. The Gentlemen's Concerts have been commenced for the season. Madame Vanzini and Mr. Vernon Rigby were the vocalists, and Mr. Carrodus violinist, the last named playing the *allegro* from Beethoven's concerto and Ernst's *Pirata*. The symphony was Mozart's in E flat, and the overtures *Der Freischütz*, *Masaniello*, and the *Gazza Ladra*.

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"M. Auber" (says *Dolby's Musical Circular*) "is in England. Did we not read a little while ago of the inspiring effect produced on the youth of France by the enrolment of the veteran composer as a National Guard? Were we not told all about his musket and bayonet? and about the mince-meat which with the aid of those weapons he might be expected to make of the enemy? And did we not figure to ourselves M. Auber 'at the front,' the gayest and liveliest of the young troops of France? And now M. Auber has executed a well-known strategic movement, and has effected a masterly retreat? And quite right too. At 87 it is rather late to learn the goose-step, and to the fourth quarter of a century marching and drilling are not agreeable diversions. Besides, M. Auber's life is not the property of France, nor, for the matter of that, does it belong to himself."

[Unfortunately, the illustrious composer is *not* in England.—Ed.]

Two young men of shabby-genteel appearance lately arrived at one of the hotels in Motherwell. The object of their stay there they said was the management of a grand concert in the Masons' Hall. Some of the best talent in Glasgow were engaged and a dealer was induced to lend a handsome pianoforte. Tailors gave fashionable outfits, and the latest style of hats from Glasgow was indispensable. The printers' account for flash show bills was heavy, and many assistants and hangers-on had to be paid, but no accounts could be settled until the close of the entertainment. They were early at the door drawing the cash while the audience flocked into the hall. The concert was a success, the performance excellent, and all were in high spirits; whisky and cigars were plentifully ordered and abundantly distributed, but in the middle of the jubilation it was discovered that the two clever managers had decamped, and at midnight it became painfully evident that all employed by them had been most successfully duped.

Prince Poniatowski, the composer of *L'Aventurière*, a gentleman well and worthily known as a man of letters and a scholar, and a musical amateur of no ordinary attainments, is an exile among us, and a severe sufferer by the war. It is his intention to devote himself to the art which he has lovingly studied for so many years, and to enter the ranks of profes-ional musicians. On this head a contemporary remarks that: "The prince is reduced to the sad necessity of earning a livelihood by giving instruction in singing." No doubt this paragraph is intended merely to express its writer's regret at the unlooked-for calamity which has caused so great a change in Prince Poniatowski's position. But it is a pity that it should also be susceptible of another interpretation, and that it should seem, however faintly, to imply that there is anything degrading in the step taken by Prince Poniatowski. There can be no degradation in the honest and conscientious pursuit of any art, and even a prince may become an artist without losing any self-respect or dignity. That Prince Poniatowski himself takes this view of the case we feel sure, and we have no doubt that our contemporary is at one with us in the matter, but the paragraph is a little awkwardly worded.—*Dolby's Musical Circular.*

To those of our readers whose newspaper literature is confined to the London "dailies" and "weeklies" it would, we believe, be absolutely refreshing to dip occasionally into the large insets of some of the provincial contemporaries. In musical criticism, more especially, the writers are unequalled, and although in a few cases there are qualified men on the staff, as, for instance, in the case of some of the old country papers, the gentleman who "do the concerts" as a rule, lamentably deficient in musical knowledge and still more wanting in common sense. Thus for example, in a paper just forwarded to us for quotation we are assured that the conductor "wielded the baton of *chef d'orchestra (sic)* with spirit and taste, and displayed another striking instance of his qualifications in this department of art. The instruments were so well proportioned (!) and in such capital hands that it is almost invidious to point out special merits, but we were particularly pleased by the superior playing of the first violins and the violoncello. The violas had a very pleasing effect; and Mr. ——'s contribution to the general harmony was of an especially excellent character." Surely a greater proof of the need of the Elementary Education Act could scarcely be provided. If this represents the mental power of the writer, what must that of the readers be!—*Choir.*

A very laughable circumstance occurred at Arundel a few nights ago, where a concert was given at the Town Hall by Madame Bodda Pyne's concert party. Just before eight o'clock, the gas lights began to flicker suspiciously, and it was evident there was "water in the pipes," for after jumping about to the bewilderment of those present, the gas finally went out. All the shops in the town were closed, and the hall was in darkness. Several gentlemen, were next seen rushing about in great confusion to collect candles and candlesticks. The hall-keeper brought out his small supply of candles, and in the absence of candlesticks, one or two "cotton dips" were stuck in some vases. One gentleman came back to the hall armed with two tin chamber candlesticks and two brass ditto, in which candles were placed; and by putting one chair on the top of another, and a candle in the seat of the uppermost chair, sufficient light was found for the pianist. The skirmishing party sent out into the town soon returned with candlesticks of every conceivable design, chiefly antiquated, and with candles as could be best collected. By these means a row of about twelve dismal lights was placed in front of the platform, some were high and some were low; and after each piece the ticket-taker who was armed with a pair of snuffers walked round and topped the wicks. In the latter part of the evening the lighting up became grander as the tallow "dips" were substituted by wax candles, and the performance proceeded with an occasional encore.

One of the queens of song, an artist, who in almost all European languages has sung on the lyric stages of Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, Russia, &c., Pauline Viardot-Garcia, is about to visit London, to resume her professional career. Her fortune has been sacrificed by the war in France, of which country her husband is a native. Whilst M. Viardot is at Tours, having joined his former political and literal colleagues in office, Madame Viardot has been compelled to quit her residence in Baden-Baden, to begin a fresh career. This is a sad reverse for the gifted sister of Malibran. Viardot's *débuts* as Desdemona in Paris and London in 1839, when she was only eighteen, can be well remembered by opera frequenters. In Berlin she stood her ground at the height of Jenny Lind's popularity. She doubled on one occasion in an emergency, the parts of Isabella and Alice in *Robert le Diable*. Viardot's Fides in the *Prophète* is familiar to the audiences of Paris and London. Her last great part was in Gluck's *Orfeo*. She has given to the world singers of note, her pupils, and it is as teacher and composer (for she has written an opera in two acts, *The Last Magician* performed in several theatres in Germany) that Madame Viardot seeks a position in London; and royalty, rank, and fashion which recognized her when a *prima donna*, will not fail her in the hour of need, when she presents herself as a professor of the grand school of singing of the Garcias.—*Athenæum.*

Writing from Berlin a correspondent says:—

"War or peace, a city's life goes on much in the same manner. Are they not buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, singing, dancing, dining, and sipping absinthe even now in poor splendid Paris? The echoes of M. Offenbach's last opera can scarcely be out of their ears, when, behold, the merry and musical piece of extravagance is reproduced at the Friedrich Wilhelm Stadt Theatre here, with all the care and ability which distinguish that establishment. I went the other night to see and hear *Die Banditen* which is tuneful from beginning to end, and which, for the closeness of its fable, the neatness of its satire, and the perfect purity of its fun, may take a high if not the highest place among the books of M. Offenbach's sometimes too gyasi the *Grande Duchesse*. The comedy and the music have been both well Germanized and the performers, down to the least responsible supernumerary, are perfect in their several parts. But, I should say, the most patriotic of Germans must soon begin to feel bored by the interpolated allusions to the neutrality question which greet him nightly from every stage. Go where you will for amusement in Berlin you are sure to hear of those unlucky cartridges and coal cargoes. I really begin to feel culpable in the matter, and to dread lest the eyes of the whole theatre should be turned upon me severely whenever these misunderstandable reflections are cast from beyond the boundary line of footlights. Indeed, I have been obliged to tell my neighbour on one occasion that, although an Englishman, I am, strange as it may appear, neither a gunsmith nor a coal merchant. An entirely new opera, not so sparkling as M. Offenbach's, but quite as frothy, was brought out the other night at the King's House—every seat being taken. When I say that the title of this musical work by Herr Bernhard Schola is *Zwölben Husaren*, you perceive directly that the time is the Seven Years' War and that the story has a good deal to do with the gallantry of the Prussian soldiers and the magnanimity of Father Fritz. The character of a rustic servant girl was hardly suited to Fran Mallinger, who nevertheless took the principal honours of the evening, and sang the flimsy, conventional music of her part with all the sprightliness needful to win for it applause beyond the cold mechanical palm-beatings of the *claque*. The names of Harriers-Wippern, Lehmann, the passable tenor, Woworsky, and the excellent baritone, Betz, made up, with those of Herr Salomon and Herr H. Krüger, the rest of the cast."

SAN MARINO.—This important republic will not be much longer without a theatre. One is now being erected by a joint-stock company. Signor Ghislanzoni has been commissioned to write, for the inauguration of the building, a libretto founded on an incident in the history of this famous state. The libretto is to be set to music by Signor Agostino Mercuri, a young native composer.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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VOL. 48—No. 43. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE FOURTH OF THE SERIES OF SATURDAY CONCERTS AND AFTERNOON PROMENADES, will take place To-day, SATURDAY, Oct. 22. Vocalists: Mdlle. Corani and Signor Foli. Solo Pianoforte: Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Symphony No. 4, B flat (Beethoven); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, C minor (Beethoven); Overture, "Mireille" (Gounod); Overture, "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn).

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Next GRAND DISPLAY of FIREWORKS and ILLUMINATED FOUNTAINS, will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, October 27, 1870, when the Arc de l'Etoile and the Great Tower of Strasburg Cathedral will be given for the last time. An Opera will be given, under the direction of Mr. G. FARREN, in the Afternoon. Military Band, &c.

ONE SHILLING DAY.

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The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening next, the 27th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

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MR. HARLEY VINNING will sing at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, 27th inst., a new Baritone Scena, "THE WATCH-FIRE," written by himself and composed expressly for him by J. L. Hatton. Mr. H. Vinning returns to town November 1th. Address, 19, Malmoin Road, Penge, S.E.

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MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of the GUITAR and CONCERTINA, begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town for the winter season.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to announce she will return to Town for the winter season, November 2nd. She will sing 24th inst., at Frome; 26th, Clifton; Evening, 26th, Clifton; Morning, 27th, Weston-Super-Mare; Morning and Evening, 28th, Bath; Evening, 29th, Bath; Morning, November 1st, Chatham; 4th, Barnsbury Institute; 11th, Brunswick House; December 14th, Hackney Institute; January 3rd, 1871, Newbury; 5th, Swindon; 10th, Maidstone.—19, Newman Street, W.

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Applications and Testimonials must be sent in on or before SATURDAY, the 29th October, with a view to election on the 8th November.

The Master of the College can be seen by Candidates, on TUESDAYS, between 9 and 10 A.M.; or on FRIDAYS, between 2 and 3 P.M.

By order of the Governors,
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MR. CHORLEY AND *ST. PETER.*

(From the "Sunday Times," Oct. 30.)

When answering a letter which recently appeared in these columns, Mr. Henry F. Chorley stated, with evident relish, that no part of the story of *St. Peter*, as told by himself, had been refuted or even denied. We entertain no doubt of the feeling of security in which he then revelled; but, unhappily for Mr. Chorley, it was based on nothing more real than his own imaginings. With an eagerness astonishing in a veteran, Mr. Chorley assumed that the writer of the letter aforesaid was speaking on Mr. Benedict's behalf as well as his own, and that if little reference was made to Mr. Chorley's accusations against Mr. Benedict it was because they were unanswerable. The wish which fathered these thoughts begat a most misleading offspring. Our correspondent, like Hal-o'-the-Wynd, "fought for his own hand," Mr. Benedict, knowing nothing of his intentions, and being prejudiced neither by what he said nor by what he left unsaid. Mr. Chorley is not a cautious tactician, or he would have taken steps to discover this fact before celebrating a fancied victory with a premature war-whoop. By this time he has found out his mistake. Mr. Benedict was in no haste to close with Mr. Chorley; calling to mind, perhaps, the adage which speaks of giving certain people "rope enough." It may also be that the composer shrank from open warfare with an old *collaborateur*, about a private transaction which ought never to have been dragged before the public eye. There is a line, however, beyond which forbearance cannot go, no matter who or what the assailant; and Mr. Chorley's latest and most intemperate communication to the *Athenæum* absolutely demanded a reply. Hence the following letter which appears in the current number of Mr. Chorley's organ:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Athenæum.'*

"2, *Manchester Square, Oct.* 20, 1870.—In answer to two communications, signed 'H. F. Chorley' recently published in the *Athenæum*, I beg to submit a simple statement of facts. Nearly thirteen years ago Mr. Chorley expressed to me his surprise that, as conductor of the Norwich Festivals ever since 1845, I had not seized the opportunity of composing an important work for one of those meetings, signifying also his willingness to furnish me with a libretto. On the 11th of April, 1853, I mentioned to him two subjects, one of which, viz., *St. Peter*, he approved of. I explained my views of the form of libretto constructed upon St. Peter's life, which I consider most amenable to musical treatment, and Mr. Chorley promised to take them into consideration. The terms proposed by Mr. Chorley, viz., a certain sum—the first half to be paid to him on the completion of the first part, the second half on the completion of the work—were verbally agreed upon. We were at that time on such terms that no reference was ever made to a written agreement. '*The words*,' said Mr. Chorley, '*will belong to you; you may do with them as you like; set them to music, lay them aside, or destroy them.*' Within twelve days after our conversation I received from Mr. Chorley the first part of his libretto, and paid him the first instalment (23rd of April, 1853). The complete book, being entirely a compilation from the Scriptures, was finished by the middle of June, 1853. I then contemplated having my oratorio ready for the Norwich Festival of 1860, being pledged to the Committee to produce some new work for that occasion. Finding, however, certain alterations in the libretto of *St. Peter* indispensable to the effective musical setting, as I conceived it, I applied to Mr. Chorley to make them, and his refusal to accede to my suggestions was the reason of the oratorio not being composed for the occasion intended.

"Under these circumstances *St. Peter* was laid aside for seven years. In the winter of 1865-6, however, the Committee of the Norwich Festival applied to me to write a sacred composition for their next meeting. Upon this I again had recourse to Mr. Chorley, suggesting such modifications in his libretto as might enable me to set it in a manner which, according to my own feelings, was most advantageous to musical effect. Mr. Chorley promised to reconsider the work, and to make such alterations as, on reflection, he might deem improvements, but, after attentive perusal, he came to the conclusion that no change could be made for the better, and would only consent to a curtailment here and there, to avoid undue length. The result was, that having pledged myself to write a sacred work for the Festival in question, I asked Mr. Chorley to co-operate with me in a Cantata, to which he agreed, and at his own proposition, in a letter, dated the 19th of December, 1865 (to which I shall make further reference), *St. Cecilia* was substituted for *St. Peter*.

"In 1869, at the friendly suggestion of Sir Michael Costa, I wrote to Mr. Richard Peyton, chairman of the Orchestral Committee of the Birmingham Festival, on February 17th, expressing a wish to have an Oratorio, upon which I was then engaged, performed at the Festival of 1870. The answer I received from the Committee, through Mr. Peyton (dated April 26th, 1869), was favourable to my proposal and conveyed to me a wish on the part of the Committee, to be made acquainted, among other things unnecessary to specify, with the subject upon which my Oratorio was founded, and, if possible, that the book should be sent for their approval. In the interim I wrote to Mr. Chorley (March 25th, 1869), telling him what proceedings I had taken with regard to *St. Peter*, at Birmingham. In his reply (March 27th, 1869), he wrote as follows:—

"'I had entirely forgotten that you have an Oratorio book of mine till your note recalled the fact to me, and then it was long ere I could recollect the story. I should be glad to see it on my return. I may, however, have a rough copy somewhere, and will try to revive my interest in what is virtually for me a dead thing.'

"Nevertheless, our last conference on the subject of *St. Peter* took place so recently as the winter of 1865-6, which the following extract from a letter addressed to me by Mr Chorley, dated 19th of December, 1865, proves:—

"'Why not compose the first part of *St. Peter*, "Christ on the sea-shore," as Berlioz did his *Flight into Egypt*? When you have finished the first and second parts of the Oratorio I will then look again at the third. At present I am indisposed to give any labour to be laid aside for five years to come. I am in no ill-nature, but because I have much on hand, and less power to work than formerly.'

"In reply to Mr. Peyton's letter of April 26th, already referred to, I communicated to him the subject of the Oratorio, according to the Committee's desire. On May the 13th I received a letter from Mr. Peyton, containing the passage subjoined:—

"'Would it also not be an advantage, irrespective of the question of length, if some character could be introduced for a principal soprano. I make this latter inquiry, having seen a rough copy of the book (belonging to Mr. Chorley), in which it appears that this important element of interest was wanting. Possibly, however, this has already been altered in the modified work: in any case, if you think well to afford the Committee the opportunity of seeing the book on Saturday, I am sure they would be glad to do so.'

"Here let me observe that I knew nothing of any modification. However, the book as it stood was sent in, and the subject approved. Mr. Chorley being absent from London nearly four months, I had no further communication with him on the subject of *St. Peter*, although letters passed between us respecting another matter which he pressed upon me, viz., the composition of a new Cantata for the Norwich Festival of 1869. My obligation to the Birmingham Committee being imperative, I was anxious to proceed as quickly as possible with the Oratorio. I therefore consulted a concordance (as Mr. Chorley having learnt the fact from me says with perfect truth); but, being unable to satisfy myself with this very ordinary means of assistance in such cases, I applied to a literary gentleman, who entered at once into my views, and gave me several valuable suggestions, which I was authorised to submit to Mr. Chorley for approval. This led to a correspondence with Mr. Chorley, from whose letters I find it necessary to cite a few extracts. The first is from a letter dated January 14th, 1870:—

"'The Birmingham Committee accepted my book, before it was entrusted to you, on my recommendation. You accepted it as it stood, with every possible time for deliberation.'

"On reference to what I have already stated, it will be found that both these assertions are inexact. The second extract is from a letter, dated January 21st, 1870:—

"'I have no longer the slightest interest in the work, but I will not do anything to prejudice you in your dealings with the Birmingham Committee; nor shall I mention the matter to any one save to Sir M. Costa and Mr. Dickens (friends of yours as well as mine). On the discretion of both those gentlemen I can count.'

"This hardly tallies with Mr. Chorley's statement in the *Athenæum* of October 8th, which runs thus:—*'I offered to refer the matter in debate to the arbitration of two mutual friends of ours—Sir Michael Costa and the late Charles Dickens. This he'* (meaning myself) *'distinctly declined.'* No such offer was ever made by Mr. Chorley. If it had been, I need hardly say how readily I should have accepted it. The same letter (January 21st) contain

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the following postscript:—"Let me add my receipt of the cheque. It shall go to the Birmingham Hospital—*anonymously*.' The cheque (for £25) referred to above was an over-payment, inadvertently made by me; it having escaped my memory, and apparently that of Mr. Chorley, that the whole sum agreed upon (£50) for the book of *St. Peter* had been paid as far back as June, 1848. Nevertheless, Mr. Chorley sent the money to the charity—not anonymously, as he stated in his letter, but in his own name—'H. F. Chorley—£25.' My last extract is from a letter, dated February 28th, 1870:—'This closes all correspondence and all personal acquaintance betwixt yourself and its writer.'

"A punishment which I shall endeavour my best to survive. I trust to your well-known impartiality for the insertion of this letter, in your widely-circulated columns.

JULES BENEDICT."

Comment upon the above may appear superfluous to any reader who has followed the controversy from its outset; nevertheless we shall place in juxtaposition, and in the smallest possible compass, certain of Mr. Chorley's assertions and of Mr. Benedict's replies:—

1. Mr. Chorley speaks of his libretto of *St. Peter* as a *chef d'œuvre*, upon which he had bestowed great care and pains. *Mr. Benedict answers, that the first part was completed in twelve days.*

2. Mr. Chorley leads us to infer that he was ever consumed with anxiety about the fate of his work. *And yet, in March, last year, he had "entirely forgotten" what was virtually to him a "dead thing."*

3. Mr. Chorley asserts that Mr. Benedict was thoroughly satisfied with the libretto. *Mr. Benedict replies that, in* 1860, *and again in* 1866, *he requested Mr. Chorley to make alterations.*

4. Mr. Chorley states that his book of *St. Peter* satisfied, and was accepted by the Committee at Birmingham, who entrusted it to Mr. Benedict to compose. *Mr. Benedict proves that the Committee were not satisfied with the book, while his entire letter is a refutation of the story about his having been "entrusted" with its composition.*

5. Mr. Chorley declares that he proposed the arbitration of Sir Michael Costa and the late Mr. Charles Dickens, which proposal Mr. Benedict "distinctly declined." *Mr. Benedict, on the other hand, asserts that no such proposal was ever made, and quotes a passage from one of Mr. Chorley's letters, wherein the writer states merely his determination to consult the gentlemen named.*

We might go further, but have gone far enough, and now leave the reader to form his own conclusions. Few, we apprehend, will be sorry for Mr. Chorley, who, influenced by misdirected self-love, made that public which concerned the public not a whit, thus placing himself in a false position, and wilfully abandoning the slightest claim to sympathy.

A NEW MASS.

Mr. Oberthür's mass (*St. Philipp di Neri*) was performed last Sunday at "Our Lady's" Chapel, in the Grove Road, St. John's Wood. There was a good choir, including, as solo singers, Miss Bailey (soprano), Mdme. Laura Baxter (contralto), Mr. Lloed Zarwill (tenor), and Mr. Marler (bass). Mr. Charles Hargitt presided at the organ, and the composer conducted his composition himself. The performance was excellent throughout, and the opinions expressed about the work by many who were present, amongst whom were not a few *connoscenti*, were highly favourable. The "Kyrie" begins with an *andante* movement (B flat), the subject of which is afterwards taken up by a fugue, wherein the resources of counterpoint are well used. In the "Gloria," we must especially point out the effective soprano solo, and afterwards trio, "Gratias Agimus," as also the bass solo, "Qui tollis peccata mundi," and the "Cruci," the solo quartet, "Et incarnatus est," immediately followed by the duet, "Crucifixus etiam pro nobis." The "Sanctus" begins very solemnly, and is followed by a lovely movement, "Plenis sunt cœli." The "Benedictus," a very pleasing composition, begins with a duet for tenor and bass, the subject of which is afterwards taken up by the chorus, and very effectively harmonized. The "Agnus Dei" in G minor leads to the "Dona nobis" in B flat, for which the figure of the "Kyrie" is again introduced. We hear that the Mass is scored for orchestra. As "Offertorium," the Psalm "Exaudo Deus," also Mr. Oberthür's composition, was performed with harp and organ accompaniment, the tenor and bass solos being given with excellent effect. The last movement is a full chorus, in which arpeggios for the harp were freely introduced. The service concluded by Haydn's splendid Motet, "Insane et vane curæ," which was very well performed.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

AN AMERICAN CRITICISM.

Leaving to others the task of criticising, we shall only essay to convey to our readers what must necessarily be a very inadequate idea of the profound impression made upon us by Christine Nilsson.

We avoid criticism, simply because the fascination she exercises over us is caused by something totally apart from her possession and display of gifts common to all eminent vocalists. We may refer, for instance, that her voice is rare in power and volume, that it is rich in melody and indescribably sympathetic in quality, that her management of it is faultless, that her expression is the truest, her taste the purest, that she is, in fine, a consummate artist—and yet having said all this, and elaborated it indefinitely, here, where we should have satisfactorily concluded our notice of any other singer, we feel that we have really said nothing of her—nothing that can convey to others the faintest idea of the respects in which she differs so essentially from all others.

We confess that we had almost arrived at the conviction that neither the present nor the future could bring us artists comparable to those who have charmed us in our earlier days of opera and concert-going. Memory often brought before us Jenny Lind with her marvellous volume of voice; Bosio, one of the most finished and delightful of singers; Sontag and Colson, with their rare loveliness of person and brilliant talent, and more recently Adelina and Carlotta Patti and Parepa Rosa, for all of whom we have felt an earnest admiration—yet, having heard all these and many more, we cannot discover in Nilsson the faintest resemblance to either of them.

The idea seemingly uppermost in the minds of many persons, is to compare her with Parepa; but this is an utter absurdity. As well compare the beauty of the pure and placid lake, whose surface alone is at times disturbed by a ripple, while its depths are unmoved, to the mountain torrent, or the rapid stream, in perpetual movement, residues in power and motion, from its ever-changing aspect. Yet in both the elements are the same. Imagine a young, fair, graceful woman—a woman possessing beauty of the rarest type—at once highly intellectual and in the most degree emotional—a face whose features you forget to dissect, so absorbed are you with the infinite variety and intensity of expression by which it is characterized—a face in one moment the saddest you ever beheld, the next radiant with a brightness which startles you, so unlooked for is the change—a manner now full of dignity and tragic power, now tender and persuasive, now frank and playful and laughing—endow this creature with a voice full and pure and strong as it is sweet, that is somebody says, there are tears in it—certainly its tones touch the depth of our nature, now uttered with marvellous power, and instantly subdued to what might be called a tenefal whisper, so soft is it, and yet so distinct, as to be audible in remotest corners of the vast building, and you have a faint conception of Nilsson.

Her presence alone was a song more varied in expression, from the deepest sadness of tragic sorrow, to the highest reach of sparkling, gushing gladness and goodness of soul, than anything she sang. To see her merely was a rare treat unspeakable, and the delight we should always have in only recalling the vision of her pure and spiritual face, will realize, better than we ever thought it could be by any mortal features, the truth of this line of Keats—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

We fancied at times that her very breathing must be musical, so natural and easy did every utterance seem. Either Nilsson's genius is so wonderful, or her art so consummate, that all she does seems but a simple and natural expression of feeling. It is evident to all who heard her, that she is a superb actress. Such scenes as those from *Hamlet* and from *Faust*, leave no room for doubt on that point, and we must hope that she will remain in the lodge of her histrionic ability by appearing in opera before she leaves this country.

The ineffable grace of her action, simple without redundancy, her exquisite elocution, her deep yet controlled passion, and the magic of a voice thrilling even in a whisper—this form of Phidias with the genius of Sophocles—entirely enraptured a fastidious audience.

DRESDEN.—Herr Julius Schulhoff, who has for years followed his profession in Paris, will pass the winter here.

MUNICH.—A regular stage performance of *Die Walpurgisnacht* was to be given on the 4th of November, the day of Mendelssohn's death.—A colossal bust of Beethoven, by Professor Conrad Knoll, has created a great sensation at the exhibition of the Art Association. Herr Franz Lachner, who, in his youth, was on intimate terms with Beethoven, says that the bust is the finest and best likeness he ever saw.—At the Royal Operahouse the following works will shortly be performed: *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, Gluck (words by Edward Devrient); *Rigoletto*, Verdi (with Mdlle. Kaulmann, Herren Kaulmann and Nachbaur); *Die Minnefahrten (Joconde)*, Isouard; and *Rienzi*, Herr R. Wagner, the only one of that composer's operas not yet performed here. On the 5th December, the day of Mozart's death, *Don Juan* is to be brought out with entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations, besides a partly new libretto. People complained very justly that *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte* had disappeared from the repertory. The reason was that the management had no scenery worthy of these two masterpieces, and they could not take the artists off Herr R. Wagner's literary and musical marvels. However, a better era appears to be now dawning.

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MR. REA'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The people of Newcastle have again had the opportunity of attending one of the brilliant series of concerts provided by Mr. Rea. When some five years ago, this gentleman inaugurated orchestral concerts in Newcastle, the attempt was considered hazardous, and not a few prognosticated failure. Year after year, however, these delightful musical evenings have come and gone, and have gained a firmer hold of the musical taste of the locality. The design of twenty-four concerts on consecutive evenings, and by artists at the head of the profession in their respective departments, could only have originated in a comprehensive mind and an enthusiastic temperament; and the manner in which this idea has been carried out abundantly proves that Mr. Rea possesses the ability to execute as well as the power to conceive. His concerts have done an immense deal towards creating and disseminating a liking for orchestration; and to them we are mainly indebted for acquaintance with the symphonies of the great masters. Mr. Rea's exertions have evidently been appreciated, and we may now hope that these concerts are permanently established. The past season commenced on the 3rd October and terminated on the 29th. The subscription was fixed at two guineas for a reserved and numbered seat, while a guinea and a half admitted to any part of the hall except the two guinea seats, for all the concerts, and secured a reserved numbered seat on special nights. Non-subscribers were admitted at 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. on ordinary nights, and on other occasions at double those figures. Mr. Rea spared no efforts to secure the best talent in the country for his orchestra; and the success attending his indefatigable exertions will be manifest by a perusal of the subjoined list of names:—

Leader	Mr. J. T. Carrodus.		
Accompanist	Mr. T. Albion Anderson.		
1st Violins.	Violoncellos.	Horns.	
Mr. J. T. Carrodus	Mr. S. Howell	Mr. Charles Harper	
,, A. Streather	,, E. Woolhouse	,, F. Harper	
,, R. Clementi	,, L. Shepherd	,, G. Lawrence	
,, A. Gibson	Louis Waite	,, Walter Hinchey	
Sontag	Contra Bass.	Cornets.	
,, Ellis Roberts	Mr. F. Ould	Mr. H. Reynolds	
Earnshaw	,, A. J. Jakeway	,, A. Lawson	
,, F. A. Carrodus	,, Strugnell	Trombones.	
2nd Violins.	,, H. Burnett	Mr. J. W. Horrocks	
Flutes.		,, Antoine	
Mr. F. Peyton	Mr. J. Radcliffe	,, Corsen	
,, Ch. Bertin	,, F. Keppell	Bassoonists.	
,, C. Snewing	Oboi.	Mr. A. J. Phasey	
,, J. R. Wilkins	Mr. Ch. Engler	Timpani.	
,, Edw. Rochester	,, A. G. Chisholm	Mr. Pheasant	
,, T. Lawrence	Clarionets.	Great Drum & Cymbals	
Violas.	Mr. Maycock	Mr. F. Mikiletitch	
Mr. W. H. Hann	,, T. H. Grist	Harp.	
,, W. J. Gianvill	Bassoons.	Mr. A. Lockwood	
,, G. Baird	Mr. M. Raspi	Mr. H. Pheasant.	
,, G. Capte	,, T. Anderson	Mr. Wm. Rea.	
,, A. Lockwood			
Librarian			
Conductor and Musical Director			

With such an imposing array the concerts could scarcely have been other than successful. Each executant sustained his reputation, but the solo performances of Messrs. Carrodus, Radcliff, Howell, Reynolds, Lockwood, and Phasey obtained the lion's share of applause. The programmes compared favourably with those of former years, and offered the same varied interest which has previously attracted large audiences. During the months there were performed no less than 19 symphonies, from Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Spohr, and Schumann; 23 overtures; 35 instrumental solos; 15 selections from operas, cantatas, &c.; 10 part songs; 15 pieces of dance music; 6 marches, besides Haydn's *Seasons*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, *The Son and Stranger*, the *finale* from his unfinished opera *Loreley*, and many other works never before heard in Newcastle. Mr. Rea was likewise very successful in his arrangements for vocal music. Among other well-known artists, there were Madame Vanzini, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, Mdlle. Jose Sherrington, Miss Katherine Poynts, Madame Patey Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Nordblom (the new tenor), Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. Cotte, Mr. Patey, &c. Mr. Rea's choir also appeared and contributed materially to the general effect. Mr. Sims Reeves was of course the most brilliant "star" in this vocal galaxy; but the reception accorded to Madame Vanzini was enthusiastic. This lady made her first appearance in the *finale* to *Loreley*, which she rendered with consummate skill and produced a profound impression. Her address, voice, execution, and phrasing were universally admired. Every song that she gave was boisterously encored, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the audience could be restrained from insisting upon their prerogative, when Madame Vanzini deemed it unadvisable to comply with the vigorously expressed desire for repetition. On the second night of her engagement she sang Spohr's charming production, "Rose softly blooming" with so much acceptance that she was compelled to appear twice and bow her acknowledgments. Altogether, Madame Vanzini's singing afforded extreme pleasure, and her re-appearance in "canny Newcastle" will be looked forward to with interest. The concluding concert of the season was given on Saturday evening last, when the Town Hall was crowded to excess. The performance passed off with success, and at the close Mr. Rea, received an enthusiastic ovation from the gentlemen of the orchestra, as well as from the audience. His re-appearance being vigorously called for, he returned, and delivered a brief address. He thanked the subscribers and the public generally for the patronage accorded to him, and also the gentlemen of the orchestra for the energy they had displayed, and for never having shirked any amount of trouble in carrying the concerts to a successful issue. He also desired to express his obligations to the ladies and gentlemen of the choir; he was quite sure that those who had had the pleasure of hearing them would feel that they were a body of vocalists of whom the town may well be proud. He had very great pleasure in alluding to this, because he had received the highest praise of those vocalists from Mr. Sims Reeves, Chevalier Lemmens, and other celebrated musicians, who had expressed themselves in the warmest terms of the chorus. He looked forward to the time when they would have not only 100 but 200 voices, and then they would be second to none in the kingdom. He afterwards drew attention to the large *répertoire* presented at these concerts, and hoped next year to produce something still more worthy of patronage. The season of 1871 will be pleasurably anticipated, and we hope that Mr. Rea's zealous and disinterested labour for the advancement of music in the North will meet with that encouragement and support to which they are so eminently entitled. "Tis not in mortals to command success," but Mr. Rea assuredly deserves it.

MDLLE. NILSSON IN AMERICA.

In its notice of the second Nilsson concert at Philadelphia (which, by the way, brought in 6,600 dollars) the *Inquirer* says:—

"The second appearance of Mdlle. Nilsson, last night, was to an audience, if possible, larger and surely more enthusiastic than before. Every part of the building seemed equally filled, and seats invariably taboed on other occasions were eagerly sought for, and their discomforts forgotten in the exhilarating influence of the surrounding thousands of happy faces. Nilsson's appearance was the signal for great rounds of applause, at the subsiding of which she sung Gounod's 'Ave Maria.' This fine air has a most agreeable compass, and its gracefully flowing *cantabile* would be grateful to almost any voice unusually smooth, but with an organ so exceptionally even and pure throughout as that of Mdlle. Nilsson it may be supposed that the piece was given with admirable effect. Still, there was no improvement on the Handel aria of the preceding concert, for while the tempo was more accurate there was less of that pathos which rendered 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair' so touching.

"It was in the scene from *Hamlet* that we were best able to judge of Miss Nilsson's powers, and we doubt if any one present last night ever witnessed such a concert performance before. It was evident from the first that she would endeavour to rid herself as far as possible from the ordinary limits of concert singing, and we were at first disposed to doubt the good taste of such a hazardous undertaking; but her splendid success disarmed criticism. From the first chords of the orchestra she was a changed woman. The dramatic fire learned from her eyes; every motion, every expressive change of her countenance helped to render the force and meaning of the score more apparent. Her vocal feats, too, were here abundant and wonderful. There were chromatic runs of the greatest accuracy, and trills on the very highest notes of the scale which were marvellous, while she sharped the upper C of the scale with the utmost nicety and power. The whole scene was in fact a dramatic illusion. We forgot the circumscribing bounds of the concert room forgot the orchestra appliances and all else in the intense dramatic emotion of the part, and felt we were recalled to the concert sphere of musical experience by the usual persistent and absurd encore which followed, and which she was absolutely compelled to accept, in spite of its wretched impropriety after such a performance. At its close she was rewarded with a huge bouquet, containing the national flags of Sweden and the United States.

"The great dramatic effect of this concert-rendering of the *Hamlet* selection has only intensified the general desire of the public, and almost increased it to a demand, that Mdlle. Nilsson shall be presented to us in that more fitting sphere in which all of her greatest triumphs have been won—that of the opera. And while we would be greatly interested to hear this modern work which, next to Wagner's compositions, has occasioned the greatest amount of comment we would also plead with the management to revive here Rossini's *Otello*, in which Mdlle. Nilsson produced so brilliant an impression in London, and which has been unheard on our stage for so many years."

An Italian Opera Buffa Company will, it is said, commence a series of performances at the Lyceum Theatre, in January next.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson commenced his brief winter series of operatic performances on Monday night with genuine success. The opera selected for the occasion was *Il Flauto Magico*, an almost inexplicable extravaganza rendered immortal by its union with music in which affluence of melody truly Orphean is found combined with harmony just as divine, construction everywhere ingenious, and orchestration not less clear and transparent than rich in detail and delightful in balance. But—as all whose opinion is worth anything have long admitted—such is *Die Zauberflöte*, or *Il Flauto Magico*, the dramatic "swan-song" of Mozart; and to say another word about it at this time would be superfluous.

The opera was, on the whole, effectively sung, and the performance generally, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, up to the average mark. Mdlle. Tietjens, as Pamina, gave that delineation of Astrifiammante's daughter to which she has accustomed us, and which, long before her time, tradition had made classical. Never has the admirable artist thrown more genuine pathos into the exquisitely beautiful air, "Ah! io so, piu non m'avanza," in which Pamina, bewailing her sad fate, invokes death to her rescue. Not less happy was Mdlle. Tietjens in the duet with Papagena—the famous "Là dove prende, amor ricetto"—in which her associate was Signor Cotogni, whose extremely correct and careful singing of all the music which Mozart has put into the mouth of the incongruous bird-catcher was duly recognized not long since. Signor Cotogni's performance on Monday more than confirmed the impression it produced when he first essayed the part at Covent Garden, and his share in the honours of the evening was by no means insignificant. Besides the encore awarded to the duet just mentioned, he obtained another in the quaint air, with accompaniment of bells—"Colomba o Tortorella" and a third in the deliciously comic duet "Pa-pa-gena! Pa-pa-geno," with Madame Sinico, whose impersonation of the bird-catcher's wife is as sprightly and attractive as could be wished. Late as it comes in the opera, this duet was one of the sensations of the evening. Signor Bettini played Tamino; and, though apparently somewhat indisposed, gave his music, including the melodious apostrophe to Pamina's portrait ("Oh! cara immagine") with the studied and conscientious accuracy for which he is always noted; while his accomplished partner, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, with her rich voice and artistic acquirement, aided materially in the effect of the concerted music allotted to the sable-clad attendants on the Queen of Night. The lowest voice-part in the pieces of like kind belonging to the good Genii was happily intrusted to Mdlle Scalchi, whose companions were Mdlles. Schofield and Banermeister, those of Madame Trebelli being Mdlles. Cruise and Madigan. The other subordinate parts were sustained more than respectably by Signora Rinaldini and Baleaza, Wilford Morgan, Casaboni, Ciampi and Tagliafico—the last, as the black slave Monostatos, exhibiting considerable vivacity.

The two most striking personages in the opera—Sarastro and his arch-enemy the Queen of Night—were represented by Signor Antonucci and Mdlle. Rosa di Murska. Signor Antonucci has an imposing presence, and a voice of fair quality, if of little power; but he is hardly equal to the efficient delivery of either of the solemn airs through which Mozart imparts musical weight and dignity to the High Priest of the Temple of Isis. On the other hand, the Astrifiammante of Mdlle. di Murska has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has been equalled, in our remembrance. With her, in a dramatic sense, the Queen of Night is by no means the abstraction, or lay figure, so frequently put forth; while her execution of the two great airs ranks legitimately among the most perfect exhibitions of contemporary art. In the last, the most elaborate and difficult, Mdlle. di Murska, as usual, transported her hearers; and so overpowering was the applause at the conclusion of the opening section that she was compelled once again to commence the air. It is a pity that so splendid and impassioned a musical outburst should not be allowed to go on right through to the end without interruption. The effect, seeing that Mdlle. di Muraka declaims the last part just as finely as she does the first, would be doubly great.

The opera, which was preceded by the National Anthem (*Inno del* chorus), was evidently to the taste of a very numerous audience. *Ivernia Borgia* was given on Tuesday, and the *Trovatore* (of course) on Thursday. The opera announced for this evening is *Oberon*.

LEIPSIC.—The Euterpe Musical Association will give ten concerts this season. Herr Volkland will be the conductor, and Herr Svendsen, from Christiana, the leader.—The Berlin Domchor will shortly give a concert here.—The concert given at the Gewandhaus for the wounded and the survivors of those who have fallen of the 12th Armee corps, was very numerously attended. Herr Carl Reinecke composed "Fest Ouverture" expressly for the occasion. Herr Gura sang an air from *Euryanthe*, together with songs by Schubert and Löwe. Mdlle. Hauss performed Mozart's D minor Concerto, and Mdlle. Bosse gave an air from *Iphigenie auf Tauris*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Beethoven concerts are going on prosperously. Since our last reference to them the Symphonies Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 have been given. The "D major," full of exuberant life and genial humour, with a *larghetto* rarely surpassed in melodious grace; the "E flat," of colossal proportions, first christened "*Buonoparte*," and subsequently rechristened "*Eroica*," in which the aspiring musician unanswerably established his claim to the position he has since maintained with easy pre-eminence at the head of orchestral composers; the "B flat," prodigal of original fancy, comprising an *adagio* of ineffable beauty with a *finale*, the spirit of which seems unscrutinisable; and the "C minor," which many amateurs, not without colourable pretext, regard as "the symphony of symphonies," have all been heard in the order which belongs to them. Each, too, has been, on the whole, superbly played, as even fastidious judges, who may object that the first movement of the "*Eroica*" and the *adagio* of the "B flat" were taken just a shade too fast, must allow. Further, we have had the overture to *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, a ballet (fancy Beethoven at work upon a ballet!) composed in 1800, and produced at Vienna the year following—the first of Beethoven's overtures which ever became familiar in this country; the third pianoforte concerto (in C minor), with Miss Agnes Zimmermann, a worthy executant of the solo part; and, most noticeable of all, the four overtures written for *Fidelio*,—the first three (in the key of C major), generally known as the "overtures to *Leonora*," and, in immediate succession, at the beginning of the concert, the last (in E), accepted for a long period as the "overture to *Fidelio*," as though the other three had not been in existence, at the end. The introduction of these overtures in one and the same programme was tried by Mendelssohn at the Leipsic Gewandhaus, in 1840—with what complete success is recorded by Schumann in one of his most genuine criticisms. We doubt if even on that occasion, with Mendelssohn himself as conductor, the overtures were played with more careful finish or more hearty enthusiasm than at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Manns, on Saturday afternoon, when the great C minor symphony not excepted, they formed unquestionably the chief attraction. The close attention with which they were listened to, by the most crowded audience of the season, and the applause at the end of each, were conclusive evidences of the interest which this novel and extraordinary presentation of Beethoven had excited. Anything more instructive, indeed, to those who study the higher manifestations of genius with befitting earnestness, than to watch the development of the great musician's thoughts in that of the first three overtures—if not, as Schumann says, from an acorn to an oak, at least (comparatively) from a sapling to an oak—could hardly be imagined. Again, when finding that all which possibly could be got out of his first idea had been obtained, the bold confidence which, at the revival of *Fidelio* in 1814 (nine years after its first production), induced Beethoven to prepare a fourth overture, in a different key, in quite a different style, and yet after its manner as genuine and fine as any of the others, is a fresh source of interest to the admirers of his music. The separation of this overture from its precursors at Saturday's concert was a wise arrangement on the part of Mr. Manns.

Independently of Beethoven, the instrumental department of these concerts, as usual, has offered much to commend unreservedly. No symphonies, except those of Beethoven, it is true, have been included in the programmes; but, to atone for this, overtures of merit by other composers have been given;—as, for example, Schumann's impassioned *Genoveva*; Rossini's brilliant *Siège de Corinthe*; M. Gounod's pastoral, *Mireille*—so well played that the absence of its composer, whose appearance at the concert had been looked for, caused general regret; the well known *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn; and last, not least, Professor Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, the first performance of which at the Crystal Palace Concerts was welcomed with such unanimity that, like the *Naiades* of the same composer, it may be now safely regarded as one of the future stock pieces of Mr. Manns' repertory. In addition to all this, the greatest of existing performers on the double bass, Signor Bottesini, has appeared once more, showing, by a marvellous execution of his own fantasia on themes from *Lucia di Lammermoor* that his power of astonishing and delighting an audience in equal degrees remains as of yore. Signor Bottesini was received with all the old enthusiasm.

In the vocal way the only novelties have been the *début* of Herr Nordblom, a young tenor with a good voice and much to learn; and the return of Mdlle. Corani, an old English, or rather Irish favourite, with a newly Italianized name, from whose powerful soprano voice and energetic delivery much may be reasonably expected.

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BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Such an event as Italian Opera here for six nights in succession has not happened since I cannot tell when—suppose we say within the memory of that useful, if somewhat mythical being, the oldest inhabitant (a so-called) a period at once sufficiently vague and, at the same time, comprehensive. The opera which closed the short season last year, *Don Giovanni*, was the one selected to commence the present series, the Donna Anna, in both instances, being Mdlle. Tietjens, who now stands unrivalled in the part, and who both sang and acted with that ability to which the public has been long accustomed. As Donna Elvira, Madame Sinico again won the plaudits of her hearers, while Madame Trebelli-Bettini, as Zerlina, despite the transposition of "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai Carino," created a highly favourable impression on a Birmingham audience, before whom (strange to say) this was her first appearance. The qualifications indispensable to a complete *Don Giovanni* are so rare, that one may look in vain for one equal to the task of embodying the character to the life. That Signor Cotogni falls short of the ideal must be admitted, but he has a good voice, while, as an actor, he has wonderfully improved of late. On the whole, Sig. Cotogni's performance was creditable. Although suffering from hoarseness (which compelled the omission of "Il mio tesoro"), Sig. Bettini got through the part of Don Ottavio in a manner that called forth general approval. As Leporello, Sig. Ciampi found scope for that dry humour which is associated with all he does. Signor Casaboni was Masetto, and the Commendatore found a fitting representative in Signor Tagliafico, whose name one couples unconsciously with the nameless man of stone.

In *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mdlle. Ilma di Murska again captivated her hearers (as she had done twelve months since) by her marvellous representation of the heroine. her mad scene, in particular, producing a strong sensation and great applause. Signor Frapolli, as Edgardo, acquitted himself with effect in the malediction of the second, and dying scene of the third act. Signor Cotogni was Henry Ashton, and Signor Antonucci Raimondo. *Masaniello* (compressed) concluded the second night's performance.

That Mdlle. Tietjens should play Norma was naturally to be expected, and that her embodiment of the betrayed Druid priestess should awaken enthusiasm was equally to be looked for and equally realized. Madame Sinico, a charming Adalgisa, well deserved the applause bestowed upon her throughout. By persistently singing too loud, Signor Vizzani did himself and the part of Pollione injustice. Signor Antonucci was an imposing Oroveso, while Mdlle. Baumeister, as Clotilda, and Mr. W. Morgan, as Flavio, were careful and effective.

With anything like a tolerable cast, *La Sonnambula* is sure to be attractive, and those who had heard Mdlle. di Murska on Tuesday evening were no less anxious to repeat the pleasure on the Thursday, when Bellini's familiar music was to be given. How well the part is suited to the gifted Hungarian lady is well known, and it would have been indeed surprising if the audience had not cordially responded to a performance so historically and socially delightful. None but a consummate mistress would ever dare those extraordinary flights, which seem almost impossible, and yet are executed with as much certainty and perfection as if they were mere ordinary scale passages. As for the acting of Mdlle. di Murska, every look, gesture, or action was fraught with meaning, and the whole embodiment was natural and spontaneous. Mdlle. Baumeister's Lisa, Signor Fancelli's Elvino, and Signor Tagliafico's Count were all more or less praiseworthy.

Lucrezia Borgia (like *Norma*) has become a speciality of Mdlle. Tietjens, whose conception of this Duchess of Ferrara is too well known to require comment. Anything finer than her singing in the first two acts could hardly be imagined; but, unfortunately, a sudden hoarseness (brought on by the draughts of the theatre) compelled the omission of much of the music of the last act. The part of the Duke fell to Signor Cotogni, for whose voice, however, it is too low: nevertheless, it was by no means badly sung. Signor Fancelli's Gennaro was fairly satisfactory, and Mdlle. Scalchi was encored in the "Brindisi."

Saturday night brought the series (which, wonderful to say, did not include the *Trovatore*) to an end, with the *Huguenots*, first time in Birmingham. His indisposition continuing, Signor Bettini had to resign Raoul di Nangis to Signor Vizzani, who, considering that he had never before played the character, acquitted himself well. Signor Cotogni's Conti di Nevers left little to desire. Signor Caravoglio, as San Bris, was not quite perfect, and Signor Antonucci, although looking Marcel well enough, fell short both in his singing and acting. Madame Sinico was a graceful and competent Marguerite, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini took the house by storm as Urbano, the "No, no, no," being rapturously encored, and the whole performance characterized by high intelligence. All trace of the hoarseness which had afflicted Mdlle. Tietjens the night before having entirely disappeared, Valentina was the crowning success of the week, and after the duet in the third act (with which the performance concluded) the recall and applause were enthusiastic. The ballet during the week has been sustained with Mdlle. Blanche Ricois and M. Desplaces as principals. The chorus, though small, was quite large enough for the theatre, and thoroughly competent, with a fair band of some thirty instruments, and Signor Berignani as an efficient conductor, while Mr. A. Harris, as stage manager, has greatly contributed to the completeness of the best and longest Opera season ever given in Birmingham.

The Festival Choral Society announce Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri* shortly, and soon after the beginning of the year Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* will be given by the same body.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

OPERA COMIQUE.

On Saturday night another new theatre of considerable magnitude was opened in central London! It stands close to the Olympic and the Globe, the address given in the bills, "299, Strand," indicating not the exact site of the edifice, but the fact that it is approached from the main thoroughfare by means of a broad subterranean but well illumined passage. As far as its beauty is concerned the proprietors need not fear competition with any of the numerous speculators with whom they have entered into competition; and, like the St. James's it is evidently arranged with a view to aristocratic patronage.

The name of the theatre, "Opéra Comique," seems rather to have been chosen to denote the uses to which its stage is just now appropriated than to have been fixed upon as the permanent title of the edifice. The emigration of Mdlle. Déjazet with the whole of her company from France could hardly have been anticipated when the foundations of the building were laid, and probably we shall not be wrong in regarding its occupation by a French instead of an English *troupe* as one of the results of the siege of Paris. At all events the name is not happily selected. To Parisian ears the "Opéra Comique" performed at the theatre so called denotes a species of composition often as substantial in its way as the works brought out at the Académie, and is generally distinct from that modern "Opéra Bouffe" represented at the Variétés or the Folies Dramatiques, which so many have attempted to naturalize in this country. But the piece which occupies the chief place in the bills of our newest theatre is even far less musical than Opéra Bouffe. By the author, M. Victorien Sardou, who wrote it for the Théâtre Déjazet before he had gained his present eminence, it is modestly called a "*Comédie mêlée de chant et de danse*," and this is precisely what it is. Its effect depends entirely on the acting, and the songs, few and far between, are of the kind executed by comedians who cultivate singing as an accessory art, not by professional vocalists. No doubt it is typical of the repertory of the French company now engaged at the theatre, representing the house on the Boulevard du Temple, which was opened by Mdlle. Déjazet, after her long and brilliant career at the Palais Royal, and which still bears her name.

The appearance of Mdlle. Déjazet, whose very advanced age is one of her glories, was the great fact of Saturday night. Without her, *Les Prés St. Gervais*, as the piece is called, would have made no great impression. The character of the Prince of Conti, which she plays, is very like those of the Young Duke in *Les Premiers Armes des Richelieu*, and of Gentil Bernard in the comedy of that name, in both of which this celebrated actress made herself famous. The Prince of Conti, yet a student in his teens, finds himself among a party of *bourgeois* assembled for a pic-nic on the Prés St. Gervais, and being at first mistaken for a ridiculous boy, soon becomes a favorite with all the gentlemen and ladies, more particularly with the latter, and is evidently a libertine in the bud. Now when in the tight-fitting costume of the 18th century, with powdered hair, and a little sprapfel of school-books dangling from her hand, the veteran artist tripped upon the stage, a sensation of general wonder was the immediate result. With the aid of an opera-glass it might indeed be discovered that the face of the schoolboy prince was not youthful; but in the vigour, in the upright bearing, in the movements, in the attitudes, there was every indication of juvenility, a juvenility withal of a princely, gay, and gallant order. The perfect ease of the performance is rendered only the more marvellous by the exquisite finish of the actress, who never becomes careless for an instant. The songs, sentimental and comic, are capitally sung. That the voice has lost the body it once had is evident enough; but Mdlle. Déjazet knows how to economize what is left, and while she retains that force of expression which was always her own, she is never guilty of a false note. As a shout of welcome followed her first entrance, so did a burst of admiration follow the descent of the curtain.

Two short pieces, the one played before the other after M. Sardou's comedy, complete the evening's programme; and while the names of most of the actors will be new even to travelled Englishmen, the public will learn that the Théâtre Déjazet, though not situated in the most fashionable quarter of Paris, had the advantage of a good working company.

THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

At the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, the Mohawk Minstrels gave an entertainment, on the 2 th ult. for the benefit of widows and orphans of seamen lost in the Captain. The party acquitted themselves very creditably. Messrs. Arthur Raimont and Holland Harland (vocalists) and Mr. Dean Edwards in an eccentric dance) were particularly good. Two pianoforte solos, *Souvenir de Faust* (De Kontski), and (in response to an encore) *Irish Diamonds*, by (M. Willie Pape) played by Miss Amy Weddle on one of Kinkman's concert grands cannot be too highly praised. The appreciation of Miss Weddle's merit was evinced by the attention she secured, and the applause that followed each of her performances.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—

1870. Monday, November 14; Monday, November 21; Monday, November 28; Monday, December 5; Monday, December 12; Monday, December 19.

1871. Monday, January 2; Monday, January 16; Monday, January 23; Monday, January 30; Monday, February 6; Monday, February 13; Monday, February 20; Monday, February 27; Monday, March 6; Monday, March 13.

Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

The present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Theresa"—Mdlle. Clara Doria .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. Charles Hallé *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. Hallé and Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Know'st thou the land"—Mdlle. Clara Doria .. *Beethoven.*
QUARTET, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Oliivier, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hay's, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUPITER GAMMON.—No. Boieldieu's last opera was *Les Deux Nuits.*

THOMAS NOON GADD.—An English translation of Spohr's *Selbst-Biographie* was published (by Messrs. Longman & Co.) in 1865. About Mandel, the best authority is, unquestionably, Herr Chrysander.

SIGNORINA OF CINCINNATI had better address himself to Colonel Bateman, father of the celebrated actress of the same name. The "restless colonels" alluded to were not musicians at all—not even "fiddlers," to employ the depreciating phraseology of our correspondent.

DR. WHOLEBIDGE.—The controversy about the *Requiem* is by no means settled to the satisfaction of impartial judges. Our own conviction is that Süssmayer was a humbug, and Constance Mozart (afterwards Mdme. Nissen) another. Dr. Wholebidge may possibly be convinced, but if so, it seems to us to be on insufficient grounds.

INDIGATOR.—The only composition of the late Sir George Smart's with which we are acquainted is a glee called "The Butterflies' Ball." The name of the opera by Mr. Henry Smart which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, is *Bertha*. Mr. Henry Smart is the nephew, not the uncle, of Sir George. Mr. Clifton Potter has written *two* symphonies in G minor; but only one of them (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society) is printed, as a pianoforte duet.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

THE *ST. PETER* CONTROVERSY.

THERE is a certain fitness in the controversy now raging about *St. Peter*. The Apostle himself was a hot-headed and quarrelsome man. No doubt he was chiefly among those who contended which should be first in the Kingdom of Heaven. He had more than one reprimand from his Master—notably in connection with the cutting off a poor man's right ear; and his row with St. Paul at Jerusalem is the first illustration in Christian annals of the *odium theologicum*. Since his death his very bones have been bones of contention. "He never was at Rome," say some. "He was Rome's first Bishop," say others. "He was never appointed Head of the Church," say some. "He is the Prince of the Apostles," say others. "He is not the Church's foundation," say some. "Upon that *Petrus* the Church is built," say others. So the game goes on; and we are not at all surprised that the oratorio, *St. Peter*, has given rise to a fight. Nevertheless, the fight is a scandal to him who has provoked it. In proof of this, we need not enter upon any details, the broad facts of the case being enough. What are the facts? Simply these:—Mr. Benedict bought a libretto of Mr. Chorley, and paid him his price. He (Mr. B.) did not like it when bought; so, doing with his own property as he pleased, he put it aside, and procured another. Of what has Mr. Chorley to complain? His interest in the work ceased when Mr. Benedict paid over the £50, and if the latter had re-sold the MS. to his butterman, Mr. Chorley would have enjoyed no *locus standi* in a court of redress. These things should be kept in mind, for they make all the lesser points connected with the matter of no account at all. Nevertheless, a consideration even of the lesser points is not without instruction, if entered upon in the light of Mr. Benedict's letter, which appears in another column. Taking that letter as a text, we might "improve the occasion" up to a fifthly or sixthly at least. Here, for example, are some illustrations of how good can be obtained from the waters of this musical Bethesda, which Mr. Chorley—not obviously an angel—has "troubled."

In the first place, it is unwise to halloo till you are out of the wood. Mr. Chorley sang a pœan in the *Athenæum*, by way of celebrating a victory, while Mr. Benedict was buckling on his armour. Mr. Chorley may now turn his attention to dirges. In the second place, the man who enters upon a controversy should keep his memory green. Mr. Chorley's memory is dry—very dry. In the third place, when the memory is dry—very dry—it is dangerous to ask Fancy to make good the deficiency. Fancy is the Puck of human nature, and is never so pleased as when leading a benighted wanderer "through brake, through brier." It has served Mr. Chorley as though he had grievously sinned against Fancy at some time or other (perhaps when he wrote *The Prodigy*), leading him through horse-ponds and many sloughs. Let the reader carefully perase Mr. Benedict's letter, and he will be able to trace the unfortunate gentleman's delusions. Oh! Fancy, thou tricky spirit, why didst thou persuade Mr. Chorley that his book had been approved by the Birmingham Musical Festival Committee; that he had been the means of procuring Mr. Benedict the task of setting it to music; that Mr. Benedict had from the first, and always, liked it; that he (Mr. Chorley) had offered to submit to the arbitration of Sir M. Costa and Mr. Dickens; that but why go on till these questions are answered, O most wicked Fancy? Behold the result. Mr. Chorley flounders in a quagmire; admired—as a flounderer, by the public, to

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whom he appealed as the embodiment of cleanliness. Truly "we are poor folk" when dreams thus lead us astray. But good may always be extracted from evil; and Mr. Chorley, one moment self-elevated on the pedestal of justice, the next prone on the ground, like Dagon before the Ark, is an instructive spectacle.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper has been illustrating the force of strong imagination. It credits Jules Janin with the following description of Mr. Wehli's left hand:—

"'Tis as if there had been another convocation of Macbeth witches—only these were good fairies—and when this marvellous left hand was being shaped, and tapered, and perfected, the first witch flew into the magic circle, and cried, 'I bring thee strength!' 'I bring thee grace!' cried the second. A third came with 'dexterity!' a fourth with 'speed!' a fifth with 'elasticity!' a sixth with 'daring!' a seventh with 'sonority!' and then the chief witch moulded them into one perfect whole; and so the left hand '*de notre charmant pianiste*' was made!"

We have no doubt that the great French dramatic (not musical) critic might, with perfect truth, have said this, and much more, concerning Mr. Wehli; only he didn't, which is awkward for *Frank Leslie*.

THE admiration of our friend *Watson* for Miss Kellogg is intense, even to incoherence. Here are some choice extracts from a recent notice of the American *prima donna*:—

"It (the applause) was the Kentish fire of true enthusiasm, with its fibre so closely laid that you knew it was the spontaneous voice of the heart."

"The fibre of fire being a spontaneous voice, is good.

"The orchestra gave the warning note of silence, when freeing herself from the acid of the violins, &c."

Poor Miss Kellogg. We wonder if the acid hurt her!

"It (Miss K.'s voice) flashed without an effect, a silver thread from the shining reel of her throat and wound itself irresistibly around every heart present."

In presence of this amazing figure we can only stand bareheaded, overcome with reverent admiration. Let us stop quotation and watch the silver thread.

SOME of the American papers are lying through thick and thin about Mdlle. Nilsson. We shall keep a sharp look out upon their doings, and impale every lie as dead kites are nailed to barn-doors—*pour encourager les autres*. Here is an instalment:—

Lie No. 1.—"The sudden collapse which she suffered in '68, and which rendered her ineligible for operatic honours in Belgium and elsewhere for quite a period."

Lie No. 2.—"By skilfully manipulating the press, this alarming fact (Lie No. 1) was discreetly ignored by the clever management."

Lie No. 3.—"The glaring defects * * * have been the subject of gossip in the English and Continental capitals ever since her first failure in London in the *Magic Flute*, when an injudicious effort to use the chest-notes early in the evening prevented her finishing the opera, and ultimately reduced her to the level of a third-rate artist."

The last lie is what Mr. Dick Swiveller would call a "stunner;" and if it and the rest were true, how we should admire the stern rectitude of our American contemporary! As it is, how we admire his mendacity!

ARE there two Delle-Sedies. The New York *Weekly Review* says:—

"Delle-Sedie, *owner of a villa at Sevres*, is in England."

Delle-Sedie, the opera singer, we know, but who is "Delle-Sedie, owner of a villa at Sevres?"

A SINGULAR exploit was performed on the battle-field of Sedan by the band of the 59th Prussian Regiment, not with the trumpets and trombone, but with muskets and swords. The bandsmen were left to guard the knapsacks of the regiment. While thus occupied they observed some hostile infantry and cavlary approach under cover of the neighbouring wood. The chief bandsman, Müller, did not consider long, but ordered the men to take up muskets—of which there was no lack on the battle-field—and, drawing his sword, he led them to the charge. The French bullets missed their aim, nor did they stop the impetuous attack. The band was victorious; it drove the hostile detachment, and made 13 prisoners. The surprise of the regiment on their return may be imagined. It is satisfactory to hear that Herr Müller has been rewarded with the Iron Cross, which he has deserved the more since he and his men have done excellent service in all battles as voluntary bearers of wounded.

HERR R. WAGNER'S "Festgabe," or "Festival Gift," to the centenary of the composer of *Fidelio*, in December, will shortly be published by Herr E. W. Fritzsch. It is an oration in the grand style, and a contribution to the philosophy of music, the title being, *Beethoven, von Richard Wagner*.

THE Bethoven Festival at the National Hungarian Theatre, in Pesth[e] will take place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th December. On the first evening, Goethe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music, will be performed, and, on the second, *Fidelio*. On the third evening, there will probably be a grand concert in the Redouten-Saal. In consequence of a request made by the Intendant, Baron Felix Orczy, the Abbate Franz Liszt, has promised to conduct the concert. Simultaneously with Baron Orczy's request, the Abbate received a similar one from Vienna, for him to conduct the Beethoven Festival there, but he decided in favour of Pesth. The programme of the concert will, in all probability, comprise the Ninth Symphony, and Liszt's *Beethoven-Cantata*. It is said, too, that the Abbate will play one of the great composer's Pianoforte Concertos.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

BRIXTON.—The Monthly Popular Concerts of classical chamber music, which Mr. Ridley Prentice established a year ago, were resumed last week. The Angell Town Institution, where they are held, was crowded in every part, and the audience evinced a lively appreciation of the programme provided for their entertainment. The programme commenced with Haydn's string quartet in G minor (No. 56), played with artistic taste and finish, by Messrs. Weist Hill, Folkes, Barrett, and W. Pettit. Then Mr. Winn sang "Revenge! Timotheus cries," from *Alexander's Feast*, with well-deserved applause, and Madame Dowland sang, with genuine feeling, a sacred song of considerable merit, composed by the director to the words of Herbert's 23rd Psalm. The first part ended with a masterly performance, by Mr. Prentice, of Mendelssohn's pianoforte Sonata in E major (Op. 6). The second part comprised the *Melodie Religieuse* of Berthold Tours, and Lady Thompson's trio in D minor, the former of which was encored. The songs were Hatton's "Change of Twenty Years," sung by Mr. Winn; Benedict's "In my wild mountain valley," and Bishop's "Love has eyes," both by Madame Dowland. The pianoforte accompaniments were played by Mr. G. S. Minson. Mr. Prentice may be congratulated on his management of these concerts, which deserve the encouragement and support of all lovers of music.—W. H. P.

A CONCERT was given, on the 27th ult., at the St. Pancras Vestry Hall, in aid of the fund for the relief of the sick and wounded of French and German armies. The vocalists were the Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria, Julia Elton, Minnie Poole, Messrs. Carl Stepan, G. T. Carter, G. Taylor, with Miss Angell, Messrs. J. B. Chatterton, Richard Blagrove, Francesco Berger, and W. H. Eayres as instrumentalists. The Mesdames Doria each gave a song by Mr. John Barnett, as well as Francesco Berger's spirited duet, "Love and War," in all of which they were encored, as was also Mr. F. Berger in a pianoforte solo of his own, "Marching with the band," on which, being encored, he substituted Thalberg's "Home, sweet home;" he also created an effect (with Mr. W. H. Eayres) in Osborne and De Beriot's *Duo Concertant Guillaume Tell*. Miss Angell played two pianoforte solos, by Ascher and Benedict, obtaining much applause. Messrs. F. Berger, S. Naylor, and W. Ganz were the directors.

MR. AGUILAR'S first performance of pianoforte music for the present season, took place on 20th October. We subjoin the programme:—

Sonata in C (Aguilar); "Oh in the stilly night," Transcription (Aguilar); Impromptu in A flat, No. 4 (Schubert), Miss Mina Bourchier, pupil of Mr. Aguilar; Melody in F, and Etude (Rubinstein); Sonata in A flat, op. 26 (Beethoven); *Lieder ohne Worte* (Mendelssohn); Variations of an air from *L'Elisir d'amore* (Thalberg), Miss Mina Bourchier; Le Desir, Transcription, (Aguilar); Polonaise in A, op. 40 (Chopin); The Birds at Sunset, Valse Brillante (Aguilar).

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INDIVIDUALITY AND SCHOOL.*

I.

In all ages, there have been bitter complaints that mediocrity in art is so overwhelmingly predominant, that prolific scribbling without talent, and careless of everything save the fashionable articles that command a sale at any particular period, have assumed such large dimensions, and crushed really talented productions. These complaints arise from time to time, and are by no means new; voices have always been heard making a noise about the decay of art, the poverty of ideas characterising artists, and so on. In one instance, people smiled sarcastically at the striking family likeness between certain compositions, which dished up mere flourishes, and constantly recurring phrases. These betray, it is true, the musician duly brought up according to scholastic rules, but they exhibit no trace of that artistic spirit, permeating his subject, or producing a real musical idea. Such composers have been flung by dozens into the same heap. On other occasions, critics have been found who discovered talent in this or that composer, but declared that it had unfortunately perished under the rubbish of commonplace. Yes, the poor fellow, it was said, possessed splendid talent, which might have enabled him to pursue his course along the narrow path of true art, and, as a genuine artist, to offer the public nutritious food, but the lure of ease or a greedy for quick profits had thrown him in the broad and well trodden road of everyday mediocrity, where the musical appetite of the public is perfectly satisfied with vapid skilfet.

Such complaints, as we have said, are not new; they have been made in all ages. But it is also invariably happened that the persons making them were the very first to pick up a stone to fling at any artist, as an innovator and a revolutionist, who attempted to shame their useless lamentations and exhibit distinctly marked individuality. They are the very persons who will be found ready to attack any old jog-trot course of art; their lamentations on the decadence of the latter, and its want of intellect, are merely meant to be wonderingly admired as deep penetration, as wisdom calculated to excite respect, and their apodictical assertion, "Genius has died out in the world!" must not be doubted.

Genius has died out; there is no longer any artistic individuality!—Ridiculous! There are at the present day men with artistic individuality just as much as ever there were. The only difference is, perhaps, that now-a-days artistic individuality is developed, and indeed must be developed, otherwise than formerly. As to the questions: How is artistic individuality developed? What can be done to aid its development?—we will now proceed to examine them more nearly.

Genius is born with many, Yes, many may be correct; but innate genius may be nipped in the bud, and never successfully manifested, just as, on the other hand, talent originally small, may, by proper guidance and training, achieve extra triumphs. What says Goethe? "The most happy genius is nothing more than talent developed in itself to the Uncommon by nature and instinct alone. Art is always Art! No person who does not deeply ponder over it, must call himself an artist." Even Lessing, who asserted genius to be a model mind, very wisely adds to the estimate of a genial artist: "The thinking and scientifically educated artist is worth as much again." Only Industry produces model works; even genius must labour, if it would achieve anything, and the man who is the happy—or, if the reader prefers it, the unhappy—possessor of innate genius, has no easy task before him. It is, most certainly, much more difficult for him than for others, to submit to be shackled by the tight fetters of the schools, to move in the narrow paths, along which scholastic instruction must gradually lead him, if that foundation is to be laid, on which alone the development even of innate genius is possible. Every where does genius agitate its wings, endeavouring to break through the limits imposed on it, and woe to it if the driver does not hold the reins tightly enough; it flies wildly about in space, from which it is suddenly precipitated, for its wings have not the strength to carry it securely through endlessness. In the case of talent, or mere capability for art, all these things are much easier. In this instance, one thing comes with its slow jog-trot step after another; it is not till one step is taken that there is the slightest presentiment of the succeeding one, and what lies beyond through the appointed boundaries is beyond the sphere of possibility.

But who bears the responsibility of both? He who has to guide both, to watch the way pursued by both, in short—the teacher to whom both art-disciples are confided. The teacher's position is, indeed, a difficult one, and frequently we can scarcely understand the nonchalance with which a young sprig just escaped from an educational establishment, announces himself, without more ado, as teacher of composition, and pianoforte playing, and singing, as though with the wisdom painfully acquired, perhaps, in a short time, he had suddenly become possessed of the qualifications necessary for the most difficult of all positions, the position of a teacher. The mannikin takes his stand, with the most conscientious composure upon the proverb: "Wem Gott ein Amt giebt, dem giebt er auch Verstand." * *"O sancta simplicitas!*

Yes, the office of teacher is an onerous one, and its responsibility is great. How many talented persons, whose education cost a goodly sum, but who never turned out anything, have the wortny teachers upon their conscience! Thank goodness, however, there are, of course, among the great number of teachers, some men of sterling worth, who have perfectly understood the difficulty of their calling, which they faithfully practice. But this consciousness of discharge of their duty is at present incomparably more difficult than formerly, for art has grown; it has steadily gone on developing itself, and extending its circles more and more, just as a stone, thrown into the water, forms, in concentric modulations, a series of rings which keep increasing and increasing in size, till they dash, perhaps, against the distant bank and cannot go further.

Formerly the matter was much more simple.

The old school did not know the difference between the various kinds of music, or did not, at least, recognize it. Sacred music, chamber music, and operatic music, did not exist for it; it knew only one kind of music, the creations of which were framed according to certain rules. Whether the pupil intended, at a subsequent period, to devote himself to one particular kind or another, was a matter of indifference to the teacher; it never struck the latter that he ought to devote especial attention to any partiality or aptitude manifested by the pupil for any one branch of his art more than for another; it never struck him that he ought to adapt such aptitude, or even give it the advantage of separate instruction. On the contrary; if any pupil exhibited any such well-stamped individuality, it was mercilessly rooted out; the pupil had to accommodate himself exactly to the unalterable plan of scholastic rules—note up and note, one syllable under one note—etc., etc., for months and for years, till the entire theory of the art of musical composition had been gone through. "Yes, my son, now go; you are the first singer in the world!" said Porpora to Majorano, commonly called Caffarelli, after making him sing for six years nothing but some exercises written upon one octavo leaf. It is said that no one was more surprised than Caffarelli himself. A similar thing happened no doubt to many who studied composition in those days, and who, on terminating their course of study, were dismissed by their teachers as finished masters.

There was, however, some sense in this, inasmuch as the different branches of musical art did not, as far as essentials were concerned, diverge particularly much from each other, and a naturally gifted pupil might, without very well achieve considerable success in the church and on the stage by the same means. But there was far less sense in the system, when, after the lapse of some decennium, two kinds of musical art branched off in diametrically, opposite directions, which kept growing further and further apart, in spite of which, however, teachers still clung firmly, with a sort of pious feeling, to the old plan of instruction. Genius is born with a man; it cannot be given him; where it exists it must make a way for itself, and when it does not exist, why, then, if the artist is lost, the loss does not matter. According to this view of the case, people continued to believe that the only correct course was to give all pupils, without exception, a certain amount of general musical education, and then dismiss them as perfect, allowing the development of individuality to be the business of the individual.

The old singing-masters died out, bequeathing by tradition the rules of their method to their successors, without, however, being able to bequeath them also their spirit and their genius as teachers. Of course, it could not fail, in lapse of time, to come to pass that with this traditional inheritance the most bare faced humbug was practised; and we know that, even in our own days, there are persons who boast that they have received, found out, discovered, the mode of teaching followed by old Italian singing-masters, and, in consequence, qualify as absurd all that anatomy, physiology, and psychology have recognized as the laws of nature. It is clear to every unprejudiced man that the old singing masters, to judge by what they achieved, could not have founded their method on anything but the most intimate acquaintance with the human voice, and of what it was capable, in conjunction with the innate psyche, or spirit of the singer. But the nimbus does it; that entices pupils, though, of course, they are those to whom intelligent teachers have in vain explained the uselessness of their efforts, and to this kind of pupils belong, as a rule, those who pay best. *Manibus cult dec——*

It was otherwise with those who taught the art of composition. They could not very well set up the humbug of tradition. In this instance, there were palpable, evident rules, which anyone might, with a greater or less amount of exertion, make his own, and start from exactly the same basis as everybody else in his endeavours to imitate the great models of his art. That art emerged from its

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

* "When God gives a man an office, He gives him also intelligence to fill it."

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childhood; the twin-sisters, Sacred Music and Operatic Music grew up into vigorous, blooming young women, each having peculiar pretensions of her own. If anyone wished that each should enjoy her due, he had to recognise also her pretensions, and endeavour to satisfy them. For a time, it was possible to combine this with the principle that the individual qualification of the artist for this or that branch of his art must open up a path for itself, supposing he had been raised to the stand-point of a thorough general musical education. But something new was added, and very soon people here and there beheld the phenomenon of an individual, when left to himself, stumbling over all sorts of objects, and—pleasing the multitude exceptionally, while he flung forward all the rules of his profession.

Instead now of seeking the ultimate reason of this horrible phenomenon in the phenomenon itself, the teachers screamed out about treachery to art, banning and excommunicating the unhappy malefactor, who felt exceedingly contested at hearing the jubilation of the crowd and enjoying the laurels he reaped, as well as the ringing equivalents for them. The innovations of the apostate caused the hair to stand upon the heads of many. At such moments, there were never more than a few, who, with clear presence of mind, recognized the justice of such innovations. The horizon of the majority was too circumscribed for this, and the easiest plan was to empty the child out of the bath with the dirty water,* *i.e.* not to condemn the artist alone, but, with him, the entire branch of art to which he had devoted himself. If a really great man launched his anathema against it, he found imitators by hundreds; these imitators were not even capable of raising themselves to the appreciation of the case, but repeated believingly whatever formula the great man chose to initiate.

(To be continued).

MUSIC AND THE WAR.

(From the "Graphic.")

The "European hurricane" has blown all manner of musical waifs and strays to our shores; some lent upon improving the occasion, others desirous only for a quiet refuge until the storm is over. Among the latter are men of renown, like Gounod, Faure, and, it is said, Auber, though the veteran composer's whereabouts remains a matter of dispute. We may be assured, however, that he would not court publicity under the present distressing circumstances of the country he loves so well; and that any attempt to drag him from retirement would be resented as impertinent. M. Gounod has been seen at the Crystal Palace; lured thither by the performance of his own *Pot Doux* (*La Colombe*), which we hope he enjoyed. M. Faure has made no sign. Madame Adelina Patti left England some weeks ago, having been detained by the exigencies of warfare ever since the close of the opera season. She was not altogether idle during this enforced residence among us. Everybody knows that the Birmingham Festival Committee rejected her enormous terms; but elsewhere the fascinating Marquise had to do with more complacent negociators; and Brighton, Manchester, and Liverpool have exchanged notes with her on mutually agreeable terms. Madame Patti is now on her way to St. Petersburgh; where, no doubt, she will turn the heads of the *jeunesse dorée* completely round, as usual. But though one refugee has left us, a score have arrived to take her place, and the cry is still, "They come!"

It is to be feared that disappointment awaits not a few singers who come with impaired resources among a people knowing them only by repute, or having known them so long ago, that all interest has passed away. A prevalent notion with foreign artists is that anything does for England, where the natives are not musical, and are willing to be hand-somely for being thought the reverse. Only thus can we explain the frequent apparition here of worn-out people who consider themselves ill-used when given to understand that our island is not actually a receptacle for the off-scouring of all things artistic. In ordinary times we should contend for a prompt and pitiless exhibition of this fact to those whom it may concern; but, just now, who would have the heart to do so? Our musical visitors come against their will: many of them, it may be assumed, are poor; and all have made heavy sacrifices. Under such circumstances the English may be trusted to act generously, even where the absolute claim is very small. Such a confidence was not misplaced, so far as concerned the Crystal Palace audience, when two refugee artists, Madame Florentini and Signor Delle-Sedie, made their appearance. Both lady and gentleman will be remembered by opera-goers as at one time connected with our great lyric theatres; but now the former has little voice left her, and the latter, with all his skill, had little at any time. Their reception, however, was courteous, not to say warm; and thus early in the season a good example has been set which, there is every reason to believe, will not want imitators. Of course there are some of these art exiles on whose behalf nothing need be said. Signor Bottesini, for example, speaks through his marvellous double-bass in tones which nobody can withstand. He excited the Crystal Palace audience to enthusiasm with as much ease as might Madame Alboni, did that queen of contraltos choose to come out from her retirement among us, and let her glorious voice be heard. For the presence of such artists (to whom we have still to add Madame Pauline Viardot we have reason to thank a war otherwise accursed, and we would willingly retain them through good as well as evil.

In contrast to the position of so many of her craft is that of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, who could not have acted more wisely had she known, long ago, that war was coming. The fortunate young lady slipped away to America just in time to escape disaster, and is now reaping a golden harvest in pecuniary profits. Trustworthy reports inform us that the incoming is all she could wish. As regards enthusiasm however, our American cousins are older if not wiser than they were twenty years ago; moreover, they have had experiences adapted to make them sadder. On the whole, Mdlle. Nilsson cannot reasonably complain of her reception, while she ought devoutly to thank the good luck which opened to her a Land of Goshen free from the plagues of Europe.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The subjoined is extracted from the *Irish Times* of October 26th:—

"At the Misses Glover's fashionable morning concert, given at 14 Talbot Street, under the patronage of her Excellency the Countess Spencer, the following pieces were performed:—Quartet, 'Faithless Emma' (Stevenson); solo harp, 'Martha' (Oberthür); scena, 'Ah! perfido' (Beethoven); cavatina, 'The Diver' (Loder); trio, 'L'usato ardor' (Bochsa); piano solo, 'Don Pasquale' (J. W. Glover); trio, 'La mia Dorabella' (Mozart. Part second:—Trio: harp, piano, and violin, 'Der Freischütz' (De Beriot); ballad, 'Jessie the flower of Dumblane, (Tannahill); piano solo; Allemande, Bourées (Sebastian Bach); quartet, 'The Bells of St. Michael's' (Knivet); finale (by desire) 'Skedaddle galop' (J. W. Glover)."

LYMINGTON.—We take the following from a local paper:—

"The session of the Literary Institution was inaugurated on Tuesday night, at the Assembly Rooms, by a concert-lecture, given by Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by Miss Annie Sinclair. The hall was completely filled, the aristocracy of the town and neighbourhood being well represented. Mrs. Macfarren, as a pianist, is almost unrivalled: her execution is truly wonderful. The marvellous interpretations of music, its sympathy with nature in all its scenes, found in this talented artist their true expression. Miss Annie Sinclair added to the charm of the evening by one of the sweetest voices in the world, full of purity and feeling."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The following remarks on Mr. Nordblom, who made his first appearance in the provinces at one of Mr. Rea's concerts, are extracted with some inevitable abridgments from a local journal:—

"Mr. Nordblom had every reason to be gratified with the reception he experienced. He was suffering from a slight cold, and was therefore not heard to the best advantage. A fair estimate could nevertheless be formed of his voice and style. He possesses an organ of considerable compass both in its upper and lower register, together with flexibility and power. A pupil of Frank Mori and the *protégé* of Madame Parepa, he has nevertheless much to learn in phrasing and musical declamation. His *début* was eminently successful, as he received an encore on both occasions when he sang. In a ballad from *The Bohemian Girl*, he threw out a genuine ll that from the chest with great effect. Altogether this gentleman is a most promising vocalist, and will undoubtedly rise in his profession."

CHORLTON-ON-MEDLOCK.—We read as follows in the *Manchester Courier*, Oct. 27:—

"A concert was given on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mr. Charles F. Anthony, professor of music. The room was filled, and the audience respectable. The artists were Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Chadwick, Mr. de Jong, Mr. Horton C. Allison, and a glee party. A decided improvement is apparent in Miss Poyntz's singing,—more breadth, style, and finished case. She gave 'Convien Partir,' 'That's the way for Willie and me;' and gained an encore for 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' with De Jong's brilliant flute *obbligato*. Miss Chadwick won favour by her unaffected singing, receiving an encore in 'Huliah's Storm.' To laud M. de Jong's flute solo were 'to gild refined gold;' suffice it that his tone and execution were as ever. Applause and encores showed how highly appreciated were the pianoforte solos of Mr. Allison. He can claim, and have his claim allowed, to a place among the first pianists. The glee party agreeably varied the solos. Messrs. J. W. Harper and C. F. Anthony accompanied.

* A German proverb signifying to reject the good and the bad together.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

BALFE.

Though English opera, after a brief existence, has for many years been a mere recollection, few Englishmen will have heard without sincere regret, of the death of Michael William Balfe, which occurred last week. We shall prise the memory of Balfe as that af the only British musician who has achieved a European reputation,* and whose artistic status is perhaps even higher in France and Germany than in his own country. The great charm of Balfe's music is its evident spontaneity, grace, and natural charm of melody. He rarely strained after effect; and when, in the age when Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Gonned flourished, he was content to be an English Donisetti, appealing more to the ear than to the intellect. The present generation can scarcely appreciate the popularity Balfe once enjoyed. His melodies were sung in every drawing-room, and ground on every barrel organ; and so fluent and fertile was his muse that he appeared to produce operas and songs for nearly thirty years, just as easily as he talked. In temperament he much resembled Rossini, for in spite of his wondrous fertility he was naturally a lazy man. When he had satisfied the demands of the opera managers and music-sellers, he appeared not to care what became of his productions, offering, in this respect, a strong contrast to Meyerbeer and Gounod, who were never thoroughly satisfied with their own efforts. But in spite of his constitutional *dolce far niente*, Balfe was never careless; though not deep or scientific as a composer, he was neither vulgar nor slipshod. Knowing well the full extent of his genius he wisely avoided that rock on which Verdi and other modern composers have split—the hope of rivalling Beethoven and Meyerbeer—an ambition which leads merely clever musicians into being dull and heavy. Balfe's only native rival was Vincent Wallace—like himself an Irishman—and perhaps a more original genius; for to Balfe's gift of tuna he added an elevation of style, which, had he lived, would in all probability have enabled him to develop a school quite as original in its way as that of some of the most fashionable Continental composers. Balfe and Wallace are, however, dead; and in their graves lies also, we fear, all hope of a revival af English opera. It is satisfactory to know that Balfe's latter years, unlike those of poor Wallace, were full of well-earned honours, and passed in ease and comfort. His daughter after upholding the family name as a *prima donna*, married first an English ambassador, and then a Spanish grandee of the most aristocratic bine blood; and, during the last few years of his life, the composer of the *Bohemian Girl* devoted all his energies to the cultivation of a pleasantly-situated farm in Herts, and was more proud of his pigs and crops than of all his *Ops*. In private life Balfe was a universal favourite, for to a rich fund of native humour he united the *savoir faire* of the man of the world while his ripe and varied artistic experiences enabled him to be equally and cordially appreciated both in the orchestra and the *salon*. His death will be mourned by an unusually numerous circle of friends, whose constant attentions pleasantly varied the bucolic delights of his rural retreat.—*Liverpool Porcupine.*

[* Nonsence. What of W. Sterndale Bennett?—ED.]

AUTUMNAL OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson has accustomed the public to Italian opera in November; but it is doubtful whether the public value it as they should. A century of usage, under certain conditions, has made both entertainment and conditions appear severally necessary to a complete thing. Italian opera in "the dark days before Christmas" is an anachronism; while, played to audiences at cheap prices and in frock coats, it is robbed of half its distinction. That these ideas should assert themselves against better judgment, proves with what success an originally exclusive amusement has retained its exclusiveness. Now, hardly less than when manager Handel was ruined by warfare with "society," Italian opera is an exotic, which flourishes only during the London season, under the stimulus of high prices and lofty patronage. Autumnal performances are therefore looked at askance, as by no means the real thing. They are to the performances of spring and summer what "Paris diamonds" are to the gems of Golconda; and, supporting them one feels inclined to take credit for an act of condescension. Evidently the state of things must be changed before we can hope for the naturalization af opera in England; and because tending to such a result, Mr. Mapleson's annual off-season has a very decided value. It shows what can be done towards making efficiently-performed Italian opera available for the public at large; while it also tests the general readiness to use whatever advantages may be afforded. A glance at the prospectus of the six weeks' campaign which began last night proves the former result, at all events, to be satisfactory. True, the list of artists contains the name neither of Madame Patti nor of Mdlle. Nilsson, and Mr. Santley is conspicuously absent; but Mdlle. Tietjens stands at the head of a *troupe* which many a Continental theatre of renown would be proud to possess. Clearly, therefore, out-of-season Italian opera can be made a very good and acceptable thing. We are not so sure that it will yet escape being under-estimated; but it is pleasant to try to believe in a quickly approaching time when opera, Italian and other, will be a necessary amusement, not for the few but for the many.—*Daily Telegraph.*

On the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of the present month, Dr. Wylde is to lecture on music at Gresham College.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Locke's old-fashioned music to *Macbeth* has been revived at the Academy of Music on the occasion of the production of *Macbeth*, for the debut of Mme. Janauschek as Lady Macbeth, and Walter Montgomery as the Thane. Mark Smith, so well known in London, took the part of Hecate, and sang better than actors usually do. Locke's quaint strains, however, do not prove very attractive to New York audi-nces.

A new musical organization, called "Euterpe," is talked of. It will consist of a chorus of fifty voices, organized on a co-operative basis, and intended to accept engagements for concerts just as an orchestra does. The profits are to be divided among the members. Motets are to be the specialty of "Euterpe," and several, never yet heard here, are to be produced.

Miss Nilsson has made an immense success in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and will give two concerts in this city on the 24th and 26th instant, when she will be assisted by Miss Cary, Vieuxtemps, and Brignoli. Wehli having left the *troupe*, to join that of Miss Kellogg, there is now no solo pianist with the Nilsson party. It does not appear at all probable that we shall have any opera with Nilsson this season. After a few concerts here she will go off West, where her success is certain; Parepa has, however, left a splendid reputation in our Western States, and Nilsson will find Chicago and St. Louis bent on making comparisons.

The English Opera season will begin on Monday night, at Niblo's, with *Martha*. A different opera will be given every night; Caroline Richings and Rose Hersee are the two *prime donne* of this *troupe*.

The German Opera Company, at the Stadt-Theatre, has just made a great success with *Lucrezia Borgia*. Clara Perl was really so sick she could scarcely speak, but she went through her part in spite of present disappointment. Her physician will not let her sing again for a week or two, and her place is to be filled in the meantime by Fraulein Krause, a mere beginnar. Carl Formes has had a quarrel with the management and has left the *troupe*. Clara Perl is to sing soon in the *Barber* and *The Prophet*.

Theodore Thomas, with his excellent orchestra, is giving concerts in the Eastern States with unvarying success.

The concerts of the Gottschalk sisters—three in number—created only a temporary ripple on the surface of society. The friends of the pianist, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, attended in goodly numbers, and the sisters were cordially applauded in the compositions of their brother, of which chiefly their concerts consisted. TROVATOR.

New York, October 22.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mr. Falconer's drama, *Peep o'Day*, revived at the Princess's by Messrs. B. Webster and F. B. Chatterton, is a good specimen of what a "sensational play" really was, when "sensation" was in its lusibood—that is to say, immediately after the first "run" of the *Colleen Bawn*. It was the first grand success achieved at the Lyceum after a series of dull years, and is said in some measure to have originated the present prosperous management at Drury Lane. The stone-quarry, animated with a marvellous attempt at murder and a more marvellous escape therefrom, was noised about town as Mr. Telbin's masterpiece, and the "Shan van Vogt" of which the existence was only known as an historical fact somehow connected with '98—at once became a popular London melody.

Revived at the Princess's now, as it were, the home of that "sensational" domestic drama which is fast losing its hold on other theatres, and is to be broadly distinguished from the historical spectacle, the favourite tale of treason again puts on all its lustre. It has also the advantage of making the public more familiar with Mr. Shiel Barry, an excellent delineator of Irish character, renowned in the provinces, but unknown to London before his appearance in Mr. Boucicault's *Rapparee*.

The older play is preceded by two acts of Mr. Andrew Halliday's *Great City*, which was produced several years afterwards, but which, brought out at Drury Lane and performed for a long series of nights, showed that the taste for ultra-realism had not yet begun to decline. The two acts terminate with the scene of the "Beggar's Club," and prove that the *Great City* is so far endowed with the nature of an eel that cutting it in half does not impair its vitality.

STUTTGARDT.—The King of Wurtemberg has conferr-d the cross of the Frederick Order, second class, on Herr Sontheim. The decoration was handed to the artist on the stage of the Theatre Royal, before the entire company, by the Intendant, who accompanied the presentation with a highly complimentary speech.

EVERY well-wisher to art must hope that the report about Mr. Rea's Orchestral Concerts at Newcastle-on-Tyne being given up is unfounded. Such legitimate entertainments are not too plentiful.

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BRADFORD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS (SIXTH SEASON).

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The first of these high-class entertainments took place on the 28th ult., and with it our musical season may be considered as fairly opened. Mr. Halle's splendid band of seventy performers, amongst whom we were glad to discover all the principal artistes, whose faces have been familiar to us for many years, played the first overture (*Oberon*) with a delicacy and with a spirit, such as we have never heard excelled. Another proof of what a large orchestra can do, by constantly playing together, was rendered by the extreme *pianissimo* with which Berlioz's "Ballet des Sylphes" was given. Though the composition itself has little value, yet it contains some extraordinary effects of wind, strings, and harp, which never fail to take upon the audience—provided the latter is quiet enough, as was the case here, to hear the zephyr-like whisperings. The great piece of the evening was Beethoven's first Symphony in C major, to which the orchestra did full justice, and which, with its simple and beautiful melodies, and its lively and pleasing strains, was listened to with the utmost attention by the large audience. The overture to *Hackiet ins Cevnacks*, by Mendelssohn, was heard here for the first time. Though we do not wish to pronounce a decided opinion after a first hearing, yet we cannot help thinking that it stands far behind any of Mendelssohn's other overtures. Mr. Hallé was greeted with several rounds of applause on taking his seat at the piano, and his performance of Mendelssohn's Serenade and *Rondo giocoso* with orchestra, as well as his playing of Schubert's Impromptu in F minor, in the second part, was received with great enthusiasm. The vocal part of the concert was entrusted to Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Bettini. For the latter gentleman an exense was made on account of sore throat; however, he managed to sing with half his voice "O caro immagina" from *Il Flauto Magico*, and two pretty duets with his spouse. As if to compensate the audience for her husband's deficiency, Madame Trebelli voiced several more beautiful than ever. The richness of her lower octave combined to the sweetness of her higher notes, and the wonderful flexibility and ease with which she sings makes this lady one of our greatest stars. She sang the air from *Semiramide*, "Ah qual giorno," and a very pretty air of Weber's, "O Fatima," from *Abu Hassan*, which has not been heard here before, and the beautiful rendering of which secured a very decided encore. In substitution for a song which had to be left out on account of Signor Bettini's hoarseness, Madame Trebelli volunteered Gounod's *Serenade* with violoncello *obbligato*, played by M. Vieuxtemps. The concert closed with Wagner's spirited march from *Tannhauser*, which gave the brass full scope to exercise its powers.

—o—

NEW MUSIC.

Berceuse pour le piano. Par FREDERIC H. COWEN. [London: Boosey & Co.] So many works of this kind have been written that the production of anything original, especially as scope and style are limited, must be a difficult matter. Mr. Cowen has partially succeeded at least. He begins by lulling baby to sleep in the orthodox manner—a soothing melody for the right hand, simply accompanied by the left. But as baby remains deaf to the voice of the charmer, he tries another style and key; passing to the relative minor and becoming somewhat animated. Baby likes this better than anything else, and enjoys the fun; whereupon Mr. Cowen grows with a flourish to his dominant seventh, and gives out softly the original theme, accompanied before, but with arpeggio chords for the right hand. Little by little this tells upon Master Wakeful; the eyelids droop and finally close; whereupon Mr. Cowen having trilled a little—*pianissimo*—with the theme in his left hand, just to make quite sure, closes also.

The Amateur Organist: A Collection of Voluntaries for the Organ or Pianoforte. By EDWARD TRAVIS. [London: Brewer & Co.]

Assuming that, in this superscription, the preposition might be substituted for Pianoforte with equal advantage and propriety, we have to say that Mr. Travis's ninth volume fully sustains the interest of its predecessors. This fact proves beyond question the editor's research, and, also, the discrimination with which he works. In brief, the *Amateur Organist*, should it never reach a tenth volume, will contain one of the largest and choicest selections of original and adapted pieces ever offered to the public. The book now before us is made up of ninety-five compositions a thoroughly eclectic group, which includes something good of all sorts, from movements by Beethoven and Mendelssohn down to psalm tunes. In every case simplicity has been kept in view while not losing sight of effect, and, as a consequence, the work is well adapted for extensive use. Organists may, perhaps find cause of complaint in the fact that few pieces have a *pedal obbligato*; but on the other hand, the vast and increasing army of those who delight in harmonium will rejoice. The *Amateur Organist* is carried out upon a plan which seeks "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and even those who are best suited in other ways may legitimately give it their approval.

WAIFS.

At to-day's Crystal Palace concert, the pieces by Beethoven are the Mass in C (No. 1) and the grand overture, Op. 124, in the same key, which, together with Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*, will constitute a programme of more than ordinary excellence.

Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, has been giving his characteristic entertainment in his native country with the accustomed success.

Miss Katharine Poynts has been singing at Manchester, Newcastle, and other places in the North of England.

Mdlle. Ilma di Murska left London on Tuesday, for Moscow, where she is engaged for the winter season.

Madame Szavardy (late Wilhelmine Clauss) is among the artistic refugees from unhappy Paris at this period.

The *Choir* learns with regret that Mr. Rea intends to make the present the last season of his annual concerts which have rendered the month of October one of the most enjoyable portions of the year to the musical "lads o' Coaly Tyne." The speculation, it appears, like too many others where an endeavour is made to put forward "the good and true," has not been a financial success, and thus the corporation organist has been compelled to relinquish the endeavour to infuse a love of the classical into his fellow townsmen.

"The Anemoie Union," under the direction of the great clarionetist Mr. Lazarus, with Madame Thaddeus Wells, and Miss Jessie Blair (vocalists); Mr. W. Shakspeare (pianist), and Mr. Nicholson (flute), are making their fourth annual tour in the provinces, and (to judge from local accounts) with signal success. Leicester, Ilarsiem, Todmorden, Clitheroe, Penrith, and Glasgow, were visited during the first week, and at each place the performances of the "Anemoie Union" were listened to with the utmost attention, and applauded according to their worth.

—o—

CHECKS AND CHEATS.

Few comparatively of the persons who are in the habit of paying their money at the door of a theatre are aware that a species of fraud is constantly practised which inflicts a serious loss upon the managers, though most of them have declared with becoming resignation that all attempts to suppress it must be necessarily futile.

The playgoer is aware that on entering the porch of a theatre he first goes to the pigeon-hole of the money-taker and there pays his cash, in return for which he receives a card called a "check," which he gives to the gentleman at an interior gate, and consistently called a "check-taker. The purpose of the check-taker is to prevent fraud on the part of the receiver of cash, over whom there would be no control whatever if mere payment insured an immediate entrance. According to a plan established for many years, the money-taker is provided by the manager with a certain number of checks to be issued as occasion requires, and each of these when received by the check-taker is or ought to be dropped into a sort of till, of which the manager has the key. At the end of the evening, when both functionaries render their accounts, the number of cards in the till of the check-taker is checked with the number left in possession of the money-taker, and if the former are duly represented by cash and the latter proved to be the correct residue of the total number of checks given out in the first instance, all is supposed to be right. In the language of trade, the manager has "taken stock," and is bound to be satisfied. Here comes the fraud. As coastguards are sometimes the allies of smugglers, whom it is their duty to repress, so is there very frequently an unholy compact between the check-taker and money-taker, by means of which the manager is systematically robbed. The check-taker has only to avoid dropping a few of his checks into the till, and somehow contrive their return into the hands of the money-taker, and, lo! a neat little sum is accumulated, for which there is no visible voucher and which the accomplices may conveniently share between them. Of the extent to which this system of fraud is carried on everybody practically connected with the management of theatres is perfectly aware, and all sorts of ingenious schemes have been devised for the purpose of preventing it. But so ill have these schemes stood the test of experience, that the very theory that a check-taker can be controlled has come to be regarded as utopian, and the manager makes up his mind that if he is only robbed a little he will refrain from pursuing useless investigations, and let bad alone, satisfied that it is no worse.

However, the philosopher's stone seems to have been at last discovered, embodying the art of extracting gold from hitherto unprofitable vouchers. Mr. Calvert, manager of one of the Liverpool theatres, has invented an instrument which appears destined to defeat the machinations of the most astute check-taker, and render impossible one peculiar violation of the Eighth Commandment. He makes his checks or vouchers not of mere bit of copper, and these he inserts in a fitting cylinder, with a vertical opening, through which the whole pile is visible. The trouble of counting is not required, the cylinder being marked on a graduated scale, the single degree of which corresponds to the thickness of the vouchers, so that the manager may at a

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glance see the state of his prosperity, as he could that of the weather by the thermometer. But this mystery of the cylinder is not revealed to the money-taker, who receives it enclosed in a mahogany case (locked, of course), with a trap at the bottom, which it is his function to open, allowing the vouchers, one at a time, to fall. The check-taker is provided with a similar engine, similarly enclosed, but so far differing from the other, that the opening is at the top, not at the bottom. Every check dropped in is duly registered by the cylinder. The scheme is brought to perfection by the connection of each machine with an electric clock, on the dial of which the state of the cylinders is instantaneously recorded whenever a voucher is taken from the one and dropped into the other.

Mr. Calvert's patent-right to the "Recorder" (as he terms it) is now the property of Mr. Chatteris, of the Strand, and the machines have already been largely purchased by managers. Will its utility be compromised by a strike on the part of oppressed check-takers, deprived of the right prescriptive of doing wrong, which they and their predecessors have exercised for many generations—possibly from the days of Shakspere. We have heard a story told about a machine, invented some years ago, which, though less perfect than Mr. Calvert's, at least threatened to make the practice of fraud a little more difficult than before. The check-taker, instructed as to the purpose of the invention, presented himself boldly to the manager and said, "Sir, if this machine is used, my office is not worth holding." And thereupon he took his leave.

—o—

"BEHOLD! HOW GOOD AND JOYFUL."

DEAR SIR,—It may interest you and many readers of your valuable paper to know, that on Monday next, the 7th inst., an event will take place unparalleled in the history of music, viz, the consecration of a Masonic Lodge, entirely devoted to the interest of the musical and theatrical professions, which will be entitled "The Lodge of Asaph." The desirable event has been brought about entirely through the untiring exertions of Br. Stanton Jones, Br. Charles Coote, Br. Chamberlain, and myself.

The late most worshipful master, the Earl of Zetland, frequently refused to recognize the importance of allowing two professions so closely allied to have a Lodge of their own; but at last we have obtained that which, I sincerely hope, will for ever destroy an awful bane to the progress of our divine art in this country, the "green-eyed monster, Jealousy."

Thinking you may deem this interesting event worthy a passing notice in your next issue,—I beg to subscribe myself, yours faithfully.

12, *Markham Square, Chelsea, Nov. 1st.*, 1870. A. J. PHASEY.

P.S.—Br. Stanton Jones will be the first worshipful master of the "Lodge You will find in the *Psalms* of David that Asaph was the *Chief Musician.* of Asaph."

[What does Mr. Phasey mean by the latter portion of his P.S.? Does he suppose we do not know our Bible?—ED.]

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co.—"Kelvin Grove," transcription by Ellen Jarman.
CHAPPELL & Co.—"O praise our great and gracious Lord," hymn composed by John Gill.
BOOSEY & Co.—"The French Mother," a Song of the War, by Felix Sommer.
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—The Louise Quadrille, by C. H. R. Marriott.
W. CZERNY.—"Germania," "pensierose;" "Les Etincelles," valse brillante; "Une tendre Fleur," poésie musicale; and "Russalka," chanson Russe, by Berthold Tours.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 48—No. 46. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Mdlle. Carri (of the Italian Opera, Paris—her First Appearance), Mr. Vernon Rigby. Solo Pianoforte—Mr. Franklin Taylor. Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Concerto, No. 2, in B flat (Hummel); Overture, "Die Zauberflöte" (Mozart); Overture, "Masaniello," (Auber); Entr'Acte and Madrigal, from "La Colombe" (Gounod). Conductor—Mr. MANN. Admission, Half-a-Crown; by Guinea Season Tickets. The Next November Tickets at all Entrances and Agents. Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), Nov. 12, will be performed Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO." Fidelio, Mdlle. Titiens; Pizarro, Signor Graziani; Rocco, Signor Antonucci; Il Ministro, Signor Lucchesi; Jaquino, Signor Rinaldini; Marcellino, Mdlle. Scalco; and Leonora (Fidelio), by Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, November 14, MOZART'S Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Titiens, Trebelli-Bettini, Scalco, Bauermeister, Caravoglia, Ciampi, W. Morgan, Rinaldini, Casaboni, Cosgrott, Polonini, Junior ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 15 (for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera), ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Titiens, Trebelli-Bettini, Bettini, Foli, Antonucci. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

THURSDAY next, Nov. 17, GOUNOD'S opera "FAUST." Margarita, Mdlle. Leon-Duval (her second appearance at the Royal Italian Opera.)

SATURDAY, Nov. 19 (third time), WAGNER'S opera "OBERON." Titiens, Trebelli-Bettini, Scalchi, Bauermeister, Bettini, Cotogni, Taglafico, Caravoglia, Fancelli, Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

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For full particulars see future advertisements. Tickets at the principal Musicsellers; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

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CONCERNING MR. CHORLEY.

(From the London Correspondent of the "Birmingham Daily Post.")

Birmingham has been the innocent cause or occasion of a new version—or rather, to speak by the artistic card—*replica* of "The Enraged Musicians," with this difference, that Hogarth did not illustrate what the Hibernians call a one-sided reciprocity. There is but one musician to the present dispute; but then there is a musical critic—there is Jules Benedict, and there is Mr. Chorley. The quarrel is a very pretty one, and all about the words of *St. Peter*. Perhaps one might compromise the difficulty by calling the enraged ones a musician and a half, though obviously the expedient would not be approved by the compiler of the original book of *St. Peter*. The history of the quarrel is new of somewhat ancient date, but it first had ventilation in the Birmingham Festival week, when Mr. Chorley rushed into print with his wrongs. Mr. Chorley in his first epistle—for he, without waiting for his antagonist, quickly followed with a second—started on principle. "I have always held," he said, "that in an oratorio no intermixture of secular words with those from Holy Writ were in accordance with reverence or good taste." He never had been able to comprehend, Mendelssohn notwithstanding, how anyone could venture to dilute or eke out the text of the Bible, nor to acquiesce to the introduction of verses from the Psalter or Hymn Book into Scriptural stories, such as occurs in the oratorios of Sebastian Bach, "unless, indeed, these be performed according to their author's intention—that is, with the audience joining in congregationally." So refined a distinction has probably not been urged since the famous question of the Schoolmen—"How many million of angels could dance on the point of a needle?" But the real grievance and wrong does was unto Mr. C.'s own refined distinction as a libretto maker—that he, the compiler of the oratorio which Benedict merely composed, should have been ignominiously put on the shelf at Birmingham. Mr. Chorley, to make a rather tedious tale shorter, complained that his completed book having been submitted to and accepted by the Festival Committee, was handed over to Mr. Benedict—"who had been selected to compose the new oratorio for the year 1870 early in last year." He adds that "Mr. Benedict, both personally and in writing expressed himself (to speak moderately) entirely satisfied with what was set before him and this not only to myself, but to other persons. It was further expressly agreed on in terms of the most perfect amity, that no alterations or modifications of the text were to be made save by myself." The grievance in a word—without more particular reference to the elegant embellishments, the "amazing translations," "contempt to myself," "full impertinence," and "persons pretending to hold a place in the rank of artists"—written short, is, that the author of *St. Peter* had contented himself with a concordance and another paste pot and pair of scissors. Mr. Benedict has at length, in every sense, replied. Condensed, these are his facts. In 1858, he explained to Mr. Chorley a projected oratorio of *St. Peter*, the libretto of which the latter undertook for £50, half to be paid on the completion of the first part, and the second half on the completion of the work. The eminent scissors were diligent, for within twelve days the first instalment was paid. A few weeks more and the tremendous work was completed. It was a verbal agreement. "The words," said Mr. Chorley, "will belong to you; you may do with them as you like: set them to music, lay them aside, or destroy them." Mr. Benedict contemplated a production of the work at the Norwich Festival, 1860, but finding certain alterations in the libretto indispensable, as he conceived, to the "effective musical setting," he applied to Mr. Chorley to make them, and the refusal of Mr. Chorley to accede to the suggestions was the reason of the oratorio not being composed for Norwich. For seven years *St. Peter* was laid aside, till the winter of 1865, when the Norwich committee again applied to Mr. Benedict for a sacred composition. Again he applied to Mr. Chorley to make alterations. "Mr. Chorley promised to reconsider the work, and to make such alterations as, on reflection, he might deem improvements but, after attentive perusal, he came to the conclusion, that no change could be made for the better, and would only consent to a curtailment here and there to avoid undue length." In 1869, at the suggestion of Sir Michael Costa, Mr. Benedict offered the oratorio to Birmingham, and it was accepted with the results now known to the world. Between the acceptance and production, a peppery correspondence would seem to have passed between the *compiler* and the composer. On the 28th of February, 1870—note the great fact in this date!—the first-mentioned great genius wrote:—"This closes all correspondence and all personal acquaintance between yourself and its writer." The unhappy composer, nevertheless, is sanguine enough to hope that he may "survive the punishment." Ought we not to rewrite our musical history; or, at least, reverse the position of the heroes—substituting for the insignificant person who merely composes, the gifted creature who clips

THE OPERA AT FREE ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

As already stated in these columns, the operatic season commenced at the Teatro Argentina with Donizetti's *Don Sebastiano*. It was strange to see the distinctive characteristics of the old and of the new state of things brought face to face on the occasion. The libretto still contained the "permesso" by which the Vicar General vouched for the moral harmlessness of the work; the Papal Censor, Sig. de Ricci, for its political harmlessness; and the Inspector of Public Exhibitions, for its æsthetical harmlessness. But a deputation, consisting of the Marchese Carcasa, the Principe di Teano; the Marchesi Bornio, Autaldi, Vitetteschi, and Sig. R. Bompiani, had already taken the direction of matters theatrical into their hands. No Monsignore had attended the grand rehearsal of the opera and the ballet to see that everything was proper and correct. The public seized on the slightest allusion that in any way afforded an opportunity for a political demonstration. After the overture, the King's March was demanded, and repeated several times in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm. The words, "Corriam á morir pel Re," in the first act, were received with thunders of applause, and encored. When Gen. Cadorna appeared in a side box, the applause was so loud as completely to overpower the music. The poor choristers, on the contrary, who represented the high court of justice in the fourth act, had an uncomfortable time of it, the bearing of the audience towards them being intended as a vote expressing want of confidence in the Monsignori, who, up to the present time, have constituted the highest court here. C. C.

J. A. RÖCKEL.

There died at Cöthen, on the 19th September, Joseph August Röckel, at the age of 87. His name is well known in connection with the introduction of the master-pieces of German opera into England. The fact of his being an intimate friend of Beethoven, and the Florestan especially selected by the latter for *Fidelio*, is matter of history, and will, probably, lend an interest to a short sketch of his life. Born on the 28th August, 1783, at Neuenburg, vor'on Wilde, in the Upper Palatinate, and originally intended for the Church, he enjoyed a classical education, which proved all the more serviceable to him, as, in his twentieth year, he exchanged theology for diplomacy, entering the service of the Elector of Bavaria as Secretary of the Legation. On the outbreak of the war in 1804, between Bavaria and Austria, and the dissolution, in consequence, of the embassy at Salzburg, young Röckel accepted a tempting offer from the lessee of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna (who had heard him sing at an amateur operatic performance), to become first tenor at the Imperial Operahouse. He achieved so great a success, that he decided on following up an operatic career. It was at the commeneement of the latter (in the summer of 1805) that his rendering and, so to speak, creation of the part of Florestan, in *Fidelio*, gained for him the friendship of Beethoven,—a friendship which endured up to the great composer's decease. In 1823, Franz I. appointed Röckel Professor of Singing at the Imperial Opera. It was in this capacity that Röckel proved how admirable his method was, by producing a number of distinguished pupils, among whom was Henrietta Sontag. In 1828 he accepted the management of the Opera at Aix-la-Chapelle. The year following he conceived, and carried out, the notion of introducing German opera into Paris, by means of a complete German operatic company. In consequence of the splendid success attending this bold scheme—the electrical impression produced by his chorus being especially remarkable—Röckel remained in Paris till 1832, when Monk Mason, manager of the King's Theatre, induced him to try the same experiment in London. We still recollect the enthusiasm excited by his first introduction of German opera into England, and the impression produced by the first performance of *Fidelio, Der Freischütz*, and other master-pieces of the German school, with a company including Madame Schröder-Devrient, as *prima donna*; Haltzinger, as first tenor; and Hummel (Röckel's brother-in-law), as conductor. In 1836, Röckel withdrew from the theatre, but continued to follow up his career of musical usefulness, the great aim of his life, in his adopted country, England. It was not till 1863 that he at length returned to his native land, to enjoy in peace the well-earned fruits of his active and eventful life.

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MUSICAL PITCH.

It will be recollected that the Society of Arts set on foot, some little time since, inquiries in reference to the pitch in use in various countries on the Continent, and, through the courtesy of the Foreign-office, replies were obtained from the principal Continental cities. The letters received have been published from time to time in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, and two others, lately received, are appended below. The following *resumé* of the correspondence has been made.

Questions.....	Is there any standard musical pitch officially prescribed, and in use; and, if so, what is it, and by what number of vibrations for "C" is it represented?	By what authority is it adopted, and how enforced?	Is it compulsory on any, and what class of musicians, and whether or not in military bands, conservatoires, operas, royal chapels, &c.? Name these, if any.	Remarks.
*BADEN (Grand Duchy).....	No; but Paris pitch commonly adopted.	None.	It is only obligatory when ordered by authority, and only exists in the Grand Duchy at the Court theatres at Carlsruhe and Mannheim, and in the military bands.	The introduction of the normal pitch necessitates purchasing new wind instruments, therefore private persons are glad to avoid the change of pitch.
BERLIN	No; the new Parisian orchestral pitch is only employed at a few theatres and orchestras.	It is not enforced.	It has only been introduced at Berlin in the Royal Opera-house, by command of the Intendent General of the Royal Theatres.	It is to be expected by degrees the Parisian pitch will become universal, as it offers special advantages to singers.
BOLOGNA	No musical pitch, officially prescribed, exists in Bologna.	No authority to regulate the pitch.	No.	The pitch adopted by the orchestra of the theatre, and of the Musical Lyceum, is represented by 887-77 vibrations for La.
BRUSSELS.....	No standard pitch, except for the military bands, and that the old pitch commonly in use, 902 vibrations.	None, except the Minister of War for military bands.	Not generally, only for the military bands.	A Royal Commission reports there would be no advantage in lowering their pitch, which is 902 vibrations, nevertheless the Theatre Royal has adopted the French normal pitch of 870 vibrations; the Conservatoire Royal de Musique and the Orchestra of Popular Classical Music still keep the old pitch of 902 vibrations.
*COLOGNE.....	No. The Concert Society (*Conzertgesellschaft*) of Cologne adopted the French normal pitch some years since.	None.	Only obligatory for the representations of the Concert Society.	
COPENHAGEN	No.	None.	Not compulsory.	The pitch of the Opera (Theatre Royal) is taken from two old forks nearly agreeing with the normal French pitch. The A of the military bands is at least a quarter of a tone higher than that of the theatre. The School of Music has the pitch of the Royal Theatre.
*DRESDEN	No officially prescribed musical pitch.	None; but the French pitch is adopted in some chapels and orchestras, comprising about one-sixth of all the chapels and orchestras.		The pitch in the Royal Chapel at Dresden, for A is represented by 892 vibrations. In the Roman Catholic Court Church of Dresden the old so-called *chorus-tone* still exists, representing, for A, 855 vibrations.
FLORENCE	There is none.	None.	The musical pitch adopted in Florence is generally that of Vienna.	The pitch is left entirely to the taste of every orchestra director.
*LEIPSIC	None. The pitch in common use is high, 920 to 940 vibrations for A.	None. The authority for its use is merely custom.	The pitch compulsory for military bands at Leipsic is the same as at Dresden.	It has not been considered necessary to alter the pitch, as the alteration would involve a renewal of brass instruments.
MILAN	At Milan there is a pitch officially adopted in the Royal Conservatoire of Music, in the theatres of La Scala and Canobbiana, in the schools of music and theatres connected with them, and in the National Guard. This pitch is the Paris pitch, namely for *La*, 870 vibrations.	The authorities which regulate this pitch are the Academical Council for the Royal Conservatoire, and the Committee of the Town Council for the theatres, the schools connected with them, and their musical bands.	The pitch of 870 vibrations for the note *La* is compulsory on the before-named musical bodies, but without government interference.	

* Those places marked with an asterisk have sent tuning-forks.

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Quarrtows	Is there any standard musical pitch officially prescribed, and in use; and, if so, what is it, and by what number of vibrations for "C" is it represented?	By what authority is it adopted, and how enforced?	Is it compulsory on any, and what class of musicians, and whether or not in military bands, conservatorios, operas, royal chapels, &c.? Name these, if any.	Remarks.
MOSCOW	No answer received.			
*MUNICH	The officially prescribed pitch for music and musical instruments is the French pitch.	It is prescribed by authority of the Royal Musical Intendance (Koniglich Hofmusik Intendanz), and its general use has been thereby secured; only such tuning-forks are allowed to be used in Bavaria as have been approved and stamped by the above-named Intendance.	The directors of all establishments for instruction and education in Bavaria are made specially responsible for the exact observance of this regulation.	The use of the standard pitch is, therefore, obligatory on all classes of professional musicians, and as no objection has hitherto been raised against the regulation in question, it may be assumed that the French pitch, which is especially calculated to prevent the overtaxing of the human voice, is at the present time in universal use in Bavaria.
NAPLES	None.	None.	None.	The pitch usually adopted is that of Vienna.
ST. PETERSBURG.	The same as the French pitch.	It is established by ukase.	It is compulsory for the Imperial Chapel, the Imperial theatres, for the orchestras of regiments, and, in general, at all musical establishments. It is equally compulsory for manufacturers of musical instruments.	
STOCKHOLM	No answers received.			The Academy have taken the subject into their consideration, and propose to petition the King to adopt the French pitch.
*STUTTGART	None; but the French pitch may be regarded as the customary pitch in Wurtemberg.	None.	The French pitch is used in the Conservatorium and Stifts Church, the organ of which has been tuned thereto. Private theatres and concerts, as well as the town and church orchestras in Wurtemberg still continue the old high pitch, either on account of the expense or difficulty of re-tuning the church organs.	The French pitch is not introduced for military music, as there is no vocal music, and it would not be worth the cost of providing new instruments.
TURIN	None.	None.	None.	
VENICE	No fixed musical pitch. Our orchestras adopt the musical pitch of Vienna, because the greater part of their wind instruments are made in that city.	As no officially prescribed musical pitch exists, no authority regulates it, and as our orchestras have no fixed pitch, it varies according to the taste of the directors; it ought, however, to be stated these artists try to keep the pitch as low as possible.	The non-existence of a fixed musical pitch answers this question. However, it may be observed that the organ of the metropolitan chapel of St. Marco was formally tuned on the basis of the old *La*, very low. A few years ago it was directed to be raised, because the bowed instruments lost their fulness of tone, and the wind instruments manufactured in Vienna were not in tune with it; now, this organ is tuned a quarter of a note lower, but still it is higher than the normal French pitch. The other organs are tuned according to the fancy of the builders. Modern builders generally adopt the Vienna pitch in preference to that of Paris. There is no authority which regulates the pitch in bands of the army and the National Guards.	

* Those p aces marked with an asterisk have sent tuning-forks.

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Questions.....	Is there any standard musical pitch officially prescribed, and in use; and, if so, what is it, and by what number of vibrations for "C" is it represented?	By what authority is it adopted, and how enforced?	Is it compulsory on any, and what class of musicians, and whether or not in military bands, conservatoires, operas, royal chapels, &c.? Name these, if any.	Remarks.
VIENNA	No; but the French standard pitch has been introduced in both the Imperial theatres, in the Court band, and in the more important concert societies in Vienna.	None. The Lord High Chamberlain's Office introduced the pitch of the Imperial theatres, and the Grand Master of the Ceremonies' Office that for the Court music. The French standard pitch was introduced in these two establishments in 1862. The Society of Friends of Music in the Austrian Empire followed this example, on their own account, for their "conservatorium," as also did the Society of Philharmonic Concerts.	The French standard pitch is only obligatory for the two Imperial theatres and the Imperial band of music. The remaining theatres in Vienna, and all the theatres in the provinces are not Court or State establishments. Neither is the "conservatorium" of the Society of Friends of Music. Therefore a measure of this sort, connected as it is with pecuniary sacrifices, could not be dictated to these. The adoption of the French standard pitch is becoming every year more general. The French standard pitch has not yet been introduced into the Austrian military bands.	

Further Correspondence.

SWEDEN.

The following has been furnished by the Royal Musical Academy of Stockholm:—

(*Translation.*)

"As far back as May 20th, 1856, the following circular was sent from Paris to various countries:—

"'It is known that all lyric theatres, musical conservatoires, and musical societies have a different musical pitch, often varying even in the same orchestra. Thus the tuning-fork of the Paris opera is said to be, in a scientific publication, half a tone higher than it was in 1823. Owing to this, the works of the older composers lose their character, which fate will soon be shared by more recent ones. Singers also, in changing stage and pitch, are placed in an awkward position, and injure their voices by this tendency to raise the musical pitch. This uncertainty is equally disadvantageous to manufacturers of musical instruments.

"'It is, therefore, highly desirable that a general tuning-fork, with a fixed number of vibrations, be adopted, to serve as a universal rule for the musical pitch in every country.'

"Two years later, a committee was formed in Paris, consisting of eleven persons, amongst whom was Berlioz, Halevy, Meyerbeer, Rossini, &c. The following was stated at some of the meetings of the committee:—That Tavart and Cagniard, as well as Latour, have agreed that a tuning-fork giving the note A makes 440 single or 880 double vibrations in a second.

"'If we go back to the 18th century, during the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., the rule for A in the orchestra was 810 double vibrators per second (fixed from the year 1699 to 1755). Now the A is 894 vibrations at the Opera in Paris. Thus we see that, from the year 1715 to 1853, an increase of nearly a whole tone has taken place.

"'This increase, although progressive, has to a large extent taken place in the present century, and more rapidly during the last twenty years.

"'The trial by Scheibler, in 1834, showed the musical pitch at the Opera in Paris to be 867, and at the Conservatoire 870 double vibrations per second. According to Dr Lissajou's communication, the musical pitch at Berlin in 1857, was 896; that of San Carlo, at Naples, 889; and that of La Scala, at Milan 903; that of the Stockholm Opera being 880 double vibrations per second.

"'The committee came to the following conclusions:—A so-called normal tuning fork was prepared, which tuned in A, should make 870 vibrations in a second, at a temperature of + 15° centigrade.

"The Parisian authorities agreed to this proposal on Feb. 9th, 1859. The normal tuning-fork which is to act as a guide both in Paris and in the departments, is kept at the Conservatoire Imperiale in Paris.

"By the care of Mr. L. Palmstedt, the Musical Academy has received from one of its members, Dr. Lissajous, a handsome copy of the tuning-fork mentioned above. Now that the Academy has received instruments from the celebrated manufactory of Godefroy, in Paris, the orchestra of the 'Kouvertoriet' is tuned to the normal tuning-fork.

"As soon as the Academy has had time to find out whether wind instruments made according to elder construction can be altered to reach the same musical pitch as the normal tuning-fork, as well as the cost of such alteration, taking for granted that the expense will be less than the purchase of new ones, the Academy will probably send a petition to his Majesty, humbly requesting the adoption of the normal tuning-fork over the whole country."

(Signed) J. S. CRONHAMMER,
Secretary of the Royal Musical Academy.

Stockholm, November 5, 1869.

ST. PETERSBURG.

(*Translation.*)

SIR,—By a letter of the 12th February, 1869, your Excellency sought the assistance of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in obtaining information, requested by the Society of Arts of London, in reference to the musical pitch in use in Russia.

The Imperial Government applied to the competent authorities, and I have the honour to inform your Excellency that, in accordance with the terms of a decree sanctioned by his Majesty the Emperor, dated 5th April, 1862, contained in a ukase of the 30th of May of the same year, the French normal pitch has been established throughout the empire of Russia. This pitch is obligatory in the Imperial Chapel, the Imperial theatres, regimental bands, and in every establishment, whether under the crown or of a private character, where there are orchestras or choirs, and in which music and singing are taught. It is also obligatory on all makers of instruments.

I have the honour to transmit a tuning-fork in use in Russia, which has been furnished by the Director of the Imperial Theatres.—Accept, &c., (Signed) WESTMANN.

His Excellency Sir Andrew Buchanan.

NILSSON.

ANOTHER AMERICAN CRITICISM.

We have heard Miss Nilsson but once, so far, and will briefly state our own impressions of her singing. She *is* a great singer, although in many particulars we have heard those who are superior to her, some in one way and some in another. But she combines enough of superior qualities to make her one of the greatest and most popular of vocalists. She has a voice, a soul, good taste, and good judgment, which are great possessions. Her voice is beautiful, pure and lovely. Such purity is seldom heard. To all this she adds a high degree of cultivation and native refinement. She sings with expression, yet it is an expression that excites admiration rather than serious feeling. She does not sing to the heart so much as some others do. She is prepossessing, graceful, and winning, and these help to show off her other qualities to good advantage. Even in the concert-room she shows the actress—perhaps a little too much. She has brilliancy, but less than Carlotta Patti and some others. She has force and intensity, but less than Grisi, Sontag, and others. She sings from both heart and head and *to* both. We infer that she is a woman of large mind and originality of conception, and presume that her greatest powers are displayed only on the operatic stage; and we hope Mr. Strakosch will, before long, give us the opportunity to hear and see her there. Upon the whole, Miss Nilsson has many elements of greatness, and it is seldom we are permitted to enjoy the singing of an artist who is so thoroughly satisfying. We have sat in cool judgment, and written dispassionately of the merits of the new artist, leaving it for the sensational reporters to indulge more profusely in rhetoric and panegyric.—*New York Musical Review.*

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OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT BRACEWELL HALL.

(From a Correspondent.)

Before giving your readers an account of this proceeding, a word about Bracewell Hall (Yorkshire), which has been in the course of erection during the past three years, may be interesting.

It is a plain, but noble looking, structure, consisting, on the ground floor, of drawing room, dining room, note-room, and the large music room (in which the organ is placed), being 62 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 30 feet high. Nothing can be finer than the view of the organ, as you approach it from the dining room, rising, as it does, to the very roof, and occupying the whole breadth of the western end. The pipes in the front towers of the noble looking case, of Gothic style, are made of pure tin, having the appearance of burnished silver. The room has three large and lofty windows to the south, the centre one being a bay window. In the middle on the north side is the fire-place, surrounded with an oak cornice, most elaborately carved, with a scene thereon from Shakspere, of Falstaff and Henry V., and over it is a stained window, representing Shakspere as reading one of his plays to Queen Elizabeth.

We had heard much of this organ, which has excited no little curiosity in the musical world, having cost upwards of £3,000, and our expectations were in consequence raised to the highest pitch. But when we heard its different parts displayed in succession, on Saturday evening, and some of the best music played thereon by Dr. Spark, of Leeds, in his most effective and brilliant style, our expectations were more than realised. Nothing could exceed the richness and variety of its tones, their sweetness and power.

The company, consisting of a select party of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hopwood, listened with admiration and delight to this skilful exhibition of its capabilities. Nor did the interest in it flag in the least. Dr. Spark kept it up on Sunday evening by playing some choice pieces of sacred music, and on Monday evening by an equally choice selection of classical organ music. The combination of sacred and classical music, when played with taste and skill on an instrument of such compass and excellence, produced an effect which has rarely been experienced, and could not easily be surpassed.

The mechanism and general construction of the instrument (built expressly for John Turner Hopwood, Esq., by Cavaillé-Coll, of Paris) are altogether of the most unique description, all the material employed being of the very best kind, whilst the artistic finish of every part, each point of detail, etc., cannot be excelled, if equalled. No doubt a visit to this extraordinary chamber organ will be a source of attraction to all who take any interest in the matter. Assuredly there is not a finer specimen of organ building to be found, at present, in England.

We subjoin, for the information of your readers, a description of the organ. The instrument has three claviers, or manuals, and a complete pedal organ and 17 pedales de combinaisons.

1ST CLAVIER.—GRAND ORGAN.

	Feet.		Feet.
Monire	16	Prestant	
Montre	8	Jeux de Combinaison, Octave	4
Viole de Gambe	8	Plein Jeux de III & VI ranges	
Salicional	8	Bombarde	16
Flute Harmonique	8	Trompette	"
Bourdon	16	Clairon	4

2ND CLAVIER.—POSITIF EXPRESSIVE.

Quintaton	16	Doublette	2
Principale	8	Picolo	1
Nacht horn	4	Cornet harmonique	8
Unda Maris	8	Basson Hautbois	8
Flute douce	4	Voix Humaine	8

3RD CLAVIER.—RECIT. EXPRESSIVE.

Flute traversière	8	Basson	16
Quintaton	8	Trompette	8
Viole de Gambe	8	Clairon	4
Voix Celestes	8	Octavie	2
Flute Octaviale	4		

CLAVIER DE PEDALE.

(Flute Bouchee) Soubasse	32	Corol-Bolei	4
Contre basse	16	Bimbards	16
Soubasse	16	Trompette	8
Flute	8	Clairon	4
Violoncelle	8		

PEDALES DE COMBINAISON.

1.	Orage.	10.	Expression Precit.
2.	Tirasse Grande Orgue.	11.	Octave, Grave.
3.	Tirasse Positif.	12.	Copula Grande Orgue.
4.	Tirasse Precit.	13.	Copula Positif.
5.	Anches Pedales.	14.	Copula Precit.
6.	Anches Grands Orgue.	15.	Copula Precit au Positif.
7.	Anches Positif.	16.	Tremolo Positif.
8.	Anches Precit.	17.	Tremolo Precit.
9.	Expressive Positif.		

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has composed a new violoncello concerto, which was to be played by Herr Grützmacher at the Gewandhaus Concert, Leipzig, on the 10th instant.

MUSIC IN LEEDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Archibald Ramsden of this town has undertaken to continue Mr. Hallé's orchestral concerts, which the former promoters have relinquished on account of their unremunerative result. The first concert of the season came off on the 2nd inst., the band playing Beethoven's Symphony (No. 1), in C major, and the overtures to *Guillaume Tell*, *Mireille*, and *Sirène*, besides the *ballets* and ballet to *Rosamunde* by Schubert. The large room in the Leeds Town Hall is perhaps one of the handsomest in the kingdom, but by far too lofty for musical purposes. However beautifully the orchestra may play, the effect is entirely spoiled, by vibrations and echoes which the vast arched ceiling. Besides, the deep booming of the big bell in the tower over head, in a key generally at variance with that of the orchestra, creates some merriment amongst the public and more agony amongst musical folks.

Mr. Sims Reeves was to be the vocalist, but in his absence through illness Miss Katherine Poyntz helped Mr. Ramsden out of his difficulty, and met with a very flattering reception. We were very much pleased to notice a vast improvement in this young lady's singing since last winter. Her voice is becoming more full and round, and rang through the great hall with such power and freshness that it was quite a pleasure to hear it. Her intonation is nearly faultless. By saying *nearly* we mean that Miss P. must not omit to continue to study this part of her art.

Mr. Carrodus's high gave us variations on Beethoven's Last Waltz * for the flute, which he performed so well that the applause continued for ten minutes, preventing the concert from being proceeded with, till Mr. Hallé addressed the audience, requesting them not to insist on an encore, the artist being too tired to accede to it. Though last not least, we have to name Mr. Hallé's beautiful playing of Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Rondo piciozo*, with orchestra, and of Schubert's *Impromptu* in F minor. We hope the spirited *entrepreneur* of these concerts, of which we are to have three more during the winter, will be encouraged by good houses and by a pecuniary success.

GAIETY THEATRE.

The very successful run of the present entertainment at this house is largely due to the masterfully increased attractions of *Zampa*. Mr. Santley was as much the Mr. Santley of world-wide repute on the first night of performance as now; and so far, no difference is observable; but in all other respects, a second hearing has shown nothing but improvement. The orchestra for example, does its work with far greater precision, and if we mistake not, has been made more complete. It is to be hoped that the management will go even further in this direction, and equip with all needful means and appliances so important an auxiliary. Little fault can now be found with the chorus, which does its work smoothly and efficiently; while the principal artists, at home with the characters they have to sustain, give small occasion for adverse criticism. Joining these facts to those of Zampa's romantic story and Herold's pleasant music there is no reason for surprise at the crowds which nightly fill the prettiest theatre in London. We attach no common importance to the success of Mr. Hollingshead's essay at opera in English. It proves this much beyond a doubt—that well-chosen works, adequately performed, are sure of a public recognition; and that a manager with spirit and sound judgment may reckon upon a steady support. Mr. Hollingshead will, if he be wise, go on as he has begun; and having nothing to do with English ballad operas and the like (played out, long ago), will present works at least as good as *Zampa*, of which, in the repertory of *opéra comique*, there is no lack. Why not, for example, Ivy Auber under contribution and run—for a "run" would be inevitable—*Lestocq* or *Le Cheval de Bronze*?

LINZ.—A youth named Felix Modl, student at the Gymnasium, or High School, has written and scored a mass, which was lately performed at the parish church. It excited general admiration.

STUTTGARDT.—Herr Juline Stockhausen no longer belongs to the Royal Opera. He applied for four months' leave of absence to fulfil an engagement in London, but it was refused. He then sent in his resignation, which was accepted.

KÖNIGSBERG.—The grand vocal and instrumental concert given by the Verein der Liederfreunde, for the benefit of wounded German soldiers, was not very numerously attended. Alluding to this fact, a German contemporary observes, that "the weather was certainly unfavourable, and it is well known that the patriotism of certain people does not extend so far as to make them brave a few drops of rain; they leave that to the gallant fellows who get wounded for their sake." Among the full choruses sung and vehemently applauded were "Heil dir, Germania," by Hermes; Weber's well-known battle songs: "Ad Arma vocal Patria," by Gervais; "Bücher ain Rhein," by Reisiger; and "Das Deutsche Schwert," by Schubert.

* Which happens to be Schubert's, just as Weber's "Last Waltz" happens to be Reisiger's.—A.S.S.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—

1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28; MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.

1871. MONDAY, January 9; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.

Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the SIX Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Razoumovsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ..... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Penitence"—Mdlle. CLARA DOSIA ..... *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ ..... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. HALLÉ and PIATTI ..... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Know'st thou the land"—Mdlle. CLARA DOSIA ..... *Beethoven.*

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ..... *Beethoven.*

Conductor ..... Mr. BENEDICT.

Bob Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Ollivier, Old Bond Street; Lambern Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—Yes;—a great German is very great; but a small German is very small. And this emphatically applies to German musicians.

DR. BOLE.—The verses are by Mr. Shirley Brooks—a lyric poet, if there ever was one.

DILETTANTE.—Mdlle. Angri sang first at the Royal Italian Opera (Arsace)—then at Her Majesty's Theatre.

BARDOLX.—Yes;—a halfpenny serial, called *Chatterbox*, was published in 1866 in Paternoster Row (W. Mackintosh).

POSTIPEX FOUDACHES.—The word "per stige" has long been adopted in the English language;—not so the word "*furore*" (for which we are most grateful). Of course, they are "copyright."

YANKEE DILETTANTE.—We have the article in our possession, and extract, for the information of our correspondent, that part of it which concerns his inquiry:—

"The 17th Saengerfest was held in Cincinnati during the month of June. Although these Saengerfestivals are purely German in their origin; although the music is executed by Germans, and that which is performed is German music; although the German beverage abounded to the exclusion of the stronger and viler drinks of whisky and brandy; although the hall was built in the German quarter of Cincinnati, called "Over the Rhine," being separated from the more American portion of the city by a canal, the festival had, nevertheless, somewhat of a national character. The interest manifested by the native born citizens of Cincinnati in the success of the festival was astonishing, and very gratifying to the Germans. The influence of such festivals upon the social and musical condition of a city or country is greater than appears at first glance. There was a time when jealousies existed between the native born and the adopted citizens of this country. These feelings have, however, died away. The war has brought both classes closer together, and if there yet exists a doubt in the minds of some that the foreigner can or will not love this, his adopted country, we would simply point to the many battle fields, where the German and American are covered with the same sod. Of all foreigners, the German seems to have obtained the purest, and hence the most lasting influence upon the affairs of this country. America and Germany have closed ranks and clasped hands to stand together and support each other, not only in the love for free government, but also for the cultivation of the arts, and among them the oft-neglected art of providing proper amusement. We cannot sanction all the modes of enjoyment as cultivated by the Germans; neither do we believe that Americans have sufficient pleasures. The one dreams and plays perhaps too much: and surely the other does too little of it. Hence, we rejoice to see Germans joined by Americans, since both, as we hope, will be benefited."

AMATEUR PIANIST.—The testimonial of the late Mr. Moscheles, addressed to Mr. Heilbron, in reference to the talent of his daughter, Sophie, then a child, was as follows:—

"MR. HEILBRON,—SIR,—After hearing your little girl, I have no hesitation in saying that she has so much talent as to warrant a belief that she will become an excellent player, provided you can let her have excellent tuition for the next few years.—Obediently yours,

J. MOSCHELES."

It was dated, "London, July 27th, 1866."

FANATICO is wholly wrong. The performance took place at the Royal Italian Opera, on May 27th, 1867, and the article was as follows:—

"Last night Mdlle. Adelina Patti, having recovered from her indisposition, reappeared in her favourite part of Rosina, and was welcomed with the genuine heartiness that never fails to greet her. 'Una Voce' and the duet with Figaro in Act 1, the bolero of Verdi in the Lesson scene, and the English ballad of 'Home, sweet home,' which Mdlle. Patti is now accustomed to introduce when (which is invariably the case) called upon for another song, were received with the accustomed enthusiasm. Signor Mario was Almaviva; Signor Cotogni, Figaro; Signor Ciampi, Bartolo; and Signor Tagliafico, Basilio. M. Sainton presided in the orchestra."

So that "Fanatico" has lost his bet. We are glad of it. If he can't appreciate Adelina Patti he can't appreciate genius.

MARRIAGE.

On October 31st, at St. Marylebone Church, NORA, eldest daughter of the late DESMOND RYAN, Esq., to SIGNOR PIUTTI, of Langham Street, Regent Street.

ERRATUM.—In last week's No., speaking of the Italian opera performances in Birmingham, and Mdlle. di Murska—for "historically and socially," read "histrionically and vocally."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street* (*First Floor*). *It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

WE have been honoured with the following singular communication:—

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In reply to your editorial observations on the life of Balfe from the *Liverpool Porcupine*, where you place W. Sterndale Bennett equal, or above Balfe—please take the trouble to read:—

"*Musikalische Zeitung*; editor, Friedrich Chrysander—No. 17, Leipsic; 28 April, 1869; page 135. London: (Costa *praesidi*)."

You will find W. Sterndale Bennett pointed out, not only as a weak composer, but also as a weak conductor; and my opinion is, that Bennett is not worthy to undo the shoe-strings of Balfe. This is everybody's opinion in France, and you would do right to give publicity to it in your valuable paper.—I remain, Sir, yours truly,

A. PASDELOUP.

8, *Thurlow Square, Brompton,*
9*th Nov*, 1870.

We insert the above without hesitation. If this M. Pasdeloup be the M. Pasdeloup of the Cirque Napoléon, we are not astonished at the nonsense to which he has given utterance. As to Herr

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Chrysander, he presents only one more instance of the astounding ignorance of the majority of foreigners, Germans included, about musical matters in England. We thought that to surpass the ignorance of M. Fétis was impossible; but Herr Chryeander beats the laborious Belgian smatterer into fits. We shall be compelled at last to fall back upon M. Infelix Clement!—As for "everybody's opinion in France" upon English music, the worth of that may be best estimated by those who know that in France Hérold is placed above Auber, and Halévy close to Meyerbeer. Further than this, we make bold to say that the music of Sterndale Bennett (more shame to French amateurs!) *is utterly unknown* in France. We quite agree with M. Pasdeloup that "Bennett is not worthy to undo the shoe strings of Balfe;" but that he is worthy some better office may be gathered from a testimonial given to our illustrious musician by no less a man than Mendelssohn, more than a quarter of a century since, when Bennett was candidate for the Edinburgh University Musical Chair. Let M. Pasdeloup read this testimonial, and then go and join his brother Parisians in the Garde Mobile; for, to judge him by his letter, he would be likely to handle the chassepot more discreetly than he handles the *stylum* of a musical Aristarchus. Here is Mendelssohn's opinion of Bennett:—

"*Berlin, December* 17, 1843.

"My Dear Friend,—I hear that you have proclaimed yourself a candidate for the musical professorship at Edinburgh, and that a testimonial which I might send you could possibly be of use to you with the authorities at the University. Now, while I think of writing such a testimonial for you, I feel proud and ashamed at the same time—proud, because I think of all the honour you have done to your art, your country, and yourself, and because it is on such a brother artist that I am to give an opinion; and ashamed, because I have always followed your career, your compositions, your successes, with so true an interest, that I feel as if it was my own cause, and as if I was myself the candidate for such a place. But there is one point of view from which I might still be excused to give an opinion; while all good and true musicians are unanimous about the subject, perhaps the Council of the University might like to know what we *German* people think of you, how we consider you; and, then, I may tell them, that if the prejudice which formerly prevailed in this country against the musical talent of your country has now subsided, it is chiefly owing to your compositions—to your personal residence in Germany. Your overtures, your concertos, your vocal and instrumental compositions are reckoned, by our best and severest authorities, among the first standard works of the present musical period. The public feel never tired in listening, while the musicians feel never tired of performing your compositions; and since they took root in the minds of true amateurs my countrymen became aware that music is the same in England as in Germany and everywhere; and so, by your successes here, you destroyed that prejudice which hardly could ever have destroyed but a true genius. This is a service you have done to English as well as German musicians, and I am sure that your countrymen will not acknowledge it less readily than mine have done. Shall I still add that the science in your works is as great as the thoughts are elegant and tasteful; that we consider your performance on the pianoforte as masterly as your conducting of an orchestra; and that all this is the general judgment of the musicians here, as well as my own personal, sincere opinion. Let me only add that I wish you success from my whole heart, and that I shall be truly happy to hear that you have met with it. Always yours sincerely and truly,

"Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

"To W. Sterndale Bennett, Esq."

We are aware that Richard Wagner, not Mendelssohn, is the Apollo after M. Pasdeloup's own heart; but in England there are not a few who think Wagner (to copy the phraseology of M. Pasdeloup) unworthy "to untie the shoe-strings of" Mendelssohn; and we rejoice to be among the number.

And yet, no:—on second thoughts, the whole thing is a joke. Either somebody has been mystifying M. Pasdeloup, or somebody has been forging M. Pasdeloup's signature. We very much doubt whether M. Pasdeloup ever heard a single note of Bennett's music. Certainly he has never introduced a note of it at his popular concerts in the Cirque; and, talking of "weak conductors," by the way, this is, perhaps, a good thing for Bennett and his music.

"Everybody's opinion in France" is delicious!—seeing that, as nobody in France knows anything about Bennett's music, there are no conceivable grounds upon which to build a French opinion. M Pasdeloup (if we are really dealing with the veritable M. Pasdeloup) had better get at once into a balloon, and, should chance favour his passage, help M. Gambetta to govern France, through the powerful agency of "hoax."

By the bye, may we politely ask M. Pasdeloup if he wears shoe-strings? We remember well, that poor, dear old Balfe (for whose memory we entertain as profound a respect as can possibly M. Pasdeloup) never did; and we are equally confident that W. S. Bennett doesn't. But, to conclude—after all this pother; what does it signify? The *Liverpool Porcupine* speaks of Balfe, as "the only British musician who has achieved a European reputation;" to which the Editor of the *Musical World*, in a footnote, rejoins—"Nonsense! What of Sterndale Bennett?" No comparisons are made; and, indeed, under the circumstances, comparisons would be absurd. The two men moved in different spheres. Which of the two moved in the higher sphere is simply a matter of opinion.

ANOTHER GERMAN INVASION.

A CORRESPONDENT has been good enough to send us an advertisement, cut from the *Glasgow Herald*, having reference to certain projected concerts of the "Scottish Orchestral Society." This society, let us premise, has a very aristocratic air about it, being patronized by dukes, earls, lords, and ladies, to an extent which does one good to see. Its concerts, moreover, are on a large scale; an orchestra of fifty-two performers, and eminent solo vocalists and instrumentalists being engaged to produce the greatest works of the greatest masters. So far every music-lover has reason to rejoice in the existence of the "Scottish Orchestral Society," and to wish it length of days, with much prosperity. But one feature in connection with its doings is by no means so satisfactory. The letter of our correspondent states that for several years past orchestral concerts have been given by the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, at which about fifty native artists have had engagements peculiarly acceptable during the winter months. The scheme of the "Scottish Orchestral Society" is in opposition to these concerts; and, appalled by the formidable organization of their rivals, the "Abstainers," have abandoned the field. So far, well and good. If the "Scottish Orchestral Society" imagines it can do the work of concert-giving better than the Abstainers' Union, by all means let the trial be made. But—and here is the grievance—the society has gone to Germany for its orchestra, and brought over a little army of Tentonic fiddlers and trumpeters, who may be depended upon, henceforth, to make Glasgow their own. The result is that the fifty native artists, including such eminent performers as Messrs. Carrodus, Ratcliffe, and Howell, junr., are ousted from a legitimate position and sent adrift to do as they can, while the triumphant foreigner takes possession. Under certain circumstances we can easily imagine there would be no harm even in this. If, for example, the English players were bad and the Germans good, the former could not reasonably grumble. But where, as in this case, native talent is, to say the least, equal to that imported from abroad, preference for the latter is a very shabby and unpatriotic act. The Society's apologists may, perhaps, urge that the Germans being content with less remuneration, are a cheap lot. This is very likely to be true; but cheapness is not the highest good. A higher is secured, for instance, when the cultivation and enjoyment of art are associated with the encouragement of native ability, and the opening to it a prospect of adequate remuneration. The "Scottish Orchestral Society," looking with national thrift, to every "sixpence," prefers to get its enjoyment on the lowest possible terms, and if that which is cheap turn out to be also that which is nasty, we shall not grieve.

Thaddeus Egg.

Laibach.—Here as elsewhere, the centenary of Beethoven's birth will be celebrated by a festival. A committee has been already formed of members of the Philharmonic Society to adopt and carry out the necessary arrangements. The festival is to last two days.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE world little knows, and perhaps does not sufficiently care, how many concerts are given in and about London on one single morning during the dog-days. Why the period supposed to be peculiarly favourable to the development of canine madness should also be the season *par excellence* of melomania, and whether any occult relations exist between hydrophobia and the passionate cultivation of the science of sweet sounds we will not inquire. But the fact is certain that the hottest day is nearly always one of the greatest concert-giving days of the year.

"IT is curious to reflect"—writes a correspondent—"how many works are now thought good enough for the Philharmonic which when they were first brought out were looked upon by the members of this association of musical conservatives as the productions either of clever heretics or of trivial fools. Rossini was regarded with horror, Meyerbeer with indignation, Auber (if they were consistent at all) with pity, Verdi with disgust. Yet each of these unfortunate composers has of late years been occasionally represented at the Philharmonic concerts. Times change, and the Philharmonic directors change with them. They have been going ahead, however, a little too fast, and it is a pleasure to have to warn them for once of their perilous impetuosity."

Under the heading of "Condition of Affairs at the Grand Opera," we read the following, in a New York paper :—

"The secession of MAX MARETZEK left the Operahouse without a musical director. Carlo Patti, who was engaged as first violinist and chorus master, is now conductor of the orchestra. Immediately after the fiasco with Maretzek, M. Adolph Birgfeld was telegraphed for, and arrived a day or two later from Washington. On arriving at the Grand Operahouse he desired, as a preliminary to all business conferences, that he should be *paid half a week's salary which was due him from a former season.* This being arranged, M. Birgfeld *declined to have anything to do with opera-bouffe.*

Nothing could possibly be better.

WE must again direct attention, and that in the most conspicuous way, to the manner of observing the centenary of Beethoven's birth at the Crystal Palace. In all probability not a few of the great master's worshippers looked for, and would have been more pleased by, a pompous festival, like that which, next year, will do honour to Handel. We have no desire to underrate the importance and value of such a ceremony, nevertheless, we cherish a strong conviction that the Sydenham managers have chosen a better, because more useful, course. The concerts now being given every Saturday afford an almost complete exposition of Beethoven's genius as a writer of orchestral music. Their plan may not be without flaw, and we have already indicated the desirableness of performing the master's concertos according to the method under which his symphonies are given. But such imperfections, apart—they are but as spots on the sun—there can be no doubt of the unique interest and value belonging to a series of concerts, which brings the sublime orchestral productions of Beethoven into one group, enabling us to see them, as it were at a glance, and to estimate their comparative worth, not less than to admire, as it should be admired, the colossal genius of the greatest among musicians.

THE destruction of the Theatre Royal at Dresden by fire gave rise, as our readers may remember, to two actions against the Magdeburg Fire Insurance Company. One was brought by the authorities of the Exchequer, who gained the day. The other was brought by the dignitaries known collectively as the Royal House Ministry, who had insured the scenery, furniture, etc., for thirty thousand thalers. Judgment has been delivered at Leipsic against the Ministry, who are, moreover, condemned to pay the costs. The decision was based upon Act 79 of the Laws of 1661. The judge certainly went far enough back for his authorities. We should not wonder if the Ministry thought he went a little too far."

CASSEL.—Herr Mannsfeldt, who will give a series of concerts this winter, with his band, in the Orangerieschloss, has concluded a three years' engagement to give concerts in St. Petersburgh. The engagement commences on the 16th of April, 1871.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette" Nov. 5.)

The director of the Monday Popular Concerts has issued his prospectus for the season 1870-1. Its contents are full of interest for musical amateurs. Remembering that the birth of Beethoven took place a century ago, Mr. Arthur Chappell has shaped his programmes in accordance with that fact; and, in the wish to pay due honour to the great composer, goes even beyond Mr. Manns and his spiritual adviser, "G." at the Crystal Palace. No Music but Beethoven's is to be introduced at any of the concerts before Christmas. Not only the instrumental but the vocal selections will be derived exclusively from that source. Happily. Beethoven's genius was inexhaustible; and what distinguishes him from all his predecessors, contemporaries, and followers is that no two of his works resemble each other in anything but in the excellence which more or less pervades them all. Less popular as emphatically to the "chamber" pieces—the quartets, trios, sonatas &c.—as to the wonderful symphonies for orchestra.

That very much may be compressed within the limits of eight programmes, on the scale of those to which the public is accustomed at St. James's Hall, need hardly be said. Out of the seventeen string quartets, for instance, Mr. Chappell is enabled to promise the first ten; while to these he adds the two string quintets, the five pianoforte trios, and a goodly number of pianoforte sonatas, both solo and accompanied. The later quartets, including the (erroneously) so-called "Posthumous," are wisely kept apart for Herr Joachim, who comes after Christmas, and whose conception of those very extraordinary productions is as profound as his mastery of the technical difficulties they present is unparalleled.

Among the artists announced to perform at the first eight concerts is the accomplished lady-violinist, Mdme. Norman Neruda, who, in leading the earlier quartets of Beethoven a year since, showed no less proficiency than she had previously exhibited in the comparatively easier task of leading the quartets of Haydn and Mozart. When Mdme. Neruda does not play, Herr Ludwig Straus resigns the viola, of which he is so practised a master, to Signor Zerbini (who is by no means to be despised), Herr Straus himself taking the violin from the hands of the fair Scandinavian. So that the quartets will still be well cared for. Even more welcome is the announcement that Signor Piatti—*facile princeps*—is to hold the post of violoncellist at every concert, from now till April, 1871. The pianists before Christmas are Mr. Hallé, Herr Ernst Pauer, and Mdme. Arabella Goddard—each and all thoroughly well seasoned in the music of Beethoven. Herr Stockhausen, Mr. Sims Reeves, and (every one hopes) Miss Edith Wynne, are to be the singers.

The exclusively Beethoven programmes only count for the present year, 1870; and doubtless the 17th of December, the sublime tone poet's natal day, will bring with it special attractions. After Christmas—although, of course, Beethoven is to have his due share (which means that of the traditionary "lion")—Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Dussek, Mendelssohn, Weber, and others are to have their portion as of old. All we can suggest to Mr. Chappell, with a view to further enhancing the interest of his very interesting programmes, is a more diligent search into those rich stores of music, ancient and modern, by judicious selections from which the vocal department of his concerts might be made in some degree to rival the instrumental.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Beethoven contributions to this day's concert are the *Pastoral Symphony*, and the pianoforte concerto No. 2 (in B flat), to be played by Mr. Franklin Taylor. The overtures are *Die Zauberflote* and *Meeresstille*, each in its way a masterpiece. The singers are Mdlle. Pauline Canari (from the Paris Italian Opera—poor thing!), and Mr. Vernon Rigby.

COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS (SHAFTESBURY HALL).—At the last monthly term meeting, on Thursday, 3rd November, Mr. Alfred Carder read a paper on the "Present Position of the Native Artist;" and Mr. Alfred Molson read a paper on "Handel contrasted with Mendelssohn." An interesting selection of music was performed by members of the College, and the College choir, including selections from Handel and Mendelssohn; part songs, &c. Mrs. Mullen and Miss Haite presided at the pianoforte.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Monday a musical and literary entertainment was given in the Hall, recently erected at the Bow Railway Station, to a crowded audience. The artists were Miss Amy Weddle, pianist, and Messrs. E. J. Aming and W. F. Taunton. Miss Amy Weddle was enthusiastically encored in both solos, as also in a duet (with her sister Bertha).

Mrs. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte vocal recital last Tuesday, November 8th, at the St. Barnabas School-rooms, Wandsworth Road, the performance being one of a series for the benefit of the schools and other charities of the district. The programme gave great delight to a large audience. Mrs. John Macfarren bowed her acknowledgments to the unanimous applause which greeted her playing of Brissac's Fantasia, "Scotia," and accepted the vociferous encore of Walter Macfarren's third Tarantella. Miss Jessie Royd contributed to the success of the evening by her bright and animated singing, and was called upon to repeat no less than three songs. She gave Mozart's "Vedrai carino" charmingly, and her rendering of G. A. Macfarren's ballad, "The Golden Heart," gave general satisfaction.

Brixton.—The Subscription Orchestral Concerts of the Amateur Musical Society, for nearly fourteen years so prominent a feature in the musical annals of this remote suburb, were resumed on the 2nd inst., under auspicious circumstances. A gaily-dressed assemblage filled the elegant building (Gresham Road), in which the concerts are held, and an admirably-arranged programme appeared to give unqualified gratification. The orchestra, now more than 40 strong, contributed the "Italian Symphony" of Mendelssohn, the overture to *Der Freischütz*, the "Grand March" from Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and a selection from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, each being rendered with care and accuracy. The symphony in particular was played with a refinement seldom observable in the efforts of amateurs. The programme also included De Beriot's First Violin Concerto, with orchestral accompaniment, played very creditably by Master Parker, a promising pupil of the eminent conductor, Mr. H. Weist Hill. The vocalists were Miss Banks, who sang "La Gitana" (E. Land), and "The faithful Echo" (Gana), both charmingly, and in response to an encore of the latter, the Scotch ballad, "There's nae luck;" Mr. E. Cotte, who succeeded fairly in the "Cujus Animam," and two of Dibdin's old ballads; and Mr. Rotton, who gave Schubert's "Wanderer," and a scena by Mr. Barnett, both effectively. Mr. John Harrison was the piano accompanist, as of yore.—W. H. P.

Lecture Hall, Deptford.—A concert was given on Monday last for the benefit of Mr. Leonard Walker who has good reason to be satisfied with the result. Mr. Walker was assisted by Madame Marie Stocken, Messrs. H. Lee Mallall, Gordon Hall, Frederick and Miss Marion. Madame Stocken sang "The faithful Echo" by Gana with so much brilliancy that an encore was the result. She also sang "I know a song" by Benedict, with a like result. Miss Marion, who made her first appearance, sang "The Weaver" by Kate L. Ward, and was encored. This young lady, a pupil of Mr. Walker, possesses a good contralto voice, and with further study will be an acquisition to the concert room. Mr. Walker sang "Largo al Factotum" (encored, substituting "Non più andrai"), "Miss Rampell" (encored), the "Troubadour" with Madame Stocken and Miss Marion, and Fioranelli's "Singing Lesson" with Madame Stocken. The last was rendered with so much humour that an uproarious encore was the result. Dr. and Messrs. Lloyd and A. Lloyd (amateurs) sang "I Naviganti" remarkably well; Dr. Lloyd also sang "La donna mobile" efficiently, and Mr. A. Lloyd gave "The Knight's Vigil." Mr. Hall's rendering of "The Thorn" was much admired and encored; Mr. Owen sang "Her charming smile" and "Speed on, my Bark;" Mr. W. G. Clements gave a reading of "The Raven," by Poe, with great feeling, and his imitations of various actors were very clever; the latter he had to repeat. The Lela Dramatic Club performed the second scene from Mr. Morton Killick's *Don Quixote*, causing great amusement. Mr. H. V. Lewis contributed two solos on the piano, and accompanied the vocal music efficiently.

The Presbyterian Synod, after a stormy meeting lately, voted in favour of allowing organs to be used in their churches. One old Scotch clergyman said: "He should rather expect the blessing of God in connection with the use of bagpipes."

Vienna.—M. Offenbach is shortly expected. It is confidently asserted that he intends settling here altogether, and establishing a theatre on the model of the Bouffes Parisiens. As he could not obtain, it is said, the Theater an der Wien, he intends erecting a new theatre on purpose.—Herr Proch has had the Franz-Joseph Order bestowed on him. After being a *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Operahouse for more than thirty years, he has left that establishment to take the direction of the orchestra at the Burg-Theater.

THE DECLINE OF ITALIAN OPERA.

(*From the "New York Evening Post."*)

The last season of Italian opera really worthy of the name given in this city, was that under Maretzek, at the Academy of Music a few years ago, when Zucchi, Sulzer, Mazzoleni and Bellini were in the *troupe*. This brilliant campaign recalled to mind the days of Grisi and Mario, of Bosio and Steffanone, and of Salvi and Marini. At the Astor Place Operahouse and at Castle Garden there were performances which have never since been surpassed. It is true that we have had since then individual representations of striking merit. Madame Lagrange has shown her superb lyric talent, and Miss Kellogg has delighted us with personations which possessed an ineffable charm; but for a thoroughly well-appointed opera *troupe* the memory will have to go back a long number of years.

It is worthy of note that the records of Italian opera in London show a similar experience. Italian opera there is now simply a setting for one or two "stars," and when they—or she, for of late Mdlle. Nilsson has proved the only available attraction—were absent from the scene the house was deserted. Next season opera will be given at only one of the London theatres, instead of at two as heretofore.

The theory advanced by the London critics to account for the decline of Italian opera is, that the rich old families which hitherto supported it no longer take an interest in this fascinating amusement, while the *nouveaux riches* and the middle classes, without the musical culture which would lead them to love music for its own sake, can only be attracted by some noted name. Why the "old families" have lost their love for opera the critics do not attempt to explain. So ancient philosophers were once content to say that the earth rested on the back of an enormous turtle, without speculating as to the support of the latter.

An experienced operatic *impresario* in this city lately said that the opera *troupes* which shed such lustre on the past annals of the lyric stage in this country would cost three to four times as much now as they did in years gone by; and even were the funds forthcoming they could not be engaged, for the simple reason that such great artists no longer exist. This is decidedly a gloomy view to take of the matter, but it emanates from one who speaks with authority. Indeed, between the lack of singers, the spread of the pernicious *star* system, and the indifference of the public, it may well be feared that opera of all kinds—for England herself cannot even support one regular English opera *troupe*—will soon be numbered among the lost arts.

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PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—The *Guardian* says:—

"On Friday Messrs. R. Potts & Co. enabled a fashionable audience to enjoy a violin and pianoforte recital by Mdme. Norman-Neruda and Mr. Charles Hallé. The programme included Grand Sonata (pianoforte) in G, Op. 29. No. 1—Beethoven; Fantasia Chromatica and Fugue—Bach; Adagio and Rondo, in B flat—Dussek; and Grand Sonata, piano and violin, in E flat—Beethoven. We need not dwell upon the finished way in which this programme was gone through. The arrangements of the concert were admirably carried out.

KEIGHLEY.—The subjoined is from the *Keighley News* of November 5th:—

"A grand concert was given, in the hall of the new Mechanics' Institute, by the members of the Anemoic Union, under the direction of Mr. Lazarus. The members of the Union were supported by Mdme. Thaddeus Wells and Mrs. Lincoy-Naylon, vocalists. The instrumental performers were Messrs. Nicholson (flute), Lazarus (clarionet), Barret (oboe), T. E. Mann (horn), and J. F. Hutchings. The entertainment was very successful. There was a large audience.

DUBLIN.—In the *Irish Times* of November 9th we read as subjoined:—

"At the fashionable morning concert of the Misses Glover, under the patronage of the Countess Spencer, the following was the programme:—Selections from Professor Glover's Cantata, *Tara*—Herald's March, Druid's Song. Scena, 'David before Saul,' Bordese. Solo harp—Irish Airs, A. W. Glover. Duet, 'Io Vivo e Tamo,' Campana. Concerto—Pianoforte, Mendelssohn. Part II.—Scena, 'Don Basilio,' *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, Rosini. Duet—Harp and Piano, *Traviata*, E. Glover. Ballad, 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' Haydn. Canzonetta, 'La Bella Sorentina,' Nauman. Finale—Galop, 'Skeddaddle,' J. W. Glover.

BRECON.—We learn the following from the *Brecon County Times*:—

"A concert was given here on the 6th of October, at which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Jno. William§, and Mr. Brandon appeared, assisted by Mr. Frost, harpist, and Mr. Lawrence, accompanist. The appearance of Miss Wynne created great interest; and in 'Angels ever bright and fair,' she confirmed her high reputation. The rendering of 'Comfort ye,' and 'Every valley,' by Mr. Jno. Williams exhibited careful training, the first being given with great expression. Mr. Brandon sang Gounod's 'Nazareth' in admirable style. A special feature was the duet from *William Tell*, 'Tutto apprendi,' in which the high C was given with clearness and apparent ease by Mr. Jno. Williams. Mr. Frost contributed three pieces, one of which, 'Sounds from Home,' (by Aptommas) was loudly encored; and Miss Wynne's 'Bells of Aberdovey,' shared a similar fate. 'The Ash Grove,' given by Mr. Williams, also elicted an encore. The concert was one of the best given in Brecon for some years."

MALVERN.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The Philharmonic, a society, formed out of the materials of the old Choral Society, gave their first concert on Monday, at Mr. Haynes' Concert Hall. The programme opened with a selection from *Macbeth*; the choruses being evenly rendered, and the bass solos taken by Mr. J. R. Inglis, who sung with efficiency. Several glees were well rendered by members and friends of the society. The Rev. A. Sewell conducted, and also favored the audience with several solos, which he sang with spirit. The orchestra comprised the well-known violinist, Mr. F. Spray; Messrs. Elgar Brothers, violinists; and Mr. Brook (contra bass), of Worcester. Mr. T. Lockett, of Malvern, also gave his valuable aid as violinist, as did Mr. F. V. Norris, the violinist. Miss and Master Neath, of Worcester, took part in the concert; the latter singing some solos with much taste. Since the formation of the society in January last, the *Messiah* and *Macbeth* have been regularly rehearsed, and the society intend, at their next concert, to give selections from the former work.

"On Friday evening 'The Anemoic Union,' under the direction of the great clarionetist, Mr. Lazarus, with Madame Thaddeus Wells (vocalist) and Mr. W. Shakespeare (pianist), gave a successful concert at Mr. W. Haynes' Concert Hall. The performances were listened to with attention by a large and fashionable audience. 'Gratias Agimus,' sung with much sweetness, and effectively accompanied by the clarionet *obbligato* of Mr. Lazarus, was deservedly encored; as was also the old English song, 'Come, Lasses and Lads.' For the latter, the lady vocalist substituted 'Comin' thro' the Rye,' which was not rendered so effectively as the romance, 'When the gentle eve' (Weber), or the aria, with flute *obbligato* by Mr. Nicholson, 'La Favourite' (Tulou). The quartet from *Norma* gave each of the instrumentalists—Messrs. Nicholson (flute), Barret (oboe), Lazarus (clarionet), T. E. Mann (horn), and Hutchins (bassoon)—full scope to display their powers, and their playing was much admired. The pianoforte solo, *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso*, by Mendelssohn, was executed with taste and cleverness, which elicited loud applause. The audience were apparently highly delighted; and it is hoped that Mr. Haynes will ere long, again provide so excellent a concert. The Tyrolese Singers are announced to perform here on Saturday and Monday next."

MANCHESTER.—*Apropos* of the last Gentlemen's Concert the *Examiner and Times* has the following:—

"The first overture, *Fidelio*, is a work, which invariably delights all, at least when played as it was last night. Schumann's B flat Symphony may still be considered a novelty in Manchester, but as the first important orchestral work of a composer whose claims have been so hotly contested, it will always have special interest. The work generally is not characterised by original thought and an abundant flow of charming melody, but the construction is not so complicated as in some of the later works of this composer. The first movement well sustains the tone of triumphant majesty with which it opens, and we remember no work of Schumann in which the gloom and mysteriousness which so often prevail in orchestral compositions is so rarely felt. The last movement, for the most part a happy and exuberant; it is a decided reminder of a musical subject not generally considered classical. Mr. Horton Allison, the solo pianist of the evening, is a local artist of whose pianoforte recitals we have more than once had occasion to speak favourably. His selection of Mendelssohn's Serenade, &c., was judicious, for although it is familiar to a Manchester audience by irreproachable performances, it is, nevertheless, well calculated for the display of Mr. Allison's best powers, and his neatness, fluent execution, and crisp touch were very much admired."

WEYMOUTH.—The following is abridged from the *Southern Times* of October 29:—

"The effort made by Herr Van Heddegham to introduce into Weymouth a taste for music of a high standard had not so pro-perous a commencement as the object deserved. The first concert at the Royal Hotel, on Thursday evening last, was not well attended. We hope, however, that the discouraging outset will not induce an abandonment of the enterprise. The public have been too long accustomed to meretricious amusement in the shape of music to be suddenly convinced of the error of their ways, and they must undergo an education in the pure and true school of music before they can be induced to adjure the abominations of 'Bones and the Banjo.' We believe there is in every community a sufficient number of those whose souls are attuned to sweet sounds of a sterling kind, and we venture to hope that if Herr Van Heddegham will only persevere he will in time wean the Weymouthians from the worship of "false gods," and bring them over to a liking for what is the real truth in the faith of music. Those who were absent on Thursday were deprived of, and those who were present enjoyed, a treat of no ordinary character. The concerted pieces played by Herr Van Heddegham (violin), Mr. Corri (violoncello), and Mr. Thorne (piano) were in themselves an evening's enjoyment. These were a trio by Hummel, Gonnod's 'Meditation' on Bach's first prelude, one of Beethoven's trios, a quartette by Spohr, Beethoven's sonata in E flat, by Van Heddegham and Mr. Thorne. Some glees were excellently sung by Messrs. Board, Pretty, Rogers, and Crocker."

—o—

GOOD MEN OF THE STAGE.

There are certain received types of human character which, on the stage, are invariably arrayed on the side of virtue. We do not mean that their virtue is necessarily of the most rigorous kind. They may indulge in a sort of vague libertinage with regard to the fair sex; they may be somewhat given to drink; and, as paymasters, they may be bad in the extreme. But they would become living contradictions if they were vindictive, malicious, mean, or oppressive. However deeply they may get into debt, they must never be fraudulent; and, though they may rudely salute every woman who crosses their path, they must never seduce.

At the head of the virtuous persons, representing a somewhat vague code of ethics, we should certainly place the Irish peasant; and if he is also a rebel this is rather a feather in his cap. Outside the walls of a theatre, the English, as a rule, are not particularly enamoured of Milesian insurgency; nor can Feniamism be considered popular beyond its own sphere. Nevertheless, the most loyal Cockney seated in the pit hopes, from the bottom of his soul, that the rebellious Irish peasant will be able to outwit his persecutors, the redcoats; nor is any grief occasioned if these are massacred to a man. A certain age, when Hibernian insurrections were unknown to the stage, the Irishman was welcome as a funny fellow, with his heart in the right place, whose taste for whisky found sympathisers among the gin-drinkers of the gallery, and who flourished his shillelagh with a dexterity that appeared miraculous to a people not acquainted with any weapon but the fist, and who, when he knocked down his friend, performed the feat with the utmost good-humour. Thus firmly established as a theatrical "pet," he could not lose his

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popularity through a little twist in his politics, which, while it endows him with a risky sort of patriotism, does not in the least alter the essential attributes which belonged to him when he was one of the harmless Teagues and Paddies of another day. He is still the friend of the oppressed, he still talks a brogue which is perfectly intelligible to the populace of London (vastly puzzled when Mr. Tom Taylor tries to make them familiar with the language of Cumberland), and he never saves his money. A stage Irishman, who steadily keeps an account at a post-office savings bank would be a mere abomination, whereas a British workman displaying his prudence in the same manner would be applauded for his economy and self-denial. Some of the audiences present at the performance of dramas founded on Irish rebellion must have been rather puzzled by the appearance of the Irish spy who looks something like a *contradictio in adjecto*. But the utmost is done to relieve their embarrassment. They are made to see that he is not intended for the Milesian proper, and he always has at his side a dazzling peasant of the right sort who throws him as much as possible into the shade.

Less fortunate than the Irishman are two other "pets," the British sailor and the semi-sentimental country lad. While the first has stood an unrivalled amount of wear and tear and is still fresh as ever, the other two, though morally approved, have like many other worthy folks, laid themselves open to a charge of "boredom." Still both are necessarily good. It is the duty of the British sailor to rescue females in distress and to fling his quid into the eye of the dishonest lawyer or other villain, and he, too, has the virtue of never leaving his money. It is sad for him that he and the clown have lost their joint monopoly of the hornpipe, and that this is now one of the favourite dances with those young ladies in glistening tunics who so highly season our burlesques; for he thus not only loses one of his distinctive marks, but he comes into unequal competition with the fair sex. The fact is, his popularity was in a great measure the result of the brilliant naval victories that distinguished this country during the revolutionary wars, and would probably be as great as ever were national enthusiasm aroused by similar causes. Congreve, who wrote *Love for Love* when the navy was less conspicuous, made his sailor Ben a mere vulgar brute, without more claim to sympathy than the rest of his very unsympathetic *dramatis personæ*.

The country boy may still command admiration when he defends the honour of his sister against the base attempts of an aristocratic libertine: for there is still a popular superstition to the effect that all young females of the humbler class, especially those born in the provinces, are in the first instance of sublimished virtue, and that the whole of the "unfortunate" sisterhood are manufactured in the streets, or grandly canter in Rotten Row, would have been the wives of good, honest, hard working men had it not been for the villany of some seducer, high of birth, or at least rich of pocket. But the country boy's flowered waistcoat has faded, and if still worn, has an doubtful look; and though he may yet assert his right to look a lord in the face, it is felt that he is no longer a proper representative of democracy, and that this is rather to be sought under the fustian jacket than under the smock frock. The old country lad was a poor relation of the porcelain shepherd, and we do not believe in the phases of humanity recorded by Dresden china.

In ordinary well-fitted English theatres, with the exception of the very few which may be considered exclusively fashionable, the majority of the audience is necessarily of the lower class; and to the lower class the "good men" above described unquestionably belong. We therefore lay it down as a general principle that the sympathies of the theatrical public are essentially democratic. But let a plot be pushed back to the time of our own Civil Wars, and an exceptional case immediately arises. The Cavalier, aristocratic though he be, is admired; the Puritan, with all his democracy, is detested. However sound the politics of the latter, he is armed to the teeth against the "amusements of the people," and is therefore an offensive or ridiculous object to people taking their amusement. The theatrical and anti-theatrical factions are arrayed against each other, and the democrats of the gallery feels that if he is a Republican he is still more a man who loves to "enjoy himself," and, for the nonce, the link is broken which connects him with his Nonconforming neighbour, though they will both poll for the same candidate on the occasion of the next election.

MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

By J. S. Dwight.

(*Continued from page* 720.)

Think what unconscious culture, what refining influence, the people of a city might breathe in with the common breath of life from concerts in the open air, from military bands, and, better still, from civic bands, if only our king and lord, the people aforesaid, in its corporate capacity, would make enlightened provision for those things, and institute a competent commission, or commissioner, a "Philodrate, master of the revels," of real taste and judgment to see to it that the bands be good ones, the programmes of a kind to elevate and civilize, and not demoralize by brutal beat of everlasting brass: and that the *répertoire* be made up of models of enduring beauty, instead of specimens of every foolish reigning fashion in its turn. Such an office should be of high honour, of careful appointment, and safe tenure, like a judgship.

Think what revival of the best enthusiasm, what enriching of the inner man's resources, what a lift to thought and feeling, may be given, has been given, by great festivals of music, and even "great jubilees," could their ambition be a little sobered, and all the clap-trap and extravagance left out.

Think, above all, how much of the best kind of culture, though it be unfinishable, undemonstrative, a silent absorption, as it were, through all the pores and into every finest spiritual fibre, may be found in the stated series of concerts of the highest order, where to listen well is to take part, and where every person present both in body and in soul "assists," in the French sense of the word. All that is necessary to this is, that, besides rich material, there shall be a pure, artistic *spirit*, pervading the whole concert; the programme ought to be an art-work in itself, wit; nothing miscellaneous left out: it, being not enough that it should contain fine things; it should contain them so placed that they shall not jostle one another, each obliterating the impression of the last, and that their spell shall not be broken by bringing them into incongruous contiguity with things of so irreconcilable spirit that one can carry home no clear impression of the concert as a whole.

But of the good influence of music in the more popular and public way the half is not told, so long as we have not hinted how much fitly chosen music may do, has done, though too seldom, as an element in public celebrations of great events in human progress, in commemorations of great men, or in aid of noble charities. On such occasions its chief efficiency depends upon significant, appropriate selections to be played or sung; upon the close affinity or correspondence of each strain of music, both with the spirit of the hour and with whatever spoken thought or ceremony it may prepare or follow; a word, upon a certain artistic unity of programme, of which it catches by quick sympathy the key-note, dictates in some way the order, moulds all into symmetry, tenderly guards throughout the unbroken continuity of meaning, and secures as frame and background to the whole. Skill should indeed be called in at the first inception of the plot as the most sympathetic, subtly appreciative, suggestive *confidante*; and when it comes to the fulfilment, her's is the part of chief interpreter, as well as of disposer of all minds to the right mood of expectation and the right impression afterwards. Commonly we are quite differently. We call in music upon such occasions, not as an equal, a coworking intelligence, but rather as king's jester, to supply a little idle recreation in the pauses. We employ a band of instruments, mostly military, to discourse to the crowding throngs, out-doors, or what not, selected without any regime or reason, and so readily break the spell and rob the hour of character and meaning. Art would reform this. Art knows nothing miscellaneous.

We are not quite without examples of the better way; our Boston Music Hall, within a few years, has been witness to a few which might be followed. Who that was present will forget that welcome to our noble Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation on that first of January, when Emerson first read his thrilling "Boston Hymn" of liberty and justice; and when music, furnishing first the dark prelude, in allusion to the days of bondage and of hope deferred, through the overture to *Egmont* and that exciting number from "The Hymn of Praise," in which to the anxiously repeated question, "Will the night soon pass?" the clear soprano, like a stream of sunshine, startles with the cry, "The night is departing!" and the glorious crescendo of the chorus floods the world with light and carries all before it in a blaze of high-pitched harmony and trumpets,—then proceeded in the lofty vein of heroism and of holy triumph, by making heard, in such significant connection (not to name all), the glorious Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the chorus from *Elijah*, full of comfort to the "sad sufferers," "He watching over Israel," Handel's *Hallelujah*; and finally the patriotic "sun-burst" of the Overture to *William Tell*?

Think, too, of the part that music bore the day we listened to the eulogy of our good Governor. How the organ whispered peace in those sweet strains of the touching chorus, sung at the tomb of the Saviour, of Bach's *Passion Music*; and how the mournful effect of that grandest expression of a people's grief, bereft of a true hero, the Funeral March from Beethoven's Heroic Symphony, was tempered by the chorus, full of comfort, from *St Paul*, "Happy and blest are they who have endured;" then by the heavenly *Amen*, reassuring and uplifting, from the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, and then, to sum up all in one grand lesson, the strong, confiding choral, harmonized by Bach, "What God does, surely is well done!"

Think, too, how music lent new meaning and new beauty to that commemoration, of a great man of science, when our Agassiz paid noble tribute to the life and labours of his great friend and teacher, Humboldt; how the music and the spoken word shed light upon each other, how Mozart's chorus of the Priests of old sung of the consecration of the noble youth to Truth, wherever she might lead him, and how the wondrous overture to *The Magic Flute*, and the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, by their fascinating hint of the perpetual pursuit of unity, through all the labyrinthine windings of variety, fitly prepared and followed discourse of which that was the very theme. How out of all these ways of popular exposure to the influence of good music, as well as from private, even solitary communion with its master spirit, comes much valuable culture, not in the sense of musical or any other knowledge, technical and special; not a direct conscious culture, as such, of the memory or of the reasoning faculties, not scholarship, perhaps, nor ease and elegance of manners nor address, not force of will nor quickness of decision; but, nevertheless, a culture moulding us insensibly, a sort of atmospheric culture, weighing gently upon each and all, like wholesome air, expanding the chest, warming the heart, putting the nerves in tune, disposing to unconscious courtesy and kindness, prompting each to fill his place cheerfully and

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unobstructively, forgetting self in the harmonious whole, weaving a sympathetic bond, making us all feel like happy, trustful children free and not afraid

We may learn something from our German fellow-citizens in illustration of this important chapter in the art of life. We, as a people, seem somehow to have lacked this art. We count prosperity like anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call a moment of our lives our own, fearing to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living. We are enterprising to a fault, we go ahead faster than others, but it is by a centaur-like contrivance, letting a large part of our real vital, human self run down into the lower animal or the machine that carries us. Why, O "live Yankee," O proud Westerner, why waste your life in rivalling a steam-engine? Man makes himself a mere machine for generating or accumulating power, and all for what? And with what a solemn, sanctimonious, lean, hard-favoured way he does it often! With what a quasi-religious and self-righteous tone he quotes his business maxims. How he amalgamates unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares. How he practically confounds religion with his own self-love, as generalized into prudential maxims.

We esteem ourselves the freest people on this planet; yet we have perhaps as little real freedom as any other; for we are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of discipline, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault through abstinence from very life. We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our nature. All that is not pursuit of advancement of some good, conventional, approved way of business or politics, or fashion, or intellectual reputation, or professed religion, we count waste. We lack *genialità*; nor do we, as a people, understand the meaning of the word. We ought to learn it practically of our Germans. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is artist and not drudge; its whole activity is reconciliation of the heartiest pleasure with the purest loyalty to conscience, with the most holy, universal, and desinterested ends. Genius, as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his Choral Symphony (indeed, in all his symphonies), finds the key-note and solution of the problem of the highest state in "Joy," taking his text from Schiller's Hymn. Now all men have genialness, in the sense that we call Shakspeare, Mozart, Raphael, men of genius, but all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free, and happy method of genius; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear all the time the consequential livery of their unrelaxing business, nor the badge of party and profession in every line and feature of their faces.

The genial, childlike faculty of social enjoyment, this happy art of life, is just what our countrymen may learn from the social "Liedertafel" and the summer singing-festivals of which the Germans are so fond. There is no element of national character which we so much need; and there is no class of citizens whom we should be more glad to adopt and own than those who set us such examples. So far as it is a matter of culture, it is through Art chiefly that the desiderated genial era must be ushered in. The Germans have the sentiment of art, the feeling of the beautiful in art, and consequently in nature, more developed than we have. Above all, music offers itself as the most available, most popular, most influential of the fine arts,—music, which is the art and language of the feelings, the sentiments, the spiritual instincts of the soul, and so becomes a universal language, tending to unite and blend and harmonize all who may come within its sphere.

WAIFS.

The only organ without stops is a gossip's tongue.

Madame Anna Bishop is engaged in writing her Memoirs.

Tuneful Lyre—the music-teacher who broke his engagement.

Miss Anna Mehlig has been made an honorary member of the N. Y Philharmonic Society.

Another refugee, and another musical celebrity, is in London—Signor Camillo Sivori, the violinist.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? —*One stops the nose*, and the other *knows the stops*.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Anteater," asks us what has become of "Mr. A. S. Sullivan's brilliant and characteristic overture to *Marmion*."

"De conkrekation vill pleshe to sing the von dousanth and two'th psalm," said a Dutch parson (in Canada) as he gave out the morning hymn.—"There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister.—"Vell, den, pleshe sing so many as tare pe."

We read in the *New York Herald* of October 24th that the professional friends of Mr. Howard Glover, the celebrated English composer, librettist, and musical critic, are about to tender him a complimentary benefit. Mr. Howard Glover is the author of several successful English operas and other large musical works; while as a critic his invariable advocacy of the highest order of art is as well known here, where he has resided for some time, as it is in England. Mr. Howard Glover's claims to public sympathy and support are unquestionable, and we trust the forthcoming benefit may prove a sub tantial success.

Mdlle. Marie Krebs, well known in this country, has been earning golden opinions by her pianoforte performances at the concerts of Christine Nilsson in New York. She seems to have completely eclipsed both Mdlle. Aldé Topp and Mdlle. Anna Mehlig—and no wonder, if there be judges of "pianism" in the States.

Mrs. Francis Talfourd is again actively engaged in organising a concert for the benefit of the "Alexandra Homes," Margate. Mrs. Talfourd has already obtained by the same means, aid to the amount of £100 for this excellent charity, and more than that amount for other charities, in whose welfare the sympathy of this esteemed lady is enlisted.

The *N. Y. World* says that the National anthem, with the cannon accentuation of the Jubilee, may be rendered thus;

'Tis the star-spangled *boom* banner,
O long may it *smash* wave,
O'er the land of the *bang* free,
And the home of the *rip* brave.

Mr. J. C. Hammond recently presented an organ to the Congregational Church of Sheffield, Connecticut. At its dedication the following astonishing verse was sung by a full congregation:—

Praise be to Him who lives above;
He shows His kindness and His love;
Uses mankind His word to preach,
Reached forth His hand—touched J. C. H.;
Caused him to give, in willing mood,
His organ to the friends of God.

The clever little xylophonist, Master Bonnay, was once to have played a solo on the instrument of his adoption; but, Master Bonnay being prevented by illness, M. Faure, as if in deprecation of that bewfangled invention, sang the air from *Joconde*, "Mais on revient toujours à ses premiers amours." Certainly there are few instruments to which we would not gladly return after hearing the xylophone. Nevertheless, Master Bonnay was a distinguished *virtuoso* in his way, and we can bear witness to the fact that by tapping with two pieces of wood on several other pieces of wood he succeeded, at other concerts, in rousing the audience to something like enthusiasm.

BIRTH OF HYMNS.—The *Chicago Advance* treats thus of "The Birth of Hymns:"

"Of all Watts' hymns we can trace the origin of very few. And yet he was clearly one whose lyrics were the outgrowth of his life. After he rejected by the beautiful but capricious, if not coquettish Miss Linger, who told him that she loved the jewel but could not admire the casket, he uttered his resignation and heavenly consolation in the hymn:—

'How vain are all things here below!'

in which, among other manifest allusions, occur the lines:—

'The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense.'"

Extensive alterations have been carried out at Christ Church, Oxford, during the long vacation. The interior of the Cathedral has been in great part restored, notably the east end, where two Norman windows, as near reproductions of the originals as possible, have replaced the former Gothic window. The screen separating the Latten Chapel from the choir and northern transept has been removed—by which the Norman pillars are seen to great advantage. It is proposed to restore the exterior when funds are forthcoming. Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., is the architect. The Cathedral is now open. The walls of Tom Quad. which, in some places, showed signs of decay, have been renewed with fresh stone; while the common room, treasurer's office, &c., under the hall, have also undergone repairs.

The Lyons papers tell a good story. The bed-chambers of two wealthy gentlemen, are adjacent, and thin partitions divide them. One tenant spends his nights at his club-house, never returning before half-past five in the morning. His neighbour rises at six, and sits down at once to his piano, which he does not quit until dinner-time. The former complained to the Commissary of Police, who laughed in his face, and told him to keep better hours. As he had a lease for six years he could not change his apartment. He thought of sending a challenge to his neighbour; his neighbour was paralysed in his lower limbs. He had his walls lined with thick hair mattresses; still "sharps" penetrated into his room. He made his servants take a hammer and rap against the wall. His neighbour waited until he was tired, and then began to play. He then brought a large hand-organ which was sadly out of tune, and had a turnspit, which would turn eight days without being wound up, fitted to the organ. The turnspit was put in motion, after it and the organ had been placed next the chamber-wall. The piano-player bore the organ for nineteen hours; at the end of that time he sent a letter of truce. He was told the club-hunter had gone out of town, and wouldn't be back for a week. The pianist sold his lease. The organ is still going!

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"Mdlle. Christine Nilsson," say the *New York Herald* of Oct. 24, "was received by the public of the other cities in which she sang with the same enthusiasm and delight as by the people of New York. Many croaked continously over the magnitude of Strakosch's enterprise, and wrote Jeremiads on it as a financial failure. They also hinted mysteriously at some wonderful critic who was lying somewhere in the provinces with some magic compound of musical chemistry which, when applied to Nilsson's voice, should leave the Swedish nightingale tuneless forever. This prestidigitateur of the press was to discover some alarming quality in her voice which escaped the vigilance and critical acumen of Paris, London, and New York. But they were disappointed. Nilsson sang in Philadelphia and Baltimore to houses rivalling those of New York. She appears at Steinway Hall this and Wednesday evening, and at a matinée on Saturday. The troupe remains the same:—Miss Cary, Brignoli, Vieuxtemps, and Verger, with the addition of Mdlle. Marie Krebs, a young pianiste lately arrived from Europe, and one of whom the press there universally speak in very high terms."

Charge of the Press Brigade.

(For music—copyright not reserved.)

Half a league, half a league, half a league rearward,
Right through the mire and dirt,
Much to its beauty hurt,
Dragged the rich silken skirt,
Half a league rearward.

Half a peck, half a peck, half a peck fully—
Hirsute and woolly,
Into the liquid air—
Rose up the pile of hair,
From other heads sundered.
Nobly astraddle it,
Rode the brave bonnet—
Rode, though it wondered.
Curls to the right of it,
Curls to the left of it,
Curls to the rear of it,
Curls that were plundered.

What though men shout, "Oh, fie!
Fortune you have squandered;"
Their's not to make reply,
Their's but to dress or die—
"Charge!" in the shop they cry,
"Charge by the hundred."

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CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), and Pianoforte Concerto, E flat (No. 5). Overtures, "Alfonso and Estrella" (Schubert), and "Abu Hassan" (Weber). Mdlle. Leon-Duval (of the Italian Opera, first appearance), Mr. Nordblom. Solo Pianoforte, Mdme. Arabella Goddard. Conductor—Mr. Manns. Admission, half-a-crown; stalls, half-accord.

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MONDAY NEXT, November 21, BELLINI'S Opera, "NORMA," Pollione, Signor Fancelli; Oroveso, Signor Antonucci: Flavio, Mr. W. Morgan; Clotilda, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Adalgisa, Mdlle. Sinico; and Norma by Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF MDLLE. SESSI.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 22, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Rinaldini; Enrico Ashton, Signor Cotogni; Arturo, Signor Rinaldini; Raimondo, Signor Antonucci; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Alice, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Lucia, Mdlle. Sessi (her first appearance this season).

THURSDAY NEXT, November 24th, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Tonio, Signor Gardoni; Sergente Sulpizio, Signor Ciampi; and Maria, by Mdlle Sessi (her only appearance in that character). To be followed by Two Acts of Auber's Opera, "MASANIELLO," Masaniello, Signor Fancelli, Fenella, Mdlle. Blanche Riccio.

FRIDAY MORNING NEXT, November 25th (commencing at two o'clock), Meyerbeer's grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." (See special advertisements.)

SATURDAY EVENING, November 26 (for the time at the Royal Italian Opera), ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Ideno, Signor Bettini; Assur, Signor Foli; Oroe, Signor Antonucci; Agenor, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, by Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

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MR. NORDBLOM will sing at the Crystal Palace the 19th; St. James's Hall, Mr. Cowen's Cantata, the 23rd November; Brighton, 2nd December; Manchester, "Elijah," 8th; Bradford, "Messiah," 21st. All communications respecting Engagements to be addressed, 19, Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill, W.

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INDIVIDUALITY AND SCHOOL.*

(*Continued from page* 741.)

In this manner, the two branches of musical art took np their positions, at a very early period, in bold contrast opposite each other. The young sprightly thing, like a high-spirited foal, broke through the hedge which surrounded it, and sought subsistence in the great flowery meads, under God's beautiful blue heaven, with the beaming sun and the twinkling stars, while its mother in vain called it back again to the carefully enclosed pasture. The fruitless summons was followed by the complete exile of the wild child; suchlike new things no longer existed for the teachers of music; they lay beyond the boundaries of art, and the true artist could not trouble himself about them. The teachers cared not for the fact that the wild child, on its new road through life, fell, gradually, into quieter ways; that, little by little, it drew up its own rules, and found a host of enthusiastic admirers. The mere act of directing their blinking eyes to the successes achieved in the noise and bustle of the world was abomination for the masters, and they endeavoured, therefore, to cherish in the breasts of their scholars the same contempt that existed in their own, though, it is true, their efforts had no permanent effect on those in whose soul there lurked the heavenly spark; for, in the long run, a talented pupil leaped over the barrier, and tried his strength, too, in the prohibited strains and forms. With those, indeed, who did not proceed beyond the point to which they were led by the nose, the efforts of the teachers were crowned with the greatest success; such pupils kept carefully to the course pointed out to them, and continued to despise every other. They did not try any road but their own, because they wanted the power and consequently the desire to do so, and if one of them really did rise so high as to make the attempt he fell plump upon his nose, and—his teacher was right. In a certain sense, too, the teacher seemed really right, for even a talented pupil generally did fail, at his first attempts, on his nose; his wings possessed, perhaps, the strength to venture on soaring into the regions of the Unknown; but practice had not enabled them to regulate their flight, and thus result had been nought. Such was the result of deserting the ground of true art—the teacher was indeed right.

Not merely for decennisms, no, for centuries, did composers and teachers of this one-sided kind hold their ground; and we need not go far to find some specimens of the above art at the present day. A third sister-art has, in course of time, separated from the parent stem; instrumental music has put forth the most splendid blossoms—no matter! With the same short-sightedness as ever, the teachers still shut their eyes to everything which goes beyond the art of the "*reiner Satz*,"† as it is called. With the same Argus glance as ever they keep watch to see that no pupil makes any sign of disregarding the narrow limits around him, and of importing his own individual feeling into the forms of art. They still leave the development of individuality to the individual himself, and he has gone through the whole school, and, in their opinion, is armed against all the attacks of spurious art. According to them, church-music alone is something complete—something that has been complete for centuries—and its forms are so firmly fixed, framed in conformity with such irrefragable laws, and so sanctified, as it were, by length of time and by the place appropriated to the execution of them, that any attack on them must be branded as a transgression, and every attempt to go beyond them a crime. As lately as last winter, at a concert considered by all present as unusually good, we saw a celebrated teacher of music tolerate—though with some shaking of the head—Mendelssohn; but, at the first sounds of a grand pianoforte concerto by Schumann, he got up and most hastily left the temple. We are inclined to believe that the old gentleman has a great many genial specimens of such spurious art, composed by himself, locked up in his desk, and we believe that it will some day be related that he burned them all before his death, so that the world might never hear anything about such rubbish; but this shutting one's self up from all organic development of art must be designated destructive one-sidedness. It is this one-sidedness which makes no kinds of alluvance for artistic individuality, which wants everything to be tarred with one brush, everything to be made in the same mould.

And mere mould-work, nothing else, is the result of these men's school. Church music has been for centuries something completed—a fact evident from the compositions of these men's pupils, which might just as well have been written centuries ago. The number of them—composers and compositions—is large, but the number of original ideas in them almost zero; everything has been employed before; the same turns, the same arrangement; we have heard it all before, only we cannot at once say where and when—mould-work, which does not advance art one single step, and, to speak mildly, racks the hearer with its dreariness. What would be said of a poet who wanted to sing to us in the style of past centuries, and, moreover, without a new or original idea? That which we require from the word-poet, namely, artistic individuality, we require even more decidedly from the tone-poet. It is, therefore, the duty of those who teach music now-a-days to pay especial attention to the intellectual peculiarity of their pupils, and to measure exactly by it beforehand the course of development which the efforts of the pupils will take.

We will now proceed to jot down some observations tending to throw a light upon this side of the question, and append to them our remarks

II.

Genius is innate, and cannot be given to anyone. The sentiment is perfectly correct. But it would be false to insist on concluding therefrom: you must possess genius to begin with, if you are ever to become anything; if you do possess it, everything else will follow of itself; the teacher can do nothing more than impart the rudiments, and lay the foundation-stone for the future edifice; the edifice itself is your own concern, etc.

This would be tantamount to excluding all who did not possess genius.

But who *does* possess genius?

This is a question by no means easy to answer. In our opinion, too, it is pretty well an idle one. Friedemann Bach was a genius, from whom even his great father expected great things, but he went to ruin both as a man and as an artist. His brother Philip Emanuel was, on the contrary, simply a talented, industrious man; yet in him art found a sturdy support. The word genius is, however, employed in a very confused manner. If by the term genius is meant a man of such high intellectual strength that, in the particular sphere of his labours, he produces something not only prominent but extraordinary and unusual, Geniuses are, probably, very rare. Yet this is, now-a-days, the generally accepted expression for the above idea. If we go back, however, to the original sense of the word—the sense usual among the ancients—from the Latin: genius, synonymous with the Greek: dæmon—the word signified merely an intelligent being, a higher kind of power, as it were, forming a medium between divine and human nature. And this would correspond pretty well to our customary notion of genius.

We shall, therefore, do best if we here leave altogether out of consideration the notion of genius. Many a man at the outset of his career promises to be a genius, but, in the end, we find that he does very little, that he realizes none of the hopes that were built on him, and that, among thousands tolerably good like himself, he is gradually lost in the crowd. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that many men of really eminent minds grow by degrees more and more lax in their efforts until their life ends by being what is known as a mistake.

Let us here pause, and consider what proper guidance, what school, or training, can do to prevent such results.

We are not speaking here of the scholastic standard, or, to express it better, that branch of instruction, such as is given to children in conservatories, and other musical establishments. Art is something for which an individual must possess certain aptitudes, and, for this reason, be it parenthetically remarked, we attach very little importance to mass-instruction. General intellectual qualities are, it is true, found in every healthy individual, and, consequently, every child can be got to learn, that is, to learn in proportion to the strength and the natural gifts with which he is endowed, for according to quantity and composition the intellectual capabilities of every individual soon become, from outward impressions, different from what they at first were. To one person God has given five talents, or even more, and to another, only two; but no man is quite without talent. A man may, however, very well be without musical talent, or, at least, possess it in so trifling a degree, that it is not worth while developing. Now it is the proper treatment of this natural aptitude which concerns the system of mass-instruction, a subject to which we may return another time.

(*To be continued.*)

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

† Strict composition.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

The Middlesex magistrates having refused to renew the dancing license for the Alhambra Palace, a ballet announced for production at that establishment on the 24th ult., entitled *Stella, the Queen of the Stars*, and composed by M. Holtzer, has been transferred to the theatre in Shoreditch, where it is executed nightly with all the attractions that picturesque dress and spirited dancing can supply. The piece is divided into two *tableaux*, one a forest in Greece and the other the harem. A *scène d'entrainement* by Mdlle. Pitteri, and a tambourine dance by the ladies of the ballet, elicits much applause. Bayadères, Greeks, peasants, pirates, slaves, and the suite of a Pasha also appear, all attired with tastefulness. There is, however, a part that may be removed with advantage—the by-play which occurs between Stella and Ali Bajon in the last scene. With this exception the ballet may be commended.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The thirteenth series of these instructive and thoroughly healthy entertainments began on Monday night, at St. James's Hall, which was absolutely thronged in every part.

In consequence of the year 1870 being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, the intelligent and enterprising director of the Monday Popular Concerts has thought it both expedient and appropriate to devote his programmes, up to the end of the year, exclusively to selections from the works of the greatest of all instrumental composers—king of chamber music as he is king of orchestral music. No other writings present such an inexhaustible variety as those of Beethoven; and, indeed, Mr. Chappell might easily, and without in any way discontenting his very critical audience, not merely devote the programmes before Christmas, but also the programmes after Christmas, to the famous Bonn musician. We should add that the vocal as well as the instrumental pieces are, without exception, to be derived from the same source.

The programme of Monday night, chiefly selected from the earlier compositions, produced before the fascinating influence of Haydn and Mozart—of Mozart more especially—had been wholly got rid of by the man destined afterwards to push the art to its furthest possible limits—may be cited *in extenso*, as a fair specimen of the kind of entertainment in store during what remains to us of the year 1870:

PART I.

Quartet, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, strings	...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven
Song, "Penitence"	...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven
Sonata, in E flat, Op. 7, pianoforte alone	...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven

PART II.

Sonata, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, pianoforte and violoncello	...	...	Beethoven
Song, "Know'st thou the land?"	...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven
Quartet, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, strings	...	...	...	...	...	Beethoven

Perhaps it would have been better to reverse the order of the quartets—the one in F (really "No. 3," and not "No. 1") being much more elaborate than the one in G. On the other hand, some may argue that it is most advisable to keep the lightest and gayest piece for the end of a concert, and point to the always lively impression created when the last piece in a Monday Popular programme happens to be one of the delightful quartets or trios of "Papa Haydn." Anyhow, place them as we may, both the "F" and "G" are right welcome. Not to go into details, for which just now we cannot afford the requisite space, the *adagio affetuoso* in D minor of the quartet first named is the origin of those highly-impassioned movements of which Beethoven subsequently gave so many admirable examples to the world—and notably not a few in the self-same key; while the *finale* of the quartet in G is one of the earliest proofs of how its composer could write in the style of Mozart, and equal that great master at his best. The pianoforte sonata is the first among the immortal "32" in which Beethoven appears entirely, or almost entirely, *himself*—in other words, resembling nothing which the art had known before him. The *rondo* of this sonata (a *chef d'œuvre*, be it understood, from beginning to end) is built upon a melody that haunts the ear long after it is heard, tormenting it much in the same manner as that bit of sun-light which some poet said would for ever keep dancing in his eyes. The sonata in F, for pianoforte and violoncello, though full of beauties, can hardly, we think, be placed in the same high rank as the other pieces. Admirably written as it is, for both instruments, it shows less invention than is generally to be found in Beethoven, and has by no means the same well-sustained interest which we are accustomed to look for in him. Both the songs introduced in Monday night's programme are models; and, in particular, "Know'st thou the Land?" (Goethe)—of which, if we may believe, Madame Bettina von Arnim, Beethoven himself was so extravagantly enamoured.

Having thus discussed the programme piece by piece, the performance may be briefly dismissed. None can have forgotten with what "silvery" tone, with what pure and unaffected expression, Madame Norman-Neruda had already played the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, together with some of the earlier ones of Beethoven. All the qualities which have been extolled in this lady's style and execution were fully apparent on Monday night. Madame Neruda, on reaching the platform, was greeted with real enthusiasm, and speedily showed herself well deserving the honour. Nothing could be more refined than her playing throughout. How admirably she was supported in the two quartets by those steady and conscientious artists, Herr L. Ries and M. Zerbini (second violin and tenor), and, above all, by Signor Piatti (violoncello), may easily be imagined. It is difficult to say to which quartet the audience awarded the preference, so attentively were both listened to, and so loud and general was the applause that followed movement after movement of each. Mr. Charles Hallé played his very best—and what that best is, we all know—alike in the solo sonata, which won for him a "recall," and in the sonata with violoncello in which the style and execution of Signor Piatti were, as usual, incomparable. This last performance was, perhaps, the most brilliant success of the evening. Both players were unanimously called for at the end. The songs were very charmingly given by Mdlle. Clara Doria, who seems steadily advancing in her art, and were accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the pianoforte as only Mr. Benedict can accompany. The concert was altogether attractive, and the majority of the crowded audience remained for the last note of the last quartet.

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I do not think that the replies to Mr. Boucicault's letter in reference to English and American theatres are at all just to that gentleman. I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Boucicault, but as an American, and one thoroughly conversant with the theatres in America, I wish to state what I know to be facts. Mr. Boucicault is correct in many statements. I have before me a file of recent American playbills and theatrical advertisements. The leading theatres in the principal cities in the United States charge for the best seats 1 dollar 50 cents, next 1 dollar, then 50 cents, that is 6s., 4s., 2s. That is the very highest price. Many of the leading theatres only charge for the best seats 1 dollar, or four shillings English money. The second class, or variety theatres, charge 75 cents, 50 cents, and 25 cents. That is the tariff in the chief cities, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, &c. In the large interior towns, such as Buffalo, the prices are less. These prices, at a first glance, do not seem any lower than the leading theatres charge here: but it must be taken into consideration that the charge for a ticket in America covers everything. There are no fees, either for booking, programme, or any other execution. But the most important view, and one that seems to have been entirely overlooked in this controversy, is the relative value that theatrical prices of admission bear to other things. Everything else in America is at double what you would pay for the same article here, and even more. An ordinary suit of clothes in New York, and made by a good tailor to order, costs 75 dollars, or nearly £15; a first-class suit 100 dollars, or nearly £20; a good silk hat 10 dollars, and everything in proportion—kid gloves two dollars and a half and three dollars a pair (that is, ten and twelve shillings), board, at a first-class hotel four dollars a day, and at some five. Now, considering these facts I maintain that the charges for admission to American theatres are much cheaper than the prices charged here. As regards Mr. Boucicault's other statements, such as the high prices paid to artists and the fortunes accumulated by the principal managers, they are perfectly correct. Nearly all of the principal managers are men of wealth. As to the artists who have made a fortune, their name is Legion.

I have a file of American playbills and advertisements at my office, which I should be happy to show any person doubting the truth of this letter.—Apologizing for the length of the above, I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

H. LESLIE,
299, *Strand*. Lessee, Opéra Comique.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Can you or any of your readers kindly give me the notes of the "Muezzin's call to prayer;" which is, I understand, proclaimed from the towers of the mosques in eastern countries at sunset, by the Imaans or priests? I believe there is a set phrase which is universally chanted, and I am interested and present in obtaining the correct passage, in the key in which it is usually sung; with, indeed, any other particulars relative to the custom which you may be able to give me.

Pray pardon me for encroaching so far on your valuable space, but I do not know how otherwise to obtain the information I wish, and I dare say the subject may not be without interest to several of your musical readers.—Yours very faithfully, H. B.

Let "H. B." consult the cantata by Felicien David, entitled *Le Desert*. There he will find the "Muezzin."

COPENHAGEN.—At the Theatre Royal, *Les Dragons de Villars* has proved a failure, though Mdlle. Anna Anderson was greatly admired as the heroine.

BERLIN.—In honour of the centenary of Beethoven's birth, the members of the Musical Union, will give an extraordinary concert on the 29th inst., when the programme will include the following works:—*Egmont* Overture; a prologue written for the occasion; Songs of Beethoven, by Mdme. Wilt, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna; chorus from *Christus am Oelberge*, and the Ninth Symphony.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since our last notice of the proceedings at this house various operas have been given, the most interesting of them selected from Mr. Mapleson's own repertory, at the late Her Majesty's Theatre and the Italian Opera, Drury Lane. The house has been crowded on every occasion, without exception, and if more crowded on one night than on another it has been generally when a so-called "classical" opera has been presented. Up to this time there has been no such uniformly successful winter season of Italian Opera.

In consequence of the departure of Mdlle. Ilma di Murska for her winter's engagement at Moscow, *Il Flauto Magico*, to the sincere regret of amateurs of genuine music, could only be given once. The more is the pity. The lovers of Italian opera *par sang*, however, were speedily satisfied to their hearts content by excellent performances of two of their most cherished works, which came in immediate succession after *Il Flauto Magico*. These were *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Il Trovatore*. In each Mdlle. Tietjens appeared, and both as the Lucrezia of Donizetti, and the Leonora of Verdi, showed herself still the unrivalled lyric tragedian of the day—legitimate successor in short of Giulia Grisi. In the first opera her chief companions were Madame Trebelli-Bettini who since Alboni retired from the stage has made the part of Maffeo Orsini, with its popular *brindisi*, "Il segreto per esser felice," her own; Signor Fancelli, a tenor engaged by Mr. Gye about three years since, who then made a fair impression, and who now, in the musical Germans, exhibited a tenuous sweetness which won him the applause of a large majority of the audience; and Signor Cotogni, who though, perhaps, dramatically overweighted in the character of Duke Alfonso, which Signor Ronconi, still vividly remembered, made it as difficult for any one who came after him to assume, sang the music carefully and well. In the *Trovatore* Mdlle. Tietjens was associated with Mdlle. Scalchi, whose Azucena is too well known to need description; Signor Cotogni, with whose Count Luna the operatic public is no less familiar; and Signor Vizzani, the new tenor introduced by Messrs. Gye and Mapleson last summer, whose Manrico, if unequal, displayed good qualities and justified strong hopes for the future. Signor Arditi, who received a warm and unanimous greeting on taking his place in the orchestra, conducted the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, Signor Bevignani that of *Il Trovatore*. Both operas were heartily enjoyed, and the only animadversion which it is superfluous to enumerate in detail, created the accustomed impression.

The opera next in order was Weber's *Oberon*, according to the arrangement of Mr. Benedict, Weber's pupil, the production of which ten years ago by Mr. E. T. Smith, at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Benedict himself conducting the performance, constituted one of the musical topics of the hour. *Oberon*, thus transfigured, or, in justice to Mr. Benedict, let us say, thus filled up, with accompanied recitatives and additions, the former exclusively built upon themes from the music, efficient if rather cadenced, adopted from other works by Weber, and especially *Euryanthe*, has frequently been heard since, and always with delight, but was now heard for the first time at Mr. Gye's theatre. On the other hand the character and merits of *Oberon* have been so frequently commented upon in these columns that little further remains for us to do than to endeavour it in the present, and to chronicle in general terms the impression made by what on the whole was an extremely good performance. That Signor Arditi held the baton was only what might have been expected, seeing that from 1863, when the opera in its present form was revived by Mr. Mapleson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, he has conducted it on every occasion, and may be said to know the score by heart. The splendid overture, very finely executed by the band (leader, Mr. Viotti Collins), at once aroused the audience, who encored it with unanimity. And here it may at once be added that the orchestra was efficient from beginning to end, and that the music for the chorus was for the most part well executed.

The principal characters were assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens (Reiza), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Fatima), Mdlle. Scalchi (Puck), Signori Fancelli, Bettini, and Cotogni (Sir Huon, Oberon, and Scherasmin)—the subordinate parts of Babekan and the Caliph devolving upon Signors Tagliafico and Caravoglio. Mdlle. Tietjens played Reiza in 1860, again at the revival in 1863, and has (happily) played it ever since. The German stage has, in all probability, never found a more admirable representative for the character. Those who are old enough to remember the original production of the opera, in 1826, at old Covent Garden Theatre, for which theatre, when Mr. Charles Kemble was director, it was expressly composed by Weber, to the English libretto of Mr. Planché, may be able to draw comparisons between the Reiza of Miss Paton and the Reiza of Mdlle. Tietjens; but those who are not old enough can hardly be otherwise than satisfied with its actual representative. To speak of nothing else, the grand vocal declamation of Mdlle. Tietjens, in the scena chiefly known by its original title of "Ocean, thou mighty monster," is enough to stamp her performance as one of quite exceptional excellence; but happily all the rest is to match. How charmingly Madame Trebelli sings the music of Fatima need not be told. Never has she sung it better than now; never have the quaintly characteristic airs been known as "A lonely Arab Maid," and "Oh Araby, dear Araby" (both nightly encored), been more thoroughly enjoyed; and never has "On the banks of sweet Garonne" (again to quote the English title), the melodious duet with Sherasmin, a part extremely well played by Signor Cotogni, been heard to more advantage. Signor Fancelli can boast neither the stentorian voice of Signor Mongini nor the artistic refinement of Mr. Sims Reeves, his immediate predecessors in the character of Sir Huon—nevertheless, he declaims the laborious scena, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," composed expressly for Braham, the original, with evident purpose, and enters into the spirit of the music if he has not entirely the power to give adequate expression to it. Signor Bettini, as Oberon, sings the air at first destined for Sir Huon, but put aside for the longer and much inferior scene to which reference has just been made, as carefully and well as on former occasions; and Mdlle. Bauermeister gives the beautiful song of the Mermaid ("Oh, 'tis pleasant to float") with unaffected and graceful simplicity. Not the least effective feature in this performance of *Oberon* is "Over the dark blue waters"—the stirring quartet at the end of Act 2, for Huon, Sherasmin, Reiza, and Fatima, which, admirably sung by Signora Fancelli and Cotogni, Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Trebelli, was encored with unanimity at the first performance. In this characteristically Weberian inspiration, as in the air now given to Oberon, some of the most striking points of the overture are reproduced. No new scenery has been painted for *Oberon*; but such scenery as was found disposable in the theatre has been ingeniously made use of; and though occasionally some anachronisms are observable, there is little cause for grumbling. And, after all, the winter season is not the regular season; nor do *Il Flauto Magico*, *Oberon*, &c., form part of the repertory of the new Covent Garden Theatre, opened by Mr. Gye in 1858.

To *Oberon* succeeded the *Barbiere* of Rossini, which we are as much tired of calling "the perennial" as we are tired of calling *Il Trovatore* "the impressible." The only novelty in this performance was the first appearance of Mdlle. Léon Duval, from the Paris Théâtre Lyrique. Mdlle. Duval, whose voice is French, and whose style is French, has unquestionable ability. She will understands, as any French woman should do who knows her Beaumarchais, the character of Don Bartolo a ward, and shows real intelligence in her acting. She sings, moreover, the famous soliloquy of Rosina, "Una voce poco fa," with real brilliancy, although overloading it with ornaments not always in good keeping. The same criticism may apply to the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son." In the Lesson scene Mdlle. Duval introduced the waltz of Venzano, which the late Madame Gassier and the late Madame Bosio once made so popular, giving it with such fluency and spirit that the audience called for it again, and it was accordingly repeated. In short the new lady (who was heard in a concerted concerta in the summer) made a agreeable impression in her next essay (as Marguerite, in *Faust*) will be looked forward to with interest. About the Figaro of Signor Cotogni, the Bartolo of Signor Ciampi, the Basilio of Signor Tagliafico, and last and best, the Almaviva of Signor Gardoni, it is necessary to say more than that they presented their usual characteristics. The performance was conducted by Signor Bevignani.

It almost suffices to say in a line that *Don Giovanni* followed, as a matter of course, and that as a matter of course *Fidelio* succeeded *Don Giovanni*. Mdlle. Titiens' fine masterpieces of the two most astounding German operas, the winter series of performances would hardly be complete. There was nothing new in the cast of Mozart's great work, although Zerlina was played by a contralto—Madame Trebelli-Bettini. That Madame Trebelli-Bettini is one of the most accomplished of living artists every amateur knows, just as every amateur knows that no contralto can possibly give the music of Zerlina with the desired effect. That Madame Trebelli acted the character with intelligence, and sang the music with artistic expression, may easily be credited; but that she must be pitched a tone lower to better advantage in passages to be played in the repertory is incontestable. About the Don Giovanni of Signor Cotogni, the Leporello of Signor Ciampi, the Commandatore of Signor Foli (who, by the way, for reasons unknown, was non *tacentus* in the scene of the cemetery, whereby the harmony of the statute was unheard), the Masetto of Signor Tagliafico, the Donna Elvira of Madame Sinico, the Don Ottavio of Signor Bettini and the (magnificent) Donna Anna of Mdlle Tietjens, not a word could be written that has not already been written more than once. On the whole, the performance was one of more than average merit. There were the customary encores for "Là ci darem" (Madame Trebelli and Signor Cotogni), "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai carino" (Madame Trebelli), and the trio of Masks, "Protegga il giusto cielo" (Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sinico, and Signor Bettini). Signor Arditi conducted; and the orchestral accompaniments, as well as the admirable overture were finely played throughout.

The opera on Saturday night was *Fidelio*, which filled the house to the ceiling. In some respects the performance left much to desire. The overture (the great *Leonora*, No. 3) was capitally played under Signor Arditi's vigilant guidance, and all that the orchestra had to do was well done; but the chorus, especially in the superb scene of the prisoners, was scarcely up to the mark. Mdlle. Tietjens, too, the greatness of whose Fidelio has long been acknowledged by us, was apparently somewhat fatigued, and in more than one place by no means quite herself. Her execution of the grand scena, however, even including the touching invocation to "Hope," could hardly be surpassed. We were not quite satisfied with the Rocco of Signor Antonucci, and were altogether dissatisfied with the Pizzaro of Signor Caravoglia. The Jacquino of Signor Randolini was more than respectable, the Florestan of Signor Gardoni excellent as usual, and the Marcellina of Madame Sinico irreproachable. Signor Tagliafico sang the part of the Minister in the last scene. On another occasion it would be advisable to intrust Signor Cotogni with the character of Pizarro. Mr. Santley can sing it, as we all know; and why not Signor Cotogni? True it is a boat part, and a baritone must, so to say, "stretch a point" to do it justice; but it is also a part of such vital importance that in the hands of any

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but a thoroughly competent artist one or two of the finest scenes of the opera run the risk of being spoiled. The audience, however, seemingly in excellent humour on Saturday night, listened to the wonderful music of Beethoven with delight, and were frequent and liberal in their applause.

We understand that it is the intention of Mr. Mapleson, except in rare instances, to give no opera more than once during the short series. If so, this will be one of the most interesting series of performances of the kind on record. The exception hitherto has been *Oberon*, which, already given twice, is announced for a third time on Saturday. The other operas played this week have been the *Barbiere*, substituted for *Le Nozze*, in consequence of the illness of Signor Caravaglia, who was to play the Count (Monday); *Semiramide* (Tuesday), and *Faust*—for Mdlle. Léon Duval—(Thursday). Meanwhile the superb *Medea* of Cherubini (which we are entirely to Mdlle. Tietjens) is in preparation; and a morning performance of the *Huguenots* is announced.

ST. PETER.

The amount of mis-statement put forth by, and on behalf of, Mr. Benedict, renders it necessary for me once more to return to his transactions and assertions in regard to *St. Peter*.

I distinctly deny that the subject of my oratorio was suggested by him to me.—It had been before me so long ago as the year 1846; when *Elijah* appeared. Then, when we were in Birmingham together, Mendelssohn did me the honour to invite me to work with, and for him; mentioning the paucity of scriptural subjects. I answered, as I was till his letters were published) of his settled objection to the subject. I thought of *St. Peter* and made studies towards the arrangement of the story, previous to submitting my attempt to him. This was never done. When I saw him the year after, at Interlaken, his mind was bent on opera. He had already, moreover, entertained the subject of *Christus*;—so that our talk was of an opera based on Shakspere's *Winter's Tale*,—and not of a third oratorio. I destroyed the original studies for *St. Peter* I had made, ere going to Switzerland in 1847, only last year—1869.

Subsequently, Mr. Benedict applied to me to provide him with an oratorio book for Norwich. I naturally reverted to *St. Peter*, and again went over the story to the best of my ability. He professed himself entirely satisfied and delighted; but according to his manner of working, after keeping it by him for some years, he declared himself too busy to undertake, for the moment a task of such importance, to which he was anxious to devote his best energies,—and entreated me to write a cantata in the mean time; adding, that many circumstances rendered him averse to risking any more extensive serious production at Norwich.—It would seem from this that so far he had trust in my capacity. The work arranged by me for him was the *Legend of St. Cecilia*.

Early in last year (1869) Mr. Benedict received a commission to prepare an oratorio for this year's Birmingham Festival; and my book of *St. Peter* having been submitted to the committee, was handed over to him to compose.—At the risk of being tedious, I must insist that I arranged my plans for the year with reference to a commission which *I* felt to be one of no usual interest; that I returned to town early in October, expressly to be in readiness—three weeks, it now appears, after Mr. Benedict had begun his portion of the labour. This I can prove by the following note from a witness, whose testimony I suppose Mr. Benedict will not dispute—namely himself:—

"*November* 13, 1869.—I was delighted to see your writing once more, and shall certainly avail myself of your permission to call upon you early in the week. The oratorio is progressing, though not so fast as I thought; and the task, if not quite beyond my power, will certainly require my utmost energy to be completed by the end of April."

I wrote to Mr. Benedict on the 15th of November—after an interview with him, which I will leave him to describe—I did not receive any reply till the 12th of January. In the interim, as will be seen, the Concordance (*alias* another person, who has confessed in print to the fact) had been called in—without the slightest reference to myself (I was, indeed, totally unaware of the fact till the week before the Birmingham Festival), and *St. Peter* was sold. On hearing in January of the sale, and also that the oratorio, words and music, had been shown to others, but not to myself, I wrote a letter of strong remonstrance, to which the following is the reply:—

"I wanted to complete the first scene of the oratorio before submitting it to you and my dear friend Costa, and hope you can manage to see me on Sunday morning. . . . . I cannot prevent idle rumours flying about. *Not a human soul has heard a note of the music of my oratorio*, except two old friends, to whom I played the *beginning* of one chorus and a fragment of the *overture*, which is not even written down. . . . . With regard to alterations, such as I may require for musical purposes, I hope you will give me full liberty of introducing them, of course *subject to your approval*; but I cannot promise *a slavish and implicit submission to the selection of the words, now could you in justice demand it.*"

It will be observed that the above passage only refers to words; not to the structure of the story. In the MS. libretto which had remained in Mr. Benedict's hands, long accepted and again approved by him, I had expressly provided, as can be easily proved, for retrenchment and alteration; and, in fact, returned to London to be at hand for the purpose. It was natural that after a work, in part mine, had been thus disposed of, I should decline any further participation in a transaction so contemptuous, not to say insulting, to myself. From a subsequent letter dated January 20th, 1870, I offer the following corroboration of what I have stated—the witness being again Mr. Benedict:—

"I accepted your libretto" (N.B.—*The libretto was entrusted to Mr. Benedict, by the Birmingham Committee, as a commission*).—" which, on reading, I liked very much, and which, at first, did not strike me as quite beyond my musical powers. When, *after* the Norwich Festival" (in *September*, 1869), " which gave me an immense deal of trouble, and after the acceptance of the Oratorio by the Birmingham Committee " (*in March*, 1869)," I went to work with a will, I found several difficulties, which I was anxious you should rectify, so as to adapt the situations and words to my very limited capabilities. On calling upon you, and hearing you positively and emphatically assert verbally what you had already done by letter, that on re-examining carefully your libretto, you had come to the conclusion that it could not be improved, and that not a word should be changed, *though some might be omitted*, I endeavoured to enter into your views; but my attempts were not successful. . . . I had no alternative, unless I gave up the work altogether, than to make the changes to the best of my abilities, submitting them, when in a *complete and tangible form*" (*i.e. after the work had been disgraced of, already cooked by and of the Concordance borrowed from a contemporary journal*) " to your revision, alteration, or rejection."

Another, and to me the most distasteful word, remains to be said. My oratorio-book is in three acts. For each of these I was to receive £25, I believe, with a reservation of some right over published words; but this is a fact of small consequence. On perceiving that Mr. Benedict was literally writing " from hand to mouth," and aware that by the division of the subject made, each act had its own scene and its own character, in some sort complete within itself, I proposed to the musician to set only the two first parts for the Birmingham Festival; the third to be added subsequently; this, of course, to be distinctly announced and explained. It is stated in print that I received £75 for my work. I did not. On this matter the public shall hear a witness in my behalf—once more Mr. Benedict:—

"I am most anxious also to discharge the balance of my debt; the sum agreed upon, so far as I recollect, being £50, of which, I believe, you received half the amount, and the remainder of which I beg to enclose."

So that, having, to suit Mr. Benedict's confessed incapacity, allowed him to adjourn the completion of an entire work—by his own showing, accepted with admiration—I was paid by a sum representing two-thirds of the sum agreed on for my labour.

I state the above facts in no vindictive spirit. Resentment and Contempt cannot dwell together. On the contrary, on leaving the subject—not to return to it, be the event what it may—I am whimsically reminded, by the spasms of those who have injured me of the immortal anecdote of the Lady and her Lapdog, told by Horace Walpole. The small animal fastened his teeth on the heel of one of the lady's (possible, too, the dog's) acquaintances.—" Poor dear!" cried the sympathizing Dowager, " won't it make my dog sick?"

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT PHILADELPHIA.

(*From the "Philadelphia Age," Oct.* 24.)

Mdlle. Nilsson rounded up her present visit to this city, by a *matinée* at the Academy of Music, on Saturday, which was both brilliant and profitable. The audience was largely composed of ladies, and gay and varied costumes added to the interest of the occasion. Mdlle. Nilsson sang with her usual force and feeling, and was most cordially applauded. She visited this city, a stranger, known only by her reputation. She leaves it a universal favourite. Four concerts and a *matinée* were given in this city. The following are the detailed and aggregate receipts:—

		Dollars.
Wednesday	October 12.....	5,887 50
Friday	" 14.....	6,626 50
Saturday	" 15.....	5,427 50
Thursday	" 20.....	6,668 00
Saturday Matinée	" 22.....	4,818 00
	Total.....	29,427 50

The next appearance of Mdlle. Nilsson is in Boston, where she gives three concerts. Then she returns to New York. After a brief engagement in that city, she re-appears in Philadelphia in concert and oratorio.

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THE *ATHENÆUM* AND THE LATE MICHAEL BALFE.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

Under this heading a correspondent has sent us some pertinent remarks, to which we willingly give insertion. He says:—

"The *Athenæum* of October 29th promised 'a detailed account of Mr. Balfe's life and works;' and the *Athenæum* of to-day (November 5th) furnishes the promised article, with the signature of Mr. Chorley. It would appear that a 'spontaneous genius' for melody was the characteristic of Balfe as a musician and the secret of his success. If this be true, Mr. Chorley is not just to the talent of the deceased when he says—'In Balfe's case the charm has been wound up for a considerable period past.' Beethoven said of Schubert, whom he esteemed as a song writer, that 'he had a spark of the divine fire;' and if spontaneity and genius appear but in a ballad they impart a vitality that does not readily expire. Hence we submit that Balfe's charm is not yet 'wound up,' nor all 'his music passed out of hearing and sympathy. What Mr. Chorley calls 'the paltry ballad, to be sung by Mr. Templeton, Mr. Phillips, or Mr. Harrison,' was in truth the 'spark of divine fire,' in which the vitality of Balfe's operatic work resided. The famous ballad, sung by Phillips in *The Siege of Rochelle*, still retains its melodious charm. The mutineer's song in *The Rose of Castile*, which its clever 'whip' accompaniment, along with the famous Laughing Trio guaranteed success to the work. It is curious that so experienced a chronicler as Mr. Chorley has omitted even to mention the most popular and successful of all Balfe's operas, *The Bohemian Girl*, the triumph and profits of which were in no degree dependent upon orchestral writing or concerted music, but notably on the melodious charm of two or three ballads, the well worn tenor melodies especially. *The Bohemian Girl*, be it remembered, was translated for classical Germany, and produced there. Most cordially do we endorse all that Mr. Chorley says about the 'flowers of sense and speech' that distinguished 'England's lyric poet' of that period—Mr. Bunn. But the quality of Mr. Bunn's poetry and the quality of Balfe's ballad-melody were two very different things. Mr. Chorley has also forgotten *The Puritan's Daughter*, which contains more than one charming ballad, a part-song with clever and effective writing in it, and a rollicking wine song (sung by Harrison), which is void of all British mannerism and full of character and vitality. While, therefore, we cannot but agree with Mr. Chorley in all that he says about the influence of such a writer as Balfe in hindering rather than helping the progress of operatic art, let us freely acknowledge Balfe's possession of the gift of genius—that 'spark divine,' how small soever, which gave him the power of conferring upon thousands a large amount of innocent and refining pleasure. "W.

"*November 9th, 1870.*"

From our correspondent's standpoint, Mr. Chorley's article on the recently-deceased musician calls for the above criticism, and no more. But, looked at from another point of view, it is open to comment of quite another sort—such as, we will venture to say, every man of delicacy and good taste has made upon it. The mourners for Mr. Balfe had not dried their tears when Mr. Chorley thought fit to rush into the *Athenæum* with his cruel remarks. We say "cruel," because whatever gives unnecessary pain deserves to be so branded. There was no need to dance upon the freshly-laid turf of poor Balfe's grave, as Mr. Chorley has done. Truth, supposing Mr. Chorley its advocate in this instance, can wait, and, if the ex-critic of the *Athenæum* lets it alone, will assert itself in due time, without calling upon anybody to shock the moral sense of the community in the (indecent) style of Mr. Chorley. As regards the *libretti* to which Balfe set music, we agree with our correspondent that Mr. Chorley's reference to them was perfectly gratuitous. No doubt they were bad; and that the examples brought forward can only be matched by passages from the works of another lyric poet, who once wrote:—

> "'Tis very unpleasant for folk who prowl
> To shoot at a pheasant and kill an owl."

But Mr. Chorley's animadversions were, we say again, wholly beside the mark; unless, indeed, their object was to insinuate that if Mr. Balfe had gone to Mr. Chorley for his books the result would have been something very different.

J. Caid.

Zamiel's Owl has come back to town again (last from Brightholmstone), and hopes that his singular (not to say peculiar) good Peters is well and flourishing; and that there yet remaineth of that fluid of Xeres in the darksome recesses of the abyss where the adventures of "Sir Palmerin" are not to be found. Likewise the herbaceous product of Havana. "Are not Habana and Xeres (rivers of Damascus) better than all the waters of Israel?"

Nisaman, but not Sir. M. C——a's.

MUSIC AT LEIPSIC.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mad. Clara Schumann appeared at the first Soirée of Chamber Music here, when she played the pianoforte part of Beethoven's Grand Trio in B flat major, Op. 97, and the *Humoreske* of her husband. Herr David played a *Largo* and *Chaconne*, by Leclair, and, with Herren Röntgen, Hermann, Thümer, and Hegar, Mozart's G minor Quintet for Stringed Instruments. The Choir of the Cathedral, Berlin, sang at the charitable concert, given by Professor Carl Riedel, and produced a very great sensation; they sang compositions by Palestrina, Durante, Lotti, Franck, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The members of Riedel's Verein, gave Bach's cantata, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*. Herr Hegar, leader of the Gewandhaus orchestra, performed a *Sarabande* by Bach, and Mdlle. Klanwell, sang Franck's song, "Sei nur Still."—The following was the programme of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert. First Part: "Hamlet," a concert overture, (Gade; Concert Air, Mendelssohn (Mad. Peschka-Leutner); Concerto for Violin, in G major, No. 11, Louis Spohr (Herr Dragonier Krancevic, from Vienna); Scena and Aria from *Euryanthe*, C. M. V. Weber (Mad. Peschka-Leutner); Entr'acte from *Rosamunde*, F. Schubert.—Second Part: Symphony No. 3, A minor, Mendelssohn. As our readers will perceive, in conformity with the pious custom of playing at the Gewandhaus concert, which takes place at the beginning of November, only works by Mendelssohn, or of those intellectually related to him, the programme was restricted to compositions by masters of the present century. Mendelsohn died, as we know, on the 4th November, and the members of the orchestra appeared urged on by the recollection of the sad event, to perform the lamented master's Symphony with even greater care, and greater effect than usual. Herr Krancevic did not make a very profound impression by the manner in which he executed Spohr's Violin Concerto. The Singacademie gave, on the 6th inst., a performance of Spohr's oratorio, *Der Fall Babylons*. The series of concerts announced by the Euterpe Association have been suspended this season for want of support. G. W. M.

NILSSON IN THE STATES.

We take the following from a Brooklyn (New York) paper, called the *Pleasure Seeker*, Oct. 27:—

"The excitement of anticipation which has pervaded fashionable circles for months past culminated when Christine Nilsson made her first appearance in America, at Steinway Hall. There has been no such demonstrations of enthusiasm in the metropolis since the *furore* created by the advent of Jenny Lind at Castle Garden years ago. Mdlle. Nilsson might, with propriety, quote Cæsar's memorable dispatch: '*Veni! Vidi! Vici!*' for her success was a conquest on every occasion of her appearance. Steinway's commodious hall has been crowded to excess, and overflowed into the smaller hall, with a mass of enthusiastic music lovers, who desired to do honour to the fair young Swede, and welcome her in a befittingly hospitable manner. The audiences have been composed of the best class of our citizens, and were such as would cause any performer to feel proud of their power of attraction. The concerts given last week have all proved equally grand, attractive, and enjoyable. The opportunities of hearing this great artist and the gala-day who accompany them are becoming extremely limited. Mdlle. Nilsson will make her appearance at the Brooklyn Academy on Thursday evening, Oct. 27, and Wednesday, Nov. 2, in two grand concerts."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Permit me, through your pages, to contradict a rumour that the series of Orchestral Concerts in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Although these concerts have not hitherto been a financial success, I do not yet intend to abandon the enterprise. On the contrary, I hope to be able to carry on a similar series next year, with greater energy, and with, I trust, more satisfactory commercial results.—I am yours faithfully, WILLIAM HEA.

8, *Higham Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov.* 10.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled—JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—

1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28; MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.

1871. MONDAY, January 9; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.

Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF SECOND CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, "Liederkreis"—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO, in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mr. CHARLES HALLE, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Wonne der Wehmuth" } —Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. .. *Beethoven.*
{ "Neue Liebe, neues Leben" }

QUARTET, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. Mr. ZERBINI.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Ollivier, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. T. (Belgate)—Next week.

PIANISTA.—The "*Sonate Melancolique*," by the late Ignace Moscheles, is in F sharp minor. It consists wholly of the single movement of which "Pianista" speaks. There was never any other.

PONTIFEX FOURACRES.—Certainly. What was printed "per stige" in our last week's "Notices to Correspondents" should have been *prestige*. The word has long been adopted in the English vocabulary.

SPEX.—In the first version of *Fidelio*, the great overture to *Leonora* was included. When the curtain was raised, the opening piece was Marcellina's song in C minor. The duet between Jacquino and Marcellina was composed for the revival, in 1814, to follow the new overture in E. The idea of Nottebohm's, that the first of the three overtures in C having been composed *after* the two others in the same key, is too absurd to entertain for one instant.

DR. BOLUS.—Read for yourself, and own you have lost your wager, if not your self-conceit:—

> "For he who does not tremble at the sword,
> Who quails not with his head upon the block,
> Turn but a jest against him, loses heart:
> The shafts of wit slip through the stoutest mail;
> There is no man alive who can live down
> The unextinguishable laughter of mankind."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

THE genial influences of an English May produce a singular effect upon operatic artists. Everybody knows that May is the "month of flowers;" a month to be personified by all that is beautiful, and to be addressed by poets, in some such strain as this:—

> "For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
> If not the first, the fairest of the year;
> For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;
> And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers."

On this subject one knows not when to stop quoting poetry. How charming a picture have we here:—

> "Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
> And vernal airs, sprose the gentle May;
> Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
> That sprang spontaneous in her genial ray.
> Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
> And amerous zephyrs fluttered on her breast,
> With every shifting gleam of morning light
> The colours shifted of her rainbow vest."

Reading this, we begin to weave a fancy fabric, warp and woof of which are bright with many hues. We have visions of Maypoles, sunshine, flowers, and a light-clad public in the highest state of bodily health and animal spirits. Meanwhile a cutting wind, nights of frost, and a pervading tendency to sneeze may represent actual facts. These things are the prose of May, to compensate for which Nature has endowed poets with vivid imagination, and the faculty of ignoring what is, in favour of what should be. There is no greater sham under the sun than an English May, and he who trusts to it had better make his account with flannels, hot baths, and gruel.

Operatic artists, we fear, place too much confidence in the geniality of our pet month. They are used to rely upon the favour of climatic (stage) influences, and, they encounter the fury of (stage) elements in the lightest of attire; so that we do not wonder when "bounteous May" presents them with a real catarrh. The consequence, however, is very awkward, as operatic experiences have too frequently shown. Managerial schemes are upset; an expectant public is disappointed; and that want of confidence ensues which, more than anything else, does harm to enterprises depending on wide-spread interest and sympathy.

Although the foregoing lines are written in mid-November, the observations they set forth and the conclusions to which they inevitably lead refer just as clearly and philosophically to the "moneth of lusty May," as though they had been written between April and June. We are not quite, perhaps, so simple as a certain correspondent, who signs himself "May-bug," may imagine. He is, doubtless, a clever fellow in his way; but we decline to entertain his malice by printing his letter, and beg to refer him to Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*, where he will find matter upon which to speculate—honestly if he can, but if not, in a manner more congenial to him.

T. E.

HERR ERNST PAUER is giving an interesting series of lectures on the Clavecin and the Pianoforte, in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum. The first took place on Wednesday morning last. We shall take an early opportunity of referring to these instructive lectures at length.

MDLLE. SESSI, "of the long and golden locks," is engaged by Mr. Mapleson for six performances during the short series now in progress. She commences on Tuesday, with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Mr. Mapleson is conducting his campaign with wonderful spirit, and well deserves success.

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BEETHOVENIANA.—No. VIII.*

(*Continued from page* 194.)

[I am glad to resume my translations of these interesting papers with an article *apropos* to the performance of the "Four overtures to *Fidelio*," at the Crystal Palace on Saturday Oct. 29th.—G. GROVE.]

It is usually believed that the Overture published as Beethoven's Opus 138 was written in the year 1805, and formed the first in the series of the "Overtures to *Leonora*." This, however, is irreconcileable with certain facts which I will endeavour to lay before the reader.

It will be necessary, in the first place, to examine the materials upon which the ordinary belief in this matter is based.

No autograph score of the Overture is known to exist. All that we at present possess is an ancient MS. copy of the score and orchestral parts, both of which have been examined and corrected by Beethoven himself. There is no note on either of the date of the composition, but the first violin part bears the following title:—

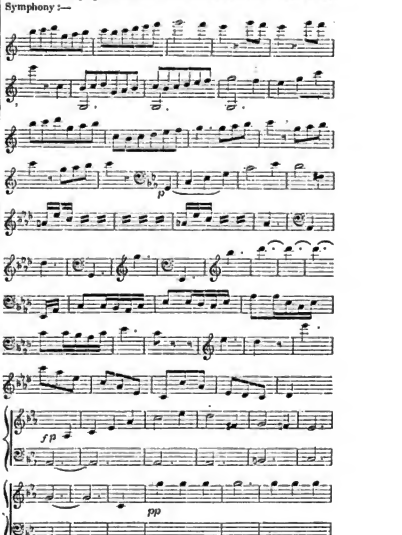
Ouverture in C
Charakteristische
Overture
Violino 1mo

The words "*Ouverture*" and "*Violino 1mo*" are by the copyist. The others "*in C*," "Charakteristische *Overture*," have been afterwards added by Beethoven. Both score and parts were purchased by Tobias Haslinger, at the sale of Beethoven's effects in November, 1827, and are at present in the possession of the firm of Haslinger, at Vienna. The Leipsic *Allegemeine Musikalische Zeitung* for 1828 (p. 111) contains a statement to the effect that Haslinger had bought a packet labelled "Dances and Marches, &c.," at some absurdly low price, and that the packet was found to contain the score and parts of an unknown Grand Characteristic Overture, which, according to the recollections of Schuppanzigh, had been tried over by the composer,—as, indeed, was evident from its containing his own corrections in red pencil. Early in 1828 Haslinger announced the approaching appearance of the work in the Munich *Musikzeitung* as "Grosse charakteristische Ouverture, 138 werk," a title which agrees in all essential respects with Beethoven's own inscription already quoted. The work, however, as we shall see, eventually appeared under another title.

The first performance of the Overture after its discovery was at a Concert of Bernhard Romberg's at Vienna, on Feb. 7th, 1828, the report of which in the Leipsic *Allegemeine Musik Zeitung* for 1828 (p. 225), speaks of the "great interest excited by Beethoven's last Overture, in MS., from his Remains." The same thing is repeated in the Vienna *Theater Zeitung* for 1828 (pages 68 and 82), while in the *Sammler* for Feb. 28th, 1828, we find: "At this Concert an Overture was given, from Beethoven's Remains, a work which, to judge from its quiet character, belongs to his early period." The second performance took place on the 13th of the following March at one of the *Concerts Spirituels*, in the programme of which it is announced as "Grosse Charakteristische Overture von Beethoven (MS.)." Other reports may be found in the Leipsic *Allegemeine Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 296); the Berlin *Musik Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 216); and the Vienna *Theater Zeitung*, 1828 (p. 151).

It is evident from the foregoing that up to March 1828 nothing was known of the date at which the Overture was composed; nor is anything said to lead to the conclusion that it was recognized as belonging to *Leonora*. It was published, however, in the year 1832 or 1833, by Haslinger, under the title, "Ouverture in C, componirt im Jahr 1805 zur Oper Leonore," &c., and in the first edition of Schindler's *Biography*, (1840) p. 58, (compare the 3rd edition I. 127, II. 42), it is mentioned as the first of the four Overtures to *Leonore*, and as therefore composed before the so-called "No. 2," which was played when the Opera was first put on the boards, in 1805. With these notices, in so far as they give 1805 for the date of composition, all later statements agree; and they evidently form the foundation of the belief mentioned at the outset of these remarks.

I have, now, however, to mention a fact which has made its appearance during my examination of a large collection of Beethoven's Sketches, and is in direct opposition to the ordinary assumption.

On the upper* side of a leaf of Sketches are found the following fragments belonging to the second and third movements of the C Minor Symphony:—

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

* This is evident, from the marks of the binding of the volume to which the leaf originally belonged, which leave no doubt as to which was the upper and which the under side of the leaf.

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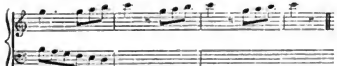
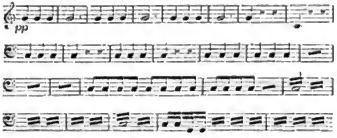
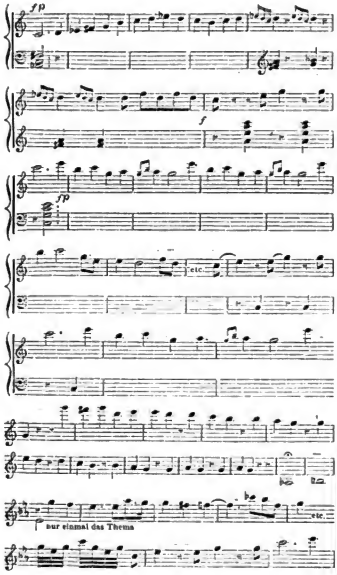
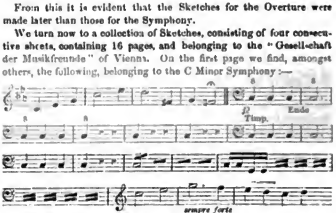
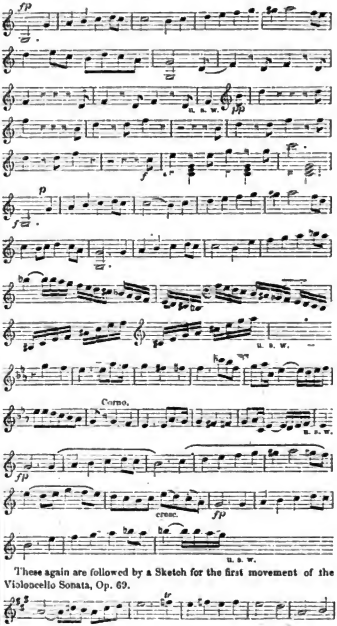

Turning over the leaf, we find the top staves of the second page occupied with the following passage from the transition to the *Finale* of the same Symphony :—

and this again is immediately followed by a passage belonging to the Overture, Op. 138 :—

From this it is evident that the Sketches for the Overture were made later than those for the Symphony.

We turn now to a collection of Sketches, consisting of four consecutive sheets, containing 16 pages, and belonging to the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" of Vienna. On the first page we find, amongst others, the following, belonging to the C Minor Symphony :—



On the second page are Sketches for the Overture, extending connectedly through 12 pages, of which the following quotations will give an idea :—

These again are followed by a Sketch for the first movement of the Violoncello Sonata, Op. 69.

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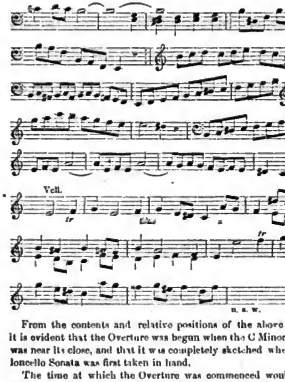
From the contents and relative positions of the above quotations, it is evident that the Overture was begun when the C Minor Symphony was near its close, and that it was completely sketched when the Violoncello Sonata was first taken in hand.

The time at which the Overture was commenced would be more exactly ascertainable if we knew when the Symphony was either finished or near its completion. On this point, however, we have as yet no exact information. The original MS. does not exhibit any date. Schindler's first edition (p. 63) states that the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies were written in 1806, 7, and 8; but the third edition, says that the C Minor was written at Heiligenstadt, where Beethoven was residing in the year 1808. Little reliance, however, can be placed on Schindler's statements. Thayer (*Chron. Verzeichniss*, p. 74) also gives 1808 as the date of composition, but with a note of interrogation. The list appended to the contract with Clementi, and dated the 20th of April, 1807, does not mention the Symphony at all, from which it is fair to infer that it was not at that time ready. The earliest date on which we can absolutely rely is the 22nd December, 1808, the day of the first performance of the Symphony; and this, therefore, limits the period of composition on one side. On the other side there are the following limitations. We can safely say that the Fifth Symphony was composed after the Fourth. Now, we know from the autograph that the Fourth was composed in 1806. It is, therefore, plain that neither the Fifth Symphony nor the Overture can have been written earlier than 1806, so that the date of the latter is thus limited to somewhere in 1806, 7, or 8. But if the contract with Clementi may be taken as evidence, we can come still closer, and say that both Symphony and Overture were composed some time between April 1807, and December 1808.

The Violoncello Sonata being written after the Overture, is of no assistance in the enquiry. Although published in 1809, it was most probably ready in January, 1808, if not sooner.

(*To be continued*).

THE Beethoven contributions to the Crystal Palace Concert of to-day are the Symphony in A (No. 7), and the Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in E flat (No. 5), the pianist being Madame Arabella Goddard.

VIENNA.—Baron von Münch, Bellinghausen, has definitively resigned the direction of the Imperial Theatres. Up to the present time, no successor has been appointed.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *Tanzpresse* of Vienna gives a curious extract from the Court regulations of the Hofburg for the year 1624, on the etiquette to be observed by officers invited to the royal table. The regulation begins by stating that usually officers behave under such circumstances "with great politeness and good breeding, like true and worthy cavaliers; but that the Emperor thinks it necessary to issue the following directions for the use of inexperienced cadets:—1. Officers should come to the palace handsomely dressed, "and not enter the room in a half-drunken state." 2. When they are at table "they should not rock about on their chairs, nor sit back and stretch out their legs." 3. They should not "drink after each mouthful, as by so doing they will very soon get drunk; nor drink more than half a glass at a time; and before drinking they should wipe their lips and moustachios." 4. They should not put their hands in the dishes nor throw bones under the table. 5. They should not "lick their fingers nor spit on the plate; nor wipe their noses with their napkins; nor drink so brutally as to fall off their chairs."

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

ONE would think that the members of the *corps de ballet* were not the best qualified to adjudge a question of orthography, especially when the one accused of bad spelling was a French Academician; nevertheless *messieurs les danseurs* once gave judgment on an etymological dispute between Jules Janin, of the *Débats*, a recently-elected member of the French Academy—one therefore of the forty guardians of the French language—and Alberic Second, editor of the *Entr'acte*. Janin, in an article on Mdlle. Bozzachi, the young ballet dancer at the French Opera, made use of the word "tiqueté," which denotes, in the language of the *foyer*, a certain movement of the feet. Second maintained that he should have written "tacqueté," and entreated Perrin, director of the Opera, to take the sense of the *corps* on this question. The dancers were accordingly "assembled in their comitia," and proceeded to record the votes. Taglioni presided, and when the urns were opened there were found 287 in favour of "tacqueté," and not one for "tiqueté." The academician stood corrected. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

THE Sacred Harmonic Society begins on the 25th, with *Juda Maccabæus*, after which some novel features will, in due time, invite attention. Among these is a special concert, in honour of, Beethoven, to take place on the eve of the hundredth anniversary of his birthday, the programme comprising the Mass in C, and the *Mount of Olives*. This will be welcome to the many who have felt anxious lest the centenary should pass without adequate notice. Certain novelties are promised, but no particulars are given, and an announcement is made of co-operation with the Crystal Palace, in view of another Handel Festival, to which the Sacred Harmonic subscribers are promised free admission. One more feature in the prospectus is connected with that egregious building at South Kensington, called the Royal Albert Hall. The society will give concerts within its ample space during May and June next, to one of which, at least, the happy subscribers will be passed free. There only remains to add that Sir Michael Costa, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, will conduct the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society on all occasions, as usual.

MOST of the Vienna papers have lately been occupying themselves a good deal with Herr Richard Wagner, who, it appears, has been suffering very badly from a nervous complaint. He is better now, and is working away at the third part of his *Nibelungen Trilogy*. Herr Ründworth is preparing the pianoforte arrangement of the second part, *Siegfried*. According to the papers, the report that Herr Wagner intends himself to conduct the entire *Trilogy* at Munich, in 1872, is false, because it is his firm resolve never to set foot in the place again; besides, he has found some other capital, of far greater importance, for his "model performances," though, as yet, he has not informed his friends and admirers what capital it is. Can it be Berlin? *Quien sabe?*

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An admirable concert has just been given at St. Lawrence-on-Sea Thanet, in aid of the Fund for the Sick and Wounded French and German Soldiers. The artists were "amateurs," but they performed like *amatores* of music, wherein many of them are well-known proficients. We could gladly have been there. Gladly, too, could we have heard that unsurpassed mistress of elocution, Mrs. Keeley, deliver the following address by our respected accomplice, Mr. Shirley Brooks; for in that lady, and in very few other ladies of the drama, resideth the art of delivering—with completeness, grace, and force—the language which an author furnisheth.

One flourish on a trumpet! On a drum
One thundering herald of proud words to come!
Ne drum! No trumpet! Music "takes a rest."
Well, on the wheels, perhaps, 'tis for the best.

Yes, for although the theme those words (*Points to plenard with "Sick and Wounded"*) supply
Might leave no heart untouched, no eyelid dry,
This is, I think, no place, and this no time,
To weave a crimson thread in links of rhyme;
Needless to harrow you with hideous things,
Whose sickening picture every morning brings,
Till woman's fortitude and manhood's pride,
Alike e'er mastered, throw the page aside.
We meet for pleasure. Needless to explain
Our pleasure's offerings go in aid of pain.
Fair Charity hath worked her charm—you've come—
That charmer's voice, at least, may now be dumb.
For sacred use she bears away your gold,
Nor need her mournful tale again be told.

But yet, methinks, an explanation's due
To one who's absent, to myself, and you.
He, when desired to write for me to-day,
Asked me (politely) what I wished to say;
Said if I liked sensational appeals,
And big words tumbling on each other's heels,
His best were at my service—he had store—
If I aspired to talk of battle roar;
The cannon's earthquake shout, the demon shell;
The thundering charge, the close, the combat yell,
"And all the current of a heady fight;"
And the worse terrors of the after sight ——
I smote his table with a downright blow,
And most emphatically answered, "No!"
A place for all things— such do not belong
To places where we meet for smile and song.

And yet some little quarrel should be rife,
(For without quarrel where's the fun of life?)
Suppose we pick a very tiny crow
With one who crows enough; I mean, you know,
Music, spoiled darling of the poets. She
To whom great bards and small ones bend the knee,
She (says a line oft into service pressed)
"Has mighty charms to soothe the savage breast,"
I hope she has. But when fierce music comes,
Her mad pulse beating in her maddening drums,
When her war-trumpets give their fiery crash,
And her clashed cymbals bid the sabres clash,
Her soothing system for the savage 'beast'
Is homœopathy, to say the least.

But she shall make amends, at least to-night,
And help to comfort those she stirred to fight.
"Music may be the food of Love," it's true,
(That's a mild diet, twixt myself and you),
But food she *shall* be, or she shall supply,
Where Hate's and victims in their anguish lie.
Our Love goes forth to search where sorrow hides,
And Music feeds the store that Love divides.
Thus with your leave the resolution stands,
"That we be cheerful."

Now! the show of hands.
Carried, *nem. con.* (I hope that Latin's right)
My mission's done; to all a kind good night.

We take the following from a Philadelphia paper:—

"The dress worn by Mdlle. Nilsson at her first concert was said to be one of the most exquisite toilettes ever seen in this country. It was a white gros-grain silk, with long skirt, trimmed with flounces of lace, looped over at each side with vines of morning glories. Her hair was dressed very simply, and ornamented with a single morning glory, with a diamond humming bird and butterfly lighting on the flower. Necklace of pearls and diamonds, and heavy gold bracelets set with diamonds, completed this beautiful toilette. She is noted, it is said, all over Europe for her taste in dress."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Royal Academy of Music.—The most recent "Public Rehearsal" of the students was strictly "classical," the works of Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn being drawn upon for the exhibition of the young artists' abilities. The progress made in the vocal department within a short space of time was shown in the correct and conscientious way with which the fragments from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, were given. The solo parts were entrusted to Miss Rebecca Jewell, Messrs. Guy, Wadmore, and Parry, who did themselves infinite credit. Praise must also be awarded to the members of the chorus, for the manner in which they executed the parts allotted to them. The other vocal pieces were Mozart's "Al desio" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*), sung by Miss Pocklington; the recit. and aria from the same opera, "Hai già vinta la causa, ma ingrato" by Mr. Parry; Mozart's "Kyrie," in D minor (chorus—first performance in England); and Mendelssohn's duet with chorus, "I waited for the Lord" (*Lobgesang*), the solo singers being Miss Andrews and Miss Maudsley (Westmorland scholar). There were two pianoforte solos, viz., Hummel's Rondo in A, carefully played by Miss Martin, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, dashed off with immense spirit by Miss Baglehole, who was warmly applauded. The concert was admirably conducted by Mr. John Hullah. The next "Public Rehearsal" is announced for Thursday evening, the 24th inst.

PROVINCIAL.

Cheltenham.—The *Chronicle*, of November 15, contains a notice of Miss Marian Buell's concert, from which we abridge the following:—

"Where all is excellent it were invidious to select; but we may be allowed to record our enjoyment of the (MS.) sonata by Miss Hoelle. It was her own composition, and the various movements met with deserved applause. Neither should Herr Pollitzer or M. Paque, both instrumentalists of high capacity, be dismissed without praise. The solo for viola, *La Favorita* (violin), by the former, and *Don Giovanni*, by the latter (violoncello), were particularly well received. Last, not least, it is our pleasing duty to notice the abilities displayed by the Misses Doria. Two solos were allotted to each, and after 'Come per me sereno' (Bellini), Mdlle. Clara was recalled. She also sung 'The Mermaid's Song' (Barnett). We were charmed with the feeling displayed by Mdlle. Rosamunda in the 'Nameless Grave on the Battle Field'—touching at any time, but made the more so by her exquisite enunciation. Herr Wagner presided, in his accustomed able manner, at the pianoforte—one of Broadwood's, supplied by Mr. Finlayson of this town."

Nottingham.—We copy with pleasure from a local paper the following:—

"A series of four popular concerts of classical music are announced to be given in November and December, 1870, January and February, 1871, at the Mechanics' Large Hall, on a plan similar to that of the celebrated Monday Popular Concerts, held in St. James's Hall, London. The quartets are to be played by Mr. Henry Farmer (first violin), Mr. H. Leverton (second violin), Mr. Myers (viola), and Mr. T. L. Selby (violoncello). Madame Arabella Goddard, Miss Butler, Mr. J. Farmer, jun., &c., are engaged to play in the course of the series; and a vocalist of eminence will appear at each concert. The concerts are under the entire direction of Mr. Henry Farmer, who has already done so much to make genuine music acceptable in Nottingham. The first concert is announced for the evening of November 28th; and this year being the centenary of the birth of Beethoven, the programme will be selected entirely from his works."

Every one who wishes well to good music will wish success to Mr. Henry Farmer.

Munich.—Herr Theobald Böhm, formerly a member of the orchestra of the Royal Opera, and well known throughout the world of music as composer, virtuoso, and the inventor of the flute bearing his name, lately celebrated his "Golden Wedding," as the Germans call it; in other words, the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage. This musical Nestor is in excellent health.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The 38th annual meeting of this society was held in the Minor Hall, Exeter Hall, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Daniel Hill having been called to the chair, the hon. secretary, Mr. Thomas Brewer, read the report for the past year. As the ordinary proceedings of the society have from time to time received prominent notice by the public press, such topics, which naturally occupied a large part of the report, need not be here repeated. A proposed Handel Festival, on the magnificent scale of former years, at the Crystal Palace in June next, and some concerts of sacred music at the Royal Albert Hall, now in process of completion at Kensington, in May and June, were referred to. The report contained a feeling reference to the recent loss the society has sustained by the death of Mr. J. N. Harrison, president of the society from its commencement, and that of Mr. R. K. Bowley, one of the oldest members of the society, and of late years its treasurer. The vacancies so occasioned were filled by the election of Mr. Thomas Brewer, the society's honorary secretary from its first formation in 1832, to be president, and Mr. Daniel Hill, for many years past honorary superintendant of the society's soprano chorus, to be treasurer. The post of honorary secretary thus vacated was filled by the election of Mr. J. F. Puttick.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—I hope you will think the subject of this letter to be of sufficient importance for a small space to be devoted to it in your influential columns. The organ-grinding nuisance has been a long-standing grievance in this city. It is one, however, which is more acutely felt by some than others. In the crowded thoroughfares the discordant drone of these loud-tongued instruments is more or less drowned by the noise of the carriage traffic. Those who are absent from home during the greater part of the day are only partially subjected to it. It is something less annoying to those who have no particular occupation, or who live in spacious houses in wide streets; but to those who, like myself, inhabit houses of humble dimensions, in narrow and quiet streets, and whose occupation is a literary one, the nuisance is quite unbearable.

The most exquisite music, perfectly performed, if it were inflicted upon you with intolerable regularity every day, and at all hours of the day, whether you liked it or not, would become odious and unbearable. What must be the nervedepressing groaning of barrel-organs forced upon you with such remorseless persistency that, from 9 o'clock in the morning until 11 in the evening, not an hour of your existence can be considered safe. The law, it is true, provides a remedy. But the remedy is almost as painful as the grievance. Tapping at your window, beckoning, are of no use. You must sally forth from your house, run the gauntlet of street *gamins*, flirty tenants of the areas, mothers of very large broods of young children, &c., and walk quiet up to your man. And what is worse still, you cannot rid yourself of the reflection that you may possibly be depriving him of a halfpenny or a penny of his earnings. To make it up to him yourself, as I have often done, is to invite the nuisance you are trying to rid yourself of. If the man refuses to leave, matters are still worse. You must fetch a policeman; with the two you must walk to the police-office. You must sign the charge yourself, attend the next day at the court, kick your heels about there the greater part of the day, to depart with the melancholy satisfaction of having brought punishment upon a poor fellow whom you would rather succour and relieve. But it would appear from the letter, a copy of which I subjoin, that henceforth we are to be permitted to have recourse even to that. We are threatened with the Italian knife, and, for the future, we are to be forced to listen to the horrible sounds produced by these gentry as often and as long as they please under the penalty of assassination.

The following is a copy of a letter which I received yesterday evening:—

"*The Gentelmin*

" . . . . . .

"*by fulham road.*

"*You bad man. You went starve poor organ playrs One will pay you for it. Dark night me watch, no fight, me get one knife. Look out, me warn you.*"

If this, then, is to be an Englishman's alternative, living in his own house, in his own country, to submit to the organ nuisance for the rest of his life, or to be assassinated, one will scarcely know which to chose. Yours, &c.,

Nov. 13. AN ENGLISHMAN.

"*The extreme ignorance of amateurs of music generally is a great danger to music.*" This was one of the sayings of Petipace of Winchelsea, who did not tire of repeating it.

AUGSBURGH.—Two performances were lately given of Herr Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's Heimkehr*, which was not unfavorably received. The soprano part was sung by the Countess Gatterburg, of Salzburgh, who has taken an immense liking for the work, and made up her mind to procure the recognition in Germany of its merits. It is entirely owing to her exertions, we are informed by a German contemporary, that *Israel's Heimkehr* has already been performed within a short period at Vienna, Salzburgh, and Kremsmunster.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has returned to London.

At the first meeting of the York Choral Union Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* was performed, conducted by the composer, with Misses Edith Wynne and J. Elton, Messrs. Cummings and Maybrick.

The *New York Herald*, of Oct. 29, states that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson's last appearance in the "Empire City," was to be on the Monday following (Oct. 31), at an evening concert.

Mr. Horton C. Allison, of the Conservatoire of Leipsic, formerly pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes, has just completed a new concerto for the pianoforte, which is highly praised by musical connoisseurs in Manchester, where Mr. Allison is now located.

Three entirely musical scores have been found at Milan, amongst the old papers of a family of the name of Castelli. The scores, which are autograph, are—*La Secchia Rapita*, by Zingarelli, performed at La Scala in 1793; *Un pazzo ne fa cento*, by Mayr, performed in 1793; and *La Fortuna Combinazione*, composed by Bloca.

Mr. Cowen's new cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, is announced for performance at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening next. The principal vocalists, together with the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, are engaged for the occasion, so that a performance of more than ordinary excellence is anticipated.

A "grand evening concert" is announced to take place in St. James's Hall, on Thursday next, in aid of the Refugee's Benevolent Fund. The concert is under distinguished patronage. The mere fact that Madame Viardot is one of the singers, and M. Gounod one of the conductors, ought to make the concert attractive.

Miss Annie Louise Cary—*contralto* or *mezzo soprano*—who will be remembered last season both at the Royal Italian Opera and the Italian Opera, Drury Lane, has been winning golden opinions in America, as one of the most attractive members of the Nilsson troop. Miss Cary is herself an American, and her compatriots are justly proud of her.

The Musical Committee of the Society of Arts have recommended to the Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1871 to permit professors having systems of teaching music to illustrate them by lectures or performances. Although musical instruments as a class will not be exhibited in 1871, pianoforte manufacturers will have the opportunity at some subsequent exhibition to submit to the Committee of Selection for Class 10 (educational works and appliances) such instruments as are adapted for school use.

The unanimity in which the American press continues to praise Madame Seebach seems to indicate that a tragic actress has at length appeared. One of the least gushing of her critics likens her performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur to that of Rachel, and adds, after employing such words as "infinite pathos" and "prodigious power"—"the American stage has never witnessed an impersonation in which fervour, force, and grace were more harmoniously blended."

A result of the inter-ference of the magistrates with the performances at the Alhambra has been a revulsion of popular feeling on behalf of ballets in theatres. At no time during the present reign or the preceding, has ballet enjoyed an amount of favour equal to that now accorded it in London and the country. At the Standard Theatre the Alhambra ballet has been produced with complete success, while the nymphs who aroused police disapproval and magisterial inter-ference found a home at the Globe. Surely if interference is needed it should be comprehensive, and have no appearance of favour.

A curious incident is related by the *Daily Chronicle* as having occurred in the Town Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne:—

"A special request was made by one of the visitors that the great tenor would sing 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Mr. Reeves willingly consented, and Mr. Rea undertook to play the accompaniment. The first two verses were magnificently given, and so far all was well, but a hitch occurred at the beginning of the last verse, which for some time the audience were at a loss to comprehend. The fact was that Mr. Reeves had forgotten the words of the verse, and for the moment could not recall them to memory. In answer to a whispered interrogation, Mr. Rea could only reply that he, too, had forgotten the concluding words of the song, and a similar appeal passed round to the nearest members of the orchestra was likewise fruitless in obtaining the services of a prompter. Under the circumstances only one course was left. Mr. Reeves bowed and retired, amidst the wonderment of the puzzled audience. Worst of all, no sooner had the great tenor reached the foot of the stairs leading from the platform, than the words which so stubbornly refused to come at the call of memory when urgently invoked a few seconds previously, returned unbidden with verbal accuracy. But it was too late! Mr. Reeves did not return."

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Our advertising columns announce a memoir of the late M. W. Balfe, by Mr. H. J. St. Leger. Many anecdotes will be introduced, and we have no doubt that as Mr. St. Leger was for thirty-six years on terms of intimacy with our popular dramatic composer, his memoir will be acceptable to many who are interested in matters connected with English opera.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Laughing Water" (Minnehaha). Morceau pour le piano-forte, par E. A. Sydenham.
NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"Oh! my heart;" "Eldorado," and "The Knight of Old"—songs by E. A. Sydenham.
WEEKES & Co.—"La Vida," song, by Sibyl; "More calleth fondly," ballad, by G. A. B. Beecroft.
DUFF & STEWART.—"Oh! would I were your evening star," song, by Benjamin Congreve; "Angelo," song, by Gertrude Hellman Andrews.
B. WILLIAMS. "Hail, seventh day of sacred rest," song, by Benjamin Congreve.
FABIAN & SON.—"Te Deum Laudamus," in chant form by E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc. Cantab.

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London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

WAR MARCH,
Composed by E. AGUILAR.
Price 4s.
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NEW SONG,
"TAKE THIS FORGET-ME-NOT,"
The Words by Miss E. CORNER.
The Music by ADOLPH GOLLMICK.
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"FLY LIKE A BIRD," sung by Miss Ferrari, and "THE ABBESS," sung by Miss Anyon, two of the most beautiful of HENRY SMART'S new songs, are published, 3s. each, by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street (post free by post for 19 stamps each).

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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Mdlle. SESSI.

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The Examination will take place at the Academy on Monday the 19th of December next, at Ten o'clock.

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ST. PETER, MR. CHORLEY, AND MR. BENEDICT.

(From the "Orchestra.")

In the unfortunate dispute between Messrs. Benedict and Chorley, the latter gentleman has now delivered his ultimatum. Affixing his signature to a couple of columns of re-statement in the *Athenæum*, he takes leave of the subject, "not to return to it, be the pretext what it may." It is a pity that these gentlemen have continued to establish a serious quarrel upon a comparatively unimportant matter. Half-an-hour's conversation might have prevented all their letter-writing; and we trust that we have now seen really the last epistle. Still, in Mr. Chorley's ultimatum we should look for so concise and eloquent a summing-up of damaging facts against his opponent, that there is really nothing more to be said. We are sorry to say we do not find it. There is a mass of cumbrous phraseology, which requires to be read and re-read, and looked at sideways, and then grammatically disintegrated, in order to get at its meaning. When the meaning *is* discovered (which is not always the case) it amounts to what we had understood before. Mr. Chorley corroborates Mr. Benedict's statements with four exceptions. These are:—

I. The subject of *St. Peter* (Mr. Chorley maintains) was not suggested by Mr. Benedict, but by himself, Mr. Chorley.—II. That it was the Birmingham Committee who handed over the libretto of *St. Peter* to Mr. Benedict, ordering him to write the music.—III. That the sum agreed for the three acts of Mr. Chorley's libretto was 75*l.*, not 50*l.*—IV. That Mr. Chorley has only received two-thirds of this stipulated amount.

Of these four points at issue, the first is unimportant. Whether Mr. Benedict first thought of *St. Peter*, or whether Mr. Chorley first advised him to do it, is of very little consequence. It can hardly be considered an original idea, seeing that Mendelssohn had composed *St. Paul*, and had also thought of composing *St. Peter*. The two saints are historically bracketed on a score of occasions, and churches are dedicated to them conjointly. They are associated in a common proverb; they are, in fact, as complementary to each other as Moses and Aaron, as Elijah and Elisha, as Ruth and Naomi. Mr. Chorley says he had talked the subject over with Mendelssohn in 1846. Now, a self-suggestive idea which has been carried about for twenty-four years, and offered to more persons than one, can hardly be said to be anybody's exclusive property. The first point, therefore, is of very little consequence. The second is more important, inasmuch as it places the Birmingham Committee in an autocratic light, and equally places Mr. Benedict in the light of a needy composer, anxious for a job. It assumes that the Committee took Mr. Chorley's manuscripts at first hand, and ordered Mr. Benedict to set it; as who should say, "Here, you musician—just make some music to this, and look sharp!" Mr. Chorley implies this off-hand conduct on behalf of the committee, if he does not absolutely state it in words. And the deduction of his argument is that Mr. Benedict had no choice but to comply with the Birmingham order—to set that libretto, and set nothing else. "My book of *St. Peter* having been submitted to the committee, was handed over to him to compose." Again: "The libretto was entrusted to Mr. Benedict by the Birmingham Committee, as a commission." This assertion, if it means anything, means that Mr. Benedict had no selection of subject or matter. Now, we are loth to believe any such thing; indeed we find it almost impossible to believe that Mr. Benedict would submit to arbitrary treatment like this. How could the Birmingham Committee tell what might suit a musician? How could they order a composer in Mr. Benedict's position to set a specified libretto, will he, nill he? An oratorio is not like a coat, which the customer may have cut out in any fashion he pleases. And a West-End tailor will even refuse to make a bizarre coat. Is Mr. Benedict less an artist than Mr. Poole?

"The book of *St. Peter* was submitted to the Birmingham Committee," says Mr. Chorley. *By whom* was it submitted? He does not state: he uses the vague passive voice. If Mr. Chorley submitted the book, and the Birmingham Committee accepted it, and handed it on, then Mr. Chorley's case is so far complete. But if it was Mr. Benedict who sent the book to Birmingham, and received it back from Birmingham as approved, then the case breaks down. In that event Mr. Benedict is simply placed in the position of one who has changed his mind with respect to the words he is trying to set; and the authority of the Birmingham Committee disappears. They are reduced to the level of sanctioners of any version which the composer chooses to accept. So much for the second point.

Point three is one on which there is no documentary evidence. Mr. Benedict says 50*l.* was the price; Mr. Chorley says 75*l.*; but neither has the bargain in writing. Moral, for dearest friends when collaborating:—Put your bargain into black and white; a dozen years may make a wonderful difference in friendship. Point four is a sort of rider to Point three. Mr. Benedict, years after the bargain, sent a cheque for 25*l.*, to Mr. Chorley. This, he now says, was an over-payment by mistake, as he had already paid 50*l.* "Not at all," says Mr. Chorley; "it was the second half of the fifty;" and he quotes Mr. Benedict's letter to that effect. "My letter was written under a mistaken impression," says Mr. Benedict. "Oh dear no, it wasn't," says Mr. Chorley: "here it is down in writing." So far Mr. Chorley has the legal pull. "And you owe me another 25*l.* balance of the 75*l.*" says Mr. Chorley. Moral, to dearest friends who have monetary transactions:—Always take receipts, or else preserve your old cheque-books. A curious side-issue suggests itself here. If that autocratic Birmingham Committee treated with Mr. Chorley for the libretto, and "entrusted" Mr. Benedict with the setting of it, as a commission, how is it *they* did not pay Mr. Chorley? Was the cashing-up also "entrusted" to Mr. Benedict, as a commission? We admire the Birmingham Committee's lordly mode of procedure. They order Mr. Benedict to set certain words, and they also order him to pay for them. This—*sequitur*, we owe Mr. Chorley's statement—is patronizing art at a cheap rate.

The above points mark the divergence of Mr. Chorley's story from Mr. Benedict's story. On other points the twain seem to agree, so far as facts are concerned. We say *seem* to agree; *for* it is impossible to gather a comprehensive view from the ultimatum—so involved and irrelevant is it. It is full of unimportant statements like the following:—

"At the risk of being tedious, I must insist that I arranged my plans for the year (namely 1869) with reference to a commission which I felt to be one of no inconsiderable interest; that I returned in good early in October, expressly to be in readiness—three weeks, it now appears, after Mr. Benedict had begun his portion of the labour. This I can prove by the following note," &c., &c.

What does it matter? Even though Mr. Chorley thought his share in the work of imperial interest, and returned to town by express, and took a house on the banks of the Thames, expecting to see that river catch fire forthwith—what has that to do with the question at issue? It only shows what exaggerated notions people may form about their own importance in society. We wonder if Handel's librettist went about town in a similar state of excitement when the *Messiah* was getting under way! Who thinks of Handel's librettist now? Supposing *St. Peter* turns out a second *Messiah* a hundred years hence, who will think of the compiler of its texts?

Besides the irrelevancy of the ultimatum, and the curious glimpse it gives us of the author's self-esteem, it is rendered foggy by incomprehensible metaphor. For instance the writer says that he "perceived Mr. Benedict was literally writing 'from hand to mouth.'" What does this mean? We know what is meant by *living* from hand to mouth; the phrase is applied to a poor man who is compelled to devour his income as fast as he makes it. But how can you *write* from hand to mouth? Does Mr. Chorley mean that Mr. Benedict ate his manuscripts as fast as he wrote them out? Or that he said them as they were completed in order to get his daily bread? Nay; for it was a consecutive work, and could not be hawked about town in separate portions. If Mr. Chorley had said that the composer was writing from hand to *brain*, there would be some glimmering of sense: it would mean that he had set the libretto piecemeal, as he received it. But if this be the meaning, it conveys no reproach to the composer, but rather to the librettist, who should have sent in his book complete. Here is the conclusion:—

"I state the above facts in no vindictive spirit. Resentment and Contempt cannot dwell together. On the contrary, on leaving the subject—not to return to it, be the pretext what it may—I am whimsically reminded, by the spasms of those who have injured me, of the immortal anecdote of the Lady and her Lapdog, told by Horace Walpole. The small animal fastened his teeth on the heel of one of the lady's (possibly, too, the dog's) acquaintances 'Poor dear!' cried the sympathizing Dowager; 'I won't it make my dog sick.'"

A very good story. But where, please, is the application? Which is the figurative lady, and which the dog? Has Mr. Chorley bitten Mr. Benedict, and made himself sick, or is it Mr. Chorley whose flavour turns the stomach? We ask for information; because, in either case, Mr. Chorley does not apply to himself a flattering parable. He confesses either to be sick himself, or the cause of sickness in others. We dismiss this ultimatum, as probably the last word to be said on the *St. Peter* libretto by either side. The statement concludes, appropriately enough, in a Novembrian haze. "Resentment and Contempt," says Mr. Chorley, "cannot dwell together." But Contempt and Fog may.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The interest attaching to the revival of *Semiramide*, on Tuesday week, was due almost entirely to recollections of its performance at her Majesty's Opera (Dury Lane) in 1868, and on previous occasions, when the dramatic embodiment of the Queen of Mdlle. Tietjens, and the admirable singing of Madame Trebelli (Arsace) made so lively a sensation. We shall not now enter upon a criticism of Rossini's work. Enough that, though the latest example of its composer's Italian style, it is one which he subsequently left far behind, and that, with all its wealth of melody, and charm of effect, it belongs to a school which, for good or avil, has nearly lost its hold upon public favour. The distinguishing features of Mdlle. Tietjens's Semiramide must be fresh in the recollection of all who have observed them; it being impossible to forget either the tragic power which ranks the part with her Norma and Medea, or the passionate expression which invests with grandeur music in itself often trivial. These characteristics were as obvious as ever during the performance under notice; and the gifted artist was rewarded by enthusiastic applause, which culminated after a more than usually brilliant rendering of "Bel' raggio." Madame Trebelli's Arsace worthily accompanied the Semiramide we have just praised, all the music of the part, especially "In si barbara," being sung with that refinement of style and beauty of voice so distinctive of the French contralto. Signor Foli did his best as Assur—a *rôle* unfamiliar to him; Signor Bettini was a careful Idreno; and the music of Oroe was impressively given by Signor Antonucci. Signor Bevignani conducted.

Faust, on Thursday week, introduced a new Marguerite, in Mdlle. Léon-Duval, the lady of whose *début* as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*, it was our agreeable duty to speak with favour. From the heroine of Rossini's lightsome opera to that of Gounod's tragic masterpiece was a venturesome step; the latter demanding higher qualities than ability to execute a promscious *intrigante*, and to sing "Una voce poco fa." The result, however, went some way towards justifying the effort. Mdlle. Duval may not have placed before her audience a Marguerite to be remembered for its individuality, or for the finish of its details; but she embodied the character with intelligence sufficient to ensure respect, and sang the music with more than average success. Bearing in mind the artists who had preceded her in the same part on the same stage, this result is by no means one to be despised. The other characters were sustained in a manner more or less familiar. Mdlle. Scalchi, an efficient Siebel, obtained an encore for "Parlatele d'Amor;" and Mdlle. Bauermeister sang the music of Marta better than she looked Marta's age. Signor Vizzani did his best with the music of Faust, not without success, especially in "Salve dimora;" Signor Cotogni was an excellent Valentine; and, as Mephistopheles, Signor Foli displayed those ideas of a demon temper which were so noticeable last season in *Robert le Diable*. The conductor was Signor Arditi, under whose direction the orchestral accompaniments went admirably.

The ever-fresh melodies of Verdi, and the fame of Mdlle. Tietjens' priestess, drew a crowded house on Monday last. No lapse of time on the one hand, and no familiarity on the other, seems able to diminish the attraction of Bellini's opera. It may owe somewhat—in the case of Mdlle. Tietjens it owes much—to the special powers of rarely-gifted artists; but "Norma always has been, still is, and, presumably, always will be, a charm in itself. The music is emphatically adequate to the effect, for no work abounds more in that which has been called the "soul of music"—tune. Monday's performance was one of average merit. Mdlle. Tietjens evidently struggled against an indisposition which affected her voice, but indomitable energy carried her through; and, dramatically her performance was as grand as ever. Its more prominent features need not be enlarged upon for the hundredth time. Enough that, from first to last, the audience recognized an impersonation which will live in the history of the lyric stage. Madame Sinico was once more an Adalgisa with whom little, if any, fault could be found; and her co operation with Mdlle. Tietjens in the popular duet at the commencement of Act 2, largely helped to secure a double recall. Signor Fancelli, as the Roman lover, displayed to their full extent those qualities which have won him the favour he enjoys, and sang throughout with praiseworthy care. That he did not invest the part with interest can hardly be termed a fault. The character is essentially contemptible; and contemptible it must remain, no matter who may be its representative. Signor Antonucci gave the music of Oroveso with all needful dignity, and, in the final scene, not without a touch of pathos well becoming the situation. The remaining and subordinate parts were efficiently sustained by Mdlle. Bauermeister and Mr. Wilford Morgan. Signor Bevignani presided over an orchestra not entirely faultless.

Tuesday *Lucia* was given for the first appearance of Mdlle. Sessi. On Thursday the opera was *Le Nozze di Figaro*. To-night, *Semiramide* (second time)

THADDEUS EGO.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cocoaine, a very thin evening beverage.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A concert was given in this hall on Wednesday evening week under Mr. Henry Leslie's direction, the chief feature of the programme being Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, a work which those who do not sympathize with the cold reception it has had in England must have been glad to hear. The Mass was given under circumstances specially advantageous. Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Bettini, and Signor Foli were the soloists. The chorus consisted of Mr. Leslie's admirable choir, and the accompaniments were played by Mr. J. G. Calcott, Mr. John C. Ward, and Mdlle. Jansen upon the instruments—piano, harmonium, and harp—for which the composer originally wrote. With such arrangements, it can hardly be necessary to state that an excellent performance took place; one, moreover, adapted to impress the audience much more favourably than those which first introduced the work to England. Not to dwell upon each number, we may mention that a great effect was made by Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Trebelli in the "Qui tollis," both ladies singing to perfection; that the elaborate "Cum Sancto" was much applauded; that Madame Trebelli's rendering of the "O Salutaris" elicited a deserved encore; that a like honour fell to Mdlle. Tietjens for a delivery of the beautiful "Crucifixus," which was absolutely faultless; and that a strong disposition was shown to insist upon a repetition of the "Sanctus." All these were real successes; and, being so, were significant of the favour that awaits the *Messe Solennelle* when, by appearing more often in concert programmes, it becomes better known. The choruses were admirably sung, and the whole performance showed careful preparation. In the second part were several pieces made familiar by Mr. Leslie's choir; the conductor's own "Troubadour," and Reay's "Dawn of Day," for examples. But the gem of the selection was Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer;" solo by Mdlle. Tietjens. This was magnificently sung and magnificently received. The remaining pieces being of the old concert-giving order, there will be no remark. They were given more or less well by Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Salvi (who calls herself a tenor, but isn't one), Signor Foli, and Signor Cotogni.

The *Messiah* is announced for the 30th inst., with a band and principals from the Royal Italian Opera.

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Leslie in your issue of last week, establishes beyond all further controversy the fact that the prices of admission to the theatres of America are what I stated them to be. I now send you, herein enclosed, the play-bills of the Broadway Theatre and Burton's Theatre. These two establishments represent the Drury Lane and the Princess's of New York, at the period previous to the war. You will perceive that Mr. Forest was playing at the Broadway Theatre, where the prices are stated two shillings and one shilling. At Burton's Theatre, the prices, you will see, are two shillings to every part of the theatre; orchestra stalls—of which there were about forty—three shillings. As I did not fail to observe in my former letter, this scale of prices was apparently, but not really, raised when the war raised the money value of all commodities. Your correspondents plead that actors in America are no better off now with £20 a week than they were formerly with £10 a week, because the price of everything is double what it used to be. They fail to perceive that American managers, at four shillings and six shillings admission, are likewise no better off than they used to be when the prices were two shillings and three. Having thus, with Mr. Leslie's able assistance, produced in court documentary evidence, extending over eighteen years past, I leave the bandying of words. The question will shortly be settled by the opening of a commodious theatre in London, where the performances will be second to none, and the accommodation for the public superior to any. The price of admission will be two shillings to all parts of the house.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Nov. 19th. DION BOUCICAULT.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—The *Magic Horn* and the *Magic Flute*—Mozart and Weber.

CURIOUS (?)—*Oberon* (!) written by Planché and Weber for Covent Garden.—BISTOP (!) producing, as fairy tale, *Aladdin*, at Drury Lane (!)

An libretto, *Oberon*, just as fantastic and incongruous as the *Zauberflöte*.

Oberon (!)—Ha of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who consorts with Theseus—now with Charlemagne (!) and Haroun al Raschid—and Benedict!!!!!!—Yours,

A MADMAN.

P.S.—Please, if you print this letter, print it TEXTUALLY.

[We have printed it textually (!) Heaven forfend that we should treat "A Madman" otherwise than textually (!)—A. S. S.]

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

That the fact of the present year being the centenary of Beethoven's birth should exercise more or less influence upon the arrangements for the Monday Popular Concerts between now and Christmas was to be expected. Conscious of how very large a share in the success of these admirable entertainments is due to the greatest and most gifted of composers, the director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, has announced that every one of the programmes up to the end of the year shall be exclusively devoted to his works, vocal as well as instrumental, the vocal music (very judiciously) to be in all instances selected from the chamber songs, with pianoforte accompaniment, so that everything shall be heard precisely as Beethoven himself bequeathed it to the art, and not through the medium of arrangements which are not Beethoven's. Two concerts have already been given in St. James's Hall, the second of which took place on Monday night. On each occasion the audience was enormously large—a sign that the plan is acceptable no less to regular subscribers than to the general public which does not patronize the aristocratic and fashionable stalls, but flocks to the orchestra, balconies, gallery, and shilling area.

At the first concert the instrumental pieces were as follows:—

Quartet in F, Op. 18, No. 1	...	...	...	...	...	...	Strings.
Sonata in E flat, Op. 7	...	...	...	...	...	...	Pianoforte alone.
Sonata in F, Op. 5, No. 1	...	...	...	...	...	...	Pianoforte and violoncello.
Quartet in G, Op. 18, No. 2	...	...	...	...	...	...	Strings.

The songs were the *Busslied*, known in English as "Penitence," and the romance of Goethe's Mignon—"Know'st thou the Land?" Thus it will be seen that in the instrumental part of the selections it is intended to advance, as far as may be practicable, by progressive stages—an excellent idea, inasmuch as it enables the audience to follow step by step the progress of a genius whose extraordinary development is one of the most interesting phenomena in art-history. Each of the four instrumental pieces—quartets and sonatas—has been frequently dwelt upon in these columns, and we may simply add that a more vigorous example of Beethoven's early period than the quartet in F, or a more graceful and spontaneous one than the quartet in G (both belonging to the set of six quartets dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz) could not be named; that the pianoforte sonata shows how soon the composer felt strong enough to think independently, and how abundant were his resources; and that the sonata for pianoforte and violoncello is the first of two composed in 1796, inscribed to Frederick William II., King of Prussia commencing with a phrase double the length of ordinary phrases, at a time when Beethoven himself had yet to show by so many striking examples how, with strict regard to melodic effect and beauty, the laws of rhythm might be extended. Both the songs, which have as frequently been commented upon as the quartets and sonatas, were written at a later period—the first (one of a set of six to poetry by Gellert) in 1803, the last (Goethe's) in 1810.

At the second concert (on Monday night) the instrumental pieces were as subjoined:—

Quartet in D, Op. 18, No. 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	Strings.
Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3	...	...	...	...	...	...	Pianoforte alone.
Trio in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1	...	...	...	...	...	...	Pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.
Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4	...	...	...	...	...	...	Strings.

The songs were the "Liederkreis," "Wonne der Wehmuth," and "Neue Liebe, neues Leben." Both quartets, belonging to the same early set of six, written when Beethoven—who, it may be observed, was by no means as precocious as Mozart, before, and Mendelssohn after him—had just attained his 30th year, are happily as well known to those who frequent the Monday Popular Concerts as the quartets in F and G just referred to. The one in D, said, on tolerably good authority, to have been really the first that was completed, if not the first that was projected, is perhaps the most melodious and graceful, as the one in C minor, which sets off with a phrase the very quintessence of Mozart, is in a great measure the most impassioned of them all. The *finale* of each, it should be said, stands apart from the rest. The trio, Beethoven's earliest public composition of importance—which Haydn is said to have preferred to the trio in C minor, Beethoven's own favourite—was the precursor of the quartets by eight or nine years. Well might high hopes be raised from such a beginning. The pianoforte sonata, composed in 1797-8, the finest, as well as the most original of the set of three, Op. 10, dedicated to the Countess Browne, though preceding the six quartets by three years, may be pronounced more boldly independent, from one end to the other, than any one of them, and contains an *adagio*, in the same key as the *adagio affettuoso appassionato* of the quartet in F, certainly equalling, if not excelling, that in pathetic expression. The songs at this concert were again of a later date—"Neue Liebe, neues Leben" ("Herz mein Herz"), to the text of Goethe, having been composed in 1810 "Wonne der Wehmuth," also one of three songs to Goethe's poetry, in 1811; and the *Liederkreis* ("An die ferne Geliebte"—a poem by Jeitteles) the most perfectly beautiful of all the vocal chamber compositions of Beethoven still later—in 1816. This last may be looked upon as six songs in one, telling a connected story, like the "*Schöne Müllerin*" of Schubert, though, happily, not too long to be sung, as it were, in a breath.

Two more varied or more interesting programmes, circumstances taken into consideration, could hardly have been devised. That the executive ability brought to bear upon the music would be fully equal to the task imposed, might have been taken for granted. In this particular the Monday Popular Concerts have never failed. They began well, in 1859, and have kept up to the same standard of excellence ever since. The quartet is now represented by Madame Norman-Neruda, who made so favourable an impression last year (first violin); Herr L. Ries, second violin ever since the concerts were first set on foot; Signor Zerbini, a thorough master of his instrument (viola); and Signor Piatti (violoncello). Mr. Charles Hallé, to name whom will suffice, was pianist at both concerts. Madame Neruda is playing now with the same irreproachable execution, pure style, and unaffected sentiment which last year won for her so many ardent admirers; and we may point especially to her reading of the slow movement of the quartet in D, as something wholly without blemish and beyond criticism. The violoncello of Signor Piatti—to praise whom would be superfluous, seeing that by unanimous consent he is admitted *facile princeps*—is as usual, of quite as much importance to the solidity of the quartet as the first violin itself. Both quartets on Monday night were received with enthusiastic applause, followed by calls for the performers. Mr. Hallé, who, perhaps, never played the Sonata in D, which he has so often played in public, with more finished accuracy, was similarly complimented, being twice called to the conclusion. The singer at the first concert was Mdlle. Clara Doria, who threw much expression into "Know'st thou the Land?" and, moreover, is evidently making progress. On Monday night the vocal music was intrusted to Herr Jules Stockhausen, who has now for years held, and held deservedly, the position of first bass-baritone in all Germany. The *Liederkreis* was doubtless written for a higher voice than that of Herr Stockhausen, and suffered in some degree by the inevitable transposition; but Herr Stockhausen gave more than one passage in it with such fervour of expression that he roused the feelings of his hearers just as much as though he had been singing the whole precisely as Beethoven himself conceived it. As much may be said of the other two songs—especially "Herz mein Herz," which could hardly have been delivered with more genuine feeling. In short the impression left by Herr Stockhausen upon the audience was that they had been listening to a true and earnest artist. At the first concert Mr. Benedict was the accompanist; on Monday night the duty devolved upon Signor Zerbini, who acquitted himself admirably in the *Liederkreis*, the pianoforte part of which is by no means easy. The entire concert passed off well; and the great majority of the audience remained for the last note of the quartet which brought it to an end.

At the third concert, on Monday next, we are promised the remaining two quartets of Op. 18 (Nos. 5 and 6); the Sonata with the "Funeral March," to be played by Madame Arabella Goddard; and the Sonata in A minor, Op. 23, with violin, intrusted to the same pianist and Madame Norman-Neruda, who have never before appeared in public together. Herr Stockhausen is again to be the singer.

Miss Minnie Hauck is singing with great applause at the Vienna Opera. The other day her name appeared on the programme of a concert given for the benefit of a free hospital, when she was received it is said, with "indescribable enthusiasm."

Martin for Westminster.

There should be a representative of music on the London School Board.

Mr. G. W. Martin is the only musical candidate.

Therefore Mr. G. W. Martin should be elected.

Plump for Martin.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph" Nov. 21.)

Commemorations at the Crystal Palace usually aim to be, like the building itself, vast and imposing; but the Beethoven Commemoration which has been going on for eight weeks, and will continue for some weeks to come, has a higher object in view. No happier thought could have occurred to the managers than that of observing the centenary of the great musician's birth by presenting in regular order his greatest orchestral and choral works. By such means the memory of Beethoven is best honoured, since by such means a due appreciation of his genius is best promoted. Happily for the public the resources of the Crystal Palace are equal to the demands of the most ambitious programme. The orchestra is generally acknowledged—with least reserve by those best able to judge—as of unique excellence, every member being a master of his instrument and his art; while in Mr. Manns it possesses a conductor who, tested by results, stands second to none. No wonder, then, that up to the present the Beethoven scheme has been worked out with eminent success, and to the satisfaction of an audience in all respects competent to judge of what is good. At the concerts previous to that of last Saturday, Beethoven was represented by one or more of the following works:—Symphonies I. to VI.; Pianoforte Concertos II., III., and IV., respectively played by Mr. Franklin Taylor, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and Mr. Charles Hallé; the Mass in C, the four overtures to *Fidelio*, that to *Prometheus* and the overture in C (Op. 124). This splendid group of masterpieces is evidence enough as to the fashion in which the Crystal Palace managers are acquitting themselves of their self-imposed and honourable task. It need hardly be said that the programmes have contained much besides the works just named, and not a little worthy of association with them. This, however, we must pass in favour of last Saturday's concert, which was distinguished by more than one feature of particular interest.

The programme—though excelled, perhaps, by that which contained the fifth symphony and the four overtures to *Fidelio*—was second to none other of its predecessors. It included only two of Beethoven's works, but these were the Symphony in A (No. 7), and the Pianoforte Concerto in E flat (No. 5), both compositions belonging to the noblest period of the master's career, and illustrating the finest development of his genius. After No. 5—undoubtedly the most popular of the "glorious Nine"—and the descriptive "Pastorale," the Seventh Symphony has the greatest hold upon general regard. Few connoisseurs will complain of this as an undue preference, because no other work, save those mentioned, combines in an equal degree Beethoven's striking individuality with a form of expression which is attractive and intelligible. Elsewhere we have an individuality more pronounced or less developed—in either case the happy balance so characteristic of the Seventh Symphony being disturbed. On no former occasion, perhaps, has this astonishing composition produced a greater effect than on Saturday. It was executed with a carefulness beyond all praise, not a point being lost, nor a single indication of the "score" being overlooked. Taking into account the efficiency of each performer, it may easily be imagined what a rich treat the audience enjoyed, and how enthusiastic was the expression of their thanks. The Concerto in E flat stands even higher among its class than the symphony in A. In this department of Beethoven's labour, every one must acknowledge the progressiveness which, in others, many honestly fail to see. The Fifth Concerto was the master's last, and by far his best. In reference to it we go all the way with the enthusiastic annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes, who says the work has "a mien and front like that of Juno," and who compares it with the Venus of Milo, or Milton's most tender and sorrowful Lycidas. Undoubtedly it may stand side by side with any human conception, whether goddess, statue, or poem, because equal to any in dignity and charm. The work was fortunate in its general rendering—most fortunate in having, as soloist, Madame Arabella Goddard. Our English pianist's reception, on making her first appearance for the season, was hearty; but the valediction of her audience, after she had held them entranced by a splendid performance, was enthusiastic. The reservation for Madame Goddard of the greatest among concertos needed no more complete justification than this, because the difficulties of the work are as well known as inability to meet them must always be obvious. To say that Madame Goddard played with unerring accuracy, and with a command over gradations of tone suggesting delicate machinery which *must* do its work, rather than fingers which *may* fail, is to state half the truth. There was evident throughout an intellectual grasp of the subject—and what a subject to grasp!—which lifted the performance into the highest class of artistic achievements, and stamped it as a great and noteworthy effort. In recalling Madame Goddard, amid unanimous applause, the audience discharged a duty owing to themselves not less than to the gifted performer. We must pass very briefly over the rest of the programme. The overtures to *Abu Hassan*, and *Alfonso*, and *Entrel'ac*, which respectively began and ended the concert, were well played; Mdlle. Leon Duval made a success in "Delfraggio" and Venzano's "Valse;" and Mr. Nordblom sang "Il mio tesoro" quite as effectively as he sang Meyerbeer's "Fisher Maiden."

ST. PETER.

(From the "Athenæum.")

I beg to enclose you three cheques, vouching for the amount, £75, paid by me to Mr. Chorley, which Mr. Chorley denies having received. I also enclose you two letters from the Birmingham Festival Committee; one requesting to know the subject of the Oratorio proposed to them by me, together with its title; the other acknowledging the receipt of the libretto *from me*. I have been accused of misrepresenting these transactions; but when Mr. Chorley has satisfied himself, by examination of the enclosed documents, that he has been under a misapprehension, I am led to presume that he will, as a gentleman, withdraw and apologise for the terms applied to me whose word has never until now been called in question, and who feels deeply pained to be obliged thus publicly to support its integrity.

I hereby solemnly declare that the original agreement with Mr. Chorley was, that £50 should be paid for his entire work, and that the surplus £25, which I paid him by cheque on the 20th of January last, which he accepted, and sent in his own name for the Birmingham Hospital (though, in his letter, as we have been informed, he declared he would send it "anonymously") was entirely on account; on my part, the fact of my having already paid him the second instalment of £25 having escaped my memory. I will give Mr. Chorley the credit of believing that the fact had escaped *his* memory as well as *mine*; and this, notwithstanding the tone of his letter to the *Athenæum* of November 12, in which he dares, in reference to me, to use the word "contempt."

Were this not a case in which my honour is concerned, I should not have troubled you again in a matter which has already unduly occupied your valuable space, more especially since Mr. Chorley has not refuted one single statement in the letter which you did me the favour to publish on October 29; but, under the circumstances, I must demand of you, as an act of justice, to allow me to set myself right in the estimation of your readers; and as I have documents to establish the truth of every word I have advanced, I appeal to your known impartiality to publish this letter in your next issue. After this, I shall not trouble you again; for should Mr. Chorley proceed further in the matter, I would seek for redress elsewhere. JULES BENEDICT.

2, *Manchester Square, Nov.* 15, 1870.

[We cannot publish any more letters on this question; but, in justice to Mr. Chorley, we must state that the earliest of the three cheques forwarded to us by Mr. Benedict is drawn in favour of Mr. Chorley or bearer, and is not endorsed by Mr. Chorley; it bears the date of April 23, 1868.—*Athenæum.*]

SZEGSZARD.—The Abbate Franz Liszt's birth-day has just been celebrated with a great deal of enthusiasm. On the evening previous to the eventful day, the citizens, with some eighty or a hundred fancy lanterns, gave the *maestro* a serenade, when Herr Franz Schüner made a speech, in which he stated that the warmest wish of the ten thousand inhabitants forming the population of the town was that Liszt would for the future remain permanently in his native country. The Abbate, with great emotion, thanked the crowd from his window, and then hurried to the piano in order, as he said, to contribute something personal to the proceedings. The piece selected for the purpose was Mosonyi's "Festklange," which the Abbate played with his pupil, Sipos. During the performance the market place was illuminated with red, white, and green Bengal fire. There was afterwards a concert, followed by a banquet, in the "Grosses Gasthaus." Herr Remenyi played pieces by Chopin and Abranyi, as likewise his own "Republikeském"; Sipos chose Liszt's "Rhapsodies"; and the Countess Jemima, the Transcription from *Lohengrin*. One hundred and twenty persons sat down to table. The chairman, in proposing the first toast, said that, *more patria*, he raised his glass to the King, but this time to the king of music. This toast received with enthusiastic "eljen," was followed by many more, the congratulatory telegrams sent from all quarters being read aloud between the toasts. The banquet was followed by a ball. On the next day Baron Augusz gave a grand dinner party. On the table before each guest was a copy of an ode written by Dr. Ludwig Gajasy, "To Liszt." On this occasion the Abbate himself proposed the first toast, by drinking to his friends and native land.

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THE *PRODIGAL SON* AT GLASGOW.

(Abridged from the "Glasgow Herald," Nov. 17th.)

The enthusiastic greeting awarded to Mr. Sullivan, by an audience crowding the City Hall in every part, must have assured him that his name is well known and his compositions appreciated in Glasgow. Mr. Sullivan deserved the reception, and, although that reception must be in great part attributed to the *prestige* derived from the works he has already written, we feel satisfied it was intended in part as earnest of what he is yet to produce. It is matter of regret that one so gifted does not give us more. May we suggest to him an oratorio for our Choral Union, of whose singing we understand he has expressed himself in terms of admiration. Were he to undertake such a task, he might depend upon an enthusiastic study and a splendid performance.

Those who heard the above-mentioned performance of the *Prodigal Son* and had also the good fortune to be present last evening, when the oratorio was produced in Glasgow for the first time with orchestral accompaniments, must have felt how great an additional charm these accompaniments gave. Indeed, in no point does Mr. Sullivan shew greater strength than in his instrumentation. The music of this work stands the test of frequent repetition; it, therefore, is worthy a place in the catalogue of good and noble music, and its author is entitled to take his position in the foremost rank of composers.

The solo vocalists last night were Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Stockhausen. Miss Wynne interpreted the music allotted to her with much grace and intelligence. Her singing of "O that then had'st hearkened," was marked by refined sentiment and feeling, and produced a deep impression. Mdlle. Drasdil was not less successful; indeed, her rendering of "Love not the world" was one of the features of the performance.

The chief part of the work, however, so far as solos are concerned, fell to Mr. Reeves; and, notwithstanding the apology made for him on account of his hoarseness, we can scarcely speak in too high terms of the manner in which he acquitted himself. The tenor music was written for him, and only when sung by him are its beauties fully revealed. In the solo with chorus, "Let us eat and drink," Mr. Reeves created a great impression by his manner of declaiming the command, "Fetch wine, and we will fill ourselves with strong drink." He entered fully into the spirit of the wild and glorious movement, and so identified himself with the situation, that one felt that he at least was determined for the moment to banish any thought of the bitter ending, "To-morrow we die." Perhaps the feature of the evening was Mr. Reeves' "I will arise." In this the composer has produced a page of sacred music most exalted and pure. It is extremely simple; indeed, in its simplicity lies its attraction. By a few touches Mr. Sullivan has illustrated a highly religious sentiment in a manner seldom equalled. The *scena* is exactly suited to Mr. Reeves' exceptional powers. It was, in truth, the repentent outpouring of "a broken heart and a contrite spirit."

Herr Stockhausen was entitled to claim indulgence, on account of its being his first appearance in English oratorio. Happily, he did not require any. He was thoroughly successful. "My son, attend to my words," was sung with the true devotional expression. In the duet, "And he arose," he shared the honours with Mr. Reeves; whilst in the quartet his firm tones were of the greatest service.

The chorus was in splendid force, inspired by the presence of the composer. From first to last it was as near perfection as one could imagine. "O that men would praise the Lord," was remarkable for earnest, careful interpretation; and the skill and energy displayed in this and other numbers were such as amply to atone for occasional unsteadiness.

If the German orchestra was not as perfect as we were led to expect—its principal fault being a tendency to coarseness, indulgence must be extended.

We were glad to have another opportunity of hearing Mr. Lambeth's cantata, "By the waters of Babylon" is now established as a favourite in Glasgow. Repeated performances in no way detract from the pleasure derived in listening to this composition. Last evening's splendid performance was due to the talent and good-will of all concerned; soloists, chorus, and orchestra, used their best endeavours to give a proper interpretation of our townsman's beautiful setting of a psalm so well suited to music. Mr. Lambeth must feel gratified at the renewed success of his cantata, and that amongst the good things contained in the programme it held such an important position. The solos were sung by Misses Wynne and Drasdil, Mr. Wallace, and Herr Stockhausen.

It is matter of regret that care was not taken in Edinburgh to forward the band-parts of Mr. Sullivan's overture, *In Memoriam*; its omission was a great disappointment to Mr. Sullivan's friends. The pleasure, we hope, is only postponed. Mr. Charles Ferguson presided efficiently at the organ, and Mr. Sullivan conducted several of the numbers in the second part, at the request of Mr. Lambeth.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At Mr. Aguilar's performance last week, a large audience listened with attention to the following programme:—

Overture in C, Arethuse (Melody), Wayes (Caprice Etude)—Aguilar; Funeral March (Chopin); L'Invitation pour la Valse (Weber), Miss Grace Aguilar; La Perveneche (Gounod); Etude (Inbinstein); Sonata quasi, Fantasia in C sharp minor, the Moonlight—Beethoven; *Lieder ohne Worte* (Mendelssohn); Fantasia on *Moni in Egitto* (Thalberg), Miss Grace Aguilar; Idyll, Romanza (Aguilar); Dream Dance (Aguilar); War March, piano duet (Aguilar.)

The Matfair Choral Society gave an evening concert on Friday last, the 18th inst., conducted by W. Williams, Esq. The Society mustered in large force, and sang with good spirit. The first part contained choruses from *Samson*, *Messiah* and *Judas*; and Mr. Bishenden sang "Thus saith the Lord," "But who may abide," and "Arm, arm, ye brave," in his well-known style, accompanied by a large and efficient band, led by Mr. Gaskin. The second part contained Birch's operetta, *Robin Hood*; Mr. C. J. Bishenden taking the part of Little John; Mr. Phillbey, Robin Hood; and Miss Harrison, Maid Marian. The principal vocalists gave great satisfaction to a numerous audience, several of the solos in the operetta being encored.

Monthly Popular Concerts.—The second of Mr. Ridley Prentice's admirably conducted Chamber Concerts took place last week, and attracted nearly as numerous an audience as its predecessor. The idea of giving a series of local musical performances of a purely classical nature is bold; and, in carrying it into effect with energy and fidelity, Mr. Prentice deserves the hearty support of lovers of high classic music, who will be gratified to know that the experiment has so far succeeded. The programme was made up of Mozart's Trio in E flat (No. 7), for pianoforte, clarionet, and viola; Weber's *Duo Concertante*, in the same key, for pianoforte and clarionet; Mozart's Fantasia and Fugue in C, for piano; and Beethoven's Quintet in E flat (Op. 16), for pianoforte, clarionet, oboe, horn, and bassoon. With the exception, in the interpretation of these pieces, were associated Messrs. Lazarus, Barnett, Barrett, Hutchins, and C. Harper—the mention of whose names makes it superfluous to say that the performances were in all respects admirable. The songs were entrusted to Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Hall, the former of whom received a warm encore in "Ben e Ridicolo," the latter a like compliment in Gounod's "Ave Maria." The concert, from beginning to end was an undeniable success, and gave thorough satisfaction. In commemoration of the Beethoven Centenary, the programme of the next concert, in December, will be made up from the works of that great master.—W. H. I'.

GAIETY THEATRE.

Herold's *Zampa* was abandoned on Saturday last for Charles Dibdin's popular ballad opera, *The Waterman*, which, with Mr. Santley as Tom Tug, here becomes endowed with fresh attractions. The charming simplicity of the story presents a marked contrast to the wild plot of the lyrical drama it has displaced. *The Waterman*, with the elder Bannister as the gallant hero of the "First of August," was brought out at the Haymarket as far back as the summer of 1774; but though nearly a century has elapsed since the date of its production, the piece needs no modification to suit the changed condition of society. The smoothly-written songs are models of versification in their way. The dramatic force and simple pathos thrown by Mr. Santley into "The Jolly Young Waterman," and "Farewell, my trim-built Wherry," could hardly have been exceeded by any of his predecessors. David Garrick's stirring effusion of "Hearts of Oak" is introduced with excellent effect, and a verse of "Rule, Britannia" at the end further enables the audience to demonstrate their entire sympathy with the patriotic energy of the vocalist. The delight of a crowded house was manifested with enthusiasm, and Mr. Santley was enforced to repeat almost every song.

Music.—Mdlle. Shefsky, who has been engaged at the especial desire of the King, made her first appearance here, as Fricx, in Herr Wagner's *Walkure*. She possesses considerable talent as an actress, but her voice is somewhat of a nondescript kind. It is too low for a high soprano; too circumscribed in compass for a mezzo-soprano; and too high for a contralto. During the performance the King sent her a splendid bouquet, and the assurance of his complete satisfaction with her efforts. Mendelssohn's *Erste Walpurgismacht* has not proved a success in the form of a stage piece, despite the magnificence of the *mise-en-scena*. It is the almost unanimous opinion that this work, intended only for the concert-room, will always fail to produce anything like its legitimate effect behind the foot-lights.

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SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 10th, 1870.

To commence at Three o'Clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS—Herr STOCKHAUSEN.

SONATA, in G major, Op. 29, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS—Herr STOCKHAUSEN.

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—

1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28; MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.

1871. MONDAY, January 9; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.

Morning Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 28, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

The present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to make the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF THIRD CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A major, Op. 18, No. 5, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Andenken" } Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. .. *Beethoven.*
{ "Adelaide" }

SONATA, in A flat, Op. 26, containing the "Funeral March," for Pianoforte alone—Mdme. ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in A minor, Op. 23, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Sunset" } Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. .. .. *Beethoven.*
{ "Oh! sweet were the hours" }

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Olliviér, 19, Old Bond Street; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. O. (EDINBURGH.)—Next week.

DR. BULL.—It was a homœopathic doctor who attended Malibran at Manchester. He was sent for from London; but, unfortunately, to no purpose.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1870.

BEETHOVENIANA.—No. IX.*

THE arguments already drawn from the sketches are corroborated in other quarters. In the *Journal des Luxus und der Moden* of January, 1808, is the following communication from Vienna:—"I have much pleasure in informing you that Beethoven has just finished a Mass, which is to be executed at Prince Esterhazy's on the Festival of the Virgin. *Fidelio* will very shortly be brought out in Prague, with a new Overture. The Fourth Symphony is in the press," &c., &c. The Mass referred to is that in C, Opus 86, which was sung for the first time at Eisenstadt on the 13th of September, 1807; but which was not quite completed in the preceding July, as may be seen from the letters communicated by Mr. Pohl to the *Grenzboten*, 1868, No. 46. It follows, therefore, that the letter just quoted must have been written between July and the beginning of September. That by the "new Overture" is meant that in C major "Opus 138," is evident from the following considerations. Seyfried, in the appendix to his book of *Beethoven Studies*, published in 1832, after speaking of the success of *Fidelio* in 1806, says—"For the Prague Theatre Beethoven wrote a new and less difficult Overture, which Haslinger purchased at the auction, and will probably publish before long"—to which remark Haslinger adds—"The Overture is already engraved in score and parts, and will be published in the course of this year (1832) in various arrangements.

The story is now perfectly clear. The German opera in Prague was to have opened in the beginning of May, with *Fidelio* (or *Leonora*), for which Beethoven was to write a short and easy Overture, in place of the long and difficult one with which his opera had been given in Vienna the year before; and it is this Overture that was published as Opus 138. Being thus composed in the year 1807, it is not the first but the third of the *Leonora* overtures; and that hitherto known as No. 2 (1805) is the first, and No. 3 (1806) the second. The fourth in E major remains in its old position, although, as we shall presently see, it was nearly being No. 5.

It is difficult to understand how Haslinger, being aware, as he was, of Seyfried's statement, should, on the title page of his edition have named 1805 as the year of the composition of the Overture. One way, however, there is of accounting for this. At the time the Overture was printed only two overtures to *Leonora* were known. Thus in the Vienna *Allgemeine musikalische Anzeiger* of March 17th, 1831 (Haslinger's own publication) we read—"At the third Concert Spirituel, on the 10th inst., Beethoven's rarely-performed overture to *Leonora* (afterwards called *Fidelio*) was played. Beethoven is known to have superseded this work by another, as being too long for dramatic effect, and too hard for an ordinary orchestra." The Vienna *Theaterzeitung* for 1831 speaks at page 135 of the same concert, and praises the execution of the concluding *presto* of the overture—"a piece in which it is hard indeed to make the violins go well," &c. The *Allgemeine musik. Anzeiger* of April 21st, 1831, says—"We have reason to believe that at the approaching performance of *Fidelio* at the Court Theatre the two Overtures will be given alternately;" and on the 12th of April, 1832, "at the performance of *Fidelio* for Madame Fischer-Achten's benefit —the Overture was that originally composed for the opera, but afterwards laid aside on account of its immense difficulty." There can be no doubt that the two Overtures mentioned in these extracts are the great one in C major of 1806, and the 4th in E major of 1814. Now it must have been known that Beethoven wrote more than two *Leonora* overtures, and that the opera was produced in 1805 with a different

* From the German of Herr Nottebohm.

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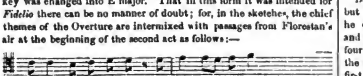
overture to that played at its reappearance in 1805. But still, at that time, very little can have been known of the 1805 overture (the actual first), beyond its bare existence, or indeed until its performance at Leipsic in 1840 and its publication in 1842 as "No. 2." And as the occurrence of the passage from Florestan's air in the overture Opus 138 fixed it as one of the *Leonora* overtures, so the assumption was easy that it was the 1805 one, and in this way the addition of that date to the title of Haslinger's edition may be explained.

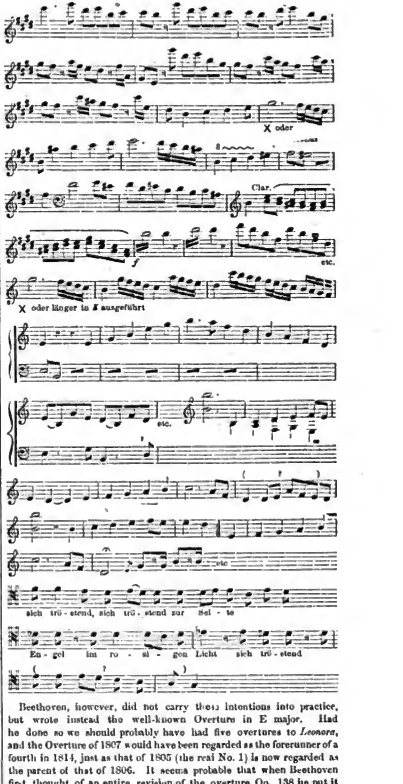
Of the existence of the Prague overture Schindler had no knowledge; he has assumed Haslinger's date as correct, and, as far as I know, he was the first to arrange the four overtures in the chronological order in which they are at present generally accepted; but it must not be overlooked that neither he nor Haslinger has given us anything in confirmation of the assumed date of Opus 138, and all efforts have hitherto proved unavailing to discover its source, or to find any authority which should in any way corroborate its accuracy. In fact the date is one which never has been, nor can be sustained, and which rests entirely upon itself.

Schindler's farther statement has anything but a probable sound. His words (i. 127, ii. 42 and 43) are as follows:—"The Overture was hardly finished before Beethoven's confidence began to be shaken in it. His friends were of the same opinion. A rehearsal with a small orchestra was arranged at Prince Lichnowsky's, at which the work, as a whole, was found unsuitable for a prelude to the opera. Neither in ideas, style, or character, did it suit the taste of the tribunal, and it was therefore laid aside." One cannot resist asking who it was that constituted this musical tribunal to which Beethoven submitted himself; and, indeed, who ever heard of his submitting himself to such judgment. The utmost that can be true in the whole history is that the Overture was rehearsed at Prince Lichnowsky's, and that Beethoven himself discovered imperfections in it and decided on altering them; and this falls in with other considerations which shall now be mentioned, and which it is hardly necessary to say will (like the foregoing) be in direct opposition to Schindler's statements.

In the MS. copy of the Overture mentioned at the outset of these remarks, there are many alterations in Beethoven's hand, made at a later date, probably in the year 1814, when he undertook the final revision of his opera. Some of these alterations are only indicated, and not thoroughly carried out, and in every case the original reading is legible. The appearance of the MS. shows conclusively that it cannot have been a copy made for the press or considered as complete for publication, a fact directly at variance with Schindler's assertion (ii. 42), that Beethoven in the year 1833 was meditating the immediate publication of the Overture "Op. 138," which had been in the hands of Steiner & Co. for several years—an assertion which is as incorrect as another of his statements (i. 127), that the firm of Steiner & Co. had already (that is to say, in 1805) acquired the copyright of the Overture, Steiner's firm not having come into existence until the year 1815. But to proceed. Some of the alterations can be read in two ways, and therefore would only puzzle the engraver and lead to mistakes in the publication. In the editions of Haslinger and Breitkopf all the intelligible and available alterations have been included.*

But this was not all. When he was preparing the opera for its third appearance, in 1814, he took the Overture in hand and entirely remodelled it. The principal themes were retained, but the key was changed into E major. That in this form it was intended for *Fidelio* there can be no manner of doubt; for, in the sketches, the chief themes of the Overture are intermixed with passages from Florestan's air at the beginning of the second act as follows:—



* It may be interesting here to draw attention to the principal of these corrections in the Introduction, bars 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, which Beethoven has altered and shortened by a whole bar.

X oder
Clar.
etc.
X oder länger in E ausgeführt
etc.
sich trö - stend, sich trö - stend zur Hei - te
En - gel im ro - si - gen Licht sich trö - stend

Beethoven, however, did not carry these intentions into practice, but wrote instead the well-known Overture in E major. Had he done so we should probably have had five overtures to *Leonora*, and the Overture of 1807 would have been regarded as the forerunner of a fourth in 1814, just as that of 1805 (the real No. 1) is now regarded as the parent of that of 1806. It seems probable that when Beethoven first thought of an entire revision of the overture Op. 138 he put it before him in its original form and key, made a few alterations, and added the title "Characteristic Overture." The question now remains. If, according to the ordinary belief, the Overture Op. 138 was composed in 1805 and was the actual first of the *Leonora* overtures, is it explicable, is it possible to believe that, at the final revision of his opera, in the year 1814, he should have gone back to a work from which he was separated by so enormous a gap as the two great Overtures in C major?

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In Mr. R. Reece's burlesqued *Stranger*, at the Royalty, two actors, not very familiar to the London public, become conspicuous—namely, Mr. A. Bishop, who represents the enamoured Baron Steinfort with a comic extravagance of gesture that reminds one of Mr. Dewar; and Mr. A. Wood, who, with grim humour, plays the Stranger himself. Why that unhappy misanthrope is dressed up into the semblance of a well-known statesman we do not conceive; but we suppose that all is right in burlesques. Mrs. Reece's treatment of the most noted of fair penitents rises far above the level of ordinary burlesque, and though she has to execute those choreographic accessories which belong to grotesque drama, she imparts to the character something like the spirit of genuine comedy. Dressed with the most scrupulous neatness, and usually retiring in her manner, the travestied Mrs. Haller is a coquette as well as a prude, not at all displeased at the impression she has made on Baron Steinfort, and not seriously terrified by the Stranger. She is, in fact, a sly hypocrite, wearing a mask that every moment is on the point of dropping off; and her novels attribute, unknown to Kotzebue, are indicated with extreme delicacy and much playful humour by Miss Hodson. Necessarily there are situations in the burlesque where the delineation of character ceases, and Mrs. Haller, like the other personages, becomes merely a singing, dancing figure; but even amid the wildest outbreaks of grotesque absurdity the young directress shows a disposition to tone down the caricature she embodies.

Musical criticism in the United States seems to demand manifold qualifications. At all events it embraces considerable knowledge of millinery and dressmaking, as well as facility in pen-and-ink-sketching. Here is Mdlle. Nilsson as she stood on the Boston platform:—

"The Swedish artist is a truly beautiful woman; a blonde, fair as a lily, elegant and dignified in every movement and of a charming presence. Her pure, open features are familiar to us from her portraits; which, however, do not do justice to the intellectual expression of her features. She was exquisitely dressed in a rich white silk, made with a corset train. The front of the under-skirt was trimmed with a deep flounce, with a puffing at the head. The train was similarly ornamented. The overskirt was very long, and was much looped at each of the front and side breadths. The back reached nearly to the top of the trimmings on the underskirt. A puffing of *tulle* passed completely around the over-skirt, edged with deep point lace. Down each side of the skirt extended long wreaths of convolvulus flowers and leaves. The body was cut low, and folds of *tulle* were put around *berthe* fashion, round the neck, with a bunch of convolvulus on the left shoulder. An elegant necklace was festooned around the throat, from which drooped pendants of diamonds and pearls. The hair was carelessly dressed in loose bands and curls, and a group of the same flowers that ornamented the dress drooped over the left shoulder, and was fastened to the hair by an elegant diamond cluster. Diamonds glistened from the ears, and the arms were clasped by heavy gold bracelets. As Nilsson stood before the audience, she seemed a beautiful model of simple purity, in exquisite harmony with the liquid melody of her voice. She looked as she sang, and in each was delightful."

Judging from a criticism in the *Glasgow Herald*, the German orchestra recently imported by the great Scotch town is proving itself of the cheap and nasty sort. We are glad of it, and trust the nastiness may become still more evident. Meanwhile the deposed English artists, and others, will rejoice over the following wail from the North:—

"The German orchestra was not quite so success-ful last evening. It seemed as if its members were, so to speak, travelling through unknown regions. The woods, on the whole, are very good, the first flute exceptionally so; the clarionets and bassoons are quite satisfactory, whilst the brasses, more especially the trombone, are unusually fine. Unfortunately the horn players are using instruments with valves—an innovation which Berlioz, one of the greatest conductors who ever lived, peremptorily refused to admit into his orchestra, as it is simply impossible to get from them true emphasis or accent. It is more unfortunate still, however, that the strings are the weakest point in this band. There is a great want of sonority and resonance amongst them principally caused by the inferior class of violins used. Indeed the inferiority of all the instruments tells powerfully against the capabilities of the performers—as, for example, in the case of the flute above referred to, which is very deficient in tone compared with what we usually hear in this country."

It is reported that Herr Joseph Joachim intends resigning his position as director of the Royal High School of Music at Berlin. So much the worse for the Royal High School, if the report be true.

Quid Teh?—The *New York Herald*, in speaking of Miss Annie Cary's appearance at the Nilsson Concerts, says:—

"This lady has greatly improved by her absence, not only in the culture of her voice, but in her personal appearance. As she came on the stage last evening amid a storm of applause, she wore a simple and stylish dress, but one extremely tasteful and becoming. The simplicity of her toilet added another charm to the many which she possesses."

We have omitted an elaborate description of Miss Cary's dress, but we call the attention of Mr. Punch to what remains (the *immediate* attention).

NILSSON.

Another American Criticism.

The concert was in every respect a brilliant success. Expectation was now wrought to its highest pitch. No. 4 upon the programme was to introduce the great star of the evening. Her entrance from the ante-room to the platform was the occasion of a most hearty and enthusiastic and prolonged welcome. Every eye was eager to scan the songstress who had won the most pronounced honours, both in Europe and America. On walked a tall, graceful, slender woman, with sunny face and angelic countenance, self-possessed, and yet as modest as modesty could be. Winning all eyes and hearts by her simplicity and naturalness. The Swedish syren of song was here. She gazed upon the audience diffidently, and soon broke forth in Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair." This composition, itself a gem of melody, but of a severely classical style, was given in a manner that held the breath of all listeners. The pure, limpid, liquid-like voice compassed the measures of Handel in a manner that was beautiful in the extreme. In point of mere execution it may have been equalled on the same platform, but we question if, on the whole, it was ever waved forth with so delicious a vocal richness. Nilsson's voice, we may here state, is a true soprano sfogato, clear as the mountain stream and as bright as the morning light. Its sympathetic quality was especially manifest in this performance, but its golden affluence was left for a later effort in the evening. She was greeted with general and prolonged applause; and on returning to repeat the aria was presented with a basket of exquisite flowers, followed by a huge pyramid of the same, which was placed upon a table where it remained during the evening. Bignonli then sung "M' lasperi, which he makes all his own. It always greets the ear like a sweet benediction, and it was never better than now. The first part of the programme closed with the scena e rondo from *Lucia*, by Nilsson. In this performance she displayed a more elaborate execution and a finer technic than in the severe composition of Handel. In it the perfect purity of her voice, its evenness and freedom from flaw, its absolute smoothness, were more demonstrated. The performance elicited the utmost enthusiasm, and Nilsson retired with a capitulated audience at her willing feet. Next came the real triumph of the evening—the caratina, "Ah fors 'a lui," by Nilsson. We have already recorded her triumph with the trying Handel. With the brilliant Verdi she was brilliant indeed. In this she fairly revelled in song; in this she uttered her divine art in no uncertain sounds; in this she established her claim to the high empyrean of song. Her executive faculties were exhibited in marvellous light; but this was not the charm of the performance. It was in the quality of positive sweetness—nectarian melody as it were—that won upon the ear. The range of her voice was here displayed to a remarkable degree, sweeping with ease, fulness and celerity from the lowest to the highest notes. Its flexibility, power, smoothness and culture were simply enchanting. She united the brilliancy of Carlotta Patti and Lagrange, with the mellowness and musical beauty of Parepa, and every note was withal so fresh and pure, that it fell upon the ear like a spray of diamonds. It was quite natural, if not, inevitable, that this gem of vocal oratory should inspire the audience with delight, and this sentiment broke out so emphatically, as to recall her twice to the platform. At the first she sang a Swedish ballad, novel in construction, but deliciously tender and sweet; and at the second, the English ballad, "Old Folks at Home," which she gave with equal idiomatic and vocal purity. Nilsson retired from the platform with full four thousand hands echoing their gladsome tidings from walls to ceiling. Her triumph was very complete. As an artist and a woman, she had the audience in her own way. Gifted by nature to a very rare extent; cultivated carefully and conscientiously; with a temperament and intellect which makes her the medium and exponent of the divine art of song, it is no wonder that in Boston, which judges and appreciates merit at its value, she has made her golden work. *Fest*, *rich*, *rare*. The Star of the North shines with a lustre that is no less real than beautiful. The secret of the charm is in the supremity of the artist and the loveliness of the woman. These united, explain why it is that the public everywhere hasten to pay their homage. Genius is never so omnipotent as when embodied in beauty, goodness, modesty, and nature. Nilsson is its embodiment. Let us be thankful that she speaks so lovingly to her kind.

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PROVINCIAL.

York.—A correspondent writes thus:—

"The York Choral Union gave, on Thursday evening, the 10th inst., a most successful performance of Mr. Joseph Barnby's cantata, *Rebekah*. The high reputation this work has already gained, coupled with the fact that Mr. Barnby is a native of this city, caused a more than usual interest to be felt in the concert. The solo artists were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Messrs Cumming and Maybrick. The applause was enthusiastic, and Mr. Barnby, who acted as conductor of his work, frequently bowed his acknowledgments to the auditory. The second part of the concert was of a miscellaneous character, the principal feature being the excellent part-singing of the vocal members of the society, conducted by Mr. R. Burton of Leeds. The concert was a lengthy one, owing to several pieces being re-demanded."

Brighton.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"Fraulein Mehlhorn's *matinée musicale* took place at the Pavilion, when she was assisted by Mdlle. Mithonowska, Mr. Lazarus, Herren Sjoden, Hammer, Lassere, and Van Eyken. Signor Li alli conducted.—Mr. Bellew has given the last of his series of 'Readings' in the Dome Assembly Rooms, which were crowded on the occasion, although no inconvenience was felt, owing to the capital 'seating arrangements,' which were entrusted to Messrs. Lyon and Hall of Warwick Mansion. Mr. Thorne (late organist of Chichester Cathedral) has given a pianoforte recital at the Pavilion, assisted by Miss Goode as vocalist. Herr Sjoden's morning concert is announced for next week, and many other musical arrangements are on the *tapis*."

Malvern.—The *Malvern News* says:—

"On Saturday the Royal Tyrolese Singers gave a morning concert at Mr. W. Haynes's Concert-room, and an evening concert on Monday, both of which were largely attended. The singers appeared in their national costume, and sang their most popular songs, duets, quartets, &c., with brilliant illustrations of the jodl music and mountain echoes. The tenor singing of Herr Meickl, and the solo performance on the zither by Professor Carl Fntig, deserve particular commendation. The performance altogether were thoroughly appreciated.—The first concert of the Philharmonic Society came off in the Concert-hall on Monday evening, under the conductorship of the Rev. A. Sewell.

Dublin.—In the *Irish Times*, of November 21, we read:—

"At the concert (last of the series), on Saturday, by the Misses Glover, under the patronage of the Countess Spencer, the following was the programme:—Selections from Professor Glover's Cantata, *Tara*—Herold's 'Marie;' Ballet Music; Benedict and Choral Dance; Solo, harp, Irish airs, Alvars; Duet, 'As it fell upon a day,' Bishop; Scena, 'David before Saul,' Bordesi; Ballad, 'The Pet Linnet,' J. W. Glover; Trio, 'La mia Dorabella,' Mozart. Part second—Solo piano, Concerto in E flat, Beethoven; Aria Marli, Gounod; Duet, harp and pianoforte, 'Erin,' E. Glover; Ballad, 'The Matin Bell,' J. W. Glover; Glee, 'The Bells of St. Michael's,' Knyvett; Galop, 'Skedaddle,' J. W. Glover."

Lewes.—We read in the *Sussex Express*:—

"On Thur day, November 17th, Mrs. John Macfarren, the celebrated pianist, assisted by Miss Annie Sinclair and Miss Lucie Hann, gave a musical entertainment at the New Lecture Hall. The performance of Mrs. Macfarren was of her usual brilliant character. The singing of the other ladies was of a high order, and the evening's entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed."

Chatham.—The *Chatham News* says, with reference to Mrs. John Macfarren's concert:—

"On Tuesday, November 15th, the members of the Institute enjoyed one of the best concerts ever placed before them. It was simply delightful, from beginning to end. The vocalists were Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Lucie Hann, and Signor Bellini; the pianiste was Mrs. Macfarren, whose rendering of the minuet and rondo from Beethoven's *Pastoral Sonata* was a real treat. Miss Annie Sinclair gave the *scena*, 'Softly Sighs,' with equal skill and sweetness, and won an encore. Miss Lucie Hann's 'Way was I looking out?' was also deservedly repeated. Signor Bellini was encored in an *aria buffa*. The concert went off well, and must long linger in the memories of those who had the privilege to hear it."

Glasgow.—Mr. Sims Reeves took part in a recent performance of the *Messiah* at the City Hall, and his singing is thus commented on by the *Star*:—

"The slight hoarseness under which Mr. Reeves laboured on Wednesday appeared to have altogether vanished last night, for we have never heard him sing with greater sweetness or with more refined and perfect finish. His rendering of the recitative, 'Comfort ye' was touching and powerful at the same time. There is no composition extant with which the great tenor's fame and name is so closely identified as the *Messiah*. As an interpreter of Handel's music in general he has never been equalled; but in the *Messiah* he is peculiarly at home, and, therefore, it is not surprising that one who is at all times, under what conditions soever he may be placed, incomparably above all his contemporaries, should have carried off the lion's share of the honours last evening. The breath of the audience was held in suspense while the singer essayed his wonderfully dignified and pathetic rendition of the soul-stirring numbers with which he was entrusted, and it is no small compliment to the other vocalists to say that they were listened to with something more than patience afterwards."

REVIEWS.

The King William March, introducing "I'm a Prussian." Composed by Alfred F. Mullen. [London: J. Williams.]

We have nothing to say for this result of the war; and even King William himself would scarcely take it as a success.

The Lord of Lorne Lancers. By Dan Godfrey. [London: Chappell & Co.]

A very easy arrangement of certain well-known Scottish tunes; the first being, appropriately enough, "Argyle is my name," the last (Mr. Dan Godfrey must be a wag), "The Campbells are coming." A portrait of the lucky North Briton, after whom the set is called, adorns the title-page, together with certain heraldic and emblematic devices of interest in connection with the forthcoming alliance.

Gavotte en Re: Extraits des Sonatas de Violoncello (6ème Suite), de John Sebastian Bach. Transcrite pour piano, par D. Brocca. [London: W. Czerny.]

A charmingly quaint piece of music is here rescued from the oblivion of Bach's violoncello sonatas and made generally accessible. The arrangement has been dictated by the true spirit of the theme, and few, we imagine, who have any taste for the now antiquated style of such works will be other than delighted with it. As a contributor to their store of favourite pieces, Mr. Brocca deserves the thanks of all who love the works of the older masters.

Sweet Birdie, Mine. Song, written and composed by Alfred B. Allen. [London: Rooney & Co.]

The words of this song are above the average in point of merit, especially as, while sentimental enough, they keep clear of all nonsense lying outside the bounds of poetic licence. Mr. Allen is not less good as a composer than as a verse maker. His melody possesses character and distinctiveness, while his accompaniments show unobtrusive good taste. The song before us (in A flat major) is adapted for a soprano or tenor voice, and may, for the reasons above stated, claim a share of attention during the coming season.

She Sang to her Harp. Song, written and composed by Alfred B. Allen. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A lady sitting on a tomb in an old abbey chanting dirges over her lost love, to the accompaniment of a harp, dying at her post, and being buried with the instrument upon her breast, does not present a very cheerful picture. Mr. Allen, however, goes a great way to recommend it by the appropriateness of his music. In this song the accompaniment is an important feature, and requires to be carefully dealt with. When so treated, both the significance and effect of the work are materially enhanced. Key, A flat major; voice, soprano or tenor.

Les Etincelles. Valse Brillante pour Piano, par Berthold Tours. [Londres: W. Czerny.]

There are several features in this valse which remove it out of the common order. Its construction shows not wilfully unsuccessful efforts to attain an originality which the form of such a work renders difficult. The themes are pleasing and graceful, and their handling is effective.

Gemma is: Paraphrase on "The Watch on the Rhine" and "Martin Luther's Hymn," for the Pianoforte. By Berthold Tours. [London: W. Czerny.]

"Strange ones among the prophets," and it is not more surprising to find Mr. Berthold Tours among the paraphrasers. Even less to be wondered at is the fact that he does his paraphrasing well; though, at first sight, there seems little connection between "The Rhine Watch" and "Martin Luther's Hymn." The latter, however, is not the chorale, usually known by the great Reformer's name, but the one commonly sung to a paraphrase of "God is our refuge and strength," and introduced by Mendelssohn into his *Reformation* Symphony, as well as by Meyerbeer into *Les Huguenots*. The connection of sacred and secular themes has an odd effect which would, doubtless, meet the approval of his Prussian Majesty, after the pattern of whose telegraphic despatches it seems to have been concocted. The piece, though showy and effective, is not difficult.

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Triumphal March for the Pianoforte. Composed by T. M. Mudie. [London: Cramer & Co.]

Triumphs naturally suggest triumphant music, and we have here one of many efforts to celebrate the doings of the war now raging. Mr. Mudie is discreetly neutral, and, though success has been pretty nearly all on one side, there is nothing in his "March" to prevent its application to the other, should our Gallic neighbours win the victories for which they hope and work. The reader will infer that Mr. Mudie has made use of original themes, and not drawn upon the common storehouse of patriotic songs. It is even so; the result being a showy, brilliant, and effective march, with the true, exultant ring in it; and, at the same time, possessing more genuine merit than belongs to nineteenths of modern productions of the sort. The work is not difficult; and we commend it to amateurs generally, as in all respects worthy of notice.

On the March. Descriptive Piece, introducing German and French National Melodies, for the Pianoforte. By Alfred F. Mullen. [London: Williams.]

We have tried to discover what this "descriptive piece" describes, but without success. It opens with "troops upon the march"—nationality not stated; then comes the "Marseillaise," next the "German Fatherland," next the Bavarian advance to a march of *Tannhäuser*, next the Prussian Guard march up, after which "Partant pour la Syrie" is heard, followed by six bars representing somebody's "Advance to the Rhine." The "Rhine Watch," and the Prussian national hymn, conclude what, though a puzzle of design, is, just now, an interesting group of popular airs. The arrangement is for four hands.

The Musical Bijou: Christmas Number. [London: Metzler & Co.]

The Christmas number of this very cheap publication contains a selection of dance music, to name the items of which will suffice. They are:—Musgrave's "Early Love" waltz; Blamphin's "Fire Bell" galop; Godfrey's "Beggars' Opera" quadrille; Label's "Stolen Kisses" waltz; Minasi's "Juvenile" lancers; and Marriott's "Uhlan" quadrille. Sixpence for the lot.

WAIFS.

Mr. B. Webster appears this evening at the Princess's Theatre.

We are glad to state that the health of Miss Herbert and Mr. Falconer are improving.

The subject of Mr. Augustus Harris's forthcoming pantomime is the *Sleeping Beauty*.

The Christmas piece at the Globe, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, is founded on the tale of *The White Cat*.

There are theatrical and musical performances in Paris twice a week, always given for the benefit of the wounded, or of persons ruined by the war.

M. Ernest Comus (from Paris) announces a series of *matinées*, under the title of *Stances de Magic Rose*.

This evening a new drama, by Dion Boucicault, will be produced at the Holborn Theatre.

Mr. Brinley Richards' March, composed for the Carmarthenshire Volunteers, by request of the Earl of Cawdor, was rehearsed last week by the Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey, and met with warm approval.

An old and popular favourite, Miss Poole (Mrs. Bacon) announces a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday, the 7th of December. All success attend her!

Dr. W. Spark, of Leeds, has been placed on the list of candidates for the Leeds School Board, but has declined to go to the poll, owing to his numerous professional engagements.

A new musical society, called the "Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society," held its first meeting on the 4th inst. It already numbers 60 members. Dr. R. Sloman is the conductor.

Mr. Brinley Richards has brought out an edition of Handel's Concerto for the Welsh Harp, mentioned in Sir John Hawkin's *History of Music* as having been composed for the famous harpen Powell. The Concerto were played some time ago by Herr Sjöden at the concert of Welsh music, given by Lady Llanover, at her residence, under the direction of Mr. Brinley Richards.

On Saturday last, at a meeting of the committee of the recent monster concert, held in the Plymouth Citadel, Mr. William Winterbottom, bandmaster, Royal Marines, was presented with an address, on vellum, enclosed in a hand-some gilded frame, and elaborately finished. The design, one of Mr. T. Woolcombe's (Devonport), was executed with artistic skill by Mr. T. W. Good, ornamental writer, &c., Fore street, Devonport. The border consists of a Moorish arch, supported on columns of a similar design, in the spandrils of which are the monograms of the hospitals; the whole surrounded by an outer border of chaste and elaborate design.

In a ballet performed at Berlin one scene represents Paris, whence Gambetta and others are escaping in a balloon. A Prussian soldier shoots at the balloon and brings it down.

At a musical *soirée* at Balmoral, a few evenings since, a new ballad, "The Parted," composed by Mr John Barnett, was sung by the Princess Louise, with great feeling, to the delight of Her Majesty and a distinguished party. The Marquis of Lorne sang M. Gounod's romance for tenor voice, "The Empress of my soul."

Mr. W. Parkinson, who has been singing in Liverpool for Mr. Sims Reeves, is thus spoken of by the *Daily Post*:—

"Mr. W. Parkinson was the Francis Osbaldiston of the evening. The qualities of his voice—and it is a singer that must be judged—are very well known in Liverpool from his recent appearance here with the English Opera Company; and, though the music allotted to him in *Rob Roy* is not such as to display them in their whole strength, yet enough was manifest to secure him hearty applause, and an encore in the Macgregor ballad, which he gave with a vigorous accentuation and richness of tone."

The musical performance for the inauguration of the Hall of Arts and Science, on the 1st of May, next year, will be under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, who will compose a work for the occasion—something in the shape of *ode, or cantata*. The "largest organ in the world" will be heard at this ceremonial. It is proposed to secure the services of several military bands from the Continent. The Sacred Harmonic Society will give evening performances of oratorio on the grandest scale.

A Paris letter states that the grand Opéra re-opened its doors on the evening of the 6th. The entertainment was simply a concert. Five or six of the principal artists excepted, all have fled. Among those who remain are M.M. Villaret, Baron, Gaspard, Devoyod, Ponsard, and Bosquin, Mesdames Gueymard and Husson. The receipts of the first night were devoted to the relief of the victims at Chatsandon. The theatre was crowded. The concert, which began at eight o'clock, ended at a quarter to eleven. Extracts from *Alceste, Guillaume Tell, and Les Huguenots*, with *Le Chant du Départ*, were given.

The Beethoven contributions to the Crystal Palace concert of this day are the music composed for the *Ruins of Athens*, and the violin concerto, played by Madame Norman-Neruda, Mad. Sinico, Herr Stockhausen, and Mr. Patey are the singers. The last piece in the programme (one of the best yet offered) is Mendelssohn's splendid overture, *The Hebrides*.

Odessa.—The German dramatic company has come to grief. A very short time sufficed to prove the enterprise a failure. The unfortunate artists are left in a state of abject destitution. The Italian operatic company, on the contrary, have been coining money, ever since the 23rd September, with Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, though that opera is far from being performed in first-rate style.

Favour-on-the-Maine.—The second Museums-Concert took place on the 4th inst. In remembrance of Mendelssohn, who died on the same day, 1847, the first half of the programme was entirely made up of that master's compositions. These were: the Fourth Symphony in A major; the air, "Es ist genug," from *Elijah*; and the Concerto for Violin. They were all enthusiastically received by the audience. The second part was opened by Herr Stägemann, from the Royal Opera, Hanover, who sung two romances by Herr Brahms, to words from Heck's *Magelone*, which he afterwards followed up by two songs of Schumann's. Herr Brahms' romances created anything but a favourable impression. The concert wound up with an excellent performance of Beethoven's Overture, Op. 115.

Leipsic.—The members of the Singacademie recently gave a performance of Spohr's oratorio, *Der Fall Babylons*. The solo music was confided to Mdlle. Bosse, Herren v. Milde, Hertsch, and Dr. Gunz.—Herr Fr. Grützmacher, from Dresden, appeared at the fifth Gewandhaus Concert, on which occasion he performed a new Violoncello Concerto by Herr Ferdinand, and took part with Herren Hegar, Riedel, and Pester, in Lachner's Serenade for four violoncellos. He was much applauded. Mdlle. Schenerich, from the Ducal Theatre, Brunswick, sang the scene and air from *Der Freischütz*, the air, "Mein glaubiges Herze," by Bach, and songs by Mendelssohn and Kirchner. The orchestra performed the "*Genoveva* Overture," of Schumann, and the Symphony in F major, of Beethoven.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Robert Cocks & Co.—"Clasen in dice"; "Hearts of Oak"; "Come your ranning"; and "Roast Beef of Old England," arranged for the pianoforte by Frank Walpole. "Allegro and Allegro molto vivace"; "Adieu to A flat" and "Andante in E flat," from Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Quartet, arranged in piano 4 to 2 by Johann Müller.

Hopwood & Crew.—"The Scout"; "Eyes"; "Evening bringeth thy heart back to Love"; "Weep not, O Rose"; Bessy's Mistake" and "Speak to me"—songs, by F. Campana.

Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.—"The Child's Book of Song and Praise," Part 1.

Palmer & Son (Worthing).—"Two Locks of Hair," song by H. E. Stewart.

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These works will be printed in vocal score, with a Pianoforte accompaniment, in which the principal points of the score will be indicated, so that the audience may be enabled to follow the instrumental as well as the vocal parts of an opera.

When the composer has set the dialogue to recitative, the same will be included in this edition, when he has intended portions of the drama to be spoken, such passages will be printed in their proper place.

An English translation, written by Madame Macfarren, will be printed together with the original words, whether German, French, or Italian. This plan has been adopted since, although the latter language is conventionally associated with operatic music, accepted Italian versions often depart widely from the sense of the original; moreover, the syllabic arrangement is frequently so much changed as materially to alter the phrasing. The sole aim of the editor's translation being to follow the original as closely as possible in all respects, no other translation could be printed beside it without causing troublesome discrepancies in the distribution of notes.

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The price of each Opera, sewed in paper cover, will be 2s. 6d.; or, bound in scarlet cloth, 4s.

BEETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO," with German and English words, will be published on December 1, and will be followed, on January 1, by AUBER'S "FRA DIAVOLO," with French and English words, or MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI," with Italian and English words.

Specimen Pages may be had gratis of the Publishers.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 48—No. 49. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870. Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

MR. SIMS REEVES WILL SING BEETHOVEN'S LIEDERKREIS (series of six songs), and Scena from "PRODIGAL SON" (Sullivan), THIS DAY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Mdlle. Scalchi, Mr. Sims Reeves. Pianoforte—Herr Pauer. Conductor—Mr. MANN. Beethoven's Symphony, No. 8, in F, and Concerto, No. 1, in C. Overtures, "Egmont and Demetrius," first time (Hiller). After Concert, Presentation of Prizes to London Rifle Brigade. Admission, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 3s. 6d. Now ready at Palace, and 6, Exeter Hall. Apply early.

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NOTICE.

THE Season will positively terminate on SATURDAY, Dec. 10.

THIS DAY (Saturday), Dec. 3, CHERUBINI'S Opera, "MEDEA." Jason, Signor Fancelli (his first appearance in that character); Creonte, Signor Antonucci (his first appearance in that character); Neris, Mdlle. Sinico; Lamia, Mdlle. Madigan; Clyte, Mdlle. Bailey; Dirce, Mdlle. Beaucmeister; and Medea, by Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

LAST WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT DEC. 5, MOZART'S Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Mdlle. Semi; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Sinico; Don Ottavio, Signor Vizzani (his first appearance in that character); Don Giovanni, Signor Cotogni; Leporello, Signor Ciampi; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Il Commendatore, Signor Foli; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, December 6, MEYERBEER'S Opera, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Gardoni; Bertramo, Signor Antonucci; Rambaldo, Signor Rinaldini; Alberto, Signor Caravoglia; Cavalieri, Signor Casaboni, Biggar Fallar, Signor Tagliafico; Isabella, Mdlle Sinico; Elena, Mdlle. Blanche Riccis; and Alice, Madame Corani (her first appearance). Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

THURSDAY NEXT, December 8, WEBER'S Opera, "DER FREISCHUTZ." Rodolfo, Signor Vizzani; Caspar, Signor Foli; Kilian, Signor Casaboni; Kuno, Signor Zoboli; Ottocar, Signor Rinaldini; Hermit, Signor Tagliafico; Annette, Mdlle. Sinico; and Agata, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor BENEDICT.

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FRIDAY NEXT, Dec. 9, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Maria by Mdlle. Semi. To be followed by two Acts of AUBER'S Opera, "MASANIELLO," including the celebrated Market Scene.

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MADAME VANZINI will sing at St. James's Hall, December 10th; Edinburgh, 12th; Glasgow, 13th; and the "MESSIAH," at York, 21st; Leeds, 22nd; Hull, 23rd; Birmingham, 26th, &c. All communications respecting engagements to be addressed to her residence, 4, Loudoun Villas, Bridge Road, St. John's Wood, or to Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street.

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By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
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ALBONI.—Mdme. ALBONI in Rossini's MESSE SOLENNELLE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 7.

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WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship for Vocalists, called "The Westmorland Scholarship" (in memory of the late Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by Subscription, and will be contended for annually in December.

It is open for Public Competition to Female Candidates between the ages of eighteen and Twenty-four Years, and is not confined to Pupils of the Academy.

The Amount of Scholarship is £16, which will be appropriated towards the cost of Year's Instruction in the Academy.

The Examination will take place at the Academy on Monday the 19th of December next, at Ten o'clock.

The Certificate of Birth must be produced previous to the Candidates being allowed to compete for the Scholarship. No application can be received after December 17th.

POTTER EXHIBITION.

The Examination for the Potter Exhibition for Female Students of the Royal Academy of Music, of two or more years' standing, will also take place on Monday the 19th of December, at Twelve o'clock.
By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary
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4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

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INDIVIDUALITY AND SCHOOL.*

(Continued from page 741.)

Art is something for which certain aptitudes must be given to every Individual, and, in consequence, Instruction, in its leading features, must always be individual and addressed to persons separately. But Individuality consists really only in the difference in musical proclivities, and, therefore, one of the first necessities in instruction is to take these peculiarities into consideration. That it is difficult for everyone to become everything is as evident with respect to instruction as it is with respect to all other things. Difficult is the pedagogical task of becoming intimately acquainted with the inward peculiarity of the pupil and working upon him in virtue of this knowledge.—Now in just the same proportion that instruction opens up to the pupil's mind one compartment after another, awakens the pupil inwardly more and more, renders him active and leads him on, does it announce its own goodness and right to be taken as a model. That such instruction is rare, arid that consequently real teachers are so too, are facts which do not admit of a doubt.

We consider, therefore, that a principal requirement of the present theory of art is that, contrary to the former theory, it should clearly recognize, and endeavour to develop, the Individuality of each separate pupil. Of course, the master cannot teach the pupils individually, but he must not leave it disregarded, or actually suppress it on purpose, in obedience to a regular plan. The new theory of art and the old have this in common, that every pupil, whether he be a genius, as it is called, or not, must receive a thoroughly good rudimentary course of instruction, without which no further development, either general or individual, is possible. But the great difference consists in the fact that the master of the present day has to take for his goal the complete Independence of his pupil, and must not trust to a happy chance, or to Genius, for making something of him. To reach this goal is not an impossibility.

In instruction, one step is raised upon, is developed out of, the other, and the pupil must stop at each one till he has completely assimilated it. Many a fault is committed at this stage of the process. It often happens that the pupil passes more rapidly over one step than over another, considering the former not so important; but this is a fault for which he has always to pay eventually, though perhaps not for a long time. Many things that we blame as defects in him are primarily caused by this practice of neglecting certain details, for he has never afterwards found either time or inclination to fill up the *gap*. If he happens, in the composition, to come upon such a point, he endeavours to avoid it as a *noli me tangere*, or to go round it as artistically as possible. Yes, that is his weak point, people say, as though to excuse him. "There are many such gaps in the course of study, but there is at each plenty of opportunity for the teacher to recognize the individual peculiarities of the pupil, and regulate by them the general foundation which absolutely *must* be laid. This rudimentary knowledge should be, to a certain extent, the background from which the individual stamp of the pupil should stand boldly forth. Before, however, the pupil has reached the last steps in his progress, his peculiarities, under such a system of proper guidance, have been so shaped that he at length comes to a consciousness of them, and it is then that, on his side, first begins the mastery over the building-materials of his art; it is then that his teacher can first open his eyes to the byeways which lead from the only right road; it is then that he can, for the first time, be looked upon as a genuine disciple of art, as knowing what he wants, as being able to discuss with another what is agreeable to his individuality and what not; and such a young disciple of art will not regard the last touches which his master gives him, or which he gives himself, as a final preparation, and docking-out for certain finite artistic objects, but, as a serious ordeal, a piece of self-examination, a weighing of all the resources which God has placed in him, and which he, by toiling and working, has endeavoured to develop. Such cases are, unfortunately, not frequent. Is it the intelligent teachers or the intelligent pupils who are the rarities? Some persons will say the former, and others the latter. If we consider the matter objectively, with a due consideration of the great mass of musical students who go through the course year by year, we cannot entirely absolve from blame either masters or pupils.

The pupils seldom bring with them the energy required by the seriousness of the subject of study, being very apt to regard as a pedant a master who obstinately insists upon his own narrow-minded views, and allows his pupils no freedom. In addition to their regular subjects, they study, in consequence, others, which perhaps run directly counter to the former, and which they then unfortunately too often look upon as those of most importance. They neglect in this manner the theory of art, properly so called, and take the principal thing very easily, the final result being that they are deficient in this point and deficient in that. The fact is, the pedant was not capable of understanding their geniality. They were not properly appreciated, and others—in their opinions, slow-minded dolts—were preferred to them. Whatever these gentlemen at last bring forth in the shape of melodic and harmonic impossibilities, of formless monstrosities, &c., is the overflowing of pure genius. Individuals of this kind reach the culminating point of their repulsive proceedings when they receive recognition from some one or other, and such recognition may be obtained cheaply enough. It strikes us that when such unenergetic geniuses are lost, art is not much the worse off.

But it is not seldom that the masters, also, are found wanting. They are very often really pedants who neglect to give the pupil at the right time, at the fitting instant, a space of freedom, to let him, so to speak, take a breath of fresh air, when the atmosphere of the school has become somewhat oppressive. By the master's neglecting to take advantage of these opportunities, many an undoubtedly talented pupil has been gradually driven by his inward impulses into bye-ways, which, with mutual concessions, he would not have pursued. On the other hand, many teachers remain in a very narrow field—which we will call, without more ado, the field of counterpoint. Whatever lies without it is bad; any advance beyond Palestrina, Bach, or Handel, is a reprehensible innovation; nothing save what moves in the forms and according to the views of those composers is regarded as duly sanctioned. We are not acquainted with this peculiar class of teachers from the first part of the present article. We will merely now add that their pupils generally look down with immense self-conceit, and sovereign contempt, on every thing else. It is not astonishing that, from coming across such people, many a person grows tired of the study of music, as a dry, soulless occupation, and perfects nothing himself to be but a bit of amateur taleot, which produces him only cheap laurels, It is true, but laorels which are more quickly and abundantly gathered than the others.

In whatever light we look at the subject, everyone seeks in the study of art only that for which *he* cares; he wants to realize at some future time, *his* ideas, and *his* dreams; and hence the principal aim of the present school is: to induce and, as far as possible, develop artistic individuality upon the basis of a general observance of musical rules. Independence of the pupil, and perfect consciousness of his own weaknesses and strong points are the objects the school must seek to attain; only independent artists, knowing and criticizing most sharply themselves, are real artists, or, as Lessing says, are worth as much again as they otherwise would be.

There is great danger for the teacher in his obtaining a really talented pupil. He is very apt to take things too easily with him. The pupil comprehends quickly and correctly; the course of instruction is more a breathing-space springing from step to step than an organic development of excellent capabilities; there is never any resting-spot, never any retirement of the pupil within himself. Arrogance and self-conceit easily take the place of scholarlike modesty, and drive before them industry and perseverance; whenever they make their appearance, all efforts are thrown away. In such cases a teacher's influence can seldom bring the pupil back to the right path and open his eyes. As a rule, every vestige of self-criticism has vanished, while self-infatuation and self-adoration have taken its place. But in self-criticism, too, there may be for the teacher a great danger of another kind. It is very possible that pupils who have learnt to think and distinguish for themselves may, instead of becoming talented musicians, be educated into talented hair-splitters, who will never do anything as musicians, but, by everlastingly criticizing and picking holes in their own productions, gradually engender a profound doubt of themselves. In our opinion, such pupils are the worst off of any; the teachers have with them a greater responsibility than with any one else, for, in their case, from the fact of their making corrections, and finishing with, of their work, there follows doubt—from doubt, a feeling of want of talent—and then they have already commenced an existence really sacrificed.

Yes, the post of a teacher of the art of music is truly no easy one, and there are few masters who understand their task, in the full acceptation of the word, performing it faithfully and conscientiously. But they are the very ones who will confess we are right in directing attention to an evil which weighs heavily, very heavily, in the scale, and to which many of the facts discussed in the foregoing lines may be traced. We allude to the education—non-musical—frequently so exceedingly defective, which pupils possess when placed under their masters. The teacher of music is expected to educate his pupil into a thinking artist; though he must, of course, exercise him most in thinking musically, we ask whence, in the name of fortune are the thoughts to come, when both scholastic as well as social education has been neglected, and when the poor teacher has often to take the greatest trouble to be comprehended only by the human being in his pupil, to say nothing of the artist. As far as regards many pupils with whom we have had the honour of becoming acquainted, we have commiserated not art for their accession to it as members, but the teacher to whom had fallen the sad task of enabling these artistic lights to

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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display their brilliancy. Any master who really wishes to do his duty honourably, as regards his mission and as regards art, should always cry to the parents of such pupils: "Let the youths, as human beings, first seriously learn something at school, and then bring them back to me."

In such pupils it would probably be difficult to discover, or to develop, artistic individuality. They will be best off under masters who condemn individual development, and make their pupils indulge only in worn-out flourishes and antiquated tirades, which generally finish them.

Enough of this!

We finally repeat that every one desires to see only *his own* ideas and *his own* dreams realised, when he enters the temple of art, for the purpose of being received into the number of those who shall at some future time fill the priestly office. The principal aim of the present school is, therefore, to induce, and, as far as possible, develop, artistic individuality on the basis of a general observance of musical laws.

W. Lichnowitz.

MDLLE. NILSSON IN BOSTON.

(From the "Boston Post.")

The Scandinavians of Boston and vicinity, with others, united last evening in tendering to Mdlle. Nilsson a grand ovation upon her arrival in our city. As it was announced that the distinguished lady would in all probability arrive in Boston about 5 o'clock, a large number of people were gathered in and around the Boston and Albany depôt, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the Swedish songstress.

About 5 o'clock the train rolled into the depôt, and as might have been expected, a great rush was made for the cars, but owing to the admirable police arrangements, only the committee, were permitted to go within several feet of the car in which Mdlle. Nilsson was. No demonstration took place in the depôt, and soon after the arrival of the train Mdlle. Nilsson, accompanied by one or two other ladies and the Chairman of the Committee of the Arrangements entered carriages and were taken to the Revere House. The apartments occupied by Mdlle. Nilsson are on the west side of the building, and are the same once as were used by Jenny Lind during her stay in Boston.

About the hour of 7 o'clock hundreds of people were gathered in the vicinity of Court and Tremont streets, all anxiously waiting to witness the grand demonstration which was announced to proceed from the Scandinavian headquarters on Hanover Street. As the various societies which were to compose the procession did not arrive until some time after 8 o'clock, the crowd naturally did not diminish, but kept rapidly increasing until there could not have been less than ten thousand people gathered in the above locality, and nearly the same number in the vicinity of the Revere House. At 9 o'clock, the Scandinavian Charitable Society, who intended to take part in the demonstration, assembled in front of their hall in Hanover Street, and with Chinese lanterns and transparencies, with born mottoes of welcome to Christine Nilsson, the Scandinavian coat-of-arms, and the musical emblems, and shortly afterwards took up their line of march for the Revere House, under the Chief Marshalship of Chas. Thuline, Esq., assisted by eight other gentlemen.

Shortly before the arrival of the procession, Mdlle. Nilsson appeared in the drawing-rooms, leaning upon the arm of G. Lootz, Esq., the acting Swedish Consul at this port. She was then formally introduced to a few ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance she had previously formed in Europe. After which she took a seat at one of the windows and looked, evidently, with astonishment, at the multitude which had come to honour her.

Christine Nilsson is of medium height, with a full round face, large blue and expressive eyes, and that light or blonde hair which is so peculiar to her countrywomen, and is possessed of just such pleasing features as would naturally cause even her own sex to say that she was "really pretty." Her dress was dark blue satin, pointed, and trimmed with folds of velvet of the same hue. Her hair, which is as heretofore stated, was divested of all those superfluous additions which Dame Fashion compels the gentler sex to adorn themselves with—was simply done up in braids and puffs—and if ever the truth of the old saying, that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," seemed true, it was when we beheld the simple, yet elegant manner in which her hair was arranged.

The procession having arrived at the Revere House and halted, the bands performed a few Swedish airs, after which a beautiful serenade was rendered by a picked choir of Nilsson's countrymen, which undoubtedly was greatly appreciated by her. At the conclusion of the singing, thirty young ladies entered the drawing-room and were formally introduced by Mr. Thuline, each of the young ladies presenting an elegant bouquet to Mdlle. Nilsson. After the reception of the young ladies, the doors were open to all those who wished to enter and pay their respects to Christine. An address welcoming Mdlle. Nilsson to Boston was delivered in the Swedish language by Mr. Loots; and was replied to by the lady in a few words, the eyes seeming to convey words of hearty thanks which the lips could not utter. After these formalities had been concluded she stepped on to the balcony and was received by the thousands outside with intense and prolonged applause. After bowing her thanks to the assembly, Mdlle. Nilsson retired to her apartments, to seek the repose which she so much needed after the fatigues of the journey from New York and the exciting scenes of the day.

The procession then reformed and marched from the square through Mount Vernon, Charles, Park, Winter, Washington, and up School Street, and halted at the residence of Mayor Shurtleff, where a serenade was tendered that gentleman, after which the Chief Marshal explained in a few words to his Honour the cause of the demonstration. The Mayor returned his thanks to the throng, and expressed himself highly pleased with the doings of the pageant, and was delighted to know that all had been conducted with such a strict regard for the laws. Three cheers were then given by the assembly for the Mayor; after which the procession took the line of march for their headquarters, in Hanover Street, where it was dismissed, all greatly pleased with the event of the evening.

(From the "Boston Post," Nov. 2.)

The sale of tickets for the Nilsson concerts began yesterday at the office in Music Hall, at 8 a.m. The crowd present at that hour was very large and urgent. Many took position in line as early as half-past nine o'clock Sunday evening. At the opening of the window the sensation was lively, and the season tickets were disposed of in speedy time. The fact that at 11 a.m. 10,000 dollars worth of tickets had been sold, is a fact to which comments will add no emphasis. Of course, speculators were present, but it is not believed they succeeded to any considerable extent in their purchases. In fact, the arrangements are ingeniously such as will hardly allow these virtues to fatten on the public. Mr. Strakosch and his able managers intend, if possible to give the public the fairest possible opportunity to procure tickets. It is pleasant to state that the sale yesterday was quiet, heavy, hopeful; and also fully equal to any day in which the great maiden of song has appeared. A considerable part of the house was taken up by the season purchasers. To-day the seats for single concerts are to be offered; and, of course, the balance will be absorbed in a lively manner. The desire of the public to witness Nilsson may be characterised as intense. Boston will stand by her a pressing compliment in any city in America, and she will sing to no more appreciative audiences. The evenings of the concerts are Friday and Saturday of this week, and Monday and Tuesday of next week, and the *matinée* on the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th of November. Mdlle. Nilsson's assistants are Miss Annie Louise Cary, Signor Brignoli, Signor Verger, Mr. H. Vieuxtemps, an orchestra under the direction of Max. Maretzek, and Signor Bosoni as accompanist. At the opening concert, Mdlle. Nilsson will sing "Angels ever bright and fair," from Handel's *Theodora*, and the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Hamlet*. It may be safely predicted that on Friday evening, Nilsson will sing to an audience that for numbers and appreciation she has not witnessed since reaching America. The tickets sold yesterday are our held by very best citizens.

MICHAEL MOSONYI.

This celebrated national Hungarian composer died at Pesth, after a fortnight's illness, aged 56, on the 31st October. He was born at Wieselburg, and was intended to be a printer. He was apprenticed as such in Pressburg. When a child, however, he received some slight instructions in music, to which art he afterwards devoted himself entirely. By indefatigable exertions, and a most energetic will, he obtained a high and lasting reputation as a composer among his countrymen. He confined himself mostly to works of a national character, and has left several operas of this nature, which were never published or performed. The Abbate Franz Liszt has sent Cornel Abranyi, the following letter on Mosonyi's death:—

"My dear friend Mosonyi's death has plunged my heart in grief. I regret him on account, also, of the music of Hungary, for which he was one of the noblest, most courageous, and worthiest representatives. We might feel proud of accompanying him step by step on the right road. His name, it is true, is not as well known and appreciated abroad as it deserves to be, but Glory does not trouble himself much this, and was not, perhaps, sufficiently interested in his own reputation, actuated as much by wisdom as by contempt for the dubious and common means necessary for establishing that reputation there, means which were repugnant to the high character of his mind. To felt what respect was due to him, and regarded as true fame only that achieved by a conscious perseverance in what is good and beautiful. Let us honour his memory, while striving to render fruitful his example, and the lesson he has taught us. Many of his compositions deserve to be more extensively and better known than they are; others—still in manuscript—especially his last great dramatic work, *Almos*, will, I hope, soon make their way far and wide. We will have some chat about them ere long in Pesth. To-day, I would merely share with a friend like you, my dear Abranyi, my sorrow at the loss we have sustained.—Yours, most truly, Fs. Liszt, Szegszard, *2nd November.*"

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The thirty-ninth season of this admirable institution, which has done as much for good music of the class to which its efforts are exclusively devoted (the highest class of all) as the Philharmonic Society, its senior by some 30 years, with Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven as pioneers, has done for purely orchestral music, commenced on Friday night, and drew together a densely thronged audience, in Exeter Hall, the only building—to the discredit (as has been frequently remarked) of the biggest, wealthiest, most populous, and by no means least musical capital city in the world—available in London for performances on so large a scale. The "nearly 700," vocal and instrumental, were in their usual place; and, happily, Sir Michael Costa, who has been attached to the Sacred Harmonic Society ever since 1848, was in his. As he walked up the platform towards the conductor's desk, the orchestral chief *par excellence* received an enthusiastic greeting.

The work selected for the occasion was *Judas Maccabæus*, Handel's 12th English oratorio, which, though frequently described as "the Jewish Oratorio," in consequence of its referring to the exploits of one of the mightiest of Israelite captains, was really composed—like Gluck's Anglo-Italian opera, *La Caduta de'Giganti* (*the Fall of the Giants*)—to celebrate the Duke of Cumberland's victory over the Pretender, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746, and was first performed at Covent Garden in April 1747. After the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, without excepting even *Samson*, for which Handel is said to have entertained as great an esteem as for the great Christian musical epic itself, *Judas Maccabæus*, owing to reasons that have been frequently discussed and, therefore, need not be discussed again, is the most popular of those oratorios set to English texts, which he put forth, one after another, with such astonishing fecundity. It mattered little to Handel what were the literary pretensions of the words he had to set, providing only that the characters and incidents were such as to excite his vivid imagination; otherwise he would never have wedded to immortal music such absolute rubbish as was submitted to him, from him to time, by "the learned and Rev. Dr. Thomas Morell," with others of that genus. But here we are trenching on well trodden ground. A word or two about a performance which was, in many respects, first-rate, is all that is essential.

To musicians, and to musical amateurs of acquirement, the great interest of *Judas Maccabæus*, as of other oratorios by Handel, is mainly centered in the choruses. In this department the score of *Judas* is marvellously rich. From "Mourn, ye afflicted children!" that touching elegy on the death of Mattathias, the Jewish hero's father, with which the oratorio begins, to "Rejoice, O Judah!" its joyful and triumphal climax, the interest of the work may be said to be sustained without flagging, in spite of the now somewhat antiquated recitatives and the many not always very exciting airs and duets, in which the solo singers more or less complacently disport themselves. These choruses were almost uniformly well executed. Among them (but that they have been so often cited we might cite them nearly all) most prominently conspicuous were, "Hear us, O Lord!" at the termination of Part I.—which Mendelssohn has been twitted with having borne in mind while writing the noble chorus, "Oh, how great are the depths," in *St. Paul*; "Fall'n is the Foe," at the opening, and "We never will bow down," at the conclusion of Part II., in grandeur and solemnity unsurpassed even by Handel—the first as unsalutorately as the last is elaborately magnificent; "For Sion lamentation make," and "Ah! wretched Israel!"—unequalled models of pathetic expression; "Tune your harp"—which, brief as it is, in jubilant spirit stands almost alone; and, last not least, the famous trio, semi-chorus, and full chorus, "See, the conquering hero comes"—which first appeared in *Joshua*—English oratorio, No. 14—a miracle of effect, wrought out of the simplest conceivable materials. These, one and all, were given with an emphasis and precision which left little, if indeed anything, to criticise. In fact, the choral singing of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to judge by the performance of Friday night, preserves its high standard, although here and there some insignificant shortcomings might have been pointed out.

The solo singing, if not altogether up to the mark of the choral singing, offered much to command. Madame Vanaini (from the Royal Italian Opera), upon whom devolved the chief soprano part, was rather nervous at the commencement; and this somewhat marred what would otherwise have been a very fair rendering of "From mighty kings;" but in Part III. she seemed to have recovered the mastership command of her resources; and by far her most effective display was in the florid air, "So shall the lute and harp awake," which she gave with ready fluency and considerable point. Miss Vinta (a young Englishwoman, in spite of her assumed name), to whom the other soprano music was confided, made the most decided "hit" of the evening, in the exquisitely tuneful "Wise men flattering"—one of Handel's last compositions, intended originally to be interpolated in his oratorio, *Belshazzar*. We could scarcely desire to hear this well-known air more gracefully and artistically delivered, and were not at all surprised at the unanimous applause with which it was greeted by the audience. Another marked and thoroughly merited success was obtained in the contralto air, "Father of Heavan" (Part III.), by Madame Patey-Whytock, whose singing was excellent all through, and who is rapidly attaining the highest place in her profession. That Mr. Vernon Rigby would give all his study to the florid air, "How vain is man," and all his undaunted energy to "Sound an alarm," might have been taken for granted by those who have watched the career of that zealous and rising tenor; and as easily will it be credited that Signor Foli would do all that was needed for the bass music—especially in the declamatory recitative and air, "Call forth thy powers." Simon was the brother of Judas; and Signor Foli showed himself a worthy brother of Mr. Rigby—*arcades ambo*. In the little he had to sing, Mr. Montem Smith, as usual, proved himself a thoroughly well-trained musician.

The additional accompaniments on Friday night were those composed years ago by Sir Michael Costa, who has never conducted with more energy and at the same time with more of that unfailing judgment for which he is pre-eminently distinguished. Mr. James Coward presided, with his accustomed ability, at the organ. The hall, as we have hinted, was crowded in every part—inconveniently so, indeed.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, following suit with the Crystal Palace and Monday Popular Concerts, will give the *First Mass* and *Mount of Olives* on the 16th of December, the eve of Beethoven's birthday. Of course, the Christmas performances of the *Messiah* occur in due order.

PRESENTATION TO MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY.

The members of the Alto Chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society have presented Madame Sainton-Dolby with the following address, written on vellum, illuminated, and framed:—

"Presented to Madame Sainton-Dolby by the Alto Chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in testimony of their admiration of her talents as an artist, their estimation of the virtues which distinguish her private life, and the regret which they feel at her retirement from the public exercise of a profession she has so greatly adorned during the many years of her connection with this Society."

The deputation consisted of Miss Armstrong, Miss Libbie Cons, Mr. Husk, and Mr. F. W. Willcocks. Mr. Husk presented the testimonial, which was most artistically designed and executed by Miss Cons, with an appropriate speech, which was feelingly responded to by Madame Sainton-Dolby. We can well understand the emotion shown by Madame Sainton-Dolby at the spontaneous feeling which dictated the offer of this elegant gift from members of that society from whose public performances she has been so rarely absent, and which, we have reason to know, she regards with the greatest regard and affection.—*George Dolby's Circular.*

THE *MESSIAH*.

Christmas is not yet within three weeks of us, but, Christmas performances of the "sacred oratorio" have already begun. The first took place in St. James's Hall last Wednesday; Mr. Henry Leslie conducting, his magnificent choir rendering the choruses, and the solos receiving excellent treatment at the hands of Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Nordblom, and Signor Foli. Particulars of the performance are unnecessary. Enough, that the audience (a large one), was thoroughly satisfied, and had good reason to be so.

LEIPSIC.—The members of Riedel's Verein lately gave a performance of Beethoven's *Mass Solemnis*.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* is to be produced at the Stadt-theatre very shortly.

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THE ROSE MAIDEN.

Mr. Frederic H. Cowen's new cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, was produced at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last, with a result highly encouraging to the young composer. The work demonstrates that its author is as well able to command popular approval as, when the production of a symphony is in question, he shows himself competent to earn the respectful notice of connoisseurs. At the outset, however, we would caution Mr. Cowen against interpreting too favourably the applause showered upon him by his latest audience. Youth is apt to be a genuine and to think that little remains to do when but little has been achieved. Our youthful composer has begun well, but he has only begun. The subject of *The Rose Maiden* is taken from the German, and has been thus authoritatively set forth :—

"The Queen of the Flower Fairies, weary of a life of unbroken calm, prays of the newly-returned Spring that he will bestow upon her also the gift of love that he bestows upon man. He warns her of the risk she runs, but finally yields to her entreaties by changing her, while she sleeps, into the form of a beautiful girl. Under the name of Roseblossom she wanders through the world to find the love that she seeks, and meets with a girl who, having been betrayed and deserted by her lover, loses her senses and dies broken-hearted. But, undeterred from her search, Roseblossom becomes the wife of a forester, with whom she lives for a time in such perfect happiness that she cannot survive his death. The elves bewail the fate of their Queen, and course love as fatal to peace and happiness."

The moral of this story is unchallengeable if not very pleasant; and the parable through which it is conveyed has the merit of combining fancy and grace in happy proportions. Whether the details of the latter adapt it for musical treatment is a question we will give the reader means to decide for himself by laying them before him as far as is necessary. The poem (adapted by Mr. H. E. Francillon) opens with a chorus, "Green vale and vine-clad mountain," descriptive of the earth in winter, after which the Flower Queen offers her prayer, "Oh! hear, then king of beauty," to the returning Spring. In a recitative and duet the Spring warns her of the certain consequences attending the realisation of her desire to love, but the entreaty is again renewed, and finally granted, in a recitative, "Love, then, thy peace for ever." The two characters separate after a duet, "Soon as the mountain summits," the Spring retiring from the scene for good. A narrator next takes up the story, relating how the change sought by the Flower Queen was effected, the appearance of the newly-created mortal being extolled in a chorus, "A maid more beautiful than May." After this another dramatic episode begins. Roseblossom bids a joyful farewell to her late kindred, "Bloom on, bloom on, my roses;" and a chorus, "Mid the waving rose trees," brings upon the scene a "gardener's daughter," who waits for the lover that will never come. Roseblossom accosts her and learns the cause of grief; but the "gardener's daughter" is demented, and replies in a *scena* of the sort to which *Hamlet*, *Lucia*, *Faust* and many another opera have contributed examples. The Flower Fairies then by means of a chorus, "O earth-born sorrow that is not ours," endeavour to console her, on exemption from liability to such a fate, and a trio, "Has thou wandered in the forest?" holds up nature as the remedy for restless and unsatisfied humanity. The narrator next tells in the air, "The sleep of even folds field and cot," how Roseblossom looks from her cottage window out into the night, waiting for the "coming man," who comes at last in the shape of a fore-ter. The two sing a duet expressive of mutual pleasure; and we then learn how Roseblossom spends the night dreaming of the Forester, while the Forester gathers flowers for Roseblossom. The Fairies of the Flowers tell the latter in a chorus, "For him we speak, fair sister," how much she is beloved; and another duet, "Yes I will be thy Rosebud," puts matter on the most satisfactory footing. A bridal chorus, "'Tis the wedding morning," follows, after which an elaborate solo, "Where gloomy pine-trees rustle," draws a contrast between the peace of the Forester's cottage and the turmoil of nature. Then comes the narrator with a sad story. The husband is killed in the woods by an outlaw's gun, the wife dies of a broken heart and her old elfin companions strew green garlands over her grave singing in chorus "Farewell sleep thou lightly." A solo and chorus, "Yea, e'en as die the roses," bring the work to an end, and "improve the occasion" by declaring that God's roses would be too lovely "were they without a thorn."

It will be gathered from these particulars that the book is a mixture of drama and narrative, with but one character—that of "Roseblossom"—adapted to excite any interest. Round that central figure others come and go like shadows, none staying long enough to draw forth our sympathy. Roseblossom, however, is adequate to the responsibility cast upon her, and engages so much attention that we care little for anything else. The main fault of the libretto, as we think, is that it wants, not variety, but contrast. Variety, as need scarcely be said, is abundant, both scenes and characters constantly shifting, but the colour is too uniform; and we long for something to break its placid monotony. Hence the satisfaction given by the *scena* of the "Gardener's daughter," the wedding chorus, and the descriptive solo, "Where gloomy pine-trees rustle." We will not describe these as oases in a desert, because the surroundings are far from repulsive, rather are they pleasant hills breaking the dead level of a fertile plain. The scope of the libretto being thus limited, it will be understood that Mr. Cowen had no easy task before him when he strived to clothe it in a musical dress. That he has succeeded far enough to sustain the attention of an audience from beginning to end is a result upon which he may be congratulated.

Those who have heard Mr. Cowen's symphony in C minor will be ready to assume that he shines most in the orchestral department of his cantata. Such is the fact, at all events. The accompaniments to both songs and choruses are tasteful, fertile in device, and charmingly scored. Mr. Cowen fills in his pages with a liberal hand, but one or two cases excepted, he never confuses or overcrowds, while the right effect is invariably presented in a manner which forces one to observe that it is the right effect. The cantata is full of examples worthy to be quoted did space permit. We must, however, be content to put the fact on record, as indicating pretty forcibly where lies one element of Mr. Cowen's strength. Similar evidence is supplied by the many passages where Mr. Cowen gets the orchestra alone, and works it with a freedom and power indicative of no ordinary ability. In this department of the cantata are several proofs of careful design which ought not to be passed over. The melody of the introduction, for example, is made use of as suggesting the evil mixed with the good to which the Flower Queen aspired. It re-appears when the "gardener's daughter" sings her pitiful, touching song of fancied joy; is again heard while Roseblossom dreams of her lover, and yet again when the elves chant their farewell over the grave. The effect, in each case, is all that can be desired. Another happy use of repetition occurs in the air which describes the grief of Roseblossom at the sight of her mortal husband. In the theme of an *Andante* sung by the "gardener's daughter" being employed with felicitous propriety as an *obbligato* accompaniment for the first violin. These, and other points of a like character, are worthy of note and encouragement. In writing the airs Mr. Cowen has been content to follow ordinary models, both in rhythm and subject, carefully avoiding anything new and startling. Indeed, we cannot but think either that the young composer shrank from giving his invention full liberty, or that he deliberately sought to please popular taste in the readiest way. If the latter was the case, Mr. Cowen's object has undoubtedly been secured; anyhow, it remains for us to hope that some future work will exhibit in full the composer's unquestionable inventiveness. The choruses, like the airs, are judiciously kept down to a certain level of simplicity and effect; but, also like the airs, they are pleasing so far as they go. We may instance as among the best, "Green vale, and vine-clad mountain," the marriage chorus, "Bridal bells are ringing;" and that of the elves, "Farewell, sleep thou lightly." In the whole, the cantata is a most noteworthy for the happy use made in it of the orchestra; while as a work adapted for popularity it must be considered a decided success.

Little space is left in which to describe the performance. The soloists, Middle. Tietjens Madame Patey, Mr. Norbiom, and Herr Stockhausen, did more or less (the ladies more rather than less) justice to their parts; the orchestra was excellent, but the chorus left somewhat to desire. Mr. Cowen conducted in person, and was warmly applauded both before and after the performance. THADDEUS EGG.

LONDON GREGORIAN CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will allow me to lay before your readers a short account of the adjourned meeting at 11, Burleigh Street, on Wednesday evening last. The meeting was not very largely attended, but we trust, as the Association has now been started, Churchmen will not fail to send in their names, both as honorary and working members. The choirs represented at the meeting included those of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; St. Paul's, Lorrimore; St. Lawrence, Jewry; St. Augustine's, South Kensington; St. James's, Hatcham; St. Mark's, Lewisham; St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate; St. Michael and All Angels'—Mission, Stepney, with others.

The objects of the Association are to promote strictly the study of Gregorian Church music, by holding meetings wherever practicable, and in so doing be the means of drawing together, in a closer bond of union, all those who rejoice to hear and use the old tones as in bygone days. We have purposely laid aside the idea of this being an expensive society, in order to obtain a large number of members of both classes, active and honorary. I shall be glad to receive the names of any desiring to join us, or to answer any questions. I am, yours faithfully, WILLIAM L. LATHER, Hon. Sec. *pro tem.*

7 Gloster Grove West, Hereford Square, S. W.

BRUSSELS.—Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho has appeared as Marguerite, in M. Gounod's *Faust*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

COLOGNE.—Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was performed at the second Gürzenich Concert.

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BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

What with casual concerts, the Triennial Festival, and the Italian Opera, Birmingham has so largely discounted the opportunities of her regular musical season that up to a few days since the prospects of her accustomed purveyors of musical entertainment looked anything but cheerful. The Festival Choral Society, in particular, had already reaped such abundant laurels in connection with the great musical event of the year, that it seemed impossible their regular harvest should not fall short. Happily, the public capacity for good music is not a very arbitrary measure, and the large and high class attendance at the opening concert of the Festival Choral Society's new season, which took place in the Town Hall, on Thursday week, shews that Birmingham musiclovers are resolved not to let their autumn indulgence seriously curtail their winter enjoyments.

The programme was of a composite character, comprising Mr J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri* (which achieved such a decided popular success at the last Birmingham Festival), with Mendelssohn's *Lorley* and *First Walpurgis Night*. The executive resources consisted of the band and chorus of the society—over 300 strong—under the conduct of Mr. Stockley, with Madame Vanzini, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli as vocal principals. Mr. Stimpson, as usual, was the organist. Mr. Barnett's cantata was so fully noticed in the *Musical World* on the occasion of its first production that it would be superfluous to expatiate on its merits, which, indeed, lie sufficiently near the surface for all who hear to appreciate. And there is even less need to describe such established classics as the lyric fragment which followed Mr. Barnett's work and the cantata which Mendelssohn built upon Goethe's legendary poem.

Although the Festival performance of *Paradise and the Peri* was in some respects more perfect than that of Thursday week, when the choral and orchestral resources were necessarily on a more limited scale, it may fairly be doubted if Mr. Barnett's music was heard to such advantage on the first as on the second occasion. Its light and simple graces are not so well adapted to a large orchestral combination as music of a stronger texture. The principal vocal part devolved on Madame Vanzini, whose sweet, fresh, flexible, brilliant voice, graceful and engaging manners, and unflagging spirit seem to be exactly adapted to Mr. Barnett's conception of the Peri, and her success was unequivocal.

Nothing could be finer in feeling or more finished in execution than Madame Vanzini's singing of the air, "Sleep, said the Peri," in which the spirit apostrophizes the dead form of the devoted maiden who sacrificed her life to love. In the duet for soprano and tenor, with chorus, 'Oh, let me only breathe the air,' Madame Vanzini produced an equal effect; but her crowning effort was in the *finale*, "Joy for ever," in which she earned enthusiastic applause. Madame Patey, as "the Holy Angel who was keeping the Gates of Light," sang with her wonted earnestness, and even more than her accustomed power and beauty of voice, especially excelling in the *arietta*, "O Nymph of a fair but erring line." Mr. Vernon Rigby, in the principal tenor part, was wanting neither in spirit nor voice. His singing of the air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere," was less remarkable for refinement than for vocal charm, and its success in proportion. Signor Foli gave the principal bass music, and, especially, the air, "Bless'd be the tear of soul-felt penitence," in such a manner as to win him flattering applause. The unaccompanied chorus, "She wept," was encored—the only piece which won this distinction, though many deserved it. The band, while vastly improved, is still wanting in precision. The chorus, as may be supposed, was thoroughly at home.

In the *finale* to *Loreley*, Madame Vanzini, as Leonora, excited the genuine enthusiasm of her hearers. The choral and instrumental parts were admirably rendered; and the instrumental passages were executed with remarkable spirit. In the *finale*, when Leonora casts her wedding-ring into the Rhine, Madame Vanzini displayed a power which fairly electrified the audience, who twice recalled her to the platform. So marked, indeed was her success, that the committee lost no time in securing her services for the *Messiah*, which is to be given on the 20th inst.

About the *Walpurgis Night*, which brought the entertainment to an end, it is only necessary to say that the principals were Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, all of whom acquitted themselves with great skill and spirit. The band and chorus, under Mr. Stockley's direction, left little to be desired.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

There is little to say of the concert on behalf of the French Refugee Fund, which took place on the 24th ult. A number of excellent artists appeared, among them Mdme. Viardot Garcia, Mdme. Culloton, Miss Megan Watts, M. Faure, Mr. Nordlihom, M. Hammer, Mr. Charles Gounod, Signor Bettini, and Mr. Benedict. The programme contained a somewhat curious mixture of classical and popular works, all of which were more or less well performed, and more or less well received.

VIENNA.—M. Offenbach has arrived, with the intention of making a prolonged stay.—The programme at the first Philharmonic Concert contained: Overture to *Oberon Eckbert*, Rudorff: Beethoven's Concerto in G major (Herr Epstein); Overture to *Euryanthe* (Weber); and E flat major Symphony, Schumann.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following programme was gone through in a satisfactory manner at the students' concert, given on Thursday evening, the 24th ult.:—

Trio, "The Glow worm" (H. Smart), Miss Pocklington, Miss Fanny Williams, and Miss Etherington; Capriccio, in F, Op. 34, pianoforte (Moscheles), Miss Jessie Lee; Air, "Honour and arms," *Samson* (Handel), Mr. Insull; Allegro Moderato, from sonata in A flat, Op. 39, pianoforte (Weber), Miss Salmon; Duet, "Saper vorrei se m'ami" (Haydn), Miss Frith and Miss Goode; Fantasia, in C, pianoforte (Schubert), Mr. Dockerr; Song, "The Charmer," Fruhlingslied (Mendelssohn), Miss Mandsley, Westmorland scholar; Sonata, in D, for two pianofortes (Mozart), Miss C. Gardner and Miss Burleigh; Glee, "Nymphs of the Forest" (Horsley), Mr. Perry, Mr. Ingelbi, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Lucas; Prelude and Fugue, in D, pianoforte J. S. Bach), Mr. Beazley; Aria, "Lento il piè" (Mozart), Miss Rebecca Jewell; Allegro Brillante, for two performers on the pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Miss Newman and Miss Taylor; Aria, "Evening song" (Abend-Empfindung) (Mozart), Miss Pocklington; Allegro giustoso in E, No. 2 from a set of six studies (W. S. Bennett), Allegretto, in D flat, No. 2, from Pezzi di Brovura (Cipriani Potter), Cannonet, in A flat, "Welcome" (G. A. Macfarren), Mdlle. Dépras; Duet, "Zuleika and Hassan" (Mendelssohn), Miss Lambert and Mr. Gay; Allegro con Fuoco (Volkslied), No. 3, Book 8, and Allegro Grazioso, No. 6, Book 5, Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn), Miss Bath; Madrigal, "In pride of May" (Weelkes, 1608). Accompanists, Miss Bairnsfather and Mr. Kemp.

The next public rehearsal is announced for Tuesday morning, December 13, when the first and second parts of J. S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* is to be performed for the first time in this country.

THE ROYAL EDITION OF OPERAS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Under this title Messrs. Boosey & Co. have projected a new edition, at an uncommonly reasonable price, of those operas, ancient and modern, which are chiefly indebted for their popularity to the Italian lyric stage. Two out of a list of some fifty operas announced as in preparation, to appear without cut at intervals of a fortnight, are before us. The form is not merely convenient for general purposes, but such as to render the edition available for theatres, and especially serviceable to those who may be desirous of knowing more about what they are listening to than can be gathered from a programme supplied with musical examples. It has for some time become a habit among amateurs to follow the performances of symphonies, overtures, quartets, sonatas, &c., score in hand; and that the appreciation is materially assisted, perhaps also the enjoyment enhanced, by such adventitious aid, is scarcely to be disputed. Cheap hand-book oratorios have long been in use, and their influence is unquestionably for good. We can see no reason why opera, the most generally popular of all musical entertainments, should not be equally benefited by similar means. At all events the "Royal Edition of Operas" is calculated to supply the want. The disposition of each work is for voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, which, it will be readily understood, is more convenient, not alone because more portable, but because easier to read, than a full orchestral score. That the arrangements may be depended upon for scrupulous exactness, the name of the editor, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and that of his associate, Mr. Josiah Pittman, are a sufficient warrant. These gentlemen are to supply entirely the entire edition. The operas already published are *Don Giovanni* and *Fidelio*. The *Barbiere di Siviglia* and the *Sonnambula* are next on hand.

St. PETERSBURGH.—At the Russian Operahouse, the first opera of a young composer, by name Affanasieff, is in rehearsal; the same is true of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, with Mdlle. Lwrowsky as Fides.—At the Italian Opera, the artists newly engaged for this season have appeared in due course, but only two, Mdme. Sass and Signor Cord, have proved anything like a favourable impression.

SALZBURG.—The first concert of the Mozarteum was highly successful. The band fully sustained its reputation as one of the best in Germany, and, under the conductorship of Herr Bach, performed in brilliant style Meindels-ohn's overture, *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*. Mdlle. Riegein played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major. Herr Staroushek, a member of the band, played C. M. von Weber's Clarinet Concerto; and Herr Sevcik Paganini's Adagio and "Glockchenrondo." The vocalist was Mdlle. Trousil.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cannoline, a very thin evening beverage.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FOURTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. SIVORI, L. RIES, ZERBINI, HAWE, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Ich lieb-e dich" / "Mit einem grünbluhten Band" } —Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. *Beethoven.*
{ "Kennst du das Land" }

PASTORAL SONATA, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Madame Arabella Goddard and Signor PIATTI.. .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

SCOTCH SONGS { "The Maid of Isla" / "The sweetest lad was Jamie," } With Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello Accompaniments by Herr STOCKHAUSEN, accompanied by MM. ZERBINI, STRAUS, and PIATTI. *Beethoven.*

TRIO, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 10th, 1870.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Das Blümchen Wunderhold" / "Mignonette" / "Mailied" } —Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in G major, Op. 29, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Faithful Johnnie," / "The sweetest lad was Jamie," } with Accompaniments by Herr STOCKHAUSEN. *Beethoven.*

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., at his residence, 32 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, ADOLFO ANGELICO GOTOFREDO FERRARI, aged 63.

On the 28th ult., Mr. MILLS, Music Publisher, of New Bond Street, aged 72.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. TEUX is right in one instance, but wrong in the other. He is right in saying that the *Sonate Mélancholique* of the late Herr Moscheles is the key of F sharp minor, but wrong in saying that it was written in four movements. There was never but the one movement which is published in the German edition. It is a long movement, as Dr. Thin must know if he has tried it over; and no doubt the complete sonata was thus conceived by the revered master.

SIGMA THE GOBBLER.—In one respect our correspondent is not quite incorrect; but he has overlooked the fact that Haydn outlived Mozart many years, and that Mozart never heard the *Creation*. Beethoven did, it is true; but Beethoven was not the composer of *Don Giovanni*, and had nothing whatever to do with the *Requiem*. So much for "Snorr the Gobbler."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

DEFEAT OF MR. CHORLEY.

THE controversy between the author of the libretto of *St. Peter* (unsettable version) and the composer of that oratorio has ended. Mr. Chorley fired his last shot in the *Athenæum* of Saturday fortnight, and declared that nothing should ever make him discharge another. Mr. Benedict retorted in the *Athenæum* of Saturday week, and, having no longer an opponent, perforce sheathed his sword; but with a significant intimation that if Mr. Chorley wants more fighting at any future time he can have it. As the contingency is not likely to arise, we may consider the matter ended, and take a final retrospect before consigning it to the limbo of forgotten feuds.

That Mr. Chorley has been beaten at all points is the first impression made by a review of the controversy. We are not a bit surprised at the result, seeing that it was forcknown to all acquainted with the facts of the case. Neither are we pained one tittle, seeing that justice is satisfied. Mr. Chorley, who must have read his Bible when concocting Biblical *libretti*, ought to have remembered the hypothetical king who, making war with ten thousand men, had to meet an enemy furnished with twenty thousand. The veteran journalist was even worse off than that unhappy monarch. He waged war with fancies against facts, and the facts have beaten him. He made a public matter of a private (and imaginary) grievance, and has been "hoist with his own petard." He entered upon the struggle with the arrogant confidence of one who discounts victory, and has rushed into the arms of defeat. In the name of Justice, who would have it otherwise?

We advise our readers to contrast Mr. Chorley's first letter to the *Athenæum* with his last, and mark the difference. In one the writer appears as a deeply injured man, the victim of an unscrupulous colleague's ill-treatment. In the other he is seen trying to defend wrongful assumptions, and wriggling out of false positions, with but slight chance of success. One after another the props upon which he originally rested his case have been knocked away, by the evidence brought forward in Mr. Benedict's calm and gentlemanly letters; and now, the whole card-fabric lies in the mud, even the builder washing his hands and leaving it there, as too much soiled for further mani-

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pulation. Rarely has the right, when challenged by the wrong, more thoroughly vindicated itself.

We will not tire the reader by going over once more all the points of a controversy so miserable in its origin and object; but there are certain conclusions which, as the absolute facts evolved out of much fuss and pother, ought to be stated.

I. Mr. Benedict bought and paid for Mr. Chorley's libretto, twelve years ago.

II. Mr. Benedict was *not* satisfied with the book.

III. Mr. Chorley's version of *St. Peter* was *not* accepted by the Birmingham Committee; nor was it, on Mr. Chorley's recommendation, *entrusted to Mr Benedict to compose*.

IV. Mr. Chorley *refused* to make certain alterations desired by the composer. These facts established, there is an end of Mr. Chorley as far as concerns the controversy.

Everybody remembers the hero of Chevy Chace, respecting whom it is said:—

> "For Witherington I needs must wail,
> As one in doleful dumps,
> For when his legs were smitten off
> He fought upon his stumps."

Mr. Chorley has not even the resource of the unfortunate Border warrior. Not a stump remains to him; and the sword drawn, as by a fore-ordained conqueror, is sheathed in impotence.

If we refer to the matter of the disputed £25, it is only to express surprise that the Editor of the *Athenæum*, naturally anxious to help out an old contributor, should have laid stress on the fact that a cheque, payable to bearer, was not endorsed by Mr. Chorley. The evidence is worth absolutely nothing, because, as is everywhere known (save at the *Athenæum* office), cheques payable to bearer require no endorsement; while the insinuation of the Editor, to use the words of a contemporary, is "insufferable," and has since been energetically repelled.

One word more. Mr. Chorley, having unnecessarily dragged Sir M. Costa and the late Charles Dickens into the controversy, has finished by taking a greater name in vain. He must needs tell us of Mendelssohn—of "original studies," with a view to supplying the illustrious composer with a libretto; and of a journey to Interlaken, with the "original studies" in his pocket. On first reading this, we partially reconciled ourselves to the master's death, because it seemed as though he had actually been "taken from the evil to come." Second thoughts, however, brought a change. We remembered that the composer of *Elijah* was fastidious; and, therefore, safe.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL, by his preserving efforts, seems at length to have taught a vast section of the public that there is one pleasure to be found in a largely-developed instrumental piece of what is termed "classical music," which cannot be derived from brief effusions, however great their attractions of melody or harmony. It is the charm of the sonata, or quartet, for instance, as a whole, wherein we recognize constant variety, emanating from one fertile conception, which the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts are now beginning to appreciate at its just value. They are evidently interested by the symmetry and coherence of the various subordinate forms, employed as subtle servitors to one great plan, in the master-pieces of chamber music; they look with confident pleasure to the recurrence of certain themes or phrases, and expectantly await with curiosity some novel treatment of ideas already heard and admired. Here, then, is a thoroughly musical audience; and we need scarcely dwell upon the inevitable inference, that executants must feel more at home, and consequently perform with greater *abandon* and enjoyment, when moved by such magnetic sympathy, and cheered by such responsive geniality.

The last concert was no exception to the rule. Indeed, it may be described rather as additional evidence of the rule's absoluteness; for not only was the programme thoroughly "classical," consisting exclusively of works by Beethoven, but there was likewise a thronged attendance; and, *mirabile dictu*—despite the weather, which might reasonably have been expected to damp the "genial ardour" of anybody's soul—audience no less than executants—seemed to enjoy the performances—particularly remarkable features in which were the magnificent playing of Madame Goddard of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26), the last movement of which, rendered to absolute perfection, was unanimously encored, and the scarcely less irreproachable performance of the Sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, by the same lady, associated with Madame Neruda.

Let those who suppose music to be a mere meaningless exhibition of emotion, who fancy that human beings sing and play as boys are said to whistle, "for want of thought," visit the Monday Popular Concerts, and learn that music in its loftiest manifestations is animated by the same spirit and regulated by the same principles which vivify and govern all intellectual exhibitions of art; that it has power to awaken the noblest feelings, to sound the very depths of the human heart, with tones of adoration, heroism, joy, grief, love, or despair, and is amenable to all those laws of form and symmetrical design which alone render the greatest triumphs of the poet, painter, and sculptor, classical. Is it too much to say that the soul is moved, the senses flattered, imagination and fancy excited, and reason gratified by those productions of the greatest composers where art and science are so happily commingled?

And if those who "came to scoff," or, perhaps, to sleep, on the comfortable St. James's Hall sofas, have gradually been awakened to the consciousness of a new enjoyment, and led to respect as well as admire the authors of those master-pieces to which Mr. Arthur Chappell devotes his programmes, has not a great deal been gained for the social and artistic *status* of musicians in this country, and even more for the taste and sentiment of a public still, perhaps, a trifle too incredulous respecting the psychological influences of Polyhymnia's art?

B. E. E.

ADOLFO FERRARI.

One of the most highly esteemed members of the musical profession has passed away from among us. Signor Ferrari died on Sunday afternoon, at the age of sixty-three. No one who had the pleasure and advantage of knowing him will hear this intelligence without deep regret. Few among our resident professors were so universally popular as Signor Ferrari, his buoyant and joyous nature winning him friends in every circle. Signor Ferrari was a member of the Philharmonic Society (of which he was frequently elected director), and also of the Royal Society of Musicians. As a professor of singing he occupied the first rank. No class at the Royal Academy of Music was more sought for than his; and, as a mark of respect to his memory, the directors closed the doors of that institution yesterday—the day appointed for the funeral, at which most of them were anxious to be present. In Signor Ferrari the profession has lost an earnest, able, and hard-working member, and society an honest and true-hearted man.

THE Beethoven pieces at the Crystal Palace concert of to-day are the Overture to *Egmont*; the Pianoforte Concerto, No. 1 (in C), to be played by Herr Pauer; the Symphony No. 8 (in *F*); and the "Liederkreis," to be sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

GREAT are the amenities of New York musical journalism, for proof of which we take the following extract out of *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"'Jerry Popkins' (by changing the first letter of this patronymic we get the name of a well known organist and professor), the penny whistler and the prize fraud upon the musical public, is a member of the Lotus Club; but how he came to be admitted among gentlemen is something to be wondered at. Still, he is there, although he is very carefully avoided, as one would avoid anything nasty that lies in the path. True to his dirty instincts, he is just that bird which "fouls its own nest," for he devotes the greater part of the Five Points sheet he publishes to libelling the members of the Lotus brotherhood. Jeremy Didler Popkins—especially Didler in an Orpheon sense—is unfit to associate with gentlemen; and his persistent and gross attacks upon its members, are sufficient cause for the Lotus Club to expel him the body. If they have a care for their reputation they will do so promptly."

THE able and intelligent Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* makes the following reference to Herr Joachim, in one of his recent letters:—

"Herr Joachim has resigned his position of Professor here. In all musical circles in Berlin the most profound regret is expressed at this resolution. Herr Joachim has devoted himself heart and soul to the task, and has in the short time during which he has fulfilled the duties of Professor encouraged to a marvellous extent the cultivation of the art of which he is the greatest living exponent. His exertions have been thoroughly and very generally appreciated—hence the demonstration made at a quartet concert, two days ago, in token of the universal approval of Professor Joachim, and of the universal sorrow caused by his resignation. There are many in England who will not share in that sorrow, for there are many who think he is better employed in himself interpreting Beethoven than in teaching the best interpretation to others less gifted. Herr Joachim is to go to Russia at the beginning of next year for some six weeks, and at the end of that time he will again be heard at your admirable Monday Popular Concerts."

THE Association for Sacred Music at St. Karl's, Vienna, celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, the 20th of November, when they performed, in memory of L. van Beethoven, that composer's Mass in C. One Sunday in 1826, Beethoven, accompanied by Herr Graf, the pianoforte maker, came into the choir at St. Karl's during high mass. The "regens chori" was the present director of the choir, Herr T. Rupprecht, who bowed to his illustrious visitor, directly he perceived him. A message was sent to Herr Rupprecht, saying that Beethoven wished to speak with him. When mass was over, Beethoven, Graf, and Rupprecht walked down by the Technikergebäude, and Beethoven asked Rupprecht to give him the Latin words of the "Te Deum," and mark the places where the *tempo* is changed, as, for example, at "Salvum fac Regem." Beethoven said he intended composing a grand "Te Deum," to be performed in the Augustiner Church, and at the passages marked, a cannon was always to be discharged on the glacis. Rupprecht complied with Beethoven's wish in the course of the same day. Beethoven never carried out his intention, however, as he died in 1827; it is not known whether he ever even begun the "Te Deum."

THE nuisance of organ grinding has again evoked letters from sufferers, and one has written to say that he has been threatened with assassination for interference. The grievance is intensified at this time of year, organists having returned from sea-side tours renovated for a winter campaign. There has been, also, an addition to our tormentors in the Italian bagpipe blowers, who make more aggravating music than their brethren, the Scotch. In brigand costume these parade under our windows, discharging discords that jarr every nerve, and expel every thought, leaving in the mind a craving for vengeance. The organs are constructed of more powerful qualities, in order to compel surrender from an unwilling listener in a more peremptory style than usual. Let people, vexed beyond endurance, strictly forbid servants to encourage the performers. Domestics are in the habit of humming and dancing to the organs, and while the master is waiving off the Savoyard from the parlour, Mary Jane is ogling him from the area, or smiling at him from nursery windows. It seems hard that restrictions should be placed upon strollers, with their booths, while vagabonds, with organs and bagpipes, are permitted to distract us. It is hard to refer to this matter without a smile, but the subject has a serious aspect demanding as much attention as the licensing of theatrical go-carts.

AMONG the papers of a well-known historian, lately deceased, there has been found, at Schwerin, a thickish broad octavo manuscript volume, in good condition, with Latin and German hymns set to music, and presented by the first celebrated Saxon *Capellmeister*, Johann Walther, in 1530, to his friend, Martin Luther. This fact is proved, beyond a doubt, by a memorandum, in the great Reformer's own hand, and the orthography of the time, on the title page. The memorandum runs as follows:—"Hat myr vereehret meyn guter Freind Herr Johann Walther Componist Musica zu Torgaw. 1530. Dem Gott gnade.—Martinus Luther." ("Presented to me by my good friend, Herr Johann Walther, musical composer, Torgau, 1530, for whom may God have grace.—Martinus Luther.") The present owner of this manuscript treasure has submitted it to Herr Kade, musical director, with a view to its publication. Among the hymns contained in the collection are the two great features of the Lutheran hymn book, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," and "Vater unser im Himmelreich."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE Metropolitan Lecture Hall was crowded on the 24th ult., at a grand evening concert given by Mr. Howard (pupil of Mr. Bishenden). The programme was gone through in a highly satisfactory manner, the principal vocalists being Miss Nellie Kean, Miss Nora Somerville, and Mdlle. Vernon (another pupil of Mr. Bishenden), Messrs Kentchen, Turner, Howard, and C. J. Bishenden, bass; Herr Waldkirch, Boylance, and Mdlle. V. Nehrgnez assisted at the pianoforte. Mr. Bishenden was encored three times in the "Marseillaise," and twice in a French war song. The other artists were effective in their respective solos.

A CONCERT was given at the Greyhound Hotel, Richmond, on Tuesday, before an audience of nearly 500. Mr. B. Mansell Ramsey conducted, and the artists performed their parts with credit. Amongst them were Mdlle. Emilie Blanche, Miss Rosaline Smart, Messrs F. Childerstone and Reeves, vocalists; and Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist. The unwieldy room has seldom been the scene of more hearty applause than that which greeted the performances of the solo pianist, Miss Amy Weddle, who gave Kontski's *Souvenir de Faust*, and Wille Pape's *Irish Diamonds*.

COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS, SHAFTESBURY HALL, CITY.—The first of a series of chamber concerts was given on November 26th. Hummel's trio, in E flat, and Beethoven's trio, in G, each for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, were excellently rendered by Messrs. Alfred Carder, Mann, and Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin also played Gounod's "Meditation." "Crudel perche" (*Nozze di Figaro*), was sung by Miss M. St. Aubyn and Mr. E. Carder, and encored, as was Kücken's song, "Day's brightest splendour," sung by Miss Cole. Miss Amy Linnington, Messrs. Albert James and E. Carder, sang several solos. Some partsongs, including Mendelssohn's "Awake the starry midnight hour," Pinsuti's "In this hour of softened splendour," Hatton's "The Indian Maid," &c., were well rendered by a select choir under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred Carder.

THE ALHAMBRA.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—A statement having had publicity given to it by several influential journals to the effect that the performance of the Hanlon Brothers had been discontinued at the Alhambra in consequence of representations made by the Commissioners of Police, I beg to say that no communication on that subject has been received by yours obediently. F. STRANGE.

27, *Leicester Square, Nov.* 23.

MR. F. H. COWEN'S admirable Symphony in C minor is to be given on Thursday next, the 6th inst., at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool, under the direction of its gifted young composer.

MR. BENEDICT AND MR. CHORLEY.—In our last number we remarked that the cheque for £25, dated April 23rd, 1858, which was forwarded to us by Mr. Benedict, was drawn in favour of Mr. Chorley or bearer, and was not indorsed by Mr. Chorley. Mr. Benedict has since shown us that the cheque was passed by a friend of Mr. Chorley's through Messrs. Coutts's Bank.—*Athenæum.*

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PROVINCIAL.

PETERSFIELD.—A concert appointed sends us the following:—

"A chamber concert was given under the direction of Mr. Nicholas Mori, on the 23rd ult., being the third of a series, in aid of the distressed English in Paris. The programme was classical, opening with Mozart's Quartet in F, No. 27, for oboe and strings, well played by Mr. Gratian Cooke, Mr. N. Mori, the Hon. Sydney Skiffington, and the Rev. G. L. Blake. Beethoven's romance in G for violin and pianoforte was confided to Miss Nichols and Mr. Mori, who also joined in the same composer's serenade trio in D. Miss Nichols played one of Handel's *Suites* for pianoforte with much success, and was loudly applauded; as were Dr. Leachman and the Rev. G. L. Blake, in all their songs. The latter is both a good singer and an excellent violoncellist. Haydn's "*Surprise*," given in excellent style by a small but efficient orchestra, closed the concert, which was a perfect success.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Mercury* of November 23rd, speaks thus of a Philharmonic Concert in honour of Beethoven:—

"Doing honour to the 'Michael Angelo of music,' the Philharmonic Society last evening devoted the whole programme to the works of Beethoven. The selection of music was varied and excellent. The instrumental items included the C minor Symphony, the *Egmont*, *Leonora*, and *Fidelio* overtures, the 'Choral Fantasia,' the 'Moonlight Sonata,' with the *Ruins of Athens* march and chorus. The vocal selections were entrusted to Mrs. Weldon and Mr. Vernon Rigby. The symphony, of course, was the leading item, and each movement was listened to with marked attention and manifest delight. The orchestra brought real enthusiasm to their work, and the result did credit both to executants and conductor. The almost symphonic overtures received a very faithful interpretation. Perhaps the most pleasing portion of the programme was the 'Choral Fantasia'—so quaint and piquant in some parts, and broad, vigorous, and melodious in others. Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of the introductory *adagio* was a model of refinement and intelligence, while the orchestra and chorus were quite at home with the work which fell to their lot. The 'Moonlight Sonata' had been frequently performed by Madame Goddard, and therefore it is only necessary to say that she played it with that poetic sympathy and brilliant manipulation which formerly marked her performance. Mrs. Weldon failed to create anything like a favourable impression. The recitative and air from *Euryanthe* ('Ah! horch, hear me,' and 'Oh my heart'), *Adelaide*, and 'The Call of the Quail,' were Mr. Vernon Rigby's solos, sung in his usual style. Mr. Benedict's labours were arduous, but he proved himself fully equal to all requirements.

EDINBURGH.—We take the following from a lengthy account, in the *Scotsman*, of the opening of the renovated organ in St. Paul's Episcopal Church:—

"Professor Oakeley presided at the organ. The choir was augmented by a few outsiders, all picked voices. The music of the hymns was taken from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, except the metrical Hundredth Psalm, in which an arrangement by Mr. Oakeley of the Old Hundredth was substituted. The whole music in both services was of post-Reformation date, except two Lutheran chorales and the already mentioned Old Hundred. The chants were selected to demonstrate that the best Anglican chants may be sung in unison as well as in harmony. There has been during the last few years a very prevalent idea that only Gregorian chants can be sung with effect in unison; but this was entirely disproved on this occasion. The Psalm for the Morning was sung to a chant by Dr. Stephen Elvey, in which the singing of the choir was good, and the management of the accompaniment by Mr. Oakeley remarkable. The *Te Deum* was arranged to a quadruple chant by Mr. Oakeley. A very beautiful anthem, also by Mr. Oakeley, 'O Praise the Lord, all ye Nations,' was introduced in the Morning Service. The music of the hymn after the sermon in the afternoon was also by Mr. Oakeley. The anthem in the afternoon was by Kent from 1 Chronicles xxix. 10—13. The voluntaries were as follows:—In the morning:—Introductory—Andante, Lefébure Wely; 'Ave verum,' Mozart. Concluding—the so-called 'St. Ann's' Fugue in E flat major, Bach; 'Hallelujah Chorus,' from *Mount of Olives*, Beethoven. In the afternoon:—Introductory—Prelude, Brosig; Andante Grasioso, H. Smart. Concluding—Prelude and Fugue in G minor, Bach; 'Hallelujah Chorus,' *Messiah*, Handel. The organ was originally built by Schnetzler in 1774 for the Episcopal Church in the Cowgate, of which the present St. Paul's is the successor. It had at first but two rows of keys, Great organ GG to E, and Swell to fiddle G. When removed to the present church, a Choir organ by Bruce was added, and the Swell carried down to D. Since 1838 Messrs. Hamilton have been entrusted with the charge of the organ, and the alterations and improvements now made, comprising a number of new and beautiful stops, have been affected by them in accordance with a plan by Professor Oakeley. The stops are now forty in number, besides eight couplers."

NOTTINGHAM.—The *Daily Express* of Tuesday last contained the following:—

"The musical public of Nottingham are indebted to Mr. H. Farmer for the introduction of an entertainment which has flourished through thirteen seasons in London, and has always been regarded as particularly instructive, healthy, and agreeable. The current season in the metropolis commenced only a few weeks ago; and we observe that the caterer for our local bill of fare has followed the example of Mr. A. S. Chappell, and arranged a selection from the works of Beethoven exclusively. The undertaking is experimental, and the appearance of the large hall of the Mechanics' Institution last evening was hardly such as to encourage hopes of immediate success, though the subscription places were well filled. The following was the programme:—

"Trio, in G (Op. 1, No. 2), for piano, violin, and violoncello, Beethoven (Miss Butler, Mr. Henry Farmer, and Mr. Selby). Song, 'Penitence,' Beethoven (Miss Annie Hall). Sonata, in A (Op. 47) (dedicated to Kreutzer), for piano and violin, Beethoven (Miss Butler and Mr. Henry Farmer). Song, 'In Questa Tomba,' Beethoven (Miss Annie Hall). Quartet, in C minor (Op. 18, No. 4), for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Beethoven (Mr. Henry Farmer, Mr. Leverton, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Selby). Song, 'Know'st thou the Land,' Beethoven (Miss Annie Hall). Quartet, in E flat (Op. 16), for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, Beethoven (Miss Butler, Mr. Henry Farmer, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Selby).

It will be seen that the various pieces were in good hands. The pianist displayed to advantage her very considerable powers; her reading being well phrased, her articulation distinct, and her tone quite enough to consort with the other instruments. Mr. Farmer's first violin was admirable, especially in the Sonata, in A, and the quartet in C minor. Indeed the *ensemble* of the latter was so good as to make it the piece of the evening. The vocalist, Miss Annie Hall, possesses a voice of fair range."

—o—

THE GERMAN RHINE.

At the present moment there is a revived interest in Nikolaus Becker's "German Rhine" with the reply to it by Alfred de Musset and the following translation of them may be acceptable:—

It never shall be France's, The free, the German Rhine, Tho' raven-like she glances And croaks her foul design.	So long as, sentry keeping, The rocks its margin stud; So long as spires are steeping Their image in its flood;
So long as calmly gliding It wears its mantle green, So long as our dividing Its mirrored wave is seen.	It never shall be France's, The free, the German Rhine, So long as festive dances Its lover-groups combine;
It never shall be France's, The free, the German Rhine, So long as youth enhances His fervour with its wine.	So long as angler bringeth Its lusty trout to shore, So long as minstrel singeth Its praise from door to door.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine.

REPLY.

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
It has served our wassail bowls to fill.
Can singing its praise from door to door
Efface the hoof-prints, legible still,
Of our cavalry charge that bathed its left bank in your gore?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
On its breast the wound still gapeth wide,
Which conquering Condé made, when he tore
Thro' its mantle of green to the farther side;
Where once the sire has ridden, shall the son not ride once more

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
Of your German virtues what remains
When across its flood our legions pour
And the Empire over-clouds your plains?
When all your men have fallen, have ye other men in store?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
If ye your annals would fain forget,
Your daughters remember the days of yore,
And wish the Frenchmen among them yet,
For whom your vintage white they were always blithe to pour.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE "ROSE MAIDEN."

In the course of a long article on Mr. Cowen's new cantata, the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"With reference to Mr. Cowen's general treatment of the subject, it must be granted that he has made the most of his opportunities for contrast. There, as already intimated, are few; consisting mainly of the songs for the 'gardener's daughter,' the wedding chorus, and the baritone air wherein the tumult of nature and the peace of a loving home are set against each other. As the story moves on elsewhere, with a placid sameness which must have sorely tested the composer's ingenuity, the actual variety imparted is creditable in no slight degree. Looking more closely at Mr. Cowen's music, we find it divided into two portions, each so distinctive that one might fancy two composers had been at work. The orchestra is written for throughout, with a free, bold hand guided by fine taste and admirable invention; while in the vocal department, Mr. Cowen seems to have determined upon the gain of an easy popularity, rather than upon giving full play to his undoubted powers. If this be an error it is but one of judgment, and neither throws discredit upon the composer's ability, nor affects the opinion of those who, having what he can do, find that he has not done all he might. But, to repeat in other words what has been said before, the orchestral part of the *Rose Maiden* demands almost unqualified praise. Thoughtful and happy design, effective colouring, and well-sustained interest are merits lying on the surface. From many points deserving notice we can only select a few. The introduction has for its chief theme a tranquil and plaintive melody, forming the central idea of the whole. As representative of the sorrow which waits upon all earthly joy—for so we interpret it—this melody again and again reappears with increasing suggestiveness, and at happily-chosen times. We hear it when the demented maiden rejoices at the fancied coming of her swain; when Roseblossom dreams of the forester she loves; and when the elves chaunt their farewell over her grave. Other applications of the same device are not wanting. Who, for example, the sorrow of Rosebloom on account of her dead husband is described, a violin obligato repeats the theme of the song wherein the 'gardener's daughter' imagines the corpse of her lover is before her. In short Mr. Cowen has happily used a means of effect which requires to be employed with great discretion. The scoring of his accompaniments, throughout, is full—here and there, perhaps a little more full than necessary—but at the same time, it is clear in its details and obvious in its meaning. The young composer, while never at a loss for appropriate forms, shows a marked preference for that which—to quote the most familiar example—Mendelssohn has employed in 'Happy and blest are they' (*St. Paul.*) We refer to the constant repetition of a brief semi-quaver phrase. This device is employed—for 'muted' violins—in the pretty chorus, "Mid the waving rose trees;' in a portion of the tenor air, 'The sleep of even;' and notably in the baritone solo, 'When the rain trees rustle;' a transfer of the figure from bass strings to violins, at the point where the peace of home is contrasted with the turmoil of nature, being one of Mr. Cowen's most felicitous strokes. Another point to be commended is that produced by occasional *piano* passes for trombones, such as occur in the chorus, 'O earth-born sorrow;' where, also, an effective and novel use is made of the *grosse caisse*. It would be easy to cite many more features in the orchestration of the *Rose Maiden*; but we must be content to point out only the admirable character of its interludes. Mr. Cowen appears at his best when relieved of the burden of his movements, and there are not a few passages worthy the composer of the symphony to which reference has already been made. It is only necessary to quote in proof the prelude to the scena of the 'gardener's daughter;' to the air descriptive of Rosebloom's waiting for her coming love; and to the elfin chorus, 'Farewell, sleep thou lightly;' the last being quite Mendelssohnian in its lightness and grace. With regard to the airs and duets, it is at once obvious that the sameness of the story has affected a result which Mr. Cowen on his part appears to have kept down to a certain level. They are written with almost uniform smoothness, and the melodies are such as the popular ear receives with gratitude; but lack of contrast cannot help making itself felt, even under such circumstances. In the style and treatment of his choruses Mr. Cowen is careful to be in harmony with the style and treatment of his solos. They are simply constructed upon themes which are pleasant if not novel, and their effect arises naturally from the use of familiar means rather than from any special efforts. Among the best examples are 'Green vale, and vine-clad mountains,' the wedding chorus, and the introduction to the chorus of elves, 'What sounds there so softly.' Not to prolong these remarks, we may dismiss Mr. Cowen's latest work with the observation that it will assuredly increase his popularity, and thus attain its apparent object."

DRESDEN.—Preparations are being made at the Theatre Royal to celebrate with due solemnity the centenary of Beethoven's birth. At the request of the management, Herr Julius Rodenberg has written a *"Festspiel"* with choruses, *Das Erwachen der Kunst*, for the occasion. —A report was circulated lately that Herr Tschatschek was about to take his farewell, at least from the Royal Operahouse here, in the part of Ivanhoe, on the 23rd November. This report, as the event has proved, was inexact. In the first place, Herr Tschatschek's engagement does not expire till the 31st inst., and, in the next, nothing has yet been decided as to the when and where of his last appearance.

MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Charles H. Jarvis has announced six *soirées*, commencing Novembe 19. This is the ninth year of Mr. Jarvis's pleasant re unions, which have always been very successful. Mr. Jarvis is assisted by Mr. Kopta, violinist, and Mr. Hennig, violoncellist.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn is giving a series of six pianoforte *matinées*, at which many new and important works will be produced. He is assisted by Mr. Hennig, violoncellist, and Mr. Stoll, violinist. The instrumental pieces are interspersed with vocal music, Mrs. Sautan assisting at the first *matinée*.

It is said that the old Germania Band will give a series of concerts this winter under the direction of Carl Sentz. New life will be infused into the organization, and a selection of fine works will be performed.

Mr. H. Cross has been elected conductor by the "Abt Society," an organization consisting of twenty able singers.

A military band, led by Mark Hassler, numbering sixty pieces, with an extra drum corps, will shortly commence a series of concerts. This band stands in such high favour with the Philadelphians, that a movement is on foot to raise 6,000 dollars to supply it with uniforms.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The Harvard Association commenced its concerts on November the 3rd, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. The initial concert was one of a series of three to be given in commemoration of the Centennial Anniversary of Beethoven's birth.

The Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven affords Boston a three days' festival, which will be divided among various associations. On the 15th of December, the second Beethoven concert of Harvard Association will take place. On the 16th, the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, will perform Beethoven's Choral (9th) Symphony. Various associations and individual artists will give concerts on the 17th, including the Parker Club, The Cœlia Society, etc. The memory of Beethoven will thus be appropriately honoured.

Charlotte Cushman, who has just arrived from abroad, in a failing state of health, has made still further donations to the Boston Music Hall. Some time since she gave busts of Beethoven, Mozart, and Palestrina; to these she has now added the busts of Gluck and Mendelssohn. They are beautiful works of art, reflecting great credit upon the Danish sculptor, Wilhelm Mathieu.

Mr. Eugene Thayer is the conductor of the Boston Choral Union, as association which promises to become an important addition to the musics strength of that city. It commenced its regular rehearsals last month.

Mr. Gilmore is not dead; naither is he asleep. His great International Jubilee continues to be the leading thought of his active brain. It cannot be given next spring, the disturbed state of Europe being a sufficient reason for postponement. Previous to the Prussian-French war, Mr. Gilmore had intercourse with the leading European representatives at Washington, and received from them the most cordial assurances that they would use all their influence to forward his grand and comprehensive design. The Jubilee is, therefore, only in abeyance until peace prepares Europe for this stupendous musical idea.

Gilmore's *History of the Great Peace Jubilee* is positively to be out in December.

Ernest Perabo gave his second *matinée*, at HorticulturalHall, on the 11th ult.

In the local paper, *El Siglo*, we read highly flattering accounts of the wonderful singing of Madlle. Carlotta Patti (sister of the famous Adelina Patti) at Montevideo. "*No es una mujer, es un ruisenor*"—says the enthusiastic writer of the musical *feuilleton* in that esteemed journal. We can well understand that Carlotta Patti has astonished musical amateurs in those distant regions. "*There is a magic in the name of Patti!*" In short, a Patti must mean, more or less, a nightingale.

FLORENCE.—The centenary of Beethoven's birth was piously celebrated on the 14th, 21st, and 26th ult., by three concerts, at which the executants were Herr Hans von Bulow (piano), Signor Giovacchino (violin), and Signor Jefte Sboiei (violoncello), and the programmes, arranged according to the composer's three periods. First Evening —Trio, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; Sonata, in F major, Op. 24, for Pianoforte and Violin; Sonata, quasi Fantasia, in E flat major, Op. 27, No. 3, for Pianoforte; and Sonata, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello. Second Evening—Sonata, in A major, Op. 69, for Pianoforte and Violoncello; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57; Trio, in E flat major, Op. 70, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; Sonata, in A minor, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin. Third Evening—Sonata, in G major, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin; Sonata, in D major, Op. 102, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello; Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte; Trio, in B flat major, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.

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MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

By J. S. Dwight.

(Continued from page 730.)

2. Such civilising, educating power has music for society at large. Now in the finer sense of culture, such as we look for in more private and select "society," as it is called, music in the *salon*, in the small chamber concert, where congenial spirits are assembled in its name,—*good* music of course,—does it not create a finer sphere of social sympathy and courtesy?—does it not better mould the tone and manners from within than any imitative "fashion" from without? What society, upon the whole, is quite so sweet, so satisfactory, so refined, as the best musical society, if only Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franz, Chopin, set the tone! The finer the kind of music heard or made together, the better the society. This bond of union only reaches the few; coarser, meaner, more prosaic natures are not drawn to it. Wealth and fashion may not dictate who shall be of it. Here congenial spirits meet in a way once free, happy and instructive, meet with an object which insures "society;" whereas so-called society, as such, is often aimless, vague, unedifying and fatiguing, for the want of any subject-matter. Here one gets ideas of beauty which are not mere arbitrary fashions, ugly often to the eye of taste. Here you may escape vulgarity by a way not vulgar in itself, like that of fashion, which makes wealth and family and means of dress its passports. Here you can be as certain as any place, by the soul's right, not wronging any one; here learn gentle manners, and the quiet ease and courtesy with which cultivated people move, without in the same process learning insincerity.

Of course the same remarks apply to similar sincere reunions in the name of any other art,—or poetry. But music is the most social of them all, even if each listener find nothing set down to his part (or even hers!) but *taste*.

3. We have fancied ourselves entering a musical house together, but we must leave it with no time to make report, or picture out the scene. Now could we only enter the chamber, the inner sanctum, the private inner life of a thoroughly musical person, one who is wont to *live* in music! could we know him in his solitude! (You can only know him in yourself, unless he be a poet and creator in his art and bequeath himself in that form, in his works, for any who know how to read).

If the best of all society is musical society, we go further and say: The sweetest of all solitude is when one is alone with music. One gets the best of music, the sincerest part, when he is alone. Our poet-philosopher has told us to secure solitude at any cost; there is nothing which we can so ill afford to do without. It is a great vice of our society, that it provides for and disposes so little solitude, ignoring the fact that often there is more loneliness in company than out of it. Now to a musical person, in the mood of it, in the sweet hours by himself, comes music as the nearest friend, nearer and dearer than ever before, and he soon finds that he was in such good company. I doubt if symphony of Beethoven, opera of Mozart, Passion Music of Bach, was ever so enjoyed or felt in grandest public rendering, as one may feel it while he recalls its outline by himself at his piano (even if he be a slow and bungling reader, and must get it out piecemeal). I doubt if such an one can carry home from the performance, in presence of the applauding crowd, nearly so much as he may take to it from such inward, private preparation.

Are you alone?—what spirits you can summon up to fill the vacancy, and people it with life and love and beauty! Take down the volume of Sonatas; the arrangement of the great Symphony, the recorded reveries of Chopin, the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or even the chorales, with the harmony of Bach, in which the four parts blend their several individual melodies together in such loving service of the whole, that the plain people's tune becomes a germ unfolding into endless wealth and beauty of meaning and you have the very essence of all prayer and praise and gratitude, as if you were a worshipper in the ideal church. Nothing like music, *then*, to banish the besmirching ghost of *ennui*. It lends secret sympathy, relief, expression, to all one's moods, loves, longings, sorrows; comes nearer to the soul, or to the secret wound, than any friend or healing sunshine from without. It nourishes and feeds the hidden springs of hope and love and faith; renews the old conviction of life's spring-time,—that the world is ruled by love, that God is good, that beauty is a divine *end* of life, and not a snare and an illusion. It floods out of sight the unsightly, muddy grounds of life's petty anxious, doubting moments, and makes immortality a present fact, lived in and realized. It locks the door against the outer world of discords, contradictions, importunities, beneath the noises of a sect so richly occupied; lets "Fate knock at the door" (as Beethoven said in explanation of his symphony)—Fate and the pursuing Furies—and even welcomes them, and turns them into gracious goddesses, —Eumenides!

Music in this way is a marvellous elixir to keep off old age. Youth returns in solitary hours with Beethoven and Mozart. Touching the chords of the Moonlight Sonata, the old man is once more a lover: with the *andante* of the Pastoral Symphony, he loiters by the shady brookside hand in hand with his fresh heart's first angel. You are past the sentimental age, yet you can weep alone in music,—not weep exactly, but find outlet more expressive and more worthy of your manly faith.

A great grief comes, an inconsolable bereavement, an humiliating, paralyzing reverse, a blow of Fate giving the lie to your best plans and bringing your best powers into discredit with yourself, then you are best prepared and best entitled to receive the secret visitations of these tuneful goddesses and muses.

> "Who never ate his bread in tears,
> " He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

So sings the German poet. It is the want of inward, deep experience, it is innocence of sorrow and of trial, more than the lack of any special cultivation of musical taste or knowledge, that debars many people—naturally most young people, and all who are what we call shallow natures—from the feeling and enjoyment of many of the truest, deepest, and most heavenly of all the works of music. Take the Passion Music of Bach, for instance; if you can sit down alone at your piano and decipher strains and pieces of it when you *need* such music, you shall find that in its quiet quaintness, its sincerity and tenderness, its abstinence from all striving for effect, it speaks to you and entwines itself about your heart, like the sweetest, deepest verses in the Bible, when "the soul muses till the fire burns."

Such a panacea is this art for loneliness. But sometimes, too, it may intensify the sense of loneliness, only for more heavenly relief at last. Think of the deep composer, of lonely, sad Beethoven, wreaking his pain upon expression in those impatient chords and modulations, putting his sorrows into sonatas, and wringing triumph always out of all! Look at him as he was then morose, they say, and lonely and tormented; look where he is now, as the whole world knows him, feels him, seeks him for its joy and inspiration,—and who can doubt of immortality?

Now in such private solace, in such solitary joys, is there not culture? Can one rise from such communings with the good spirits of the tone-world, and go out, without new peace, new faith, new hope, and good-will in his soul? Its goods forth in the spirit of reconciliation and of patience, however much he may hate the wrong he sees about him, or however little he accepts authorities and creeds that make war on his freedom. The man who has tasted such life, and courted it till he has become acclimated in it, whether he be of this party or that, or none at all, whether he be believer or "heretic," conservative or radical, follower of Christ by name or "Free Religionist," belongs to the harmonic and ancinted body-guard of peace, fraternity, goodwill; his instincts all have caught the rhythm of that holy march; the good genius leads, he has but to follow cheerfully and humbly. For somehow the minute fibres, the infinitesimal atoms of his being, have got magnetised, as it were, into a loyal, positive direction toward the polar-star of unity; he has grown attuned to a believing, loving mood, just as the body of a violin, the walls of a music-hall, by much music-making, become gradually seasoned into smooth vibration.

WAIFS.

M. Maurice Strakosch has returned to London from Brussels.

Early in the new year the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, will be opened as a place of fashionable entertainment.

The "Stop" most grateful to impartial hearers on, while certain organs (who shall be nameless), are playing, is the *dead stop*. (This is not from *Punch*.)

Mr. Buckault's drama, *Jessibel*, will be immediately produced at the Holborn Theatre. Mr. H. Neville and Miss K. Rodgers will have prominent characters in it.

The opening of the Lyceum Theatre with an Opera Buffa Company (Limited) is announced. Signor Butteshi's opera, *Ali Baba*, is promised for the first night.

Watts composed 697 hymns, and Wesley 600. About a tenth of them live, and are sung in every Christian church where the English language is used.

Rondel's ("Petite!") *Messe Solennelle* is about to be performed at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, with Madame Alboni, Comtesse de Pepoli, in the contralto part.

Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* is being rehearsed by the Kensington Sacred Harmonic Society and also by the Trinity Choral Society, both under the conductorship of Mr. Albert Lowe.

Mrs. Francis Talfourd's concert, for the benefit of the funds of the Alexandra Homes, Margate, is announced for Monday evening. The accomplished tenor, Signor Gardoni, has generously given his services.

The execution of the monument to be erected to Gluck in his native place, Weidenwang, in the Upper Palatinate, has been confided to Herr Conrad Knoll. The monument will consist of a colossal bust.

The Great Triennial Handel Festival, to be held in the ensuing year at the Crystal Palace, will be on the same scale as on former occasions, the orchestra numbering upwards of four thousand executants, under the conductorship of Sir Michael Costa. The rehearsal will take place on Friday the 16th June, and the three performances on the following Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

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The Concerts of Ancient Music will enter upon their second season early in the coming year, with the same patron, patronesses, and directors. Mr. Barnby and Mr. E. J. Hopkins remain conductor and organist, Lord Wm. Lennox as hon. secretary, and Mr. Ward as secretary. The four concerts promise to be as before.

The Committee of the Royal Academy of Music intend, at the Christmas examination of 1870, to give a valuable violin as prize to the most meritorious student who has been pupil in the Institution during the three preceding terms, the Committee reserving the right of withholding the gift, should sufficient talent not be exhibited.

The Musical Committee of the Society of Arts met on Monday, the 21st November, Seymour Teulon, Esq., Vice-Chairman of the Council, in the chair. The Committee had under consideration a reference from the Council with regard to the establishment of a National Training School for Music.

Appreciation of the power of sound reaches one of its highest points in the love of music found in persons who, when deprived of sight, enter without distraction into the beauty and intricacies of sound. There need to be a blind asylum at Liverpool, famous for the singing of its inmates, who, with all the concentration of the senses, enjoyed their own music. Some excellent organists have been blind. Music must be a genuine treat to the blind. We can easily imagine the fancy where, with a blind person listens to some touching melody, or full rich harmony.—X.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of our respected contemporary, the *Musical Times* :—

SIR,—In reading the *Musical Times* for 1859 the other day, I observed a statement that a statue to Mendelssohn had been completed and that an application had been made to Her Majesty for the erection in St. James's Park. Can you or any of your readers inform me what has been done towards its erection in the Park or elsewhere? If it has not been done I think some steps should be taken to have it inaugurated in some public place—say, in the proposed gardens on the Victoria Embankment. I also observed another paragraph as to a proposed collection amongst the musical world for the erection of a College to be called the "Handel College." I should also be glad to know if it was ever set on foot; if so, the amount collected, and what is being or has been done with it. I should be most happy to forward my subscription for such a purpose.—Yours truly, TITUS. B. GUY.

A statute on musical degrees has passed through the Congregation of the University of Oxford, and will become law unless thrown out of Convocation. It requires two public examinations for the degree of Mus. Bac., one in October, the next in Easter or Trinity. The exercise need not be sent in until after the candidate has past the first examination, and has then to be approved by the Professor, the Choragus, and the third examiner. When this statute was promulgated, November 15th, two amendments (in Latin) were proposed by the Rev. T. Hatch (St. Mary Hall), the other by Dr. Stainer (Magd.). Mr. Hatch's amendment was to compel candidates for musical degrees to reside three years in Oxford, and pass the examinations for a degree in Arts. Dr. Stainer's amendment was to constitute the first examination "in four-part harmony and counterpoint," and the second "in five-part counterpoint, instrumentation, history of music, and the construction of works by masters from time to time to be named by the Professor." These amendments were discussed on November 22, in Congregation. Dr. Stainer (Magd. Coll.), Professor H. Smith (Balioll), and Rev. T. Vere-Bayne (Ch. Ch.) spoke in opposition to Mr. Hatch's amendment, which was negatived by 42 to 4. Dr. Stainer's amendment was carried without division. Mr. Hatch's amendment would have virtually closed Oxford degrees against professional musicians, few of whom can spare the time to pass three years in Oxford.

The Asiatic has no ear and no soul for music. Like other savages and children, he loves a noise, and plays on shrill pipes—on the tarabucca, or the tara or tamborine, and a sharp, one-stringed fiddle or rabab. "Of course, in your first Oriental day," says an Eastern traveller, "you will decline no invitation; but you will grow gradually deaf to all entreaties to friends or dragomen to sally forth and hear music. You will remind them that you did not come to the East to go to Bedlam. The absence of music is not strange, for silence is natural to the East and the tropics. When sitting quietly at home in mid-summer, sweeping ever onward in the glowing heat, we at length reach the tropics in the fixed fervour of a July noon. The day is rapt, the birds and wind are still, and the morning sun glares silence on the world. The Orient is that primeval and perpetual noon, that the very heat explains to you the voluptuous elaboration of its architecture, the brilliancy of its costume, the picturesqueness of its life. But no Mozart was needed to sow Persian gardens with roses breathing love and beauty; no Beethoven to build Himalayas; no Rossini to sparkle and sing with the birds and streams. Those realities are there of which the composers are the poets to Western imaginations. In the East you see and feel music, but hear it never, except in the rich and flowing, deep and solemn chant of the surpliced novitiates—the priests, monks, nuns, and friars, who carry music wherever the sublime beauties of the Christian religion are introduced.—X.

REVIEWS.

Look at home: A National Song, written by P. T. SULLIVAN, Esq., composed by WILLIAM WILSON. [London: Weippert & Co.]

THE object of this song is a timely one, and will command the sympathy of not a few. It depreciates the lavish aid to foreigners which has been the latest craze of the benevolent public, and bids the charitably disposed to look at the want and misery which lie at their own doors and have greater claims. The music is appropriately simple and vigorous; it is, moreover, such as the car readily catches and retains, essential qualities if that which aspires to be "natio nal."

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'As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose;'

while the poem are of so lyrical a nature that they at once recommend themselves to anyone who (to continue the quotation) can say—

'for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it.
If there's no music, 'tis a misery gone.'

Miss Amy Coyne, a daughter of the late Mr. Stirling Coyne, is the composer of three sweet *lieder*; and she has also translated from the German the felicitous words with which the music is well harmonized. Six in number, their titles are—'Farewell for Ever,' 'Fidelity,' 'Parted,' 'The Request,' 'The Voice of Spring,' and 'Evening Sounds,' which last has a delightful Mendelssohnian ring about it. Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, are the publishers of these exquisite songs, and also of Miss Amy Coyne's latest composition, 'Maddalena,' a sparkling serenade which we had the pleasure of noticing favourably when it was first sung by Mr. W. H. Cummings, and which fully sustains the rising reputation of the talented young composer."—*Penny Illustrated Paper*.

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VOL. 48—No. 50. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. / 5d. Stamped.

THE ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA COMPANY (LIMITED).

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.

SEASON 1871.

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Mdlle. GIUSEPPINA BRUSA, Mdlle. GIULIA MONARI,
Mdlle. ANETTA SCUDI, Mdlle. FAULLO,
Mdlle. ENRICHETTA BEDETTI (from the Theatre Royal Apollo, of Rome; and the Theatre of Bologna, &c.) and

Mdlle. ANGELICA MORO (from Theatre Royal, Milan, Naples, Turin, and Genoa.
Signor GIROLAMO PICCIOLI (from the Theatre Royal, San Carlo, of Lisbon; Florence, and Turin.
Signor ALFONSO BENECA and
Signor PIETRO FABRI (from the Theatre Regio, of Turin, Barcelona, &c.)
Signor ALESSANDRO TORELLI (from the Royal Theatres of Naples).
Signor PALLAR (by permission of F. Gye, Esq.)
Signor PONTI, and
Signor FRANCESCO ROCCO (from the Theatre Imperial, Paris; and Italian Opera of Lisbon and Milan), and
Signor MAURIZIO BORELLA (from the Theatre Imperial, Paris; and Italian Opera of Naples and Milan), and
Signor CESARE RISTORI (from the Theatres Royal, Pergola, of Florence, Palermo, and Naples).

Negociations are pending with other eminent artists).

Composer, Conductor, and Director of the Music, Signor TITO MATTEI.
Secretary and Acting Manager, Mr. W. B. HEALEY.
Leader of the Orchestra Mr. H. WEIST HILL.
Organist, Mr. L. DIEHL: the Military Band of the Grenadier Guards, under the Direction of Mr. D. GODFREY; Conductor of the Divertissements and Ballet, Mr. CHARLES HALL: the Music will be supplied by Mr. A. MAYLIED and Mr. W. HOWOTH; Librarian, Mr. G. BAIRD; Supperitore, Signor VICHOLINI; Maitre de Ballet, Mr. J. E. COSMACK; The Appointments by Mr. BRADWELL; Scenic Artist, Signor ANDREOTTI; Machinist, Mr. J. T. THOMAS.

Ali Baba (Music by Bottesini).—A Comic Opera, in Four Acts, composed expressly for the Italian Opera Buffa Company (Limited), by Signor Bottesini, the eminent Composer and Orchestral Conductor, whose writings for the Lyric Stage place him in a high rank for melody and dramatic expression. The Italian Libretto, by Signor Taddei, is a graceful and amusing adaptation of the world-famed story of the *Forty Thieves*. The English version of which has been entrusted to the well-known skill and experience of Mr. C. L. Kenney. Nadir, Signor Piccioli; Orsocane, Signor Torelli; Abeul Hassan, Signor Rocco; Ali Baba, Signor Borella; and Delia, Mdlle. Maria Calisto.

Il Carnevale di Venezia (Sosta Le Precauzioni).—Opera Buffa, in Three Acts. Made by Petrella. First time in England. Music, Signor Borella; Il Conte Bleicla, Signor Rocco: Oreste, Signor Picciol; Filade, Signor Torelli; Cola, Signor Ristori; Rosalia, Mdlle. Brusa; Mimosa, Mdlle. Enrichetta Bedetti; and Albina, Mdlle. Angelica Moro.

L'Italiana in Algeri (Music by Rossini).—Mustapha, Signor Rocco; Lindoro, Signor Fabbri; Taddeo, Signor Borella; Elvira, Mdlle. Brusa; and Isabella, Mdlle. Enrichetta Bedetti.

Il Conte Ory (Music by Rossini).—Conte Ory, Signor Fabbri; La Contessa di Formoutier, Mdlle. Maria Calisto; L'Ajo, Signor Ristori; Isoliero, Mdlle. Brusa; Ramboldo, Signor Rocco; and Ragonda, Mdlle. Enrichetta Bedetti.

Cenerentola (Music by Rossini).—Cenerentola, Mdlle. Enrichetta Bedetti; Clorinda, Mdlle. Brusa; Tisbe, Mdlle. Monari; Don Magnifico, Signor Borella; Dandini, Signor Torrelli; Alidoro, Signor Fallar; and Don Ramiro, Signor Fabbri.

Il Matrimonio Segreto (Music by Cimarosa).—Geronimo, Signor Torelli; Carolina, Mdlle. Calisto; Elisetta, Mdlle. Angelica Moro; Fidalma, Mdlle. Enrichetta, Bedetti; Conte Robinaco, Signor Borella; and Paolino, Signor Picciol.

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Il Barbiere di Siviglia (Music by Rossini).—Lindoro, Signor Fabbri; Don Bartolo, Signor Ristori; Figaro, Signor Torelli; Don Basilio, Signor Rocco; Berths, Mdlle. Scasi; and Rosina, Mdlle. Maria Calisto.

Un Anno ed un Giorno.—Operetta. (Music by Jules Benedict.) First time in England. Elisa, Mdlle. Angelica Moro; Lorenzo, Signor Torelli; and Giannette, Mdlle. Enrichetta Bedetti.

Thibi in Maschera.—Commedia Lirica in Three Acts, by M. Marcello. (Music by Carlo Pedrotti.) Represented with great success for the first time at the New Theatre, Verona. First time in England.

Linda di Monetari.—Melodramma giocoso, in Two Acts. Libretto by Jacopo Feretti. (Music by Lauro Rossi.) First time in England.

Cicco e cola.—Opera Comica in Four Acts. Libretto by Almerinda Spadetta. (Music by A. Buonomo.) The Recitatives set to Music by Ettore Geli. First time in England.

Giannina e Bernardone.—Drama Giocoso. (Music by Cimarosa.) First time in England.

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The Box Office will be opened under the Direction of Mr. NUGENT, in the Grand Entrance of the Theatre Royal Lyceum, on the 19th December, 1870.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (Saturday), CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Beethoven's Septuor and Overtures. "COBIOLAN;" Overture, "DER FREISCHUTZ," &c. Mdlle. Leon Duval and Signor Foli. Conductor—Mr. MANN.—Admission 2s. 6d., or by Guinea Season Tickets; Stalls, 5s. 6d.

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Stage Manager .. .. .. MR. A. HARRIS.

The opera commences at eight o'clock. Prices: Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Grand Circle Seats, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Box Seats, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (reserved), 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (unreserved), 3s.; Pit do.; Amphitheatre, 2s. Private Boxes from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s.

BEETHOVEN CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL REPRESENTATION, SATURDAY, December 17, 1870.—A special performance of "FIDELIO" will take place at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, in honour of the one hundredth anniversary of the Illustrious Composer. Leonora, Mdme. Sinico; Florestan, Signor Gardoni; Rocco, Signor Foli; Jacquino, Signor Rinaldini: Il Ministro, Signor Tagliafico; Pizarro, Signor Caravoglia; Marcellina, Mdlle. Scalchi; and Giaquera (Fidelio), by Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

Commence at Eight o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; grand circle seats, 7s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; amphitheatre stalls (reserved), 4s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Boxes, stalls, and places at the box-office (under the portico of the theatre), open daily.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

THE ANNUAL CHORAL FESTIVAL will be held on FRIDAY NEXT, the 16th inst., at the Church of St. George-the-Martyr, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. The Preacher—the Rev. T. J. HOWELL, M.A., Rector of St. Margaret, Lothbury, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Her Majesty. The Choir will comprise the gentlemen and boys from Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Lincoln's Inn, St. Michael's, Cornhill, &c., &c. JAMES COWARD, Esq., and F. E. GLADSTONE, Esq., will preside at the Organ. Service to commence at Seven, p.m. E. LEIPOLD, *Hon. Sec.*

TUESDAY MORNING NEXT.

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
President—The EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The next **PUBLIC REHEARSAL**, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates will take place at the Institution, on TUESDAY Morning next, the 13th inst., commencing at Two o'clock, when will be performed (for the first time in this country) Parts 1 and 2 of the CHRISTMAS ORATORIO (Weihnachts Oratorium), of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

BENEDICT'S "ST. PETER," at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 13, at 8. Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Raynham, Herr Stockhausen, and Mr. Barnby's Choir. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

"It is long, very long, since such an Oratorio has been written."—*The Times.*

"Mr. Benedict has achieved a great thing: in other words, he has written the finest Oratorio since *Elijah*."—*Daily Telegraph.*

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Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Area Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 2s., at NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; the principal musicsellers; and AGNEW'S, St. James's Hall.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—FRIDAY NEXT, Dec. 16, to celebrate the Centenary of the Birth of the Composer, BEETHOVEN'S MASS in C and "MOUNT OF OLIVES" will be performed. Principal Vocalists: Mdme. Sinico, Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall. Christmas Performances of the "MESSIAH" on 23rd and 30th Dec. Tickets now ready.

M. W. BALFE,
ST. LEGER'S REMINISCENCES OF THIS POPULAR COMPOSER
Will be Published
NEXT WEEK.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S CONCERT.
PUBLIC HALL, CROYDON.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S ANNUAL EVENING CONCERT, on TUESDAY, December 13th, 1870, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Banks and Mr. Woodbridge (his first appearance at Croydon). Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mr. George Russell; Violin, Herr Straus; 2nd Violin, Herr Ries; Viola, M. Zerbini; Violoncello, Herr Daubert. Conductor, M. Zerbini. The present year being the Centenary of the birth of Beethoven, Mr. Russell has determined to select the whole of the Programme, vocal and instrumental, from the works of that immortal composer. Terms of Admission—Reserved Seats, 5s.; Family Tickets (to admit five), 11s.; Reserved Seats (not numbered) in the Body of the Hall, 3s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats in the Body of the Hall or Balcony, 1s. Tickets and Programmes to be obtained of Mr. Warren, Bookseller, High Street, where a Plan of the Hall may be seen and places secured; and of Messrs. Welch, Musicsellers, North End.

MR. MAYBRICK will be at liberty to accept engagements after December 25. Address, care of Messrs. Hutchings & Romer, 9 Conduit Street, W.; or, Mr. Gremon Dolby, 53, New Bond Street, W.

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MISS EMMELINE COLE begs to announce that her engagement at the Gaiety Theatre will terminate on Dec. 24th, that she will be at liberty to accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, Operas, &c., after that date. Address to Gremon Dolby, Esq., 53, New Bond Street, W.; or, Miss Emmeline Cole, 4, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square.

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By Dr. BUNNETT.
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New Year's Chimes, 3s.	Chiming May Bells, 3s.
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BENEDICT'S renowned Ballad, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," will be sung by MISS JESSIE ROYD, December 20th, in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Coalbrookdale.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of the GUITAR and CONCERTINA, begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town for the winter season.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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LES VENTS D'AUTOMNE,"
Rêverie pour Piano, dedié à la Mémoire de LAMARTINE,
Par M. J. TOLMIE.
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BRISSAC'S eminently successful "VALSE DE BRAVOURE," will be played by Mrs. John Macfarren, in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Coalbrookdale, on Tuesday, December 20.

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DEJAZET AND DRAMATIC EXPOSITION.

The question whether the needs of the dramatist produce the actor, or those of the actor the dramatist, is about as interesting in itself and as capable of solution as the well-known puzzle of the physiologist, whether the egg precedes the chicken or the chicken the egg, or a metaphysical inquiry concerning which the minds of some young ladies are greatly exercised — whether kissing comes from liking or liking from kissing. For purposes of art, however, it may be assumed that the actor comes after the dramatist as his interpreter and illustrator. The theory which dedicates all dramatic entertainments from pantomime, would, of course, point to a contrary conclusion. But, putting on one side these barren speculations, we may safely assume that in essentials the dramatist is the creator, and the actor his expositor. When, as is not seldom the case, the dramatist is one of the master minds of the universe, the task of the actor is strictly defined. Under such considerable circumstances he must be overpass the limits assigned him by his author. No difficult task this, of course, seeing how huge a bulk he has ordinarily to inflate in order to present a reasonable idea of the figure designed by the poet. No toleration whatever would be accorded those who endeavoured intentionally and consciously to overstep the boundaries of the characters of Shakspere and Goethe. But in the case of subordinate writers affairs are different. Not seldom the individuality of the actor is more potent, more eccentric, more prevailing than that of the dramatist, who is compelled to write up to his mouthpiece, and become, as it were, the interpreter of his interpreter. This habit has of late days become increasingly prevalent. So large an increase of theatres as has of late been witnessed, unless accompanied by some discovery of new actors, some historionic California, drives a certain percentage of houses to depend for attractions upon the popularity of one star actor, rather than upon the merits of an adequate and a well-balanced company. When such a state of things prevail the production of masterpieces of the drama next to impossible, and the object of the manager becomes to provide pieces calculated to display in most favourable light the execution, ability or eccentricity of the "star." Of late many pieces in which rough and powerful pathos was overlaid by homely humour succeeded each other at the Olympic while the management had Mr. Robson on its boards, and how many times did Mr. Alfred Wigan appear as the hero of dramas in which the language of the situation was supposed to be increased by the broken English of the principal exponent? We could of course multiply *ad nauseam* instances of the kind. An actor now, indeed, feels almost aggrieved at being asked to form an item in the cast of an important piece, and waits for his opportunity of forming the whole of a piece ambitious drams. We wonder how many actors there are in London at the present moment who have not somewhere at hand dramas written especially for them, and offering them the opportunity of showing the public the range of their unsuspected abilities. Not many, we fancy. Fortunately, however, such opportunities are seldom offered except in the case of actors of signal ability, and the mediocrity who will have the stage to himself is forced to invest the earnings of a lifetime in an attempt to be his own manager, and generally ends by being his own public also. In cases, however, wherein executive ability is distinct and high little can be advanced against the practice of writing a piece for an actor. We have many actors who would add comparatively little to the general strength of a company, and who yet are almost a host or a company in themselves. Some of our most popular comedians would make a poor show in a subordinate character in a classic piece, and are yet capable of amusing in the class of parts written expressly for them, in which we are accustomed to see them.

Of actors of this class Mdlle. Déjazet is the type and ideal. During a career which is now the longest of any living actor—if it is not, indeed, the longest on record, Mdlle. Déjazet has appeared in comparatively few good or important pieces. From the commencement of her career to the present time—which is far, apparently, from its close—she has played generally in works written to suit her special and admirable talent. No living actress has been the heroine (or hero) of so many successful plays, or so few plays that will be remembered after her death, except in connection with herself. The talents of Mdlle. Déjazet, early announced but gradually developed, are exactly of the kind that suits light comedy in a small theatre. She is in this respect and in some others, like our own Marie Wilton. On a small stage she is admirable; in a large theatre, and with imposing surroundings, we should scarcely care to see her. It may be doubted even whether as Cherubin, the one classic part for which she seems made, Mdlle. Déjazet would be at home on the boards of the Français or any theatre of first-rate size and importance. In such houses as the Variétés, the Palais Royal, or the house re-christened after herself, she is unsurpassable. Marvellous exactitude, delicacy, and finish of execution constitute the secret of her success. She has in fact, few natural gifts for the stage. Her diminutive figure tells against her rather than in her favour, and her voice is poor in quality and at times false in note. Such, however, are the purity and finish of her execution that she is not only the daintiest of actresses in certain characters but is regarded as being without exception the best renderer of vaudeville couplets in France.

From her earliest years Mdlle. Déjazet seems to have been destined to the position she fills. She was a "star" almost before she had ceased to be a baby. First at the Théâtre du Jardin des Capucines, and subsequently at the two théâtres des Jeunes Élèves, situated in the Rue de Bondy and in the Rue de Thionville, since named Rue Danphine, Mdlle. Déjazet displayed her infant airs and graces. From the house last named she was carried off to play at the Vaudeville, the *rôle* of the Fée Nabote in the *Belle au Bois Dormant*. Here she obtained a marked triumph, and half the Parisian managers bid for the juvenile celebrity. Suffering health, however, which sent Mdlle. Virginie into the country, was the cause of the rupture of her relations with the Vaudeville, which took place in 1817. Four years later she appeared at the Gymnase, and played in several pieces. Here it was she first assumed the male costume in which her principal triumphs have been won. The marriage of the Duc de Berry with the Princess Caroline of Naples was the cause of the Gymnase taking for a time the title of the Théâtre de Madame, a title it bore while associated with the most marked success of Madame Déjazet and of M. Scribe, who, for the theatre, and to a great extent for the actor, composed his *Théâtre de Madame*. For a while Madame Déjazet divided with Leontine Fay the honours of the prosperous Madame, appearing in *Les Deux Cottejeurs*, *La Petite Sœur*, and the delightful comedy, one of the best of Scribe's early works, *Le Plus Beau Jour de la Vie*. This house she left in consequence of difficulties caused by the presence of her associates and rivals, Leontine Fay and Jenny Vertpré, carrying with her to the Théâtre des Nouveautes her growing fame and a measure of her good fortune. Here it was that her impersonation of the little Corporal in *Bonaparte à Brienne* raised her popularity to the height. As Henri IV. en Famile, and Henri V., she was only less successful. During her appearance at the Palais Royal, however, the climax of her reputation was reached. At the Palais Royal, to which she went in 1832, it was that she played Vert-Vert, Frétillon, Richelieu, in the piece in which she has appeared during the last week, and a host of similar characters. Twelve years she remained at this house, which she quitted for the Variétés. Here she re-produced the *Premières Armes de Richelieu* next to *Bonaparte à Brienne*, her favourite piece, and she played, for the first time, in *Gentil Bernard*, *Le Moulin à Paroles*, and *Le Marquis de Lauzun*. Her subsequent career need not be traced at any length. After a long tour in France and a visit to London, she returned to the Gaité, played at the Variétés in 1855 Le Sergent Frederic, and in 1859 took the Théâtre des Folies Nouvelles on which she bestowed her name. In the following year she obtained her first success in this house in M. Garat of Sardou. In 1862 *Les Pr's Saint Gervais* obtained a success recalling the most brilliant successes of this actress. This was followed two years later by the *Degel* of M. Sardou, which had a reception nearly as favourable.

Other pieces in which at the Déjazet Mdlle. Déjazet has been seen to advantage are *Les Premières Armes de Figaro*, *L'Argent et L'Amour*, *La Douairière de Brionne*, *P'tit Fils*, *p'ti Mignon*, the *Grain de Sable*, *Lantara*, and *M. de Belle Isle*. In all these pieces, in all the characters in which she has appeared, that is, Mdlle. Déjazet has shown herself pre-eminently the artist. No small touch that can add to the beauty of a picture is ever wanting. She possesses in perfection the art of disguising herself, and carries still the costume of a man, or rather of a boy, as no living actress can wear it. At the present moment, when the devices to which age drives are apparent in those who are false enough to art to investigate too profoundly the source of their gratifications, Mdlle. Déjazet is inimitable, and the style of her acting is a lesson to our actresses such as we should gladly see them take to heart. Everything is perfect as polish and daintiness can make it. There is no kind of coarseness. The word which in other lips would be coarse does not sound so when delivered by her. Movement, gesture, conduct of voice are equally admirable, and the style in which a song is given seems almost to add significance to words and melody to music. Such has been the career of the admirable actress now among us. With an individuality so strong she possesses, and with a talent such as hers, there is matter for rejoicing that the characters she has assumed are shaped for her. She is in herself almost a vindication of the star system. Among the characters she has played one or two must not be forgotten. In addition to those named she has appeared as the Lisette of Bernager, as Sophie Arnould, and once as herself, having played in a piece entitled *Mademoiselle Déjazet au Serail*. J. K.

HEARTS OF OAK.

(For Music.)

The Hearts of Oak, are Oak Hearts still,
And Watchful every Hour;
And should the Russians make a noise,
To quiet them, the British Boys
Will use their utmost power.

In the Crimean War, and many an Historical Champaign,
Side By side They Charged the enemy
And Hundreds Were slain.
But still they marched to victory
Which was Their Country's gain.

Then let the young ones Show
If justice Be their Cause,
That the good and Brave veterans,
Fought not in vain their wars.
And at the Bugle Sound,
March as they Did of old,
And Prove to all There enemies
That they Can their Country's fame uphold. G. E. T.

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MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The success of the Nilsson concerts has absolutely killed the season here, as far as any other *troupes* are concerned, and during the absence in Boston of the fair Swede there has been an entire dearth of Music. Nilsson in Boston has created a profound impression, and the enthusiasm there about her has been shown even more than in New York. Her return is eagerly awaited by our amateurs, especially as she is to give us some idea of her skill in oratorio. The *Messiah* is announced for the 25th of November, with Miss Pauline Canissa, Miss Cary, Mr. Simpson, our recognized oratorio tenor, and Mr. Whitney, the Boston bass, as the other soloists. The Mendelssohn Union will provide the chorus, and Mr. George Bristow will conduct the orchestra. Bristow, by the way, has been rather prominent of late by the production at Niblo's Theatre of his opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, with Mrs. Richings-Bernard, Mr. Castle, and Mr. Henry Drayton in the principal parts. The work was played four nights, but contains too much dull dialogue to be an entire success. The music is very pleasing in several points, and the chief ballads—which in style are not unlike those of Balfe—were warmly encored. The orchestration is good, and often effective, especially so in the scene where Rip meets Hendrik Hudson among the demons of the Catskill. Mr. Drayton was in every way admirable as Rip Van Winkle, singing and acting in the most satisfactory manner. Of the other performers but little can be said. The opera was first brought out here in 1855 at the same theatre, with Louis and Susan Pyne, W. H. Harrison, and Mr. Stretton in the cast; and the performance was in every way superior to the present one.

The English Opera Company played at Niblo's for three weeks, and gave satisfaction, though it did not crowd the house. The singers worked hard, and gave a great variety of operas, including such elaborate works as *The Huguenots* and *Oberon*; but these two did not draw as well as *Trovatore* and the *Bohemian Girl*. The other operas produced were *Martha*, *Marriage of Figaro*, and *Rose of Castile*. Mrs. Richings-Bernard, as a general thing, sang with great intelligence and correct taste, and showed more dramatic force than she has ever done before. The contralto of the *troupe*—Mrs. Zelda Seguin—is always a favourite here, and is likely to visit England soon, having received propositions from her cousin, Madame Anna Bishop. She is a very pretty young woman, at home on the stage, and gifted with a most charming voice. She was formerly a Miss Zelda Harrison, of this city, and is married to Edward Seguin, a son of the once celebrated basso. Her husband is also a member of the opera company. It is expected that, in the spring, this company will sing at Booth's Theatre.

The Opéra Bouffe *troupe*, at Fisk's Theatre, have produced Offenbach's *Brigands* with fair success. The second act contains some very pretty melodies, and the singing of Mdlle. Teralli, who takes the part of a lover—who ought by all operatic tradition to be a tenor—is much admired. Madame Montaland is the *prima donna*. She has, like conscience, a "still small voice," but is noted for the sweetness of her smiles. The opera is splendidly mounted. It contains a large proportion of dialogue, but is free from the vulgarity which characterises most of the librettos to which Offenbach has set his music.

The German Opera *troupe* is doing well at the Stadt Theatre. Only the Germans attend. Scarcely half a dozen native Americans are to be found in the house. Mdlle. Lichtenau, the *prima donna*, has made a very great hit in *Norma*, *Lucrezia*, and *The Jewess*. A very charming, young girl—Romer by name—is the *seconda donna*, and there are three tenors, Bernard, Himmer, and Hablemann, the two latter belonging to our resident talent. The basso, Franoch, is excellent. The performances are altogether the best that have been given here in the lyric line for years, though to the great mass of our musical amateurs know as little about them as they might about operatic representations in Kamschatka. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are both underlined for production by this company. The *Prophete*, with Clara Peri, is indefinitely postponed. Rose Csillag, the Hungarian *prima donna*, is in town, and will make her American *début* at the first Philharmonic concert of the season. Efforts are making to organize an Italian opera *troupe* with Csillag as *prima donna*, Lefrano as tenor, and Susini as basso. Nothing will be done in this line, however, till Nilsson is out of the way, for her attractiveness with the public is too great to admit of any competition.

The death of Balfe is sincerely regretted here, and much surprise is expressed at the comparatively little attention paid to the event by the English papers. The best and most appreciative biographical notices of Balfe have appeared on this side of the water. Here his music is as well known as in England.

The German Liederkrans Society has given a performance of Liszt's oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*, which was listened to with greater attention than pleasure by a purely Teutonic audience. A Frau Werner sang with great taste, but the solo music of the oratorio is so ungrateful that the best artists can make but little effect in it. TROVATOR.

MUSIC IN BRADFORD.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have had two highly interesting concerts here lately. The first was a subscription concert, at which Beethoven's septet was most beautifully performed, Herr Wilhelmj, the leading violinist, being associated with Messrs. Rastens (viola), Vieuxtemps (violoncello), Neuwirth (contra basso), Grosse (clarionet), Willmann (horn), and Raspi (bassoon). It was evident that the performance had been preceded by careful rehearsals, and the beauties of this sublime composition were brought out with a delicacy and a spirit which gave great satisfaction, the entire work being listened to with the profoundest attention. Mr. Hallé played Weber's *Allegro*, in A flat, a prelude of Mendelssohn's, and one of those exceedingly pleasing compositions by Heller, called "Dans les Bois." Herr Wilhelmj's playing in octaves we have never heard equalled, and he appears to advantage in the small "Pièces de Salon," with which he understands how to fascinate his audience. The programme was agreeably interspersed with vocal pieces by Madame Leon Duval, Mdlle. Scalchi, and Signor Ciampi, who each contributed a share to the pleasures of the evening, Mdlle. Scalchi's beautiful voice in particular being greatly admired and applauded.

The second concert was given last Monday by the Festival Choral Society, in commemoration of the Beethoven centenary, and had been got up with great care in order to make it as worthy a festival as the resources of the society would admit. A small but efficient band of forty-four performers had been engaged for the occasion, and the solos were entrusted to Miss Amy Dimpsal and Mrs. Lincey Wilson, both of Bradford, and Mr. W. Coates and Mr. W. Winn, both formerly our townsmen. The first part was occupied by Beethoven's Mass in C, which was very effectively rendered under the talented conductor, Mr. Broughton, who had taken especial pains with the rehearsal. The second part opened with the quartet in E flat, Op. 16, played by Messrs. Broughton (piano), Iles (violin), Bowling (viola), and Vieuxtemps (violoncello). After the Mass, this work feel rather flat at starting, but the performance was so full of life and warmth, that it soon engaged the attention of the vast audience, who showed, by hearty applause, their appreciation of classical music. The trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, "Tremate empi," Op. 116, and the lovely canon from *Fidelio* were effectively sung. Mr. Linck, an amateur with a powerful and melodious voice, gave "Adelaida," and was much applauded. Mrs. Lincey Walton obtained a well-deserved encore in "In questa tomba," and Miss Empsall sang the aria, "Per Pieta," Op. 48, with great feeling. The chorus gave "Meeresstille und glückliche fahrt," Op. 112, and the "Dirge," composed for four trombones, and afterwards arranged for male voices and trombones for Beethoven's funeral. This was sung almost to perfection, the four trombones also doing their part remarkably well. The concert closed with the grandest of all choruses, the "Hallelujah," from the *Mount of Olives*. The extraordinary variety of music, all by one composer, all beautiful, and to a great extent not heard here before, helped to make one of the most enjoyable musical evenings we have had for a long time, and we must congratulate the Bradford Festival Chorus Society upon its success achieved. The book of words had been arranged and embellished with great taste, and contained a very excellent likeness of Beethoven on the first page.

COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

At the monthly term meeting of the College of Musicians, at Shaftesbury Hall, Thursday evening week, Mr. W. Harvey read a paper on "The Structure of the Vocal Organs," exhibiting the laryngoscope and other instruments. Mr. J. J. Haite read a paper on "Beethoven." The programme of the evening included the Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, and "Moonlight Sonata," played by Mr. W. C. Filby; "Hallelujah," from *Mount of Olives* (Beethoven); "Il prego" (Reisseger), by Misses Carter and Jones and Mr. Collier, with a selection from Bishop's glees by the College choir, under the conductor-ship of Mr. Alfred Mullen. Mrs. Mullen and Miss Haite presided at the pianoforte.

The second of the Saturday chamber concerts was given on the 3rd inst. Miss Carter was encored in "The Soldier Tired," and joined Mr. G. Carter in "La ci darem." Miss Marion Clifford sang "The Night Winds" (Sullivan), and "The Nightingale's Trill" (Gana). Mr. E. Carder was encored in "Now join Andrea." Mrs. Falkner sang "My truant love is near" (Haite). Mr. G. Carter and Mr. A. de Frey also contributed songs. Miss Moore was the accompanist.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out an error in the recent programmes of the Crystal Palace. The operetta of *The Forester's Daughter* is ascribed to the celebrated composer Offenbach, instead of to yours obediently,

24, *George Street, Ryde, Dec.* 7, 1870. W. CHALMERS MASTERS.

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NEW SALOON ORGAN BY M. GERN.

The following is a description of the new organ just erected at West Lodge, Clapham Common, for J. W. Dixon, Esq., by M. August Gern, of Queen's Buildings, Pancras Street, Tottenham Court Road :—

GRAND ORGAN (CC TO G), 56 NOTES.

	Feet.	Notes.		Feet.	Notes.
Montre	8	.. 56	Dulciana	8	.. 44
Prestant	4	.. 44	Doublette	2	.. 56
Bourdon	8	.. 56			

RECIT (CC TO G), 56 NOTES.

Flute traversière harm.	4	.. 56	Flute douce	4	.. 56
Viole de Gamb	8	.. 56	Basson et Hautbois	8	.. 56
Voix Celeste	8	.. 56	Voix humaine	8	.. 44
Octavin (harm.)	2	.. 56			

PEDAL ORGAN (CCC TO E).

Soubass ..... 16 feet, 29 notes.

COMBINATION PEDALS.

Great to Pedals.	Composition Swell.
Swell to Pedals.	Ditto, ditto.
Swell to Great.	Tremblant.
Composition Great.	Expression.
Ditto, ditto.	

The Consol, which comprises the manuals and all couplers, is about (the furthest point) 30 feet away from the organ; considering the long action the manuals are very light touch. The case is of black and gold in Louis XVI. style, with burnished tin front pipes. There is in the instrument large self-regulating reservoir supplied by two feeders from the bottom of the house, which are put in motion by an hydraulic engine. All brass squares are used in the key action, and everything is of the best material and workmanship; all interior pipes are of metal, of a composition of ten per cent. of lead only. The whole is very compact, and easily got at if out of order.

The organ was "opened" on Thursday evening by the Rev. F. Scotson Clark, who ably displayed all the varied excellences of the instrument, its sweet tone, and light touch—so light, in fact, that a lady might play upon it with ease—being specially noticeable. Mr. Clark played several extempore pieces in addition to his clever Fantasia in F, and his bright and spirited "Marche aux Flambeaux." The organ music was agreeably varied by some duets, in which Herr Oberthür's harp playing was much admired, and his own *nocturne*, "La Prière," with its charming melodious subject, formed one of the features of the programme. As a specimen of a perfect saloon organ on the best French model, this instrument is unique, and M. Gern may fairly be congratulated on the success of his work. The case is most elegant in design, and the mechanism is perfect.—*Choir*.

"Some time ago"—adds one of our own correspondents—"a similar organ was built by M. Gern for a gentleman in Kensington, at which inauguration a concert took place, with the co-operation of Mdme. Osborne-Williams, Mr. Silas, Mr. Hallett Sheppard and M. Oberthür. The beautiful tone of this organ was greatly admired by everyone present, and it was particularly observed that its power could so nicely be regulated, as perfectly to suit the organ playing in a drawing-room. Nor must we omit to mention the very fine organ erected by M. Gern for the church of Notre Dame de France in Leicester Square, having been present at several very interesting organ recitals given there by Mr. Hallett Sheppard, who on such occasions was assisted by M. Oberthür. The combination of harp and organ produces most lovely effects, and Gounod's 'Meditation' and also M. Oberthür's own composition, 'La Prière,' for harp and organ, have been particularly admired. Mr. Hallett Sheppard's splendid execution, tasteful combination of the various stops, of which the 'Vox humana' was a particular fine one, and his wonderful pedal playing came out to the greatest advantage in the grand works of Seb. Bach, Mendelssohn, &c. We hear that M. Gern is now building a large organ of three manuals, which is intended for Belfast."

"THE PAREPA."

The following letter has been addressed to Madame Parepa by the directors of the New York Steam Navigation Company :—

DEAR MADAM,—We have been called upon to give a name to a three-masted schooner. Not having time to obtain your consent we have taken the liberty of calling her "The Parepa." * * * Trusting that the name so honoured and beloved in America may be to "The Parepa" a token of the success it represents, and that our action will not be disapproved,—We are, dear Madam, your very respectful and obedient servants,

B. J. MITCALF & Co.

107, *Wall Street, New York, November*, 1870.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt intends giving, after the Beethoven Centenary Festival, a few Matinées Musicales. At Christmas, he will proceed to Weimar, where the Grand Duke has offered him one of two estates, at his choice, in order that he may settle down there and devote himself entirely to music.

NILSSON IN BOSTON.

Mdlle. Nilsson's success in the American home of classic music continues unabated, if we may judge by the following extract from the *Boston Post* :—

"The Nilsson *matinée* in Music Hall, Saturday afternoon, was a success in the best sense of the term. The treasury was a delight; the audience an enthusiasm; the performance a triumph. We might foot up or down the column here—but that would not be just to the public, the performing artist, to Strakosch, or to the *Post*. As a matter of course, the programme was up to the occasion; and the occasion was up to an exacting standard. First of all, Nilsson is a northern Swedish luminary. She showed sunrise. If Music Hall was lit by nothing else, it was unmistakably brilliant. As upon her first graceful bow to a Boston public, she sang Handel's Angels ever bright and fair.' Into it even more than formerly, she infused a feeling, fervour, and spirit of devotion that won all hearts (and ears). Her second effort was the mad scene from *Hamlet*. Of this we have already remarked upon when presented at a former concert. It is not only a vocal but a dramatic triumph. It is not so much Nilsson as Ophelia that impresses and infuses the auditor. It was full of lyric power and melodious expression, and simply took the audience by storm. She was recalled in the most emphatic manner and gave 'Home, sweet Home,' with a simplicity, sweetness, and pathos that won all ears. Its melody was like nectar. In the second part of the programme she sang 'The Last Rose of Summer,' which fairly entranced the audience. If some were not electrified by the scene from *Hamlet* at least there were none who did not comprehend the melody and appreciate the sentiment of this simple but touching melody. 'The Last Rose of Summer' has a most extraordinary popularity; and into it on this occasion was breathed the odorous harmony and delicious freshness of all that could be extracted even from the first rose in summer—one of those delightsome flowerings which make of early June the poetic floral offerings of the round season. In response she sang a Swedish *bolero*, and still later, 'Old Folks at Home.' The touching memories of the latter were a positive delight to all hearers.

"The Nilsson *troupe* gave a sacred concert in the Church of the Disciples, North Bridgewater, in aid of the Swedish Lutheran Church. Nilsson on learning that the church needed assistance to complete a favourite enterprise, volunteered with alacrity to give her services. The result was that the sum of 2500 dols. was realized. This is a splendid contribution of genius to charity, and will be remembered when even some of Nilsson's greatest artistic achievements fade from memory. She sang in the finest manner 'Ave Maria,' with violin obbligato by Vieuxtemps, and subsequently a bouquet of Swedish melodies. In each her efforts fell upon entranced ears. The other members of the *troupe* Miss Cary, Brignoli, Verger, Vieuxtemps, and Bosoni, also took part in the entertainment each imitating the generous example of the fair nightingale of Sweden."

WEIMAR.—Herr Gottschalg has been appointed Court-Organist.

MAGDEBURG.—Rebling's Vocal Association for Sacred Music lately gave a capital performance of Mozart's *Requiem*.

SZEGEDIN.—The Abbate Franz Liszt has just written a new composition entitled "Mosonyi's Grabgang," and consisting of a "Lamento" and "Triumpho."

SALZBURG.—On the occasion of the St. Cecilia Festival, which is, also, the anniversary of the foundation of the Salzburg "Liedertafel," Herr MAX BRUCH'S *Scenen aus der Frühjoff's Saga* were performed. The principal vocalists were the Countess Hedwig, Gattesburg, Herren Strehlen and Huber. The chorus and band, under Herr Bach, were highly effective.

POSEN.—Miss Watson, a young English artist, has been singing here with marked success. She made her first appearance as Agatha in *Der Freischütz*, and was most cordially welcomed, but her triumph was still greater in the part of Alice, in which she quite carried away all the audience. Her voice—a high soprano, of pleasing character—has been carefully trained. Her acting is good, and her pronunciation of German capital. She was called on the fall of the curtain.

CASSEL.—The first of the series of "Wippingen's" Quartet Soirées augured well for those which are to follow. The programme contained three quartets by three great masters—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The audience were at first rather cool; they did not seem up to such music, for the first movement of Haydn's quartet failed to elicit the slightest mark of approbation or delight from them. Gradually, however, they warmed up, becoming more and more demonstrative, until their enthusiasm reached its culminating point during the performance of the Quartet by Beethoven.

CARLSRUHE.—The members of the Singacademie lately gave a concert when they were assisted by Mdlle. Mathilda Wekerlin and Herr Göthe, both from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden. The programme was of a somewhat varied character, containing the Symphony in D minor, Op. 120, Schumann; scena and air from *Der Freischütz*, Weber; "Frühlingsbotschaft," Gade; overture to *Der Haidenschacht*, Holstein; air from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn; songs, Mendelssohn and Schumann; and "Schön Ellen," Bruch.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Sunday Times," Dec. 4th.)

The programme of the fourth concert, given last Monday in St. James's Hall, was exceedingly attractive to the lovers of Beethoven in his most readily fascinating mood. Here it is:—

PART I.

Quartet in A major (Op. 18. No. 5). Songs—"Andenken," "Abendlied." Sonata in A flat (Op. 26), for pianoforte alone.

PART. II.

Sonata in A minor (Op. 23), for pianoforte and violin. Song—"Der Abend," "O Kostliche Leit," Quartet in E flat (Op. 18. No. 6).

It will be observed that the final instalment of the Lobkowitz set of quartets figures largely in the above scheme, and seeing that No. 6 came last of all, it will be assumed that the audience sat out the concert to its end. Without disparaging the quartet in A major, we must say that the one in B flat speedily put it out of mind, notwithstanding the charming *Andante*, with variations, by which the former work is best known. Indeed No. 6 has a peculiar attraction apart from the beauty which is spread over it, like sunshine over a summer landscape. We can admire the unaffected grace of the opening *Allegro*, the ever-flowing melody of the *Adagio*, and the quaint freedom of the *Scherzo*; but it is hard to avoid being absorbed by the *Finale* (a movement as suggestive as the first fluttерings of a young eagle in the direction of the sun). It shows us the promptings, so to speak, of that genius which has not yet freed itself from tradition and precedent; and we watch it as some admirer of "muscular paganism" might have watched the infant Hercules at work upon the serpents. Both quartets, but especially the No. 6 were admirably played by Madame Neruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, and most thoroughly enjoyed by a crowded house.

The Sonata in A flat—a Fantasia-Sonata, if ever there was one—ranks among the best known of Beethoven's pianoforte compositions—at least two movements, the Air with Variations and Funeral March, being the cherished property of every amateur. It was fortunate that music about which the audience knew enough to be exacting fell to the lot of Madame Arabella Goddard, an artist competent to meet any amount of "requisitions" to the perfect satisfaction of the requirers. Madame Geddard did entire justice both to Beethoven's work and her own reputation. Nothing could have been more exquisite than the inerring, et always expressive manipulation of the variations; and nothing more solemn, without a particle of affectation, than her delivery of the March. But the accomplished artist's greatest success was made in the brilliant Toccata *finale*; a movement she struck off with lissom fingers, and with such fairy lightness that the applause which followed her last note seemed as much an outburst of astonishment as an expression of pleasure. An encore was the natural result, and elicited a new rendering not less admirable than the first. The Sonata in A minor afforded another treat of rare value; and in response to a unanimous summons, Madame Goddard and Madame Neruda returned to acknowledge approbation never better earned.

Herr Stockhausen sang all his songs artistically.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," Dec. 8th.)

As the scheme of Mr. Arthur S. Chapp ll's Beethoven concerts avoids selections from the master's later works, it allows a tolerably exhaustive treatment of their precur ors. Those, for example, which were produced during the first few years of the present century, have almost exclusively filled the last two programmes, out of eight compositions six being attributable to the period named, and four of the six bearing date 1802. As illustrating the development of Beethoven's genius, this may be slow progress; but whoever knows the wealth of those prolific years, and the beauty which makes the works in question so generally acceptable, will readily find excuses—if, indeed, there exist any necessity for the search. Not without reason might it be urged that the director is following precisely the right course, and utilizing the Beethoven centenary in the most obvious way. At least, it is beyond a doubt that more "outsiders" are likely to become converts to Beethoven by the exhibition of his earlier graces than by a display of the later characteristics which sometimes puzzle even veteran followers. Only two quartets have been given at the last two concerts. Monday's programme containing none, but serving as a division between the Lobkowitz and Rasoumowsky sets. We need hardly dwell upon the features of works so well known as Nos. 5 and 6 of the former group. Least of all is there necessity to discuss those movements which made the greatest impression upon the audience. In No. 5 the lovely *adagio cantabile* with its brood of variations, each worthy of the others, and of the parent theme; and, in No. 6, the *finale*, an effort as masterly as it is original, met with special favour. Let us add, that both quartets were well led by Madame Norman Neruda (her last appearance for a time); who was, in turn, ably seconded by Messrs. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti.

The two pianoforte sonatas, Op. 26 in A flat), and Op. 29 (in D—the so-called *Pastoral*), were played in order by Madame Arrabella Goddard. To name the former is to recall the favourite air with variations at the opening of this irregularly constructed "sonata," and also the solemn Funeral March which—so says Herr Nohl—sprung from Beethoven's jealousy of a similar movement in Paer's *Achille*. The great man's friend and pupil may be right as to the origin of the March—for greatness and littleness are often found together; but who thinks of Paer or *Achille*, while Beethoven's inspired strains fall upon the ear? Surely he alone who, when listening to *Judas Maccabæus*, charges Handel with fawning upon a sanguinary Royal duke. The *Pastoral Sonata*—for so it must be called, whether we like Herr Grant's godfathership or not—belongs to the household words of music; and, therefore, we need only add a remark about the performance of both compositions by Madame Goddard. The average merit of this artist's doings ranks among the highest; but there are times when she acquits herself exceptionally well—as, for example, in the rendering of Op. 26. Rarely we imagine, has the piano better served the functions of an orchestra than in the Funeral March, which came out with most impressive grandeur; while an enthusiastic encore proved that not often has the *finale* been dashed off with greater brilliancy or precision. The '*Pastoral*' was given in a style quite as much beyond reproach. In short, Madame Goddard's success on both occasions sufficed to gratify the warmest upholder of that usually ill-requited article—native talent.

The works in the two programmes connected with the same period, as all the foregoing, were the sonata (Op. 23), for pianoforte and violin, and the second quintet (Op. 29), for violin, violas, and 'cello—the former dedicated to Beethoven's patron, Count Moritz Fries, the latter to Count Ferdinand of that ilk, who, it will be remembered, subsequently gave the master a commission for another and similar work, which never appeared. The graceful beauty of the sonata could have had no better exemplification than it received at the hands of Madame Arabella Goddard and Madame Neruda; nor did the quintet suffer by the leadership of Herr Straus, who has once more taken a place he fills with great acceptance. The tried efficiency of Mr. Hann being added to the permanently engaged quartet, there is no need to say how the German violinist was followed.

For the remaining two instrumental pieces Mr. Chappell went back to the most elementary Beethoven, and selected the pianoforte and violoncello sonata in G minor (Op. 5) and the trio in G major (Op. 1) for the same instruments and violin. Both were brilliantly played; but in the former the association of Madame Goddard and Signor Piatti had a well-nigh perfect result, each artist being worthy of the other and of the composer.

Herr Stockhausen continues to act as vocalist, and gives a selection of Beethoven's songs at each concert. With reference to the Scottish melodies introduced last Monday, we have only to point out that when a German arrangement is sung by a German in the German language, the Scottish element is pretty well covered up.

(From the "Shipping and Mercantile Gazette," Nov. 30.)

The Beethoven concerts of Mr. Arthur Chappell are progressing very satisfactorily, and the audiences which have attended them up to the present time have been so large as to give the present series of Christmas meetings a remarkable pre-eminence in that respect over former years. This is quite as it should be, inasmuch as it celebrates the centenary year of Beethoven's birth with obvious credit to the good taste and intelligence of English amateurs. On Monday night the attendance was more numerous than upon any former occasion, the back of the area and of the orchestra, as well as the several galleries, being filled to the doors. The programme comprised the remaining two quartets of Op. 18 (Nos. 5 and 6), the pianoforte sonata in A flat (Op. 26), and the pianoforte and violin sonata in A Minor (Op. 23), all belonging to the earlier period of the composer's art-history, and among the most beautiful of its varied and melodious fruit. The quartets were played by Madame

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Norman Neruda, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, it need hardly be said with all the refinement that characterized the delivery of the former quartets of the same group, the silvery tone and graceful bowing of the lady being, as before, the theme of universal admiration and eulogy. Nothing more delicate and finished n the way of violinism could have been desired. Madame Arabella Goddard the pianist of the evening, rendered the solo sonata, one of the noblest and most impassioned of the set, with matchless ability, her delivery of the impetuous *allegro* exhibiting all the freedom and elasticity of finger which distinguish her so conspicuously from her contemporaries; while in graceful and animated point the reading were a clothing of its own eminently original, poetical, and fascinating. Pianoforte playing, in short, was illustrated in this case in its highest physical and intellectual perfection, and no wonder that the repetition of the movement should be demanded with an unanimity at once spontaneous and irresistible. The second sonata, Op. 23, is of lighter material, but there was a novel interest in the fact that the two ladies, Madame Arabella Goddard and Madame Neruda, would, for the first time, play it; and the consummate excellence of the result may easily be imagined. The intervening vocalisms, consisting of a brief selection of Beethoven's occasional songs, were contributed by Herr Stockhausen, and Mr. Benedict, as usual, was the accompanist.

NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.

The following report from the Musical Committee was laid before the Council of the Society of Arts at its last meeting, when the same was adopted:—

1. In order to carry on the work already begun by the Society of Arts, with the view of establishing a National Training School for Music, the Committee recommend the Council to make music—as one of the Fine Arts—an object of the Society's attention.

2. For promoting this purpose, the Committee recommend that a musical section of the Society be instituted, with a separate fund, in order to give concerts annually in the Royal Albert Hall.

3. These concerts to consist of performances of vocal and instrumental music of the highest character.

4. After paying the expenses of the concerts, the profits to be applied to the establishment of a National Training School for Music.

5. Members of the Society, for every subscription of one guinea paid to the musical fund, to have the privilege of obtaining a transferable ticket for six evening concerts in the arena and balcony without further payment, providing that no member as such shall have the privilege of receiving more than five tickets on these terms.

6. Persons not members of the Society shall have the liberty to purchase tickets on such terms as the Council may from time to time determine.

7. That the Musical Committee of this Society, consisting of:—

The Lord Henry G. Lennox, M.P., or the Chairman of the Council for the time being.	Henry Cole, C.B.
	A. S. Cole, Esq.
	Capt. Donnelly, R.E.
The Vice-Chairman of Council for the time.	The Honourable Seymour Egerton.
	W. Hawes, Esq.
Lord Gerald FitzGerald.	C. Wren Hoskyns, Esq.
The Right Hon. Sir J. Pakington, Bart., M.P.	Frank Morrison, Esq.
	J. Puttick, Esq.
Sir John Rarrington, Bart.	S. Redgrave, Esq.
Sir Francis Sandford.	Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, R.E.
E. A. Bowring, Esq., C.B., M.P.	E. C. Tufnell, Esq.

be authorised to carry out the arrangements for the six concerts, as soon as a guarantee fund for not less than two thousand pounds has been obtained, and one thousand subscriptions of one guinea.

That Sir Michael Costa be asked to meet the Committee, to discuss the necessary details.

A guarantee fund for assuring the Society against loss has been commenced.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The 18th annual meeting was held on Tuesday, the 6th inst., at the Norfolk Street Offices, Viscount Ranelagh in the chair. The annual report of the Executive Committee stated that the receipts for the year were £133,276 15s. 11d., and the grand totals to Michaelmas, 1870, £1,583,359 15s. 2d. The last share number issued to Michaelmas, 1870, was No. 34,756, which, at £50 per share, represents a subscribed capital of £1,737,800, the total withdrawals being £399,971 3s. 9d. After leaving the Reserve or Surplus Fund at £10,500 (exclusive of office premises and furniture account, which now stands at the present value of £2,333 10s. 6d.), the report adds that every payment on the shares on the register will realize five and a half per cent. for the present year. The following members of the board who retired by rotation were re-elected:—The Hon. Robert Bourke, M.P.; Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., M.P.; Colonel Augustus Merrick, and Nesmham Win-tanley, Esq. The report referred to the success of the system of combined action, as proved by the readiness displayed by the members in the taking of the shares of the United Land Company (Limited), on their third issue.

OPERATIC HANDBOOKS.

(*From the "Sunday Times," Dec. 4.*)

It may often have been a matter of surprise that, till within the last few weeks, nobody has attempted to do for opera what was long since done for oratorio; we refer to the publication of books for the use of the audience. In the case of oratorio, the idea has been carried out with triumphant success; and copies of the great sacred works are scattered broad-cast throughout the land. Making every allowance for the greater popularity, and more extensive employment, of sacred over secular dramatic music, there yet remains a margin for surprise that the handbook notion did not quickly spread from one to the other. That it has spread at length must be taken as an evidence of increased interest in the lyric stage; for which reason the movement is doubly welcome. We observe that two of our great publishing firms have almost simultaneously occupied the new field of enterprise and, it is to be hoped, of profit; Messrs. Boosey & Co. taking ground first, closely followed by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. The handbooks of the latter house are not in evidence—a sufficient reason for saying nothing about them; but three of those issued from Hollies Street have reached us, and may fairly claim prominent notice.

When considering the outline of their scheme Messrs. Boosey & Co. must have found themselves called upon to make a difficult choice. Two courses were open before them: either to print the original words of the various operas, or to adopt the accepted Italian version. On the one hand, the first plan commended itself to purist and all who value such a series of works mainly for library purposes. On the other, the second was certain to be of greater practical utility in regard to the primary idea of the enterprise. Messrs. Boosey & Co. yielded to the latter consideration, and, as we think, acted wisely. In England, whether for good or evil need not be discussed now, operas are chiefly presented in an Italian dress, and it is plain that operatic handbooks, to be such really as well as nominally, must contain an Italian version. What, for example, would it avail to take a German edition of *Fidelio* to Covent Garden, or what interest would it excite in the homes of those who are familiar with the work in the accepted Italian form? Here, however, we may state that Messrs. Boosey & Co. intend leaving, as a supplement to their "Royal Edition," the more important non-Italian works in the original language, thus removing all objections to the utilitarian plan upon which their main design is carried out.

The chief features of the *Royal Edition of Operas* are such as command high approval. In the first place, the text is printed with rare correctness, looking at the magnitude of the work, and the fact that only a first issue has come to hand. Again, the pianoforte accompaniment, while neglecting nothing essential, is not over-crowded in such a way as to be unsuited to the average amateur. Moreover, it gives the chief features of the "score" with all the greater clearness through being free from subordinate matter. Another noticeable fact is the presentation of unaccompanied recitative in the form of spoken dialogue merely. Here, also, Messrs. Boosey & Co. have yielded to the claims of a handbook pure and simple, diminishing the bulk of their volumes by a step which entails no sacrifice upon the handbook user. With reference to the edition of *Don Giovanni*, however, the absence of the passages for trombones which occur in the cemetery scene demands attention and rectification. The second and third volumes (*Fidelio* and *Il Barbiere*) show increased care in the editorial department, Mr. Arthur Sullivan having now the co-operation of Mr. Josiah Pittman, whose regard for details is not less great than we may assume Mr. Sullivan's to be for his own reputation. The general "get-up" of the Royal Edition demands unqualified praise. Indeed, the work is an *édition de luxe*. Clear and legible type, good paper, printing of the highest class, and, in the case of the four-shilling copies, binding which is a model of elegance and good taste, prove the thoroughness with which the publishers have gone into their serious enterprise and the reliance they place upon public support. That that support may be ungrudgingly extended every one will wish whose desire for the progress of art does not stop at unpractical aspirations.

THE *MESSIAH*.

A performance of this great work took place on Wednesday week, in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Leslie. The conditions were favourable to a result of special excellence, for not only did Mr. Leslie's choir undertake the choruses, but the orchestra was that of the Royal Italian Opera, and the principal singers comprised Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Trebelli, each of whom achieved some striking successes. Mdlle. Tietjens' rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was equal in beauty of style and propriety of expression to what it has been on any former occasion—which is saying much; while in "He shall feed His flock," Madame Trebelli won an enthusiastic encore by means indisputably legitimate. Mr. Nordblom, in the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, did his best with the tenor airs, and Signor Foli delivered those for the bass with effect. The choruses were, without exception, well sung.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Chocolate, a very thin Evening beverage.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Razoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

PROGRAMME OF FIFTH CONCERT.

THIS AFTERNOON (SATURDAY), DEC. 10TH, 1870.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Das Blümchen Wunderhold" / "Marmotte" / "Mailied" } —Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in G major, Op. 29, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Faithful Johnie" / "The sweetest lad was Jamie" } with Accompaniments by Herr STOCKHAUSEN. *Beethoven.*

SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarionet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double Bass (by desire)—MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, C. HARPER, HUTCHINGS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

PROGRAMME OF SIXTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUINTET, in E minor Op. 88, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, "Gesteliebe Lieder," Nos. 1, 2, 4—Herr STOCKHAUSEN .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone—Herr PAUER *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in A major, Op. 69, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Herr PAUER and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Ezekiel'sWheel" / "Faithful Johnie" } With Accompaniments by .. *Beethoven.*

Herr STOCKHAUSEN, accompanied by MM. BENEDICT, STRAUS, and PIATTI.

TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. PAUER, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Olliver, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

DEATH.

On the 19th ult., WILLIAM JAMES HORN, brother of the late Charles Edward Horn (the popular composer), in his 81st year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRADFORD.—Will our esteemed corre-pondent at this town, kindly remember to write only on one side of his paper?

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

CONCERNING SOME PUTTERS-TO-RIGHT.

THE philosophic mind is never at a loss for objects of interesting and instructive contemplation. It can see "sermons in stones" and "books in the running brooks," if not exactly "good in everything." Even failing all other, there is a never-exhausted subject of study in the apparently odd working of what Dr. Watts, at a moment of special inspiration, called "this vast machine," and the resultant evolution of events which make history. Our pages are no place for a discussion upon the providential government of the world; but we may say, without fear of contradiction, that the government of the world, whatever it may be, is astonishingly fertile in surprises. Count Bismarck takes credit for two or three by no means despicable efforts in that line; but a greater Chancellor than he is continually doing things which are, to even extraordinary statecraft, as the Himalayas to a mole-hill. From events seemingly competent to nothing arise the mightiest issues; and the greatest deeds are done by those who appear least likely to attempt them. History is full of illustrations. A shepherd-boy is taken from the fields of Judea, to found a line of kings; a young girl quits tending pigs, in the woods of Lorraine, to drive the English out of France; a burly Fen farmer is chosen, to shake his fist at the Pope, and interpose the shield of England between persecution and its victims; and—greatest example of all—a Nazarene carpenter founds the dominant faith of the world. We are become so used to such marvels that, when an emergency arises, we look anxiously at the "residuum," for the man who is to meet it, rather than to those upon whom the task would seem to fall; and the man usually emerges out of the great sweltering crowd, at the very hour when he is wanted. What a blessed arrangement is this; and how it buoys up with hope a poor, distracted world! Moreover, how it warns us not to "despise the day of small things," nor heedlessly to reject a sling and stone, when some armour-plated Goliah is bearing down upon us with big words and bigger weapons. *Apropos* of what in particular is all this? Let the reader read and learn.

Everybody knows that the art of music in England is not quite as flourishing as it ought to be. Some progress we have made during recent years, it is true; and we are not exactly standing still at the present moment—thanks to the efforts, necessarily weak, of modest individuals and institutions throughout the country. But the fact remains that only a minority can boast of musical culture—the majority being still in the darkness of ignorance. There is need, as we are all painfully conscious, for some supreme effort to be made, by some supreme man or men, so that light may shine where now reigns gloom. True to the logic of history, we have anxiously watched for the coming man, or men, in the most unlikely quarters; and, at last, our reward seems at hand. The apostles of musical culture—eighteen strong—have come out of Adam Street, Adelphi; and England may now expect a regenerative process, startling in its thoroughness and speed. Of course our readers are burning with

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anxiety to know the names of these artistic saviours, and, without further preamble, here they are :—

The Lord Henry G. Lennox, M.P., or the Chairman of the Council for the time being.	Henry Cole, C.B.
	A. S. Cole, Esq.
	Capt. Donnelly, R.E.
The Vice-Chairman of Council for the time being.	The Honourable Seymour Egerton.
	W. Hawes, Esq.
Lord Gerald FitzGerald.	C. Wren Hoskyns, Esq.
The Right Hon. Sir J. Pakington, Bart., M.P.	Frank Morrison, Esq.
	J. Puttick, Esq.
Sir John E. Harrington, Bart.	S. Redgrave, Esq.
Sir Francis Sandford.	Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, R.E.
E. A. Bowring, Esq., C.B., M.P.	E. C. Tufnel, Esq.

That these gentlemen seem a most unlikely lot we are aware; but in that fact lies absolutely our hope. Who can say what may come out of the unknown?—and what great things may not be done by the "residuum" of the eighteen? The logic before referred to does not permit us to base our hopes upon the few excellent amateurs, with Mr. Seymour Egerton at their head, who form the apparent salt of this Committee. No; we are compelled to rest all upon the majority of nobodies (musically-speaking) with whom they are associated. Which of them is to be chief regenerator? Perhaps, "the Vice-President of the Council for the time being;" or, perhaps—we speak with bated breath—the illustrious Cole, C.B., himself will emulate in music the fame he has acquired in Boilers. But a truce to speculation, in the presence of fact. The Committee are going to work in stern reality. They propose to give six concerts, in a hall standing half-a-day's journey from the centre of London. And by this expedient is to be accomplished our musical regeneration!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It was stated the other day by one of the Berlin correspondents of a contemporary that Herr Joachim had resigned his post as chief of the Berlin Conservatory of Music, and the statement has been widely circulated. It should be added, however, that the resignation of Herr Joachim was not accepted by the Minister under whose jurisdiction such artistic matters come, and that a statement of Herr Joachim's causes for dissatisfaction—the reasons, in fact, which led to his resignation—has been forwarded to King William at Versailles. Should his Majesty accept this statement as the great musician would have it understood, Herr Joachim will in all probability retain his position.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A few days ago the Queen visited that ugly excrescence yclept "the Royal Albert Hall" (*alias* "the Stilton Cheese"), and naturally desired to learn whether a place built for music was in a fair way to answer its purpose. What followed must be told in language "communicated" by South Kensington (mayhaps by the renowned Cole, C.B. himself) to the daily papers:—

"In the first instance Frederick Brittan, one of the boys employed by the contractors, was permitted to sing, and afterwards Mr. Healey, an officer of the Science and Art Department, was called upon to play a set of scales. This having been done, Miss Anna Williams, an amateur, was commanded to sing, and her Majesty, in order to put to a somewhat severe trial the effects of a female voice in the large building, ascended to the balcony of the third story, and there we are informed the most delicate notes were perfectly audible."

We quote this passage for the sake of drawing attention to the terms "permitted," "called," and "commanded." Can anybody tell us why Frederick Brittan was "permitted" to sing instead of being "commanded" like Miss Anna Williams, or "called upon" like Mr. Healey? Did the contractor's boy, eager to distinguish himself, petition Majesty for leave to pipe his childish treble? Did Mr. Healey keep in the far background with his fiddle, "set of scales," "delicate harmonies," and all? Did Miss Anna Williams incline to rebellion, and need peremptory orders? Who shall unravel these mysteries except South Kensington and Cole, C.B.? No doubt the terms used have a meaning, upon which, possibly, hang serious issues, unsuspected by outsiders.

At Bordeaux, in the College of Guienne, George Buchanan, Professor of Latin, composed two sacred dramas, the *Jephtha* and the *Baptist*, for his pupils on the Academic boards. One of the performers was Michael de Montaigne, Buchanan's favourite disciple, afterwards author of the *Essais*. The enthusiastic reception accorded to these dramas, not merely at Bordeaux but at other university towns, was only second to the delight with which they were read in private. Roger Ascham says of one:—

"Some in Englande, moe in France, Germanie, and Italie also, have written tragedies in our time, of which, not one, I am sure, is able to abyde the trew touch of Aristotle's precepts, and Euripides' example save onely two, that ever I saw. M. Watson's *Absalon* and Georgius Buchananus' *Jephthes*."

Why are these plays not revived at Westminster, for example? At that foundation the annual performance of the Plautian or Terentian comedy is to be suspended for this year. Why not make another innovation on time-honoured custom, and produce one of the sacred dramas which gave pleasure to Academic and courtly audiences of both sexes in the sixteenth century? Dr. Scott might take the experiment; and while retaining for his pupils the scenic recitation of pure Latin, furnish an entertainment at once novel and attractive.

The directors of the Oratorio Concerts have issued a capital prospectus for their approaching third season. We are promised, among other things, the following works:—Bach's *Passion-Musik*; *Elijah*; the Mass in D of Beethoven; Spohr's *Calvary*; a selection from Mendelssohn's Psalms, and Handel's rarely-heard Chandos Anthems; Benedict's *St. Peter*; Hiller's *Nala and Damayanti*; and Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*. It is evident from this that the directors aforesaid have lost none of their youthful enterprise. Looking at the supineness which reigns around, they "point to *better things*, and lead the way." May their shadow never be less! Mr. Joseph Barnby, it is needless to add, will continue in his post of conductor.

An agitation against street music has been revived by letters to the *Times*. To a person with a severe headache, to an invalid requiring sleep, to a man engaged in head work, or to the rider of a restive horse, the sounds from a barrel organ or a German band are the reverse of soothing; but there are many who delight in street music. Grim people, rarely seen to smile, twitch the corners of their mouths when Ethiopian serenaders are giving a concert in front of a drawing-room window where children flatten their noses against panes. Street music, is an institution requiring regulation rather than abolition, and there is no occasion for those who dislike it to go into a passion or assume the airs of martyrs. The Act of 1864 is in existence, and it is their fault if they do not enforce its provisions. Some of the remonstrances show want of common sense. One gentleman implores the *Times* not to allow the agitation to rest. "Nothing," he says, "is so likely to act upon the apathy of police magistrates, or to reform the law, as thus evoking the almost unanimous opinion of the middle class against this absurd 'barbarism.'" It is hardly necessary to bring forward the claims of any particular class on the subject of street music. The law is not supposed to favour one class above the other. Possibly the higher and lower classes may like street music as much as the "great middle class" detest it. There is nothing which tends to make "a class" so offensive as elevating it above the heads of its fellows and claiming for it especial consideration. The "working class," which includes nearly all the community, has incurred much ridicule owing to the practice among agitators of applying the term exclusively to the dirty or discontented as one of sentimental adulation when advocating some lucrative hobby. All classes are so interwoven that it is impossible to define the limits within which any one of them is contained. They are, for good or evil, equally affected by the barrel-organ question, with the exception of Mr. Babbage, who forms a class of himself; but there are more babies than Babbages, and while this is the case street music will have its supporters as well as its

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opponents. If those who excite themselves can induce the performers to keep their instruments in tune, to play in good time, and to avoid neighbourhoods where they are not welcome, they will do good service; but a crusade against street musicians indiscriminately is unjust.

B. E. E.

THE Westminster Play is to be suspended this year. No similar break in the annual celebration of the Latin comedy in the dormitory of St. Peter's College has occurred since 1847. As far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth "the Latin play enacted by the scholars of Westminster" was a regular institution—the remnant, unquestionably, like the Eton montem, of the dramatic performances with which in mediæval times the religious festivals of the Church were observed, and conceived in the same spirit as the miracle plays. The Westminster exhibition had from the first a distinctly educational purpose. Dean Nowell, when second head-master of Westminster, was the first to introduce the reading of Terence for the better learning of the pure Roman style. The letters of the Westminsters, from the time of Atterbury, teem with allusions to the play. On one or two occasions some English drama has been acted. In 1695, Dryden's *Cleomenes* was performed. It was only in 1839 that the attempt was made to reproduce the dresses of the Roman Forum; and the attempt was due to the attention drawn to the question of correctness by Dr. Williamson, head-master, in a pamphlet entitled *Eumekus Politicus*. The earliest regular scenery was arranged by Garrick, himself a spectator of the Westminster play, and presented to the school by Archbishop Markham. The new scenery with which the Westminster playgoers of the last few years are familiar was painted by Mr. C. R. Cockerell, a Westminster boy.

AN anecdote used to be current that the famous song, "Adelaide" was saved for posterity by Herr Barth, a singer in the Austrian Imperial Chapel. Barth happened to call on Beethoven, when the latter handed him a manuscript, saying—"There I—I have composed this to-day; we have a fire in the stove, and in it shall go." Barth, however, read the composition through, and then tried it over. Upon which, Beethoven, who had listened with great attention, immediately took back the manuscript, and said—"Barth, my dear old fellow, we will *not* burn it." Mr. A. W. Thayer, however—the American *dilettante*, who contributed for many years to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music* under the signature of "Diarist"—as great an enthusiast for Beethoven as Herr Lenz himself, with a larger amount of judgment and far more solid and various information to guide him in his researches—demolishes the authenticity of this "anecdote" at a blow:—

"A gentleman directed my attention to a long and excellent article (as he said) in a literary periodical, which would give me certain valuable facts and traits in Beethoven's character. So, from bookstore to bookstore, I went in search of the periodical. After much loss of time and trouble, it occurred to me that the Imperial Library must have it. Sure enough, half a dozen bound volumes were brought me, and I set myself to work searching for my article. At last, it proved to be a lot of anecdotes printed with 'pictures to match,' the last of which was an old acquaintance, which I had ten years before carefully copied, and found afterwards to be—bosh. It is the old story how the tenor singer Barth visited Beethoven one day, and found him just about to burn a piece of music. 'Let me first sing it,' says Barth. He did so, and Beethoven exclaimed, 'No, we will not burn it.' It was the 'Adelaide!' Is it not a pity that so good a story should be met by this *fact*:—Barth first came to Vienna in 1808, when 'Adelaide' had already been printed over ten years."

The date of "Adelaide" may be inferred from the first advertisement which appeared in the *Vienna Journal* of Feb. 8, 1797, to this effect—"'*Adelaide,*' *by Matthison, a cantata for a solo voice, with accompaniment of pianoforte.*" Matthison's little volume of poems had appeared but a short time before. Two of them interested Beethoven greatly, the "Adelaide" and the "Opferlied," which latter he set to music twice—once for voice and pianoforte, and again, some twenty years later, for chorus with orchestra.

B. E. E.

THE Beethoven contributions to the Crystal Palace Concert to-day are the overture, *Coriolan*, and the Septet, to be played by 16 violons, 12 violas, 10 violoncellos, and 10 double-basses. We wish it "God speed."

DR. ARTONELLI WOLFF, editor of the Dresden *Laterna Magica*, has had an action brought against him by Mdlle. Marie Krebs, whom he criticized unmercifully in a recent article. Dr. Wolff was condemned to a fine of twenty thalers, and the costs, while the number of the paper containing the objectionable article was ordered to be confiscated. The father of the fair plaintiff wanted to have the pecuniary fine changed into a term of imprisonment, but the Court refused to alter its decision.

AFTER the death of Professor Otto Jahn, of Bonn, his collection of musical works, a collection perfectly unique of its kind, was sold by auction in the month of April last. The Prussian Government, materially assisted by the liberality of Herr Kullmann, of this town, succeeded in securing for the Royal Library, Berlin, the entire Mozart Collection, the most important numbers of the Haydn Collection—several from the Beethoven, and the Gluck Collection, &c. This is a very valuable addition to the Royal Library, which is now the only one in the world that possesses Mozart's entire works. It has, moreover, already obtained the rarest and most costly of Haydn's, so that in time the collection of that composer, also, will easily be completed. Bach, Handel, and Beethoven, likewise, are almost completely represented. With regard to those works of Gluck, and those of Haydn, which are still wanting, manuscript copies may be procured at a trifling cost.

ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA.

Advertisements in the public papers have made known that the Lyceum Theatre will open next month for the performance of Italian Opera Buffa. Certain particulars of the enterprise are now to hand, and may be thus summarized:—A company (limited) has been formed with a capital of £3500; the directors of which are Signor Mattei, Charles L. Hutchings, Esq., and Signor Verger, the Paris operatic agent. Signor Mattei will officiate as musical chief, first-class artists are promised, and among the works to be performed is a new opera by Signor Bottesini. We need scarcely add that, if the venture shows itself worthy of support—and we have no reason to anticipate the contrary—support it will have.

GHENT.—M. Flotow's opera, *L'Ombre*, is in rehearsal.

BRUSSELS.—A new one-act comic opera, *La Coupe Enchantée*, will be shortly put in rehearsal at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The words are by MM. A. Pellier and Hyacinthe Kirsch; the music is by M. Th. Radoux.

THE funeral of the late regretted Signor Ferrari took place on Friday, the 2nd inst., at Kensal Green. There was a very large attendance of friends and members of the musical profession. Among them were Mr. G. F. Anderson, Professor W. Sterndale Bennett, Signor Garcia, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Rugg, Messrs. Vallance, Tamplin, Tapson, Fenning, Sagrini, T. Chappell, W. Chappell, Hills, Phillips, Bird, W. Dorrell, W. D. Davison, W. Farren, F. B. Jewson, W. G. Cusins, Stanley Lucas, E. Aguilar, George Wood, Lamborn Cock, J. Goss, J. Hullah, M'Murdie, W. H. Holmes, Holmes, jun., King, Svensden, Brinley Richards, Charles Stephens, W. Kirkman, and many others, members of the musical profession, including students of the Royal Academy of Music. The number present has been estimated at upwards of one hundred. Mr. J. W. Davison, one of Signor Ferrari's oldest and most intimate friends, was compelled to be absent in consequence of severe indisposition.

MR. BENEDICT'S new oratorio *St. Peter*, which was so entirely successful at the late Birmingham Festival, is to be performed for the first time in London on Tuesday evening next at St. James's Hall. The principal singers will be the same as at Birmingham, with the exception of Mr. Santley, who will be replaced by Herr Stockhausen. We have no doubt that all who are interested in music will avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing Mr. Benedict's masterpiece.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Miss Ellen Horne, a rising young vocalist, gave a concert on December 1st, at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, and met with good patronage. Miss Horne was successful in the different pieces she sang, and obtained an encore for "Parto" (*La Clemenza di Tito*), when she substituted Spohr's "The Bird and the Maiden"—(the clarionet *obbligato* to both being beautifully played by Mr. Lazarus. Miss Horne received the same compliment after singing Macfarren's "Pack clouds away" (clarionet *obbligato*, Mr. Lazarus), and assisted very much in the success of Leslie's "The Fen," and Rossini's "E ben per mia memoria," which she sang with Madam Poole. Mr. Lewis Thomas's fine voice was heard to advantage in Formes's "In sheltered Vale," which he gave with power and feeling; and Mr. Wilford Morgan's ballad, "My sweetheart when a boy," is never better sung than by its composer. Several encores were given, including Benedict's "Hunting Song" (encored). Madame Poole made a genuine "hit" with Smart's "The lady of the Lea" (encored), and Mr. Lewis Thomas was compelled to repeat "Largo al factotum," which he sang with great spirit. Mr. Lazarus played a clarionet solo, on airs from *Les Prescieuses* and was warmly applauded. The concert ended with Walter Macfarren's part-song, "You stole my love." Mr. J. G. Callcott and Mr. John C. Ward were the conductors.

PROVINCIAL.

Stratford.—The *Mercury* of October 26th says:—

"The Town Hall was largely attended on the occasion of the concert given by Mr. Lazarus and his party, consisting of Miss Blanche Cole, Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Frank Elmore, Carl Stepan, Welly and Sidney Naylor. The pieces that attained the most marked success were those played by Mr. Lazarus and Mr. Welly, and the songs, 'O, ruddier than the cherry,' 'The Bell Ringer,' and 'Ben e ridicolo.' This concert was quite as successful as expected, and the proceeds were devoted to the local charities."

Plymouth.—In a local paper we read the following:—

"The Plymouth Amateur Vocal Association have inaugurated a series of chamber concerts which promise to be highly successful. The room was well filled; and the programme, which contained, however, only three pieces of chamber music proper, was exceedingly attractive. Mr. Lohr occupied his place as conductor with efficiency, and Mr. H. Reed led the band. The members are to be congratulated on the success of this concert. It shows that there is a way open for them to display their abilities and to entertain the good folks of Plymouth more frequently than could be the case were they to confine their efforts to oratorios and similar great works. May they go on and prosper, and may these chamber concerts foster a taste for classical music."

Malvern.—A correspondent favours us with the following:—

"On the 24th ult, Mr. Haynes' annual grand concert took place in the concert room, and attracted a large audience. It is feared, however, that the honour of having provided such a treat is all Mr. Haynes will ever get out of it. The programme contained chiefly English compositions, which were finely rendered by the following artists:—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Maybrick, M. Sainton, and Mr. Stanislaus. Miss Edith Wynne delighted the audience with her truly artistic style, and was several times encored. The beautiful voice and expressive manner of Miss Julia Elton were also greatly admired. Mr. Cummings gave several favourite songs in capital style, being rapturously encored in 'Tom Bowling.' A buffo duo by Messrs. Cummings and Maybrick won a similar honour. The violin solos of M. Sainton greatly charmed the audience, and the success of the whole was enhanced by the efficient pianoforte accompaniment of Mr. Stanislaus. On the 16th ult, an entertainment was given by a few members of the Literary and Mechanics Institutes' United Choral Society, in aid of its funds. Miss Plant, Mr. E. Page, Mr. Inglis, and Mr. Vaughan sang in good style, and were deservedly applauded! Mr. Lough played two cornet solos, and Messrs. T. T. Hornblow and Rogers accompanied. The concert was held in the Concert Hall, and was quite successful. *On dit* that this society will give its first concert on the 15th December, to be followed by one given by the Philharmonic. The entertainments at Malvern, Malvern Link, and North Malvern—arranged by Captain Davis of Cradley, and Mr. J. Morris of the Link—were fairly successful. All of them were in aid of the "Captain" Fund. The programmes consisted of patriotic, serio-comic, and sentimental songs. The sum of £5 was realized, and handed over to the Fund. Madame Bodda-Pyne, with Miss Emily Donse, Mdlle. Annetta Zuliani, Mr. Braham Nolan, and Mr. George Donnnelly gave a grand operatic and ballad concert in Mr. Haynes's room, on the 6th inst."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Sims Reeves.

In its notices of the last Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace the *Morning Post*, of Dec. 5th speaks thus of our greatest English tenor:—

"Mr. Sims Reeves, who was welcomed upon his appearance on the stage with a mingled greeting, sang most splendidly, and with all the old powers of declamation, pathos, and passion that have placed and maintained him at the head of his profession as a vocalist, his reading of the *Liederkreis* of Beethoven being one of the wonders of vocal art. Mr. Arthur Sullivan accompanied the 'circle of songs' in a delicate and completely artistic style."

Herr Pauer's Lectures.

The following remarks upon Herr Ernst Pauer's Musical Lectures at the South Kensington Museum, are extracted from an article in the *Standard* of Dec. 5:—

"The first lecture took place on the 16th, the second on the 23rd ult., and the third on Wednesday last. The lectures are given for the purpose of describing the invention and gradual improvements of the harpsichord, clavecin, clavichord and pianoforte; for the explanation of terms used in pianoforte music, as well as of the various kinds of compositions known as concertos, sonatas, suites, caprices, fugues, preludes, allemandes, sarabands, courantes, gigues, gavottes, &c. Biographical notices of some of the composers are also included. The musical illustrations introduced at the first lecture were by Byrd, Ball, Gibbons, Purcell, Scarlatti, Rameau, Couperin, and others of a similar period. At the second there were selections from Handel, Bach, and Krebs; at the third from Emanuel Bach, Haydn, Eberlin, Mozart, Haessler, and Clementi. In order to show the most influential composers for the clavecin and pianoforte since 1660, Mr. Pauer has drawn up a chronological table for Italy, France, Germany, and Great Britain. The table for Germany is extensive. That for France Mr. Pauer limits to five names, and after Rameau only two are given; so that from 1764, the date of Rameau's death, to the present time, only two composers can be mentioned—Schubert, and Berthui. Italy does not fare much better. Only ten are placed on the list. Since Paradies, 1795, no one only are mentioned, Clementi and Pollini. England, according to Mr. Pauer, is richer than either France or Italy. "J. B. Cramer is honoured with an English nationality; but Cramer was born at Mannheim on the 24th February, 1771. The lectures are well attended by ladies, Mr. Pauer's skill as a pianist rendering them attractive. The last on Wednesday was illustrated by extracts from Dussek, Hummel, Weber, and Beethoven."

Madame Viardot.

In a notice of the concert recently given at St. James's Hall in aid of the "French Refugees' Benefit Fund," the *Athenæum* of December 3rd speaks as follows of the celebrated artist, Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia:—

"The great French basso was succeeded by Madame Viardot, who sang another *Arpigon* air, as it were—Rossini's patriotic 'Pensa alla Patria,' from the *Italiana in Algeri*. How describe the fervour provoked by the genius of her delivery of the recitative—by her marvellous compass in the *cabaletta*? Her voice is fresher than it was ten years since; in the lower notes it is decidedly richer and more sonorous. That her vocalization is such a marvel as from the indomitable will that she displays in battling with nature, which has not endowed her with a fine organ. With her, the singing is of the heart and intellect; the voice itself is but secondary. When she has to execute one of those daring scales which she alone can invent, and in which she has to attack high notes, the effect on the ear is harsh and grating for the moment, but in the next instant there emanate thrilling tones which touch the heart. The upper part of her register she absolutely drags out, by sheer courage, and quite irrespective of the physical difficulties she has to contend with. Her glorious sister Malibran excepted, no artist can be cited who has exercised such a potent spell over an auditory, no vocalist gifted with the most sympathetic of organs, and no singers possessing the faculty of florid execution to the most brilliant degree, can be quoted who have such dramatic powers as Madame Viardot. Of every style of art she is a consummate master; in the delivery of any gradation of sound she has never been approached; and thus it is that in the portrayal of varied emotions, she enlists the sympathies so irresistibly. In the 'Pensa alla Patria' she exhibited an elevation of style and power of declamation that raised the words to a national import, as if some patriot was striving to rouse his country to a supreme effort. In the subsequent scena from Gluck's *Orphée*, 'J'ai perdu mon Euridice,' the vocalization was of another order of excellence; herein the passionate appeals of Orpheus for his lost spouse were rendered with such acute sensibility, that the emotions of many of the listeners were conveyed more by sympathetic tears than by the ordinary tokens of applause."

Mdlle. Nilsson.

With reference to this admirable artist's American tour the *Sunday Times* observes:—

"Everyone who knows aught of the genius of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson must be interested to trace her progress through the cities and towns of our new somewhat exacting cousins across the Atlantic. As we once before observed, when writing on this topic, the Americans have outlived the period of childlike

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dependence in the matters of art; and, asserting the wilfulness of youth, are inclined to their independence to an extreme. It would, perhaps, be wrong to say that they put independence before conscience; but we may safely believe that when an artist highly thought of elsewhere (in England especially) cannot honestly be approved in the States, the first fact adds next to any expression of the second. Whatever the success of Mdlle. Nilsson, there, it may be accepted as genuine—all the more genuine because, through some means or other not perfectly clear—offence has been given to a portion of the press which follows up the Swedish artist with a persistent detraction known only to American journalism. The hostility in question may be contemptible in its origin; but can hardly be so in its influence upon a people whose newspapers are the most powerful 'estate' of the commonwealth. When, therefore, we find Mdlle. Nilsson asserting her artistic supremacy without suspicion of failure anywhere, it may be assumed that the Americans have deliberately ratified the judgment of Europe with regard to her claims. Special interest was excited by the lady's visit to Boston, the artistic capital of the New World, a city the inhabitants of which are used to sitting in judgment upon grave pretensions, and not at all averse to expressing a decided opinion. It was felt that Mdlle. Nilsson might command success everywhere else, and yet fail in her appeal to the supreme tribunal. That the result has been justified, need an apprehension all accounts show. Mdlle. Nilsson won the hearts of the Bostonians with an ease which must have astonished the Bostonians themselves."

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The programme of the ninth concert added two more important works by Beethoven to the list of those previously given. No symphony was performed; the place usually occupied by a great orchestral composition being allotted to the music to *The Ruins of Athens* (Op. 113), which has only obtained a hearing at rare intervals, though detached movements, the Chorus of Dervishes and Turkish March, for example, are familiar. A few lines may be made to comprise the entire history of the music in question. It is Beethoven's share of a "Nachspiel mit Gesängen und Chören," in the preparation of which he was associated with Kotzebue, and the object of which was to inaugurate a new theatre at Pesth. After being employed for its original purpose in February, 1812, portions of the music were used at the opening of a Vienna theatre in 1822, in which year the "March" was for the first time published. It was printed in 1823; and, as for the balance of the work, it remained in MS. till 1846. Such is the uneventful history of one of Beethoven's finest efforts at writing dramatic music. Neglect seems to pursue it with unrelenting vigour, the Crystal Palace performance being the first in London for many years, if we except an inadequate attempt at the Oxford Music Hall. Of the twelve numbers not one is destitute of great and striking merit, and concert-givers will do well to bestow occasional notice upon a work certain to repay with interest whatever attention it may receive. A better performance in some respects than that given under Mr. Manns's direction would be hard to imagine. The solos might have had more effective delivery; and the choruses were not faultless; but the orchestra atoned, and won three encores in succession, the favoured pieces being the Dervish Chorus, March, and Interlude of Wind Instruments. That a majority of those present are ready to welcome another performance of *The Ruins of Athens* may be assumed. The second work by Beethoven was his Violin Concerto in the execution of which Madame Norman Neruda displayed all the ability which has justly given her so distinguished a position. The rest of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's splendid overture, *Hebrides*, and a selection of vocal pieces, included Schubert's *Wanderer*, sung by Herr Stockhausen to Ferdinand Hiller's orchestral accompaniments.

WAIFS.

A leader of a country band says that when he finds a piece written in four flats, he never uses more than two of the flats.

The Ely Diocesan Musical Society has offered a prize of five guineas for the best full anthem for a festival of parish choirs.

Mr. M. W. Balfe's will has been proved under £6000. Madame Balfe has been named the executrix.

Messrs. Webster and Chatterton have arranged to produce an operatic extravaganza on the subject of *Gil Blas*, at the Liverpool Princess's Theatre, at Christmas, and have specially engaged Mrs. Howard to play the character of the hero.

The Emperor Joseph II., having composed an aria, asked Mozart's opinion of it. "Your Majesty" returned the honest composer, "the aria is good, but the composer of it is much better!"

The *Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati thinks that singing is the reason why "the Methodists have become the leading denomination of this country;" while "the Friends, who had an earlier and better planting, have dwindled almost into non-existence."

The story of *Don Juan* began with romance in the middle ages. It passed thence to the stage, afterwards to poetry. Four years ago, George and Maurice Sand gave *Le Don Juan de Villaps* to the French theatre; and now a *Don Juan in Ireland* is announced, by a poet, under the pseudonym of "Leon."

Beethoven, a drama in five acts, by Signor Pietro Cossa, just brought out at the Apollo Theatre, Venice, has according to the *Gazzetta di Venezia*, failed to interest the public. The drama represents the humours of a vain, egotistical and discontented nature; and throughout the five acts Beethoven wearies the audience by his selfish complaints and by his railings at society.

We observe that the annual concert of Mr. George Russell, whom we need hardly describe as one of our best native pianists, takes place at the Public Hall, Croydon, on Tuesday next. Mr. Russell will be assisted by Miss Banks, Mr. Nordblom, Herr Straus, Herr Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Herr Daubert. A capital entertainment is assured.

Last year some announcements went the round of the papers as to the probability of Mr. Martin Tupper giving some public readings. An accident postponed his appearance, but arrangements have now been made with Messrs. Chappell, of New Bond Street, for two readings, the first of which took place in St. James's Hall on the 6th, and the second is fixed for the 15th inst.

The Queen having accepted the dedication of Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, a copy of the oratorio, bound in elegant style, has been prepared for her Majesty's acceptance. The oratorio, which was a great success at the last Birmingham Festival, is to be given at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening next, with the original cast, a single exception (and that a grave one) allowed for—that of Mr Santley, who will be replaced by Herr Stockhausen.

Miss Charlotte Cushman has returned to her native land. Some time since she disposed of her house in Rome, also her stud of horses, and went to Edinburgh (Scotland) to reside. Subsequent, where she passed some time, and then removed to the water cure at Malvern, from which place she went to America. She is in good health, save the organic trouble for which the best physicians declare there is no cure. She is stopping at the house of a relative in New York, and will shortly go to Boston. It is rumoured that Miss Cushman will fix upon Newport, R. I., for her future residence.

At a meeting of the directors of the New Music Hall, Sheffield, held on Thursday, a letter was read from the Duke of Norfolk, promising two hundred guineas towards the erection of an organ. The meeting was then made special to consider the best means of obtaining a grand instrument, equal to any in Yorkshire. The following makers were named as likely to be asked to send in specifications and tenders, viz.:—Cavaillé Coll & Co., Paris; Shulze, of Germany; Willis, of London; and Brindley, of Sheffield. The cost of the instrument is not to exceed £2,000, and a sub-committee was appointed to make inquiries previous to the next general meeting. The share list, we are informed, is increasing, 30 new shares have been allotted since the corner-stone was laid on the 1st September, 1870. The committee appeal to all lovers of music either to take shares in the building or to send in donations to the organ fund, which will be received by the Sheffield and Rotherham Bank for the account of the Sheffield Music Hall Company (Limited).

The Thomas Concerts at Boston (U. S.) began on the 4th of October and closed on the 15th, eleven concerts having been given. Mr. Thomas had an orchestra of sixty, and Miss Mehlig, the pianist, assisted at every concert except one. There were both symphony and popular concerts, and at some a blending of the two, the first part being made up of classical music and the second part of lighter pieces. Two Beethoven concerts were made up wholly from the great master's works, and presented selections which illustrated the different periods of his genius. Of Beethoven symphonies, the third, sixth, and eighth were played, and of pianoforte concertos, Miss Mehlig performed the fourth and fifth. An arrangement for all the clarionets, bassoons, horns and strings, of the Septet, Op. 20, proved one of the most successful things of the entire series. Of course Mr. Thomas gave a liberal allowance of Wagner and Liszt, and Boston listened attentively thereto; but at the same time looked towards the statue of Beethoven, as if it were expected to dismount from its pedestal, and stop the clangor. A prelude from *Lohengrin*, which chanced to be first of the Wagner contributions (and by far the best of them all), set the critics by the ears to such an extent that nothing but more Wagner prevented a serious outbreak. Taken altogether, the concerts were the finest ever given in Boston. Mr. Thomas was earnestly requested to continue them.

LEIPSIC.—In order to render the approaching Beethoven ceremony in some degree worthy of the great master, all the musical institutions here have combined and formed the resolution to devote an entire week, during which only works by Beethoven will be performed, to the celebration of the festival. The "Beethoven Week" will commence on Sunday, the 11th inst., with a grand performance of sacred music. On Monday, there will be a performance in the Theatre; on Tuesday, chamber music; on Wednesday, performance in the Theatre; on Thursday, a concert at the Gewandhaus; and on Friday and Saturday,

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a performance in the Theatre.—At the 6th Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Franz Bendel, pianist, from Berlin, made his first appearance here; but, probably because he was suffering from nervousness, or indisposition, failed to produce any very particular impression. Dr. Gunz sang the Priest's song from *Die Meistersinger*, by Herr R. Wagner, and songs by Schubert. Herr Bruckner's second Symphony, in F minor, was very far from proving a success; the majority of the audience listened in icy silence, while some indulged in open marks of disapprobation.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

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THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.*

(From a Contemporary.)

That large section of the music-loving community whose taste inclines towards opera is just now much indebted to Mr. Mapleson. With a really strong company, supported by an orchestra and chorus which, if not quite up to the standard we are accustomed to during the regular season, are still efficient, he is giving a series of performances at Mr. Gye's theatre not easy to surpass in variety of interest. Without discarding those popular Italian operas for which genuine amateurs do not greatly care, his enterprise is chiefly devoted to works of the highest order of merit; and it is not overstating the truth to assert that in the course of this short winter season, which is to extend a little over a month, more good music will have been heard than was heard at Covent Garden this year during the whole of the summer period, when the theatre derived countenance and support from what is denominated "fashion." Mr. Mapleson, who knows the public, must be well aware that the tendencies of an "autumn" and winter audience are far more serious than those of a full-dress summer audience; and, acting upon this certainty, he produces for one ephemeral opera three operas that are not ephemeral. Thus up to the time at which we write, we have had, in the one category, the *Flauto Magico* and *Don Giovanni* of Mozart, the *Otello* of Weber, the *Barbiere* of Rossini, and the *Fidelio* of Beethoven; in the other, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Trovatore* of Verdi; while for the current week we are promised *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Semiramide*, *Faust* and, for the third time, *Oberon*. It is a feature in the plan of this campaign to bring forward, with rare exceptions, no opera more than once during the series of performances; and it says no little for the popular feeling just now that such a work as *Oberon* should have proved so attractive as to warrant its being played three times within a fortnight. It says, moreover, no little for the company which Mr. Mapleson has been able to secure at this time of year, that they should be so thoroughly prepared in many of the most difficult operas in the repertory, and especially German operas, as to enable him to give one after another in such quick succession. It is also evident that the large audiences which have attended every performance are attracted mainly if not exclusively, by the music, under the expectation, of course—an expectation which, we may say parenthetically, has been fully justified—that it would be adequately presented. True there has been no Adelina Patti, no Pauline Lucca, no Christine Nilsson, no Mario, no Faure; while, on the other hand, it is clear that now of each work has necessarily depended on such resources as were immediately at hand in the theatre. Not a new scene has been prepared, not a new dress provided. For *Oberon* the scenic accessories belonging to the *Africaine* were drawn upon, to say nothing of the Christmas pantomime, from which, carol, so long as the genial melodies and exquisite fairy music of Carl Maria von Weber were going on? That such temporary make-shifts would not satisfy Herr Richard Wagner, who in the getting up of his remarkable productions makes it a *sine qua non* that all the scenery shall go hand-in-hand, is clear; nor would it have satisfied Wagner's arch-enemy, Meyerbeer; but that it has satisfied all who lean towards what Wagner calls "absolute music" is shown by the unanimous applause bestowed upon piece after piece. This time, indeed, the magic horn of Oberon has even borne away the palm from the magic flute of Tamino. True, Mozart's opera, the extravagantly mysterious libretto of which has only been paralleled by the extravagantly mysterious libretto supplied by Mr. Planché (anything but a Schickaneder) for Weber, was performed but once, in consequence of the lamentable departure of Mdme. Ilma di Murska—in her peculiar way the most extraordinary of singers. That remembered, however, the interest excited by *Oberon* has been worthy of note as a sign of the times. Nearly half a century ago *Oberon* comparatively failed at Covent Garden Theatre, for which it was expressly written, and where it was produced (in 1826) under the composer's own direction. Whether Weber would have approved the transformation his work has undergone at the hands of Mr. Jules Benedict, who has not only set the dialogue to accompanied recitative, but added other music (all from the fountain-head, of course), to that originally set, as in no other way, perhaps, could it have been fitted for the Italian lyric stage, immoderately fond as he was of his own music, he might possibly (like Rossini with the *Siege of Corinth* and *Moses in Egypt*, Meyerbeer with the *Etoile du Nord* and *Pardon de Ploermel*, and Auber with *Fra Diavolo*) have done something of the same kind himself; though even Weber, we are persuaded, could hardly have done anything more masterly than has been done for Weber's cherished opera by Weber's favourite pupil.

A detailed criticism of the performance of any of the operas which up to this period Mr. Mapleson has brought forward will not be expected of us; and indeed, for evident reasons, it would be superfluous. A word or two, however, about his principal singers is only a fair tribute to their zealous exertions. Mdlle. Tietjens has been indefat-gable. She has, in fact, been doing rather too much. She has undertaken arduous parts in every one of the seven operas we have enumerated, with the single exception of the *Barbiere*. The consequence is that on Saturday night as Leonora (*Fidelio*), the most important and trying of them all, she showed here and there, and most conspicuously in the great quartet of the prison scene, signs of fatigue. And yet what an artist she is!—and what legitimate triumphs has she not earned in the course of the twelve years she has been amongst us! It seems but yesterday that she first astonished musical London in the *Huguenots*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with the famous "high C" and descending scale, in the duet with Marcel. And since Mr. Lumley first introduced her, she has been working almost incessantly, in town and country, year after year, all the years round. Even now, when she does not overtax her means, the voice of Mdlle. Tietjens, one of the noblest soprano lyric existence, is as fresh and vigorous as ever. How wide and varied is her repertory her recent performances above would suffice to prove: Amina, Lucrezia Borgia, Leonora (Verdi's *Leonora*), Reiza, Donna Anna, and again Leonora (Beethoven's Leonora), have all been represented, and all admirably represented, within the space of a fortnight. And to these she is now about to add Countess Almaviva, Semiramide, Valentine, and the Medea of Cherubini. In contraltos Mr. Mapleson is as strong as could be wished; Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, though French by birth and education, is still the contralto who most worthily fills the place in which for so many years Alboni, the Pisaroni of her day, with the advantage of being as pleasant to look upon as Mr. Pisaroni was the contrary, knew no rival; while the early promise of Mdlle. Scalchi, one of Mr. Mapleson's own discoveries, is being fairly carried out. The prominent characters entrusted to Mdme. Trebelli have been Maffeo Orsini (*Lucrezia*), Fatima (*Oberon*), and Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*); the last, inasmuch as she is compelled to transpose, and thus to injure Mozart's divine melodies, the least in her way. To Mdlle. Scalchi has been confided the sorceress Azucena, that "unspoicons and ghastly woman" of Signor Maginoni's English version, and the by no means (thanks to Mr. Benedict) insignificant character of Puck in *Oberon*. As comprimaria, the clever Mdme. Sinico is, as ever, useful; and it would be difficult to meet with a more competent representative of Papagena, Donna Elvira, and Marcellina (*Fidelio*). In small parts—as, for example, the Ermanzi (*Oberon*)—Mdlle. Baumeister, a comprimaria of less high rank, is also acceptable. The *Barbiere di Siviglia* introduced a new singer, Mdlle. Léon Duval, who possesses a good mezzo-soprano voice, the French character of which at once attracts observation, who has considerable fluency as a vocalists who (like most French singers) is a lively actress, who boasts of a more than ordinarily good stage figure, who is young, and who, last not least, sings "Una voce poco fa" in Rossini's own key (E), though overlooking it with what probably she herself, or the professor who taught her, may regard as embellishments, but what the admirers of Rossini's music are likely to relegate by another epithet. Mdlle. Duval, we may add, to-day, was successful; but we would rather hear her in another opera before pronouncing a definite opinion about her qualifications for the high position to which, seeing that she chose Rosina for her *debut*, she apparently aspires.

In the tenor department, if numbers mean riches, Mr. Mapleson may boast of an *embarras de richesses*. He has no fewer than four, who all lay claim to be "first tenors absolute," *di primo cartello*. These are Signor Gardoni, whose Almaviva, Mario's alone excepted, is the most gentlemanly and artistically the best now on the stage, and whose Florestan (*Fidelio*) would be still more remarkable if he could sing the music as Beethoven wrote it; Signor Bettini, especially noted for the alacrity with which he undertakes any part in the repertory of opera, Italian, German, and French, and who has already exhibited his versatility as Tamino, Oberon, and Don Ottavio; Signor Fancelli, who came out three or four years ago at the Royal Italian Opera, and may be criticised now in pretty much the same terms as formerly—as a singer with a voice of some power and a certain earnestness of manner which, in such a part as Edmano, served him well enough, but is hardly equal to Ruiz in the Ice Torch; and Signor Virzani, a new acquisition to the Royal Italian Opera last summer, whose Manrico (*Il Trovatore*), though by no means a great performance, was sufficiently good to warrant the encouragement awarded him from the first. With baritones and basses Mr. Mapleson is also tolerably well supplied—that is, as far as numbers go. True, the loss of Mr. Santley, now the vocal hero of the Gaiety, is to be deplored; but a more useful substitute could hardly have been secured than Signor Cotogni, for some time Mr. Gye's baritone in chief, who has talent and versatility, feeling as well as voice, and, if he would only get rid of that eternal "tremolo"—which we cannot too often insist (seeing how much it is misunderstood by our contemporaries), is not a vice of style but a physical defect, the result of imperfect early training—would be worth as much again as, with that defect unredarded, he can ever possibly be. How ready and versatile is Signor Cotogni may be gathered from the fact that, within the short space of time the history of which we are recording, he has played, and played more or less well, Papageno (*Il Flauto*), Duke Alfonso (*Lucrezia*), the Conte di Luna (*Il Trovatore*), Sharasmin (*Oberon*), Figaro (*Il Barbiere*), and Don Giovanni. In short Signor Cotogni, like Mdlle. Tietjens, has appeared in every opera but one; and, moreover undertaken characters of the highest importance. Further than this, he is about to add Mozart's Figaro to the Figaro of Rossini—besides other responsible parts. Such a man as Signor Cotogni in a speculation like that of Mr. Mapleson's, where ready preparation counts for so much, is of inestimable value. He is not a perfect singer; nor does he exhibit any particular talent, either serious or comic, as an actor; but he is, above all, serviceable, and that to a degree rarely exceeded. The other baritones demand no notice. The basses are not remarkable. Signor Antonucci's Sarastro is about on a par with his Bocco; and that says but little for either. Signor Caravoglia, who on Saturday night played havoc with the music of Pizzaro (*Fidelio*), is a nullity;

* This article, published some time ago, possesses, as part of a general *resume*, sufficient interest to warrant its reproduction in our pages.—Ed.

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while the mere notion of such a singer and actor as Signor Ciampi following the position of Lablache (comic side, be it understood), and occasionally that of Ronconi (again comic side), is a proof that with regard to certain departments our Italian opera nowadays is very poorly off. Signor Ciampi has played Bartolo and Leporello, and the small part of the Oratore in *Il Flauto Magico*. We prefer him in the last-named, because he has more opportunities of display. Signor Tagliafico, an old favourite, has chiefly distinguished himself by his grotesque impersonation of Don Basilio (*Il Barbiere*). The voice of this gentleman belongs to the past; it is now neither baritone nor bass. In subordinate characters, like Gubetta (*Lucrezia Borgia*), he still retains his supremacy; but his Mascetto, in *Il Flauto Magico*, a part admirably played by Mr. C. Lyall, was a grave mistake. His Masetto, however, is natural and good; and in such parts as Ferrando, where he has to fill up what is conventionally termed the "carpenter's scenes," Signor Tagliafico stands alone. What that awfully dreary first scene in *Il Trovatore* would be without him who can tell?

However, enough has been said to show that Mr. Mapleson is giving a very attractive series of operatic performances, and, for the most part, giving them well; that is, with every advantage immediately at his disposal. We are sorry that he adheres to the system which has prevailed since Sir Michael Costa left the theatre—that of having two conductors, which simply tends to disorganize the orchestra. Mr. Mapleson has in Signor Arditi a very good conductor, second, indeed, perhaps only to Sir Michael Costa; and in Signor Bevignani a very indifferent conductor, as indifferent as Signor Li Calsi, who shared the place with Signor Arditi, under Messrs. Gye and Mapleson, the year before last. The idea, we believe, was Mr. Gye's; and a more mistaken idea could not be imagined. The orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera was for many years one of the first, if not the first in Europe. What is it now? Second-rate at the best. The fault be it understood, is not the fault of Signor Arditi but of managers, who, paying exorbitant sums to their *prima donnas*, grind down the orchestra, &c., to make matters even. The result is in every way bad. What, for example, would a *prima donna* do without an orchestra? Simply nothing. Whereas, on the other hand, an orchestra without a *prima donna* could play one of Beethoven's symphonies, and thus, unaided, give audible expression to music that is divine. The system of two conductors was projected in order to deprive the orchestral chief of his moral power; but if a conductor has no moral power there can never be any discipline in his orchestra; and an undisciplined orchestra is just as worthless as a grand opera without a grand orchestra is only half what it should be. At least such is, and must ever be, the opinion of those who care for music as music, and who believe that the composer of an opera must necessarily count for something in the general effect. Possibly Sir Michael Costa may have spoiled us; but for this we may safely vouch—not only musicians, but earnest amateurs of music are with him art and soul.

THE ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA COMPANY.

Encouraged by the success of French *opera bouffe*, which appears to have become an established amusement in London, the projectors of this company are about making a strenuous effort on behalf of Italian opera buffa. Whether the good fortune of the one will attend the fortune for the other, may perhaps be doubted by those who know in what respects MM. Offenbach and Hervé differ from Signori Petrella and Pedrotti; but "without a trial there's no denial," and as all events Italian opera buffa boasts great names and no small repute, for which reason the new enterprise is entitled to the good will of the public. The directors are three in number, and each doubles his part, Signor Tito Mattei acting also as conductor, Mr. C. L. Hutchings as treasurer, and Signor Verger as theatrical agent. The Lyceum Theatre, "the original home of opera buffa in England," has been secured, and on January 2 its doors will be opened for the first performance of the season. With regard to musical preparations, the prospectus conveys an idea that it is intended, first of all, to gratify a desire for novelty. At any rate, such an array of unfamiliar titles has rarely appeared in a document of the kind. Out of twenty-four operas advertised, there are only eight which the English public may be said to know, amongst these being Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*, *Il Conte Ory*, *Cenerentola*, Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and Mazzi's *Convitato di Pietà*. Of the works altogether strange, the more important are Bottesini's *Ali Baba*, Petrella's *Carneeale di Venezia*, Pedrotti's *Tutti in Maschera*, Rossi's *I Falsi Monetari*, and Cimarosa's *Giannina e Bernardone*. Pedrotti's opera, as observers of contemporary musical doings need no telling, will excite a special interest, owing to the rising reputation of its composer. The list of artists is even more an example of the unfamiliar than the list of operas; and to give the names it contains would be to give names, and nothing else, since—with the exception of Signor Fallar—they are wholly unknown to the English public, who must wait in hope of a possible galaxy of talent. The band, led by Mr. H. Weist Hill, one of our best violinists, contains many names associated with the idea of efficiency; the chorus, we are assured, will consist of singers of the highest merit; and due attention will, no doubt, be paid to the *mise-en-scène*. With these remarks we leave the Italian Opera Buffa Company to such fortune as it may deserve.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS ON CHURCH MUSIC.

At a recent Welsh gathering in London Mr. Brinley Richards spoke as follows:—

"There are societies of all kinds throughout the kingdom for the performance of oratorios and music of elaborate character, but we cannot disguise the fact, that congregational singing is still in many places in a *very unsatisfactory state*, and I am obliged to acknowledge—although I am myself a member of the Church of England—that if we want to hear earnest and hearty congregational singing, we must ask for it, not in our own churches, but in the chapels of the Nonconformists. Mr Hullah, in the preface to his 'Psalter,' alludes to the strong attachment shown by the people to metrical Psalms and hymns." He says:—"Music connected with metrical words conveys but little notion of melody or tune to the common ear, and though the utmost amount of musical license be taken in the setting of the *prose* Psalms and hymns, their performance amounts to *little more* than 'chanting'—a species rather of *musical elocution* than music, beautiful as it may be. But chanting can never supply the place of singing, in which *alone* the human heart can find adequate expression.' In another place he indignantly exclaims about the neglect of singing:—'To the shame of the upper and middle classes of society be it spoken, congregations do not sing—the praise of God is left to charity children—it is not *gotten*' to sing!' I fear there is too much truth in what he says. There are many churches in which we find an excellent organ, and a number of children *in a gallery*, or possibly a well-trained choir; but these *alone* do not constitute *congregational* singing. In many places the singing is too often *a mere matter of routine*. It is mechanical and without reverence—*as though it were a thing apart from public worship* and to be *hurried* through as quickly as possible. The question resolves itself into this—*Is congregational singing a part of divine service*—or a matter of form? I was on a visit last autumn to a parish in North Wales—the name I cannot now call to mind—in a mountain district, thinly populated. I attended the service, there was very little singing, and neither organ or choir. I happened in a conversation with the vicar, to allude to the singing; he lamented the state of things, but explained that it was impossible to get any vocal talent in such an out-of-the-way place, and he had no funds for organ or choir. How was it then, soon afterwards, I heard a volume of sound, from a small building where a congregation was singing most earnestly? The answer is soon found—the hearty singing to God's praise had listened came from a little chapel about within a stone's throw of the church. But Wales is not the only place where such things exist. I was once at a church in Leicestershire; the congregation was not only select, but highly aristocratic, but during the entire service the only music performed was sung as a solo by the clerk, and he took care to embellish it in true Sawyer place, and he had no funds for organ or choir. How was it then, soon afterwards, I heard a volume of sound, from a small building where a congregation was singing most earnestly? The answer is soon found—the hearty singing to God's praise had listened came from a little chapel about within a stone's throw of the church. But Wales is not the only place where such things exist. I was once at a church in Leicestershire; the congregation was not only select, but highly aristocratic, but during the entire service the only music performed was sung as a solo by the clerk, and he took care to embellish it in true Sawyer style with a trill! I have previously alluded to the congregational singing of Nonconformists, and though it may now seem strange, their *well-known inclination to sing hymns* was at one time made a subject *not only of reproach, but of ridicule*. I do not speak of my own authority alone, and I am, therefore, glad to be able to quote from a work published by the Society for the Promotion of Church Music. The writer says, 'We have heard some Churchmen ridicule the Psalm-singing propensities of Dissenters, but we may depend upon it, their propensity is a Catholic one, which, had the Church been true to herself, they would never have sought to qualify beyond her pale—that very habit of *exciting devotion* by hymns and songs, *now* unhappily *characteristic only of Dissenters, was peculiarly characteristic of the earliest followers of Christ*.'—I have one more remark to make—the Church of England has, of late years, wisely followed the example of Nonconformists in regard to *congregational singing*; and I sincerely hope that the latter will follow the example of the Church, by *banishing* from public worship all music of a frivolous or unsuitable character."

A MARGATE CONCERT.

Our readers, if they have been as "constant" as we hope, know that Mrs. Francis Talfourd has given an annual concert, for some years past, in the Margate Assembly Rooms, on behalf of a deserving local charity. The generous lady's efforts have proved successful on all occasions, but rarely more so than on the 5th inst., when the entertainment for the season took place. More than one of these occasions—that is to say, the Assembly Rooms full to repletion—attended; at least £70 was realized, and everybody went home in a state of supreme content with the return made for the admission money. No wonder; seeing that, besides Mrs. Talfourd herself, whose amateur talent is of the highest order, the following professionals appeared:—Miss Katharine Poynts, Miss Lucy Franklein, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Paque, Master Hatton, Mr. T. Cobham, and Signor Ciatatta. Signor Tito Mattei was to have been the pianist; his place, however, was well supplied by Signor Romano, all of whose solos were received with acclamation. Not to dwell minutely upon the evening's work, in which it is scarcely necessary to say Mrs. Talfourd took a distinguished part, we may observe that Signor Gardoni was the hero of the occasion. He sang Prince Poniatowski's "La Margherita," Paladilhe's "La Mandolinata," and (with Mrs. Talfourd) Verdi's "Parigi O cara," being encored or recalled after each with the greatest enthusiasm. So successful a concert has rarely been given in the popular Thanetian resort.

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A COMMUNICATION TO MY FRIENDS AS A PREFACE.

By Richard Wagner *

The reason that at present induces me to publish this edition of three of my operatic poems is the fact of my feeling the necessity for explaining the apparent or real contradiction between the poetic quality and artistic structure of the poems, as well as the musical compositions springing from them, and the views and assertions which I recently wrote down, at some length, and shortly—perhaps, simultaneously, with this book—shall submit to publicity under the title of *Opera and Drama*.

It is my intention to give this explanation in the present Communication, which I prefix, as a preface, to the poems, and address to my *friends*, because I cannot hope to be understood† by any one except by those who feel a desire, and also the necessity to understand me, and such can only be my friends.

I cannot, however, regard as friends those who proclaim that they like me as an *artist*, but feel bound to refuse me their sympathy as a man. ‡ If the separation of the artist from the man is something as impossible to imagine as the separation of the soul from the body, and if it is an established fact that an artist could never be loved, and that his art could never be understood, unless—at least unconsciously and involuntarily—he was loved as a man, and unless his life was understood as well as his art, at the present moment even more than ever, when our public art-matters are in so disgraceful a condition, no artist with my views can be loved, and his art in consequence understood, if the understanding of it, and the loving the latter possible, be not founded above all things on sympathy, that is to say, on a co-suffering and co-feeling in the most human part of his life.

But least of all can those be regarded as my friends, who, swayed by the impressions produced through an imperfect acquaintance with what I have done in the way of art, tran-fer whatever is vacillating and uncertain in their own conceptions to the artistic object itself, attributing to its peculiar character things for which the reason is to be found only in their own bewilderment. The position these persons assume towards the artist, and endeavour, with the most laboured expenditure of cunning, to maintain, they call a position of impartial criticism, and, under all circumstances, claim to be the artist's "true friends," properly so-called, while they assert that those who range themselves with perfect sympathy on his side are his real enemies. Our language is so rich in terms, that, after having lost the instinctive comprehension of them, we think we may employ them arbitrarily, and establish distinctions between them. It is thus that, like other terms, "love" and "friendship," are employed. Since my consciousness has grown, I have never been able to imagine, far less feel, friendship without loving; and still more difficult is it for me to make out how modern art-criticism and friendship for the artist criticized could be synonymous.

The artist addresses himself to the feelings, and not to the understanding; if he is answered with the understanding, it is just tantamount to saying that he has not been *understood*, and our criticism is really nothing but a confession that we do not understand the work of art, which can be comprehended only by means of the feelings—of course of cultivated feelings, not spoilt in the process of enlivation. Whoever feels impelled to furnish testimony of his non-comprehension of the work of art ought reasonably to determine on investigating only one thing, namely—the cause of his being without comprehension. Hereby, he would, at least, certainly get at the nature of the work of art itself, but not till he had become enlightened upon the matters nearest to him, namely—upon the nature of the material semblance in which the work of art appealed to his feelings. If this semblance could not excite or satisfy his feelings, he would be obliged above all things to make an endeavour to obtain an insight into the cause of the manifest incompetence in the work of art, especially into the reasons for the want of harmony between the intention of the artist and the character of the means by which he tried to convey his intentions to the feelings. Only two points could in such a case present themselves to his consideration, namely—whether the means for conveying the impression to the senses corresponded with the artistic intention, and whether this intention itself were really an artistic one. We do not speak here of the works of plastic art, in which the representation, as a technical effort, is the essential creation of the artist; but of the drama, the material embodiment of which only depends upon, and is not realized by, the skill of the poet—as it is in the case of the plastic artist—and which can obtain such a realization only through a peculiar and separate art, the art of dramatic representation. If now a certain and determining impression is not produced upon the feelings of a critical friend, by the material semblance which is here the work of the art of dramatic representation, that friend must, above all things, perceive that the performance was, at any rate, an unsatisfactory one, for the essence of every material representation is that it has to work surely and determiningly upon the feelings. Having recognized the inadequate nature of the means, he would only have to discover on what the incongruity between the intention and the means was founded—whether the intention was of such a kind as to be either unworthy of realization, or generally not adapted for realization by artistic means—or, whether the incongruity depended simply upon the inappropriateness of the means, which, at a definite time, at a definite place, and under definite outwardly given circumstances, proved inadequate for the realization of the definite artistic intention. What a person would have to do here would be, therefore, to understand with complete definiteness an artistic intention, realized only so far as is possible for the limited means at the disposal of the skill of the dramatic poet. But this very comprehension, in conformity with the nature of every *artistic* intention, cannot be grasped by the pure understanding, but only by the feelings; and, moreover, by feelings cultivated more or less *artistically*, and which can belong only to those who find themselves in the same position, more or less, with the artist, who are developed under conditions of existence similar to his, and, from the bottom of their nature and heart, so sympathize with him that they are capable of adopting, under certain circumstances, the said intention as their own, and taking a necessary inward interest in the aspirations for its realization.

Such persons can evidently be only the really loving friends of the artist, and not the critic who purposely keeps aloof from him. If the absolute critic looks from his point of view upon the artist, he sees absolutely *nothing at all;* for precisely that which he is alone capable of seeing, reasonably—nothing. The incompleteness in the semblance of the work of art, he does not, in the first place, perceive where its cause really is; he perceives it at most only in the unsatisfactory impression he has himself experienced, and seeks to justify this by the nature of the artistic intention itself, which intention he was absolutely unable to understand. He has had so much practice in this process that he no longer even once attempts to allow himself to be determined by the material embodiment of the work of art, but believes he may, thanks to his professional experience, content himself with the printed or manuscript books in which the author or the musician—as far as his technical capacity allowed him to do so—has revealed his intention as such, and he so far transfers to this intention his own dissatisfaction—unconsciously felt beforehand—that he imagines it is contained by the intention. While such a position is the worst adapted generally for comprehending the work of art, especially at the present time, it is the only thing which enables the art-criticism of the day to sustain its eminently paper life. But with this—unfortunately also paper—communication of mine I do not appeal to those who feel happy and proud in this position; I reject every mark of their critical friendship for me, because anything I could say to them even about myself or my efforts in art, they would not be able to understand, and that just because they think they must understand everything in the world.

Having thus explained to whom I do *not* address myself, I have naturally indicated those for whom my communication is intended. They are those who so far sympathize with me as an artist and a man as to be capable of understanding my *intentions*, which I cannot represent to them in a perfectly satisfactory realization, by material embodiment, because the necessary conditions are wanting in the public art-life of the present day, and with respect to which I can render myself intelligible only to those who have emotions and feelings similar to my own; in a word—*to my friends who love me.*

(*To be continued.*)

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* This *Communication* was prefixed to the books or poems "of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*."

† I must state here—once for all—that, when, in the course of this Communication, I speak of any one's "understanding me," or "not understanding me," I do not intend to convey the idea of my being too sublime, too profound, or too highly-gifted to be understood; I merely stipulate that the individual who is to understand me shall see me as I really am, and not otherwise, and shall acknowledge as essential in my artistic communications only absolutely that which is asserted in them according to my views and my power of pourtrayal.

‡ In reality, by the way, they understand by the word "man" only a "*subject.*"

Dresden.—Music illustrative of *Macbeth* was lately performed with success. It is from the pen of Herr Wilhelm Heimsoth.

Cassel.—The Orchestra at the Theatre Royal have announced a series of Subscription Concerts. The programme of the first concert contained: Symphony, G minor, Mozart; Recitativo and Arie from *Faust*, Spohr (Madame Soltaus); Concerto for Violoncello, Taubert (Herr Friedrich) Grützmacher); Concert Overture, A major, Rietz; Songs, Schumann, Schubert (Madame Soltaus); Sonata for Violoncello, Beccherini (Herr Grützmacher); Overture, "Im Hochlande," Gade.

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JULLIEN.

(From the "Choir.")

This celebrated composer of dance music was the son of Antonio Jullien, band-master of the Cent Suisses in the revolution of 1789. Upon the massacre of his regiment at the Louvre, he emigrated to Rome, where, attaching himself to the body guard of the Pope, he formed an alliance with an Italian lady of some distinction. Some time after the union M. Jullien determined on revisiting France, and while on the journey, in the French Alps, on the 23rd 1812, at a chalet near Susterou, young Jullien was born. The intervention of circumstances altered the original intention of proceeding to France, and the family remained at Susteron amid the wild solitudes of the Alps. Here Antonio taught singing, and his little son, with an intuitive genius for music, it is said, learned the *solfeggios* from casually hearing them several times, so as to be able to repeat them with astonishing precision and fluency. His father, surprised and delighted at this wonderful power of acquirement, cultivated his infant voice, taught him a number of pleasing French and Italian songs, and gave concerts in the most important towns of the south of France, where the child was regarded, in all the fondness of public enthusiasm, as *le petit phénomène*. At the age of five, doubtless from the too premature exercise of a delicate organ, he lost his voice, and returning to his mountain home, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the violin, on which instrument he displayed so much skill as to induce his father to project a series of concerts in the principal Italian cities, where he met with universal favour. On one occasion, after performing the difficult variations of Rode at the Teatro Reale at Turin, he was lifted from the stage into the Queen's box by command, to receive the royal marks of gratification and delight. This incident brought him into great favour with the court, and for a whole season he was the caressed of the Sardinian *noblesse*. Whilst sojourning for professional purposes at Marseilles, his father met the Admiral de Bigny, then commander of the squadron of the Levant, who induced him to abandon his musical pursuits and enter his service. This strange mutation in their affairs of life led to father and son remaining in the French navy for three years, both being present at the Battle of Navarina, in 1827. Returning to France at the end of this time, young Jullien, inspired with a passion for heroism, enlisted as a soldier, and for six months bore the drudgery of a musket in the 54th regiment of infantry. But this dull routine of stringent discipline was ill-adapted to the temper and restless genius of our hero. His regiment being ordered to Brianson on the Piedmontese frontier, he deserted for the purpose of visiting his father, then living at Turin, whom he had not seen for several years. Returning to the quarters at night in a deep snow, he scaled the walls of the ramparts, and seeking the colonel in command, sued for clemency at his hands. The officer was, it seems, was a benevolent man, had seen his story, understood the filial love of the young soldier, interceded, and thus saved him from the fate of ignominy and death. His father, shortly after this occurrence, purchased his discharge, and with the secret love of the musical art burning in his soul, young Jullien set out on foot, and walked to Paris, determined, if possible, to enter the Conservatoire. Firm will and indomitable energy overcame every obstacle, and in less than six months after his arrival, he was entered as an *élève* in that institution. On retiring from this establishment, Jullien received the appointment of director of the concerts at the Champs Elysées, and the balls of the Academie Royale. In this position he soon became unconsciously before the public of the French capital, and a well-earned popularity induced him to lease the hotel of the Duke of Padua, which he converted into a gray *salle* for balls and concerts, that long were the rage of Paris. So successful was his initial introduction of the Italian opera into France, that several managers of the leading theatres formed a clique to subvert the efforts of the devoted *entrepreneur*, the end of which was, that the year 1839 drove him to England. He commenced his excellent promenade concerts at Drury Lane Theatre, at the same period, and from that time until 1859, his brilliant festivals created, not only in London, but throughout the United Kingdom, the most enthusiastic feelings of interest among all classes. Amid the vivacity of his *ad captandum* levities, Jullien never lost sight of the sterling and beautiful compositions of the great masters. In this respect he may be said to have educated the public at large, familiarising by degrees the general ear with a class of music that formerly was confined to the sympathies and appreciation of the select few. This popularization of the works of such authors as Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, is an achievement in itself worthy of conferring honour on Jullien, who undeniably had the public taste to a considerable extent, under his direction. With a laudable desire to establish in London an English opera, he organized in 1847 a *troupe* of artists of celebrity, and produced a series of works in a style of splendour, unprecedented in the annals of the English lyric stage. But this effort, like many others of a similar nature, was ill requited; and at the end of the season the manager found himself loser of an enormous sum, the results of at least ten years of active professional labour. It was during this time that he introduced to the English public in opera Mr. Sims Reeves, whose fine voice had attracted his attention in Italy. M. Jullien's most ambitious work was the opera of *Pietro il Grande*, produced in 1853, at the Operahouse, Covent Garden. Its production was characterized by a magnificence and splendour of *ensemble*, rarely witnessed even at the first Operahouse of the metropolis; but in spite of the show it did not succeed. M. Jullien was not quite up to the mark in writing a grand opera. To enumerate his smaller works—his "waifs and strays" of music—would be like naming the leaves of the forest. They have been taken into custody by the world, and many have become "household sounds." If Jullien passed the greater part of his life in gilded salons, surrounded by dance and revelry, his end showed a fearful reverse. Confined for debt in a French prison, he breathed his last amidst poverty and wretchedness, at the beginning of the year 1860. Poor Jullien deserved a better fate! He was a simple, kind-hearted, honourable man, wishing well to everybody. Had he put less trust in his fellow-men, he might have prospered in the world's affairs, and still have been amongst us. E. F. R.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The following scheme was placed before a crowded audience at the concert given on Saturday, the 3rd inst:—

PROGRAMME.—1. Overture (*Egmont*), Beethoven. 2. Rondo, "Non più mesta" (*Cenerentola*), Rossini; Mdlle. Scalchi. 3. Concerto, No. 1, C, Beethoven; Herr Pauer. 4. Scena, "How many hired servants" (*Prodigal*), Sullivan; Mr. Sims Reeves. 5. Canzone, "Fanciulle" (*Dinorah*), Meyerbeer; Mdlle. Scalchi. 6. Symphony No. 8, in F, Beethoven. 7. "Liederkreis" (a series of six songs), Beethoven; Mr. Sims Reeves. 8. Pianoforte solo, Rondo in E flat (Op. 62), Weber; Herr Pauer. 9. Overture to Schiller's *Demetrius*, Hiller.

With regard to the *Egmont* overture—a work needing no description, performed in a manner beyond reproach—we must congratulate the able amanuensis of "G." on having accepted the true theory of so-called "programme-music." He says:—"Surely the aim of orchestral music is not to give a definite picture of each personage and each event in a story—pictures which, however well executed, no two hearers will agree about—but to pourtray the general emotions excited, and bring the audience into the same frame of mind as that with which the contemplation of the theme inspired the composer." This is precisely the idea for which we contended when "G." was busy with minute interpretations, and trying to discover a special meaning in things to which the composer attached no special meaning at all. It is needless to say that we welcome so valuable and influential an ally. The pianoforte concerto in C can hardly complain of injustice in that it rarely gets a hearing. Beautiful it is, no doubt; but not with the distinctive beauty of the illustrious musician whose name it bears. The work is almost wholly a reflection of Mozart; and amateurs may well be excused if they prefer to receive Mozartian ideas direct rather than through a medium. Herr Pauer played in the vigorous style for which he is noted. A better performance than that of the symphony No. 8 it would be vain to wish; nor could the greatest stickler for Beethoven reasonably desire the work to have a more flattering reception. As a matter of course, the charming *Allegretto Scherzando* was encored and heartily, and a second time with even increased delight. What need is there to tell how Mr. Sims Reeves sang the *Liederkreis*? He has on former occasions enchanted every listener by his exquisite rendering of these exquisite songs; above all, by his profoundly artistic perception and expression of their varied sentiment. He did not lose well on Saturday; and was materially helped by the tasteful accompaniment of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. With regard to the extra-Beethoven selections we have only to say that few words need be wasted upon the new overture by Herr Hiller. For our own part, we decline to waste any at all.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

At the public rehearsal on Tuesday afternoon the first and second parts of J. S. Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" (*Weihnachts Oratorium*) was tried, for the first time (more shame for us) in England. The solos were entrusted to Misses Maudsley and Marion Severn, Messrs. Shakspeare, Howells, Wedmore, and Parry. This music is very difficult, and when we say that the principal singers did their parts well and that the choruses went for the most part fairly, enough has been said to prove at least the industry and earnest good will of the young artists. The orchestra was not quite at all that could be wished, or all that might be easily effected with further and diligent preliminary practice. Nevertheless, it was interesting to hear a work so little known, proceeding from so great a man as Bach; and we trust the Academicians may persevere till they have mastered it. Mr. John Hullah directed the performance.

In the second part we had Hummel's *Retour à Londres*, played by Miss Bairnsfather, a promising young pianist; an air from Meyerbeer's *Crociato*, in which Miss Rebecca Jewell was very successful; the last two movements of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C, by Miss C. Gardener, who shone to most advantage in the *allegro scherzando*; and the fine sestet from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, extremely well sung by Misses Goode, Pocklington, and Rebecca Jewell, Messrs. Guy, Wadmore, and Parry. Mr. Hullah seems to take these rehearsals *con amore*, and has infused unwonted spirit into them—which becomes him thoroughly, as an old Academician.

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ROSSINI'S *MESSE SOLENNELLE.*

The Franco-Prussian war has wrought out many unexpected results, not the least interesting being the apparent transfer to our metropolis of Parisian musical society. Prince Poniatowski issues his songs from the shop of a West-end publisher; M. Gounod holds weekly receptions near the Regent's Park and accompanies his own melodies to the singing of M. Faure, in St. James's Hall; M. Pasdeloup, of Cirque Napoléon fame, addresses letters to a musical contemporary from Brompton; and there only needs, to complete the picture, M. Auber, trotting through Hanover Square on his way to our English Conservatory, after finishing a new work for our Opéra Comique. Wanting the illustrious composer of *Mozaniello* we have had the illustrious contralto who, years ago, filled so large a space on the stage of our lyric theatres, and since her retirement, has been kept well in mind by force of contrast with those who have essayed to fill the vacated place. When it was announced that Madame Alboni sought refuge in England from the storms of war, few expected that she would break in upon the *otium cum dignitate* earned by so many years of conscientious and successful work. So it has turned out, nevertheless, thanks to the good luck which persistently waits upon Mr. Mapleson's efforts; and on Wednesday week we saw the reappearance in an English concert-room of a great artist erst a prime favourite with the English public. The circumstances were peculiarly appropriate, the work performed being Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, which, as few need to be told, was written expressly with a view to Madame Alboni's co-operation. No wonder, therefore, that St. James's Hall was crowded by a brilliant audience, and that expectation stood on tiptoe. It is needless to say that when Madame Alboni appeared, in company with Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli, she was received with the heartiest demonstrations of welcome; after which the first tones of her admirable voice were eagerly awaited. They came with the "Kyrie;" but neither in that movement, nor in the "Gloria" and "Gratias agimus," did Madame Alboni satisfy probably over-strained expectations. No real effect was made in the lovely duet, "Qui tollis" (sung with Mdlle. Tietjens), and, above all, in the still more lovely "Agnus Dei." Time has effected the artist's once glorious voice beyond dispute; but enough is left to justify a great reputation, while the artist herself remains untouched; for proof of which there needed only the passionate emphasis and unaffected pathos that made her delivery of "Agnus Dei" a thing to be remembered. Madame Alboni received an "ovation" on retiring, and another still more demonstrative when she reappeared in answer to prolonged applause. There only remains to add that Mdlle. Tietjens sang the "Cruciftxus" in irreproachable style; that Mr. Sims Reeves delivered "Domine Deus" with that apt expression which seems, in his case, the result of unerring instinct; and that Mr. Nordblom and Signor Foli each did good service. Mr. Henry Leslie conducted; the choruses being well rendered by his famous choir, to the accompaniment of Mr. J. G. Callcott (pianoforte), Mr. J. C. Ward (harmonium), Mdlles. Jansen and Waldteufel (harp).

A miscellaneous selection followed the *Messe Solennelle*, but nothing was done calling for special remark.

BADEN.—Madame Jeanne Pohl, formerly Mdlle. Eyth, who enjoyed a high reputation as a lyrique, died here on the 23rd November. She was the wife of Herr R. Pohl, the writer on music.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—At the third Museums-Concert, Herr Carl Reinecke, of Leipsic, made his appearances here in a three-fold capacity—namely, as composer, pianist, and conductor. The orchestra performed his new "Festouverture," and he himself his Pianoforte Concerto in F sharp minor. Neither is a work of genius, but both display talent, and were favourably received. In addition to the above, Herr Reinecke played Mendelssohn's *Lied ohne Worte* (No. 1, E major); "Marcia giocoso," by Heller; and "Am Springbrunnen," by Schumann. He was encored in the s-cond. The concert began with Schumann's Fourth Symphony, in D minor.—Handel's *Joshua* was executed at the first Subscription Concert of the Cecilia Association.

BRUNN.—The grand concert, given by the members of the Musikverein, in honour of the Beethoven Centenary, was highly successful, being attended by amateurs and professionals, from all parts of Moravia, anxious to testify their veneration for the mighty master. The programme contained, as a matter of course, only works by Beethoven. It commenced with the *Egmont* overture, finely played by the orchestra. Then came a prologue, written for the occasion, by Dr. Ludwig Goldbaum. The third number was the "Elegischer Gesang," for chorus and stringed instruments. Then followed the songs: "Neue Liebe, neues Leben," and "Die Wonne der Wehmuth," the vocalist being Mad. Marie Wilt. The second part of the programme was extensively taken up by the Ninth Symphony.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Here is the programme of the fifth Beethoven concert given on Monday last:—

PART I.—Quintet in C major, for strings. Songs—"Ich liebe dich, "Mit einer gemahlten Band," "Kennst du das land." Pastoral Sonata in D major (Op. 28).

PART II.—Sonata in G minor (Op. 5), piano and violoncello. Songs—"The Lass of Inverness," "The Sweetest Lad was Jamie." Trio in G major (Op. 1), piano, violin, and violoncello.

The second and last of Beethoven's quintets is chiefly remarkable for its *finale*, a movement of singular construction, and of bewitching beauty, as well as open, so says M. Lenz, to at least twenty interpretations. Otherwise the work, though masterly and interesting, does not claim to rank among its composer's specially distinctive effusions. It is a favourite at these concerts, having now been played sixteen times; and there are reasons in plenty to account for the result, though we need not go beyond the fact that the quintet can be "understanded of the people." Its performance (led by Herr Straus, who has succeeded Madame Norman-Neruda in the first violinist's chair), gave much satisfaction and was warmly applauded. Madame Arabella Goddard was again the pianist, this time doing a larger share of the work owing to the absence of a quartet in the second part. Madame Goddard played the beautiful and ever-welcome Pastoral with an unaffected simplicity of style admirably in keeping with the subject, also, with a faultless precision and a rigid adherence to the composer's intention deserving the highest praise. How delightedly the audience followed her faithful interpretation of Beethoven's well known music was evinced by the unanimous applause and recall which rewarded the artist's labour. The sonata in G minor gave occasion for another exercise of triumph, as did, scarcely less, the final trio. In short, the concert was remarkable for the complete manner in which its principal selections were rendered. Herr Stockhausen gave the songs in his usual earnest manner.

MARIE KREBS IN AMERICA.

A recent performance by the young German pianist, first introduced to the English public at the late Alfred Mellon's concerts, is thus noticed in *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"Miss Marie Krebs' concert was one of the most delightful that we have attended for a long time. Miss Krebs had not only ably vied for herself, for she tilted against all the schools, and came off victorious. The whole of the Mendelssohn Trio, Op. 49, was beautifully played, and the efforts of Miss Krebs were most ably sustained by Messrs. Hamm and Werner. The Preludium and Fugue, of Bach, displayed the perfect technique of Miss Krebs to the greatest advantage, while, at the same time, it showed her intellectual grasp of this form of composition. The subjects were given out clearly and firmly, and the answers were pointedly defined, so that the fugue appeared simple and easy to be comprehended. The perfect equality of her fingers, and her nice sense of balance in the parts, enables her to individualise each part, while subordinating each to the scheme of the whole. It was a brilliant effort of pianism, and deserved the applause it received. Her most perfect performance was, perhaps, the *Sonate Characteristique*. In this all the fine points were displayed, whether of execution, taste, or intelligence. She had not only mastered the technical difficulties, but had fully grasped the sentiment. Her phrasing is admirable, not merely on account of its intelligent accuracy, but for its freedom from lameness and its beautiful sentiment. We have rarely, if ever, heard a more intellectual and sympathetic interpretation of this work, and we can think of no point on which it could be improved. Miss Krebs has fully established her position among the leading pianists of the day. We know no one better adapted to render a series of pianoforte recitals attractive and interesting than this young artist, for her interpretations of every school are distinguished by a rare appreciation of the broad characteristics and the deep inner sentiments of each."

COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS.

The third and last of the series of chamber concerts was given at Shaftesbury Hall, City, on Saturday evening, 10th inst., when the hall was quite filled. Madame Gilbert sang "Angels ever Bright and Fair" (Handel), "Dove Sono" (Mozart), and "Rose softly blooming" (Spohr), receiving a hearty encore for the latter. Mr. Davis and Mrs. Mullen played "Duo for Flute and Pianoforte" (Hummel). Miss Carter received a recall for her pleasing rendering of "Voi che sapete" (Mozart). The quartets for female voices, "La Carita" (Rossini), and "The Guardian Angel" (Gounod), were sung by the Misses Elder, Carter, and Joyce, and Mrs. Mullen. The last named lady also played *Tarantella* in C minor (Mullen), which was unanimously redemanded. Mr Carter sang "Pro peccatis" (Rossini), and Mr. Mullen gave "Oh, thou, my Beauteous" (Wagner). Several duets, in which Misses Elder and Carter, and Messrs. Filby and Mullen took part, were well sung. Dr. Bennett Gilbert, Mr. Alfred Mullen, and Mr. W. C. Filby accompanied.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

The present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that Immortal genius to combine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

PROGRAMME OF SEVENTH CONCERT.

THIS AFTERNOON (SATURDAY), DEC. 17TH, 1870.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*

AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr. Sims Reeves .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for Pianoforte alone—Mr. Charles Hallé.. .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, "Liederkreis" (by desire)—Mr. Sims Reeves .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Norman-Neruda, and Signor Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. Mr. Benedict.

PROGRAMME OF EIGHTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 74, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti .. *Beethoven.*

SONG, "The Erl King"—Herr Stockhausen .. .. *Schubert.*

SONATA, in E minor, Op. 90, No. 2, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. Charles Hallé .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mr. Charles Hallé and Madame Norman-Neruda .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "A holiday on the Rhine" } .. .. *Schumann.*
{ "A ride in the Wood" }

Herr Stockhausen, accompanied by Madame Norman-Neruda, Mr. Zerbini, and Signor Piatti.

GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Norman-Neruda, and Signor Piatti .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. ZERBINI.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hic Hæc.—Hock.

G. H. P. (Liverpool).—Too late for this week.

Anaximander Solomon Hogg.—No. Beethoven was only fifty-seven when he died. The English composer mentioned in one of his letters is Mr. Cipriani Potter, happily still living. In his other suppositions Mr. Hogg is correct.

Horace Mayhew.—In autumn come medlars. Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds; they ever fly by twilight. In autumn come medlars.

Thomas Hiss Adder.—M. Gounod's opera, *Sappho*, was produced at the Royal Italian Opera in 1851. Madame Viardot-Garcia, Madame Castellan and Signor Tamberlik were in the cast, the minor characters being sustained by Signors Marulli, Rommi, Soldi, and Polonini. Signor Tamberlik first appeared in London at the same theatre, as *Manuriello*, in 1849. In 1851 *Fidelio* was played both at Her Majesty's and the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Lumley's heroine was Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, Mr. Gye's being Madame Castellan.

DEATH.

On December 7, at Talbot Road, Bayswater, Stephen Glover, Esq., aged 68.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1870.

GET UNDER THE BUSHEL.

WHAT a much-needed piece of advice is wrapped up in the above four words! There was a time—we know it on high authority—when men, having lit a candle, never put it under a bushel, but instead thereof, set it on a hill, that the glimmer might travel far and wide. The habit was an exceedingly proper one; and showed a determination to be philanthropic, without regard to the market-price of tallow. A candle, moreover, is a respectable light, whether it be the plebeian "dip" or the aristocratic "wax;" and he who buries it in a dark place ranks, after his degree, among the benefactors of our species. But, in the times now present, we improve upon those that are past. So eager is the desire to have a place among illuminators that many mistaken folks are sticking up their farthing rushlights on every little eminence, and that in the glare of the summer sun; a most sinful waste of energy and fat. We see the operation going on all around us in every department of life. There are political burners of mid-day rushlights; there are rushlights social, scientific, philosophical, and—which concerns us most—there are rushlights artistic. The last named are poor spluttering things, illuminating nothing, and guilty of evil smells; yet, they are kindled with no less confidence in their efficiency than those which burn before the favourite shrines of the Breton peasant. How we wish somebody would put them all under a bushel. Nobody would suffer in consequence; and their united rays might cheer and warm the bushel.

Specially apply the foregoing, most sympathizing reader, to an institution called the "Civil Service Musical Society," which will persist in ignoring its proper and limited sphere. If the Civil Servants would stay under the bushel, well and good; their privacy would be sacred; and they might indulge shining propensities to their heart's content. But "the last infirmity of noble minds" possess them. They desire a larger area; they want to be on a hill, that men may wonder and admire. Hence, as we all know, the "Civil Service Musical Society" takes St. James's Hall—the home of the Monday Popular Concerts, by the way—and its members disport themselves, from time to time, in presence of thousands who may admire or not. But some one says,—"The assemblage, though large, is private; admission being complimentary." If this were so—if the Civil Service rushlight were in its proper place—we should abstain from criticism; but, on the contrary, certain reporters are invited; and, we need hardly say, that where the public press goes, privacy cannot be. So feeble, however, is the glimmer of Civil Service talent, that not even friendly prints can praise it. Take, for example, an extract from the last number of the *Choir*, which gives a special report of the Society's recent concert:—

"The performance was very much inferior to the previous concerts. The defect which we noticed in the band on the last occasion, the comparative weakness of the strings, has been altered as regards

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quantity, but at such an expense in quality that Mr. Foster would have done better to have left it as it was. A great number of those gentlemen, particularly among the second violins, appeared to be either devoid of all idea of time, or else wilfully regardless of the conductor's beat, so that the result was at times absolutely excruciating. It is not too much to say we heard two or three of the worst performances it ever was our misfortune to hear in a concert room. The overture to *Masaniello* was a decided failure. In addition to the defects in time before mentioned, the band was badly out of tune. Concerning the overture to *Der Freischütz* the less said the better, although it was the best performance of the band throughout the concert. The band drove everyone away with the *Cornelius* March, of which it is sufficient to say that it was going so badly that Mr. Foster was forced to stop and commence afresh! We sincerely hope that before the next concert the band may be either weeded of its unruly members, or reduced to a proper state of discipline, so as to avoid such an exhibition as that on Monday last."

We need add nothing to the above remarks, unless it be an expression of hope that, after such an "extinguisher," the Civil Service "rush" will be put under the bushel for good and all.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Benedict's oratorio, *St. Peter*, so successful at the Birmingham Festival, for which it had been expressly written, was performed as St. James's Hall, under the composer's own direction, and received with every mark of favour. The chorus was that of Mr. Barnby's admirably trained Choir; the orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus as leading violin, was in every respect highly efficient, and the chief solo vocal parts were entrusted to Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Stockhausen (Mr. Raynham taking some of the less important tenor music). A more powerful "cast" could scarcely have been desired by Mr. Benedict himself, who at the end of the oratorio was enthusiastically cheered. We shall return to the subject of *St. Peter*, which is unquestionably one of the serious works of most distinction bequeathed to the musical art in recent years.

Last night, the occasion being the eve of the anniversary of Beethoven's natal day, the Sacred Harmonic Society were to perform his Mass in C and his oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*. Full particulars in our next number.

Monsieur Gounod honoured Mr. Waterson and the band of the 1st Life Guards with a visit to their practice-room at Knightsbridge Barracks, on Tuesday, 13th inst., when they played the following selection of music:—

La Reine de Saba (Gounod); Danse Bohémienne, *La Nonne Sanglante* (Gounod); Selection, *Faust* (Gounod); Ballet Music, *La Nonne Sanglante* (Gounod); Overture, *Oberon* (Weber); and Marche aux Flambeaux (Meyerbeer).

M. Gounod was pleased to express his admiration of the manner in which this programme was performed.—(*Communicated.*)

That band of rougha called the Partida de la Porra has been again at work at a small theatre in Madrid, where a farce, *Marcaroni I.*, ridiculing the Duke of Aosta and the principal men in power, was being acted for about the 24th time. The manager, aware that there was to be a row that evening, had applied to the Alcalde, who promised to send policemen to avoid a disturbance. As soon as the first act began, about thirty armed with sticks, knives, and revolvers, attacked the house, pelting the actors, and destroying the scenery, stalls, &c. The confusion was immense, the exit from the theatre being difficult. Neither authorities nor policemen were at hand. These criminals will remain—not undiscovered, for everybody knows them—but unpunished. The manager of another theatre, aware that he was to be favoured by a similar visit, hired another gang to oppose to the "Partida de la Porra." The effect was complete. The play went off quietly. The latter scandal is the greater in that it was witnessed by respectable people, the minor theatres at Madrid being frequented by a different sort from those in Paris.

The *Leeds Critic*, a journal of some water (on the brain), contains the subjoine l unexampled critique on a recent performance of the Anemoic Society:—

"At the Town Hall on Saturday night, Dr. Spark had provided a rare treat for all lovers of first-class music. The Anemoic Union, consisting of five of the most talented players upon wind-instruments, gave a performance which was both excellent and unique. The members of the Union were assisted by Mr. William Shakspeare, pianist, and Madame Thaddeus Wells, whose vocal powers are of the highest order. The Programme included pieces which combined the full powers both of the Union, Pianoforte, Organ, and in these instances the effects were no less pleasing than powerful. The Quartett, 'Naaman' was performed by the Union with extreme felicity; the light and shade of the piece being tuned to perfection; and the 'Meditation sur *Faust*,' arranged for Piano, Organ, Clarionet, and Bassoon, was a performance entitled to the highest praise. An instrumental Solo was played on the Clarionet by Mr. Sagarus, on the Horn by Mr. Mann, and on the pianoforte by Mr. Shakspeare, and each performer received his well-merited meed of applause. Madame Wells, who possesses a full note Soprano voice, sang Weber's beautiful Romance, 'When the gentle Eve descending,' with excellent feeling, and received an encore; but the really brilliant powers of this gifted vocalist appeared in a trying Aria, 'Horatius Aglmus,' which was faultlessly rendered. Madame Wells also sang a French Aria, 'La Fauvette,' and the Old English Song, 'Come, lasses and lads.' The audience was not so large as might have been expected from the character of the programme, and the performance itself proved somewhat too long for the patience of its patrons."

We shall feel grateful to Dr. Spark if he will be good enough to send us a copy of the *Leeds Critic* weekly. By the way, who is Mr. Sagarus?—and what has become of Mr. Lazarus?

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

What has been, probably, the most successful of Mr. Mapleson's "short winter seasons" terminated on Saturday night. The opera was the *Huguenots*, there was a crowded house, and among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is unnecessary to say more about the performance than that the life and soul of it was Mdlle. Tietjens, whose Valentine, the best since Mdme. Viardot's (Sophie Cruvelli never having been heard in London), will always carry with it more than ordinary interest, if only because it was as the heroine of Meyerbeer's greatest opera that Mdlle. Tietjens first appeared before an English audience in 1858, near the close of the memorable reign of Mr. Lumley. The other chief parts were filled by Signor Vizzani (Raoul), for whom, not without valid reason, a printed apology was circulated; Signor Tagliafico (Nevers), Signor Caravoglia (St. Bris), Signor Antonucci (Marcel), Mdlle. Scalchi (Urbain), and Mdme. Sinico (the Queen). Signor Arditi was the conductor.

In the course of the series of performances—which commenced on the 31st of October with *Il Flauto Magico*, and ended on Saturday night with the *Huguenots*—Mr. Mapleson has supplied those amateurs of Italian opera who remain in London during the winter season, as well as the vast number of "provincials" and foreigners who select this period of the year for visiting the capital, with a variety of entertainments to meet all tastes. We have had operas "classical"—like the *Flauto Magico*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, the *Medea* of Cherubini, the *Barbiere* and *Semiramide* of Rossini; "semi-classical"—like the *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* of Weber, the *Huguenots* and *Robert* of Meyerbeer; and what may be conventionally termed "popular"—such as the *Lucia* and *Lucrezia Borgia* of Donizetti, the *Norma* of Bellini, the *Faust* of M. Gounod, the *Trovatore* and *Traviata* of Verdi. What sort of company Mr. Mapleson has had at disposal, what orchestra and what chorus, what means of placing the various works we have enumerated upon the stage, with more or less propriety, and, it may be almost said, *à l'improviste*, need not again be stated. He has had two musical directors, the chief of whom, Signor Arditi, as thoroughly well versed in the operatic repertory, stands nearest of contemporary orchestral conductors to Sir Michael Costa; and he has had, in Mr. Augustus Harris, a stage manager who, let no matter what material he placed before him, would, with his long experience and singular ability, make more or less of a good show. That there has been nothing new in the way of scenery and decoration it is nothing new to say. Such is the rule, not the exception, in these out-of-season operatic representations, the reduced prices of admission to which would scarcely admit of extra outlay. But for those who care about music of the kind to which we are chiefly accustomed at the Italian Opera, and care little or nothing about say-

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thing else, Mr. Mapleson has certainly been a liberal and successful caterer. His principal artists have been especially good, and one of them, the most indefatigable, especially great. We naturally refer to Mdlle. Tietjens, who in the course of less than six weeks has supported, and supported admirably, such a variety of characters as, it may safely be affirmed, is, under similar circumstances, almost without precedent. Pamina (*Il Flauto Magico*), Lucrezia Borgia, Leonora (*Il Trovatore*), Reiza (*Oberon*), Norma, Donna Anna, Fidelio, Countess Almaviva (*Le Nozze*), Semiramide, Valentine, Agatha (*Der Freischütz*), and last, and greatest of all, Medea, have been successively represented by Mdlle. Tietjens within this brief period of time. It is rare to meet with an artist who has so wide a repertory at command; still rarer to find one equal to the adequate embodiment of character after character. Such, nevertheless, is Mdlle. Tietjens, whose Fidelio and Medea, unsatisfactory as in more than one respect were the performances of the masterpieces of Beethoven and Cherubini, would of themselves have sufficed to make this winter season noticeable. But take away Mdme. Sinico (always well prepared) and Signor Gardoni from the one, or Mdme. Sinico alone from the other, and it must be admitted that Mdlle. Tietjens was but indifferently supported.

The contralto parts, represented by Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini and Mdlle. Scalchi —the first incomparably the greater artist, although the last possessed the voice of richest quality—have left little to desire. Mdme. Trebelli, however, would do wisely not again to meddle with Zerlina. To transpose Mozart's music is simply to spoil it.

The only soprano who, on account of exceptional means, can be placed side by side with Mdlle. Tietjens, left for Moscow after the first performance of the season. We refer to Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, whose execution of the arduous and difficult music which Mozart has put into the mouth of the Queen of Night (*Die Zauberflöte*) is something apart and phenomenal. Mdlle. Scalchi—whose recent performances in *Lucia* and the *Traviata*, not to speak of Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), the traditions of which seem as yet unfamiliar to her, have given a pleasant variety to the season—took the place of Mdlle. di Murska, *longo intervallo*, as the Queen of Night. Of the tenors little need be said. Signor Gardoni, one of the few remaining masters of the genuine Italian style, can, with the readiness and skill of a true artist, easily accommodate himself to both French and German music—witness, to cite a single instance, his excellent performance as Florestan in *Fidelio*. Signor Bettini as a "utility tenor," ready at any emergency, whether as Almaviva, Otello, or Raoul di Nangis may be wanting, is invaluable. Signor Fancelli does not progress as might be desired; nor should he by any amount of persuasion again be induced to attempt such a part as that of Assur in *Medea*, for which he is utterly unsuited. Equally out of his element was Signor Vizzani, Mr. Gye's new tenor, as Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), the music of which character is beyond his resources. Among the baritones and basses, whose name is legion, may be singled out Signor Cotogni, who's facility is remarkable, and who, whether in comic or in serious opera, invariably does much which not only extorts praise but gives hopes of something still better. Now that Mr. Santley has temporarily retired from the Italian operatic stage, a more capable substitute than Signor Cotogni could not easily be found. Signor Cotogni has neither the voice nor the style of our great English baritone; but he seems to possess all Mr. Santley's versatility and very much of Mr. Santley's diligence and earnestness. From the artist who can play Hamlet and Figaro, and both with credit, no little may reasonably be expected. Signor Antonucci, *faute de mieux*, has filled some principal bass parts, and occasionally it must be allowed, in a very satisfactory manner; Signor Ciampi has exhibited his acentsomed "dry humour" (whatever, Signor Ciampi taken into account, that may mean), as Dr. Bartolo (the *Barbiere*), and other characters; while Signor Tagliafico, as of old, has proved equal to any task assigned to him—from that of swearing the preposterous hat of Don Basilio to that of breaking across his knees into two equal pieces the sword of the chivalrous and disinterested Nevers. Signor Foli has appeared less frequently than might have been desired, but always giving a certain weight to the *ensemble*.

Two new comers, Mdlle. Léon Duval (a Frenchwoman) and Mdlle. Corani (an Irishwoman) have made favourable if not very lively impressions—the former as Rosina and Margaret, the latter as Alice (*Robert le Diable*). Both ladies were previously known in London, as concert-singers; and both have very recently sung at the Crystal Palace Concerts. It is to be hoped that of both good may come. We are sadly in want of new singers.

On the whole, this winter season, allowing for many (some inevitable) deficiencies, has been satisfactory; and considering that, under the circumstances, no such entertainments could possibly be provided elsewhere, the admirers Italian opera have reason to be thankful to Mr. Mapleson for his spirited enterprise at Covent Garden Theatre.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

TEDDINGTON.—A "grand concert," in aid of the Night Schools, under the direction of Herr Schuberth, director of the Schubert Society, took place at the Clarence Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday, 6th inst.

PART I. Grand Trio, Mendelssohn; pianoforte (Mr. Henry Parker,) violin (Herr Ludwig), and violoncello (Herr Schuberth). Song, "The Vagabond," Molloy (Mr. Frank Massey). Cavatina, "Soave Immagine," Mercadante (Mdlle. Romanelli). Solo Pianoforte, Study, E flat major, Thalberg. Polacca Brillante, in C, M. Weber (Miss Lucy MacManus). Recit. and Air (*Lurline*) "Home of my heart," Wallace (Mr. Stedman). Air, "O dolce mio tesor," Pinsuti (Miss Amy Strangways). Part Song, "When evening's twilight," Hatton (the Standard Quartett). Solo Violoncello, "Ave Maria" (by desire), Schubert (Herr Schuberth). Ballad, "The Birds were telling one another," Smart (Mdlle. Romanelli). Duet, "One Word," Nicolai (Miss Amy Strangways and Mr. Stedman).

PART II.—Glee, "Crabbed age and youth," Stevens (the Standard Quartett). Solo Violin, Adagio (5th Concerto), Spohr; Perpetuo Mobile, Paganini (Herr Ludwig). Song, "Thaddy O'Flinn, Molloy (Miss Amy Strangways). Glee, "Integer Vitæ," Fleming (the Standard Quartett). Solo Pianoforte, "The Fairy Harp," Romance, H. Parker; "An revoir," Gabiot de Concert (Mr. Henry Parker). Song, "The Village Blacksmith," Weiss (Mr. Frank Massey.) Scotch Song," What's a' the steer, Kimmer?" (Mdlle. Romanelli). Song, "The Anchor's weighed," Braham (Mr. Stedman). Solo Violoncello, "Fantasia on Russian Airs," Schuberth (Herr Schuberth). Humorous Song, "Over the Way," Tom Hood (Mr. Carr Travers). Glee, "Hunter's Farewell," Mendelssohn (the Standard Quartett). Finale, "God Save the Queen."

The rooms were very full, and the concert was a great success.

A NUMEROUS audience attended the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday week, to welcome Miss Poole, who-e benefit concert took place upon the occasion. It was a revival of pleasant memories to hear Miss Poole once more singing the pretty song we remember so well in Wallace's *Maritana*. Very hearty applause followed "Alas! those chimes," and when, later in the evening, Miss Poole sang "Be sure to call as you pass by," and her favourite ballad, "The Cavalier," a most unanimous encore was awarded to the latter. It was given in the true spirit of ballad singing. Every word was distinct, and a dramatic feeling was imparted which many singers do not understand, or are too indolent to employ. We hope that Miss Poole derived as much advantage from her concert as her merits, character, and services, warranted her in expecting.

THIS evening Mr. Mapleson celebrates the anniversary of Beethoven's birth with a performance of *Fidelio* (Leonora, Mdlle. Tietjens), at the Royal Italian Opera.

AT to-day's Saturday Popular Concert the programme (see our advertisement) is wholly devoted to the music of Beethoven; and this, with the exception of two songs by Schumann—why introduced on such an occasion Heaven only knows!—will be equally the case on the Monday Popular Concert of the 19th—the last before Christmas.

AT the twelfth concert of the Crystal Palace, to-day (Beethoven's birthday), the Beethoven pieces are the overture to *Prometheus*, the Choral Fantasia, the 32 Variations on an Original Theme in C minor, the Choral Symphony, and a number of vocal pieces, including the "Canon to Mädzel." The pianist is Mdme. Arabella Goddard; the principal singers are Miss Arabella Smythe, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Stockhausen.

COBURG.—The prelude to Herr A. Lange's opera of *Dornröschen* (the *Sleeping Beauty*) has been successfully produced at the Court Theatre. The opera itself is in rehearsal at another and larger theatre.

COLOGNE.—Soirée of the Tonkünstlerverein:—Sonata for Piano and Violin, Reiter; Violin Sonata, Handel; and Duet for two Pianos, Rheinberger.—First Subscription Concert of the Philharmonic Society:—Overture to *Der Freischütz*, Weber; songs (Herr Pelzer); "Gesangscene," Spohr (Herr von Königslow); Eighth Symphony, in F major, Beethoven.—Third Gurzenich Concert:—Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Aria from *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart; Fantasia, C major, Op. 15, Schubert-Liszt; Air from *Euryanthe*, Weber; two Sacred Choral Songs, F. Hiller; Symphony in D minor, Schumann; and *finale* from *Loreley*, Mendelssohn.

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ORGAN NEWS.

The organ of the parish church of Reigate, Surrey, built by Mr. J. W. Walker, London, in 1848, has been reconstructed and enlarged by the same firm, under the direction and superintendence of Mr. Thurnum, the organist. The instrument consists of three complete manuals and a pedal organ.

GREAT ORGAN, CC TO F.

Stops.	Pipes.	Feet.
1. Open Diapason, metal	54	8
2. Hern Diapason (new) metal	54	8
3. Wald Flute, Treble (new) and Stopped Bass	51	8 tone.
4. Principal	54	4
5. Harmonic Flute, Tenor C (new)	42	4 tone.

SWELL ORGAN, CC TO F.

1. Double Diapason	54	16 tone.
2. Open Diapason	54	8
3. Stopped Diapason	54	8 tone.
4. Principal	54	4
5. Fifteenth	54	2
6. Mixture, 3 ranks (new)	162	

CHOIR ORGAN, CC TO F.

1. Keraulophon (new)	51	8
2. Dulciana, Tenor C con tinued by Lieblich Gedact	42	8
3. Lieblich Gedact (new)	54	8 tone.
4. Germa-n (new)	51	4
5. Flute, Tenor C	42	4 tone.

PEDAL ORGAN, CCC TO F.

Stops.	Pipes.	Feet.
1. Open Diapason, wood	16	16
2. Bourdon	30	16 tone.
	60	

ACCESSORY STOPS, &c. Couplers.

1. Swell to Great.
2. Swell to Choir.
3. Great to Pedals.
4. Swell to Pedals.
5. Choir to Pedals.

SUMMARY.

Great	9 stops	582 pipes.
Swell	9 "	594 "
Choir	7 "	343 "
Pedal	2 "	60 "
Couplers	5 "	
	32	1578

Three Composition Pedals to Great.
Two ditto ditto to Swell.

The organ, which formerly stood in a gallery at the west end of the church, is now placed in the north aisle of the chancel; the Open Diapason in front of the case being diapered. The Choir organ is entirely new, with the exception of two stops, removed from the old organ, which formerly consisted of Great and Swell only (two manuals). The original Swell organ was of the Tenor C range; but has now been extended to CC, the full compass, and likewise enlarged by the addition of three stops. Many other improvements of importance and utility, including new Couplers of modern construction, Composition Pedals to Swell, &c., combine to make the result of the alterations and additions most satisfactory.

—o—

Synopsis of an organ built by Messrs. Speechley & Ingram, of the Camden Organ Factory, London, N.W., for Belgrave Road Church, Torquay. The organ consists of two manuals; compass of both, CC to G, 56 notes, and a separate pedal organ of two and a half octaves, CCC to F, 30 notes, with radiating and concave pedal boards, 2 composition pedals, 3 acting on the great and pedal organ and 2 acting on those of the swell organ.

GREAT ORGAN.

	Pipes.
1. Open Diapason, metal	56
2. Dulciana	56
3. Stopped Diapason and Clarabella, wood	56
4. Gamba, metal	56
5. Principal, metal	56

SWELL ORGAN.

11. Double Diapason, wood	56
12. Violin Diapason, stain	56
13. Lieblich Gedact, wood and metal	56
14. Salicional, metal	56
15. Gemshorn, metal	56

PEDAL ORGAN.

20. Grand Open Diapason	30

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great.	Great to Pedals.

6. Twelfth, metal	56
7. Flute Harmonic, metal	56
8. Fifteenth, metal	56
9. Sesquialtera, metal	168
10. Trumpet, metal	56

16. Piccolo Harmonic, metal	56
17. Mixture (3 ranks), metal	168
18. Cornopean, metal	56
19. Oboe, metal	56

21. Grand Bourdon	30

Great to Pedals.

The organ was opened very successfully by Mr. F. N. Löhr, of Plymouth, on Thursday, the 24th ult. Mr. Löhr performed a selection from the works of Handel, Mozart, Rossini, &c., both his playing and the instrument giving great satisfaction.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The *Guardian* informs us that:—

"A pupil of Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Margaret Galloway, made her first appearance with a graceful presence, unaffected bearing, sufficient confidence to do justice to the music, and a sweet voice. Miss Galloway's *début* may be considered perfectly successful. Her share of the music was but small, but, as it was carefully and conscientiously sung, we hope to hear her again."

HEBDEN-BRIDGE.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The large hall was filled to overflowing on the 9th inst., when a concert was given by Mr. W. A. J. Parsons. The following well-known vocalists appeared:—Misses. Clara Sutcr, Emily Withers and Eyles, Messrs. Montem Smith and C. J. Bishenden. The last named gentleman was applauded in a most enthusiastic manner after his singing 'La Marseillaise.' Mr. Bishenden was born in the town, and his friends were of course glad to see and hear him. Messrs. Montem Smith and Bishenden also sang a new duet by H. Smart, 'The Wood and the Wave.' The concert was a success."

DUDLEY.—The *Birmingham Daily Gazette* notices an amateur concert in aid of the funds of the Ragged School, and especially names, as one of the "features of the evening," a song (MS.) with flute *obbligato*, "Sing away, ye joyous birds," the words from "Wayside Warbler," by E. Capern. It was sung by Mrs. Bourne, Mr. Rickards playing the flute part.

EDINBURGH.—We read in the *Edinburgh Review* as follows:—

"Professor Oakeley resumed his open lectures to students and other gentlemen taking interest in the subject, on the 9th inst., at his classroom. The theme was vocal music considered theoretically, and was illustrated by experiments. The 15th inst. was announced as the date of the next organ recital, and the 21st as that of the next lecture, when the same subject will be treated practically."

SALISBURY.—We take the subjoined from a local paper of influence and circulation:—

"The Sarum Choral Society gave a miscellaneous concert on Tuesday evening, under the conductorship of Mr. C. J. Read. The vocalist was Madame Talbot-Cluver, whose performance gave every satisfaction to the audience. Mr. H. Blagrove played a violin solo from one of Spohr's concertos, in his usual brilliant style, and Mr. Alexander Rowland delighted the company with his masterly execution upon the double bass. Messrs. C. J. Read and J. Whitehead Smith acted the part of first-rate performers upon the pianoforte. The selection was particularly happy. Mendelssohn's overture to *Son and Stranger*, and his *finale* to the unfinished opera, *Loreley*, are works which any audience might be charmed to hear, and any orchestra be proud to render. Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia* was an equal treat both to listeners and performers; and not the least in a series of pieces in every way worthy to be called works of art, must be accounted Mr. C. J. Read's own contribution to the programme—a 'Concert Overture' of great beauty, and suited for the orchestra in a most musician-like manner. The choirs did their work well, reflecting credit on their own diligence and their conductor's leadership. The orchestra was first-rate."

LEIPSIC.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* was produced here for the first time on the 6th inst.

THE HAGUE.—Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been produced here. Some describe it as a great success. Others do no not see it in exactly the same light.

SLIPS OF THE PEN.

Who, amongst all the critical men,
Stands most renowned for "slips of the pen"?
Who lately has scribbled mistakes so numerous,
Their weekly correction is really humorous?
In re Michael Balfe, Benedict, Mendelssohn,
His "slips of the pen" have by multitudes grown;
St. Peter, St. Paul, Elijah, "Bartholomew,"
Are all 'mong the slips, of which there are not a few.
But slippery scribes we have had by the score;
In morals, Lord Byron, and Sterne, and Tom Moore.
Historical "slips" were oft made by Macaulay,
But these latter-day "slips" are those of friend ——.
Call it meddling, mis-meddling, whatever you will,
Poor dear * * * has a slippery quill.

QUIZ.

Athenæum Club, Dec. 12.

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OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Monday Popular Concerts.

Writing about these concerts, the *Daily News* says:—

"No musical event of the year is looked for with greater and wider interest than the resumption of these excellent concerts, at which the highest class of chamber music is to be heard executed by the greatest available artists of the day, and is listened to by exceptionally large audiences with an earnest attention that can only arise from a real love of music in its purest aspect, free from all meretricious attractions. The string quartets and quintets, the pianoforte sonatas, duets, and trios, and the chamber songs of the great masters, contain as noble thought and sentiments, and evince as much art and power, as their grander compositions framed for large numbers of executants; and the growing love for what may be called domestic music among the general public is a sign of healthy taste, in welcome contrast to other manifestations in an opposite direction."

Madame Alboni.

The *Athenæum* of Dec. 10 speaks as follows of the recent appearance of the greatest of all contralto singers:—

"It is not owing to the war that the celebrated contralto Madame Alboni returns to her professional career. After her marriage with the late Count Popoli, she lived for some years in Paris in private, refusing the most tempting offers to sing again in public. At the funeral service of her earliest friend, Rossini, she consented to appear, and, associated with Madame Patti (La Marquise de Caux), the duet 'Ipsi est Homo,' from the *Stabat Mater*, was given by the two artists with a perfection of voice and style which thrilled the vast assemblage in the church, and caused the venerable Auber to shed tears. The gentleman who bought from the widow of Rossini the proprietary right in the *Messe Solennelle*, with the view of its performance in various countries, either in theatres or in concert-rooms, with or without the adjunct of secular music, induced Madame Alboni to be the contralto of his traveling *troupe*. It was on the first execution of the Mass at the Italian Opera-house in Paris, on the 28th of February, 1869, after the original score had been added to by strange hands, that Madame Alboni re-appeared. But for her singing of the interpolated solo, the 'O Salutaris,' the performance would have been a failure. Madame Krauss, a singer of good musician, but has not a sympathetic organ; and Signori Nicolini and Agnesi, the tenor and bass, sang very indifferently, whilst band and chorus were very bad. But the Rossinian mania was strong in Paris, and the Mass was financially a success for the investor, who transferred his right of representation in this country to opera-house directors. It is sad to think that a solemn service should be thus profanely turned to account." The programme in St. James's Hall, on the 7th inst. exhibited a strange mixture—the Mass in the first part, and a miscellaneous selection in the second portion; the 'Ave Maria' of Cherubini being followed by 'My Pretty Jane' of Bishop, and the organ wherewith up with the quartet from Flotow's *Martha*. Surely the Mass, with Madame Alboni's return therein, might have sufficed to fix the attention of a London musical audience in these days. The 'cast' of the Mass was certainly the strongest yet heard in this country, as it included Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Alboni, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Nordblom (tenor-), and Signor Foli (bass). Madame Alboni, who, before she left the stage, sang soprano as well as contralto parts, resumed her natural position in the Mass, resigning, however, the 'O Salutaris' to Mdlle. Tietjens. The voice of Madame Alboni cannot be expected to retain the rich, sonorous, and sympathetic *timbre* which it possessed when she first stepped on the Covent Garden boards, in 1847, at the inauguration of the Royal Italian Opera, as Arsace in *Semiramide*; strain on the high notes for soprano music has affected the once luscious quality of the lower ones; but once an artist, always an artist. Madame Alboni is still the refined exemplification of the great and pure Italian school of vocalization. In the 'Agnus Dei,' the enthusiasm of her hearers was at its height. If she help proposes to continue her career, she will be right welcome."

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Herr Johann Strauss has completed and sent on to the management of the Theater an der Wien the third and last act of his comic opera, which he has finally christened *Fantasca*.—The members of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse were lately thrown into a state of intense excitement by something which occurred one evening during the performance. The opera was Herr von Flotow's *Martha*, with which the members of the orchestra were all thoroughly acquainted, seeing that it has been a stock opera for more than twenty years. The gentlemen, who only a few days previously had been informed that they were the best-trained body of musicians in Europe, played away with their usual precision up to the passage in the fourth act, where the representative of the heroine, Mdlle. von Balatinsky, introduced Proch's variations. When commencing the third variation, she was unlucky enough, owing probably to a momentary failure of memory, to skip a couple of dozen bars, and seeing something with which the orchestral accompaniment did not, of course, correspond, no small amount of confusion was the result; the members of the orchestra looked at the conductor, and the conductor looked at the young lady on the stage, who at last determined to recommence the variation. On reaching the same place, however, she was unfortunate enough again to commit the same fault. Again did discord reign between the vocalist and the orchestra. One portion of the audience began hissing, and another applauding ironically. The gentlemen of the orchestra had performed their part with their regular correctness, and when, therefore, the young lady, by a significant gesture, gave the audience to understand that the mistake was not to be laid to her but to the orchestra, the fermentation in the bosoms of the various accomplished instrumentalists, constituting that famous body, rose to fever pitch. Out of respect for the public, they went on with the performance; as though nothing had occurred, but in a statement of the case drawn up by the conductor, Herr Hellmesberger, and by him presented to the proper authorities, they say that they feel wounded in their professional honour, and must protest against this attempt of Mdlle. Balatinsky to make them bear the responsibility of a fault she committed.—A short time ago, as announced in the *Musical World*, Herr Proch bade adieu to the Imperial Operahouse, where he had so long acted as conductor, and was transferred to the Burgtheater. At this establishment, the band had been anything but satisfactory or becoming an Imperial Theatre. Herr Proch was to reorganize it. But, when he set about his task, the management refused to agree to his plans, which they characterized as extravagant. The consequence was that Herr Proch at once retired, and his place is now filled by Herr Durst.

MDLLE. NILSSON IN AMERICA.

Mdlle. Nilsson's last concert in Boston was thus noticed by the *Express*:—

"It was her thirty-fifth concert in America, and precisely two months from the period on which she gave her first. She was never in better voice than on Saturday, and sang, we need scarcely add, in the most ravishing manner. In 'Let the bright seraphim,' she had a trumpet *obbligato* by Mr. Gilmore. The performance excited tumultuous applause. She subsequently sang 'Home, sweet home,' in a style that fairly captivated all ears. Of course, in each case she was recalled, and sang a second time. She was assisted by Miss Cary, Brignoli, Vieuxtemps, Verger, and a grand orchestra. Nilsson's concerts in Boston (we believe eight in number) have figured up a total of about 60,000 dols.—an average of over 7,000 dols. At one the receipts were nearly 9,000 dols. The public have enjoyed a series of entertainments that have given great delight, and which will long be pleasantly remembered. To Mr. Strakosch we are also under vast indebtedness. He is always doing clever things, and this, as all will allow, is the cleverest enterprise so far."

Mdlle. Nilsson subsequently appeared in the *Messiah* at New York—the first oratorio among our cousins—and was thus criticized by the *New York Times*:—

"She renewed the delightful impression which a superb voice, managed with an art well fitted to display it to the broadest advantage, has on no one occasion since the artist's earliest appearance been failed to make. The most satisfying interpretation of the work given for many years, caused the concert to be worthy of unusual commendation. We anticipated, indeed, little less. We cannot do Miss Nilsson's share of the execution of Handel's masterpiece fuller justice than by recording that it was effective in the highest degree. Without pausing at present to view the subject-matter of the composition, or its grand musical treatment, we may express the opinion that we by no means coincide with the belief of ultra-Handelians, to whom an untraditional reading of the score is sacrilege. There can be no object more deserving of being kept in sight than the endowment of the words and of their illustrative sounds with their most complete significance; and this being attained by means legitimate, the voices of the past will scarcely be numerous enough to overpower the tender sounds of timely gratitude and praise. Miss Nilsson's frequent disregard of the prescribed *tempo* in passages of the *Messiah*, and occasional transposition of an accent will not easily escape the censure of the upholders of precedent, although the license obtains, as it did last evening, the sanction of a thousand hearers. The freedom and appreciable beauty of her readings contrasted strongly with the no less artistic, but certainly more formal method of her associates. The recitatives were declaimed with the power and clearness made familiar in secular music, and the airs were executed with a great purity of voice and facility of vocalization. The aria commencing with 'Rejoice greatly,' and abounding in florid passages, was given in a faultless manner, the unwavering ease with which the lady shows the suppleness of her organ being especially prominent. The aria, 'How beautiful are the feet,' was sung with exquisite sentiment, though in the last bars the singer took breath twice or thrice at points where it was at least inexpedient to do so. On the other hand, the grand air of the oratorio, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' had an utterance as nearly united to its sense as can be hoped for it, and the strength and variety of the colour bestowed upon it won recognition in the form of a tumultuous demand for a repeat."

* How about the *Stabat Mater?*—[Ed.]

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"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

For two days Berlin has been suffering from a violent attack of Carl Wilhelm on the brain. Passing by the Hôtel du Nord on Friday evening, I was surprised to find the broad expanse Unter den Linden so thronged, that the five roads which together formed the finest thoroughfare in Europe were all impassable. Immediately in front of the Hôtel a space was kept clear for a compact body of men, each of whom carried a kind of Chinese lantern at the top of a stick. A huge banner floated in the centre, and as a *bâton* was raised aloft a full rich harmony burst upon the ear. Carl Wilhelm had arrived to conduct a concert, and the singers of Berlin had improvised a serenade in his honour. Of course he had to appear, and he was also compelled to accept the customary *Singer-hoch*—an osculatory salutation which he seemed not at all to expect. After many cheers and many part-songs, the mass of torch-bearers broke up into separate groups; the tiny lines of coloured lights gradually fading away into different directions, until they were ultimately lost in the damp foggy air. The entertainment had the double advantage of being cheap and harmless; and its spontaneousness must have gladdened the heart of the recipient; as he is said to have been bewildered by so many emphatic proofs of his sudden popularity.

Byron's assertion of himself, that he awoke one day and found himself famous, may be applied with strict accuracy to Carl Wilhelm. If, four months ago, you had canvassed the thousands who, the other evening, encumbered the chief artery of slowly-circulating Berlin, you would probably not have found one person familiar even with the name of the hero of to-day. I have not met with anybody who had heard of the man before the present war. I suppose a few yellowed copies of a certain old song of his lay hidden on some forgotten shelf in a music-seller's warehouse; but the sheets wasted their dust upon the desert air, while the composer vegetated in the heart of the Thuringian Forest. Suddenly the Rhenish frontier is threatened. Somebody recollects an old song suited to the emergency; it instantly strikes the popular fancy; and "Die Wacht am Rhein" becomes the motto of a new crusade. The stirring melody is carried from town to town; it flies along with every train that carries troops to the front; it is re-echoed in every public assembly; and, in a very few days, it resounds through the length and breadth of Germany. Not till everybody knows the song by heart does anyone think of enquiring about the composer, and for some time it is doubtful if he be still alive. At last he is unearthed in Schmalkalden—an old town on the way from Coburg to Cassel, known to the manufacturing world as one huge smithy, and familiar to the historical inquirer as the place were the Protestant League was established in the 16th and Melancthon. The composer seems to have remained hidden in his quiet Thuringian home while his winged melody was leading his countrymen on from victory to victory until they reached the very heart of Imperial France. Happy the man whose name can stimulate his brethren to such noble deeds; happier he who lives to witness the extent of his influence, and to receive a ready tribute to his power.

At last Carl Wilhelm has been enticed *aus seiner Heimath*—to quote the advertisements which refer to his "home" as though it were in Australia, instead of being within easy railway distance—to conduct a performance of his famous hymn. The great event was fixed for to-night; every place was sold days ago, and it was only from those hateful speculators, who seem to thrive in Berlin now as well as they used in Paris, that tickets could be got at all. The Circus Renz, an area about as large as the Cirque de l'Impératrice in the Champs Elysées, but holding many more people, was crammed to suffocation long before Carl Wilhelm was announced to appear. When the time had arrived for a certain triumphal march of his composition, he came forward in the likeness of a good-tempered, not very clever or bright looking man, on the shady side of fifty. His thin hair and scanty beard are iron grey, his complexion is sallow, his eyes are somewhat dull and heavy, and his general appearance is unquestionably commonplace. If you noticed him in the street, you would take him to be a provincial shopkeeper, or, perhaps, a village schoolmaster. I am quite accustomed to be disappointed by the personal appearance of men whose published works have led their readers to form involuntarily an ideal of their own; but I cannot call to mind any man who has made for himself a name in the world whose face is so destitute of expression as that of Carl Wilhelm. He is very diffident in manner, and seemed utterly bewildered by the storm of applause that burst upon him on every side when he was led upon the platform. I dare say nobody is so much surprised at his sudden elevation to popularity as Carl Wilhelm himself. To say sooth, his Triumph-Marsch is a very sorry affair, such as any bandmaster might write down at a moment's notice. I pitied the poor composer when, at the conclusion of the blatant trash, a gentleman in a very grand uniform, covered with orders stepped upon the platform and kissed him on both cheeks, to the intense delight of some two thousand spectators. If Wilhelm is really as modest and retiring as he looks, he may well have fancied that everybody was bent upon making a fool of him. For, if his "Wacht am Rhein" be not a mere "fluke," he must be heartily ashamed of his Triumph-Marsch.

It was pleasant, after this piece of weak "padding," to hear a song with choral accompaniment by a certain Carl Hennig, entitled "Königseiche," splendidly declaimed. The King is immensely popular, and the stirring words of this song so stimulated the audience, that the band had to strike up "Heil dir im Seigeskranz" as a safety-valve for the explosion of loyalty. To an Englishmen, it was natural enough to rise at the first notice of the National Anthem, but many of the Germans remained seated. This was from no want of enthusiasm, however, for "Barbarossas Erwachen," a poem by Möller von der Werra, recited with extraordinary animation by Herr Bertold, again called out a loyal demonstration. Lastly came "Die Wacht am Rhein," and the familiar strains seemed to take new meaning from the composer's presence and direction. It is rather the fashion here to sneer at the song of 1870, and it may well be that the Berliners have heard somewhat too much of it. It may be, too, that, as I first heard it in the very heart of actual war, the melody speaks to me through the memory no less than through the ear. But it cannot be denied that in "Die Wacht am Rhein" music and meaning are most happily married. In the facility with which it may be rendered by the song fanlis one of the conditions of a true national lyric; and the plaintive character of the *piano* passage, "Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein," renders the hymn much more susceptible of variety of expression than the majority of patriotic compositions. A song must have something in it to become the exponent of a nation's chivalry. When the hymn had been twice repeated, some enthusiast called out for a "Hoch!" to Carl Wilhelm; and the composer had again to stand on the platform while the singers all round him thundered out "Er lebe hoch!" When he goes back to homely Schmalkalden, the echoes of the verses he has heard to-night will surely often come to cheer many a vacant, dreary, desolate day.

C. C.

REAPERS WANTED.

(*From the "New York Herald."*)

Without losing any of our intense characteristic energy we have become an eminently philosophical people. A glance at the theatrical record of the metropolis for the first two months of this season will explain. About twenty-five places of amusement of all kinds are open and in general well patronized. No other city in the world can make such an exhibit this season. London can boast of a greater number of theatres; but the half of them might as well be closed for all the patronage they receive. Other European capitals tell the same story; while there is not a manager in New York but receives some encouragement from the public. Again, other species of amusement—yachting, horse racing, base ball, dancing, and billiards—find thousands of enthusiastic admirers here, and have become a necessity to a very large proportion of our citizens. The philosophy of this consists in the belief of the metropolitan public in the old adage—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." They combine business with pleasure, and love the almighty dollar only for the pleasure they derive in spending it. This is a long progressive step from the time that the aforesaid dollar monopolised a man's thoughts and actions from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and a similar cycle of the moon included. But there is an important distinction to be made between music and the drama on the score of success. While the latter is flourishing in every possible phase of its extensive sphere, music has had one great representative here, in the person of Nilsson. She has given sufficient evidence of the appreciation of the public for true art in her line, and her success has exceeded the fondest hopes of her manager. The brief season of English opera at Niblo's also has so far shown the same desire on the part of the public for good music. Why, then, cannot some of our enterprising musical caterers take advantage of the prepared state of the public mind and the splendid opportunity now open to them to engage first-class talent in Europe and give us opera as it should be presented? The unhappy condition of France leaves the artists of the Grand Opera and the Opéra Comique idle and ready for the offer of any responsible American manager. We have two operahouses in this city which can challenge competition with any in Europe or America—the Academy of Music and the Grand Operahouse. The one is closed and silent, and the other is disgraced by a worthless indecent exhibition, which the many patrons of Gran and Bateman's enterprises would hardly recognize as *opera bouffe*. Now, here is a fine opportunity for some wide-awake managers to avail themselves of the immense supply of talent lying idle in Europe and present opera in its highest form to the American public. Grand opera at the Academy, and *Opéra Comique* at the Grand Operahouse, would meet with a patronage such as the most sanguine *impresario* would hardly look for. The experiment is worth the trial.

Punch understands that a popular composer is about to publish a new song, "The Fisherman's Chorus," with a cast-a-net accompaniment.

Miss Rose Hersee has been playing, with great success, Arline, in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, at Philadelphia. Her associates are Miss Fanny Goodwin (Gipsy Queen), Mr. Brookhouse Bowler (Thaddeus), and Mr. Henri Drayton (the Count). The fortunate representative of Devilshoof was not mentioned by the local paper we have seen.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

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LA CLEMENZA DI TITO.

Few librettos have been so frequently set to music as *Titus*, the composition of the celebrated Metastasio.[a] Antonio Caldara was the first to take advantage of it in 1734. Four years after, the celebrated J. A. Hasse used it as a theme for an opera, which was performed at Dresden in 1738. His successor, Chapelmaster Saxman, selected it, in 1760, upon the occasion of the nuptials of the Prince Elector Frederick Augustus of Saxony; and, finally, in 1790, it was adorned by the genius of Mozart, for the coronation of Leopold II. at Prague. Mozart's composition is the only one which has survived; all others have sunk into oblivion, having entirely disappeared from the stage.

It would be highly interesting to hear cursory pending portions of each opera performed. We should then be able to compare the four composers in point of melody, scoring, and appropriate idealization of the text; nor would the interest be diminished by the fact that all four were eminent.

A true and lofty work of art should not be bent to the prejudices of the prevailing fashion; but should be strongly marked by the genius and originality of its author. These qualities are by no means prominent in Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*; in fact, it may be considered, in the history of opera one of the last echoes of the Italian style, as developed in the last century. That rigid and conventional style, which was away extended over Germany as well as Italian opera, is very remote from the lively and dramatic flow which at the present time is demanded in the music of this species of composition.

The aria, divided in three parts—a recitative, a slow, and a lively movement—formed the essential basis of opera at that time, and occupied a corresponding position to the concerted pieces—viz., tercets, quartets, choruses, and finales—which are distinguishing features of the modern school. In the same manner as lengthy dialogues and monologues alternated in the drama, so aria after aria succeeded in the opera. The dramatic and characteristic forms of expression were nearly always subdued by the formal element; and the lyric expression of the passions and emotions of the soul were reduced to a strictly tangible musical form. Mozart has embraced this style in two of his operas, viz., *Titus* and *Idomeneo*, both of which are totally unadapted to modern taste, and are replaced by more modern compositions. Nevertheless, we cannot refrain from admiring the exquisite finish of each part and melody, and the perfect musical individuality of the whole.

The opera of *Titus* is rich in musical beauties, but very deficient in strong dramatic situation, and would, therefore, be most appreciated and enjoyed in the form of a concert, in which each member should take its normal order. Yet though this method of performing it masterly music would be really the best, I question its being the most popular. I may incidentally remark that *Titus* was written in a shorter period than any other of Mozart's operas.

An opera being required for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, Mozart was commissioned to deliver the finished score in eighteen days. Metastasio —the Court poet at that time—selected a noble passage from the life of Titus (Augustus), but produced only a very colourless libretto. The hero, after whom the opera is named, is so indifferently treated that he creates only a secondary interest. He meets with refusals from several ladies, and sings some dull apoplegmata relating to the public laws. Mozart did so little for the character of the excellent Emperor that Weigl subsequently composed an *aria di bravura*, which was added to the opera, in order, if possible, to elevate the ideal Titus from his operative insignificance to somewhat of his real character—a man charming in manners, and beloved by all his people.

If any composer possessed the artistic power to build a musical masterpiece upon a paltry libretto, that composer was Mozart; and his inexhaustible genius would have verified its reputation in this instance had not the limited time allowed for the completion of the work prevented him from improving and maturing it. Several of the numbers in *Titus* show both inspiration and artistic love; and these are the portions which will hand it down to posterity; but unfortunately the greater part of it was composed in the then prevailing taste of the public, and for the purpose of exhibiting the voices and accomplishments of their favourite singers. In consequence of this, the latter portion is as old fashioned as its original singers and audience. We of the present time can hear it with a feeling of devotion for Mozart, albeit though mixed with much yawning.

Those unpardonable parts which are written for all times are the powerful, dramatic, comprehensive, and highly-finished *finale* of the first Act, the Overture, the Terzetto between Annius, Publicus, and Vitelia, and the last chorus but one of the Romans. These will remain as masterpieces for the admiration of posterity.

The opera of *Titus* requires to be rendered in a style in which the best of our modern singers would fail. The aim of opera at that period was to enact a union of the conventional style with the most finished schooling—a thing no longer found in Italy, and which has never existed in Germany.

It not only pre-supposes the singer to be accomplished in technicalities to the minutest degree, but also to have arrived at the highest stage of development in the declamatory mode of singing, which we can only paralled by again referring to the French tragedy. Our present artists are so accustomed to represent the more eccentric emotions of the operas of the 19th century that they are inefficient and unsteady when called upon to perform a broad outline designed in this earlier style, and are frequently unable to fill it out to its proper proportions.

December, 1870. FERDINAND HAHLES.

[a] Metastasio (whose name was originally Trapassi) was born in 1689, at Assisi. He was the son of a common soldier; but the celebrated lawyer Gravina, discovering his great talent for poetry, adopted him under the name of Metastasio, took the greatest care to give him a superior education, and, finally, left him his whole fortune. Metastasio virtually the originator of the Italian Opera Books of the present time, gained a world-wide reputation as a poet. His writings have had the greatest influence, not only upon drama tists, but also upon musical composers. Libretto and Cantatas are his principal poetical productions. They are based upon the true principles of musical poetry; and may still be considered as models. His works have disappeared from the stage, in consequence of the widely-different style now prevailing in both music and poetry; but, in spite of this, they remain highly remarkable objects in the history of art. He was appointed Court Poet at Vienna, in 1729, and died in 1782. The 12th and last edition of *his complete works* was published in 1781-3.

MUSIC IN MILAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

We can but speak well of the concert given in aid of the Philharmonic and Theatrical Fund at the Scala last night apart from the *Persia sinfonia*, composed and directed by Ketten, which fell flat being nothing more or less than a combination of abstruse harmony without a bar of real inspired melody. With this exception, every piece contained in the programme was warmly applauded. Cavallici is still the incomparable artist who knows how to handle his clarionet; his lungs could easily compete with those of the youngest man.

Ketten received—by his masterly playing—the old enthusiasm, both in a composition of Litolff as well as in one of his own, which he played in answer to an encore, overcoming the most intricate execution with great delicacy.

Madam Penco sang the cavatina from *Norma* and the aria from *Semiramide* with that finish, expression, and accent which stamp the great artist.

A young tenor (De Bassini), who promises to follow in the steps of his father, was much applauded, owing to the magnificence of his voice—one of those glorious organs so rare at the present day. De Bassini sang the duet and song from Donizetti's opera, *Belisario*, and was twice called before the curtain. The former he sang with a sympathetic young artist, Mr. Campbell (who, a year ago, was introduced by Mr. Mapleson to the English public under the name of Signor Campi), the possessor of a fine sweet-toned baritone voice, and who has learnt to sing with feeling and taste. Mr. Campbell sang, besides the duet, the *romanza* from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, the artistic rendering of which earned for him prolonged applause. He was twice called before the curtain.

The entertainment ended with a brilliant chorus from Petrella's bacchanale, *Virginia*, a chorus of great effect.

Milan, Nov. 12th, 1870.

WAIFS.

Alexandre Dumas died at Puy, near Dieppe, on Monday, the 5th of December.

Herr Maurice Strakosch has returned to Brussels. He will pass the winter with his family at Rome.

We learn from the *Liverpool Porcupine* that Madame Viardot-Garcia sang at the last concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic (conductor, Mr. Benedict), and was cordially welcomed, as she well deserved.

The volunteer band of Carnarthen are zealously and successfully applying their talents to the "Carmarthenshire March," composed by Mr. Brinley Richards. It is likely to become exceedingly popular. We understand it will be played publicly at the municipal procession on Christmas Day.

"A tribute of gratitude for the music of St. Martin's" (Scarborough), in the form of a donation of £100 to the St. Martin's Organ Fund has been received. And we hope that the appreciators of music who worship at St. Martin's will help to raise the sum required, in order that St. Martin's Church may have a fitting organ for Dr. Sloman, its organist.

The *Era*, in its notice of the performance of *Robert le Diable* at the Royal Italian Opera, last week, says:—

"The revival of Meyerbeer's opera was rendered additionally attractive by the first appearance on the Italian stage in England of Madame Corani. The performance of so important a character as that of Alice naturally occasioned some curiosity. Without making comparisons, we would state that Madame Corani's success was most decided, her powerful voice filling the theatre without effort, and her execution of the music giving the utmost pleasure. If there was less enthusiasm than upon some occasions, it must be remembered that the Covent Garden audience is proverbially cold, and not over hasty to welcome a new comer. When Madame Corani has ajpiedfed a few times at Covent Garden, we prophesy that she will become not only a very useful, but also a popular member of the company."

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Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, having renewed their term at the Gallery of Illustration, will commence another season on Monday evening, December 19th. The new entertainment, by W. S. Gilbert, is not yet ready; in the meantime, Mr. Reed reproduces, for a few nights, the successful operetta, *Ages Ago*, which will be given for the 216th time. Mr. Corney Grain, however, inaugurates the campaign with a new musical sketch, and the entertainment will conclude with *The Rival Composers*. In *Ages Ago* Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. Corney Grain, and Mr. Arthur Cecil will sustain their original characters.

The *Era* of Dec. 11th said:—

"We regret to announce the death of Mr. Stephen Glover, the popular composer, on the 7th inst. The great success of Mr. Glover as a composer of music suitable for concert and drawing-room performance will make his loss universally felt, and many a happy domestic circle, where his songs and duets have been 'familiar as household words,' will be grieved to know that his graceful labours have come to an end. Mr. Glover was not an ambitious composer; but many of his songs and duets have decided merit. Musicians and amateurs will equally be familiar with the excellent duet, 'What are the wild waves saying,' which is as popular as ever, 'The Gipsy Countess,' 'The Two Cousins,' and a very charming old duet, written many years ago, but lately revived, 'There's a sweet wild Rose.' Of his songs everybody will remember 'The Monks of Old,' 'The blind girl to her harp,' 'I love the merry sunshine,' and others almost as popular. Mr. Glover died at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight."

We take the following eulogy of Signor Ronconi from *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"Signor Ronconi is recognized by every competent authority as one of the most consummate artists on the lyric stage. He is equally fine, whether he personates the sublime sorrow of a Rigoletto or the quaint broad humour of a Crispino. His genius is so comprehensive that he touches the point of perfection in both departments, holding in his hands, as it were, the fountains of tears and impulses of laughter by which in turns he sways the audience at his will. On this occasion he imparted to that well-known movement from Donizetti's *Beatrice di Tenda*, a breadth of passionate expression which touched every one present. As a piece of eloquent musical elocution it could hardly be surpassed, and it was keenly relished by the most critical, notwithstanding a slight tendency of his voice to flatten in the sustained portions of the aria. The sun has spots, which its glories overwhelm. In the lively and fascinating duet from *Elisir d'Amore*, Ronconi came out in full force, and by his genuine and irresistible humour, kept the audience in a roar of laughter, delighting every one, and gaining a hearty encore."

MUSIC.—For more than a year, an announcement has appeared in the bills of the Theatre Royal stating that in consequence of a medical certificate, Herr Bachmann is absent on sick leave. It seems that he has utterly lost his voice. An effort has again been made to grant him a large annual sum—some say eight thousand florins—if he will renounce his ten years' engagement; but he refuses.—Herr Nachbaur has returned, ill with typhus, from a professional visit to Mayence. He now lies in a precarious condition.—Nicolo Isouard's opera, *Joconde*, has been produced, at the Royal Operahouse, under the title of *Monsejokrien*. The German version of the book is by Dr. Grandauer, the stage manager for operas.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WEEKES & Co.—"Be not afear'd," Song, by Joseph F. Duggan.

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'An zephyr, telling secrets to his rose;

while the poems are of so lyrical a nature that they at once recommend themselves to anyone who (to continue the quotation) can say—

'for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there.'

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette," Dec. 16.)

The series of Beethoven concerts, the object and plan of which were explained some time since, have been deservedly successful. Six out of the promised eight have been given; the seventh is announced for to-morrow, the anniversary of the great musician's birthday—the 17th of December; the eighth for Monday. With the exception of a couple of *Lieder* by Schubert, introduced on one occasion by Mdlle. Rosamunda Doria, in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Stockhausen, the six programmes have been exclusively compiled from the works of Beethoven, vocal and instrumental. And yet the sense of variety was just as strong as though each separate piece had been contributed by a different composer. No better test of Beethoven's prodigious fertility could be imagined than this particular method of putting him to the proof. Take for example, the six "string quartets dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz (Op. 18)—in F, G, D, C minor, A and B flat. All were comprised in the first three programmes—two in each programme, one at the beginning and one at the end. It is by placing them thus in such close juxtaposition, that we are best able to judge how little one resembles another in anything but the common quality of excellence. With these bright and beautiful works, Beethoven when scarcely more than thirty years of age, triumphantly established his claim to sit by the side of Haydn and Mozart. Not a little of their charm lies, on the one hand, in the evidence they bear of the spell exercised by the enchanting grace and symmetry of Mozart's style, and, on the other, by the evidence, no less convincing, of Beethoven's inward desire to shake it off, so as to think and act independently for himself. The instances of this determined resolution which lie scattered over the early quartets are many; and in each of them we find traces of that genius for development which, as was subsequently manifested, Beethoven possessed in a higher degree than any other composer. Already we perceive it in the three quartets Op. 59 (Nos. 7, 8, and 9), dedicated to Rasoumowsky, which came into the world some five or six years later (1806). The opening *allegro* of the first (in F), beginning with a theme which seems as if it might go on for ever, and the *finale* of the third (in C), one of the most extraordinarily worked out movements to be named, and which, in a scarcely inferior degree than the *finale* to the *Eroica* symphony, exhibits Beethoven's thorough mastery of counterpoint, would alone suffice to show how completely he had succeeded in emancipating himself from all preexisting models, even without taking into consideration the *scherzo* in the first, unprecedented in its time, and the wonderful slow movements of all three—the most wonderful perhaps, if originality is a token, being the *andante con moto*, in A minor, of the third. In addition to the quartets, we have heard the quintet in C (No. 2, Op. 29), containing the last movement, called the "Storm" by almost every critic except Beethoven himself (his own severest critic), about which such a quantity of unintelligible nonsense was uttered by the Russian critic, Herr Lenz, who in the cause of Beethoven out-Oulibischeffs Oulibischeff himself, Mozart's wholesale and enthusiastic panegyrist. This quintet, written about 1801, and, therefore contemporaneous in regard to production with the first six quartets, is undoubtedly a capital work. Nevertheless, considering the plan of the ante-Christmas concerts, which was, we believe, intended to mark by progressive stages the steady growth of the master's genius, it would perhaps have been wiser and more consistent to give the earliest quintet—the one in E flat, with a minuet and two trios. This minuet with its tributaries, as some insist, is the real origin of the Beethoven *scherzo*. But surely in such an estimate the *scherzi* in the pianoforte trios, Op. 1, and still more striking, the *scherzo* in the last of the pianoforte sonatas, Op. 2, dedicated to Haydn—for whom, notwithstanding all that has been suggested to the contrary, Beethoven entertained a very deep respect—must have been overlooked. Two of the early trios, Nos. 1 and 2, in E flat and G, have been given; but not the No. 3, in C minor, which Beethoven, despite Haydn's verbally expressed opinion, esteemed the best. In place of this the much later trio in D, No. 1, Op. 70, was substituted. We have also had the famous septet for string and wind instruments, of which Haydn thought so much, and which Beethoven in his riper period, whenever it was spoken of affected to depreciate. To these it would have been advisable to add one of the trios for violin, viola, and violoncello. But it is impossible to cram within the space of eight programmes all that one might wish to hear; and even now in the instrumental department we have to mention violin sonatas, violoncello sonatas, and sonatas for pianoforte alone. Among the first-named, the sonata in A minor, Op. 23, has already been played; while the earlier sonata in E flat, last of the set of three dedicated to Salieri, one of Beethoven's several "advisers" in his musical studies (from whom as from the others, his independent spirit not easily brooking control, he derived but little advantage), is to be included in next Monday night's performance. Three of the violoncello sonatas have been produced, in chronological order—Nos. 1 and 2 of Op. 5 (in F major and G minor), and the third, Op. 69 (in A), the most popular, if not the best, of the five which Beethoven wrote. Of course, in accordance with Mr. Arthur Chappell's time-honoured custom, there has been at each concert a solo pianoforte sonata. First, Mr. Charles Hallé played the sonata in E flat (Op. 7)—thus, we cannot but think, injudiciously skipping over the three early and vigorous works dedicated to Haydn; next, the same pianist gave us the sonata in D, unquestionably the finest and most original of the three in Op. 10; then Mdme. Arabella Goddard played the well-known and universally admired sonata in A flat (Op. 26), containing the "Funeral March," with which the jealous Beethoven, vexed at the continual praises of a similar movement in the opera of *Achilles*, by Ferdinando Paer, annihilated that unfortunate composer at a blow; then the same lady followed with the sonata in D (Op. 28), nicknamed (not inappropriately it must be admitted) "Pastoral Sonata," by Kranz, the publisher, without Beethoven's consent or knowledge; and, lastly, she performed the sonata in G, Op. 31 (not 29 as is so persistently stated)—Herr Paner following at the next concert with the sonata in D minor (No. 2) from the same series.

The chief topic in this article being naturally, Beethoven himself, we have thought proper to refrain from criticism on the performers, who may fairly be presumed, under the circumstances to have played their best, and who did so in fact. In the violin sonata Op. 23 the co-operation of two accomplished ladies, Mdme. Norman-Neruda and Mdme. Arabella Goddard, as might have been anticipated—especially because this was the first time they had ever played together in public—excited an interest apart. In the violoncello sonatas the violoncellist was, happily, Signor Piatti, who in the one in F, was associated with Mr. Hallé, in that in G minor with Mdme. Goddard, and in that in A with Herr Paser. The quartets at the first three concerts were led by Mdme. Neruda; at the others by Herr Straus; the second riolin, viola, and violoncello in each instance being represented by Herr L. Ries, Signor Zerbini, and Signor Piatti. In the first of the trios Mr. Hallé, in the second Mdme. Goddard, and in the third Herr Paner was the pianist; Mdme. Neruda played violin in the first; Herr Straus in the second and third; Signor Piatti taking the violoncello on each occasion.

All the vocal music, too—the songs by Schubert to which we have referred allowed for—has been by Beethoven; and at every concert except the first, when Mdme. Clara Doria appeared, Herr Stockhausen was the singer, bringing forward among other things, the *Liederkreis* (which we prefer in the original key), some of those interesting "Scottish Melodies," twenty-five in number, harmonized by Beethoven, with accompaniments for violin, violoncello and pianoforte, which have been too long cast in the shade. That Mr. Benedict has continued to act as accompanist at the pianoforte, need hardly be stated; but it is only fair to add that in the occasional absence of this practised musician, Signor Zerbini has honourably filled his place.

At the last concert of the Centenary, on Monday night, we are promised the tenth quartet in E flat (Op. 75)—the "Harfen quartet," as the Germans somewhat fantastically, if not childishly, call it, on account of a certain passage of "arpeggios," in the first movement, for the leading violin; the lovely sonata in E minor (Op. 90), about which so many stories are narrated; and the grand (really "grand") trio in B flat (Op. 97), dedicated to the Archduke Rodolphe—Beethoven's favorite amateur pupil, who is said to have been able to execute the B flat pianoforte sonata (Op. 106), which, as scarcely one practised professor in a hundred has ever been able to do it, we take leave to doubt. Mendelssohn attempted the "106" but once (at the house of a friend in Frankfort), and after playing it—as he writes in one of his most charming letters home—he "straightway drank 212 glasses of punch." At the last concert but one, to-morrow afternoon, besides the third and most elaborate of the "Rasoumowsky" quartets, the programme contains the Waldstein sonata (Op. 53), and the trio in E flat (Op. 70). Here we are taken at once into the composer's prime, a change to which, as the first six concerts were devoted in a very great measure to his earlier compositions, few can object, more particularly as the so-called "posthumous quartets" are kept in reserve for Herr Joachim, who comes after Christmas.

GRATZ.—Herr Herzogenberg's dramatic cantata, *Columbus*, has been very well received here.

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MR. BENEDICT'S *ST. PETER.*

When Mr. Benedict's new oratorio was produced at the late Birmingham Festival, we spoke of it in brief and general terms, reserving detailed criticism for the occasion of a first performance in London. There were good reasons for this course, apart from the danger necessarily attending upon the hasty verdict. It was probable, for example, that Mr. Benedict would retouch his work, and imperative that he should curtail it. Both things have been done. And *St. Peter* is now before us in its final shape. This fact, and a performance of the oratorio in St. James's Hall on Tuesday week, supply the desired opportunity for expressing a deliberate judgment. We may add that it would serve little purpose to dwell upon the alterations Mr. Benedict has thought necessary. Our business lies not with *St. Peter* as it was, but with *St. Peter* as it is—in other words, with definite results, rather than tentative processes.

It would be idle to expect unanimous acceptance for any method of treating a subject so varied in its aspects as that of *St. Peter*. The apostle's life, character, and work invite attention from half-a-dozen different stand-points, each certain to have admirers who champion its precedence over all the rest. For this reason the value of Mr. Benedict's plan must remain a matter of opinion, and cannot be settled by the *ipse dixit* of anybody. We do well, therefore, to trace the progress of the story in subsequent remarks, and leave the reader to form his own judgment thereupon. The oratorio, as we say here, is divided into two parts, which are subdivided, the first into two, the second into three, scenes, each scene bearing an appropriate designation, and, a single exception allowed for, each being distinct from the rest. To indicate the chosen topics, we need but give the names by which they are known. Thus. Part I. contains "The Divine Call" and "The Trial of Faith"; while in Part II. there are "Denial," "Repentance," and "Deliverance." These events of the apostle's life are treated with considerable amplitude; but the diversity of the events themselves happily assisted the composer in avoiding monotony. How Mr. Benedict has dealt with each we have now to show.

The action of the oratorio begins on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, an orchestral introduction depicting the approach of evening. Distinguished by fancy and suggestiveness, this movement leads naturally to an elaborate chorus, "They that go down to the sea in ships," sung by fishermen and women, while preparing to rest from the labours of the day. A tranquil and melodious theme is given out fugally by the various parts, its character being ably sustained both by voice and instrument, till the coverture of night is invoked by soprani and alti (each divided) expressive of confidence in the protection of Heaven. Passing the latter with approval of the contrast it affords, we come upon another movement, for full chorus, to the words, "We will lie down in peace, and sleep," &c., which introduces for the first time the elaborate, modulatory passages so distinctive of Mr. Benedict's music. If any object to these, a speedy return of the first theme brings relief, and leads to a charming coda, which ends the number in satisfactory style. John the Baptist (tenor) then appears, between whom and the apostle a well-wrought dramatic contrast takes place. The former urges repentance because "the kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" and is answered by abrupt queries as to his doctrine and person. This situation being developed at some length, and with not less vigour than perspicuity, repose is brought by an air, "O house of Jacob!" in which the Baptist quotes from the prophets as to the coming of his Lord. A smooth and expressive melody, with accompaniments after Mr. Benedict's most graceful manner, distinguishes this song; between the subjects of which, moreover, an artistic contrast is secured. Moved by what they have heard, the people declare, in a tuneful chorus, "The Lord will not turn away His face," their strong hope of Divine mercy; after which a contralto voice takes up the narrative of Peter's call. In an air, "How great, O Lord, is Thy goodness!" the new disciple pours forth his gratitude to strains marked by all necessary fervour, though tinged with a plaintiveness suggesting a premonition of trials to come; and the people respond with a benediction, "The Lord be a lamp unto thy feet," &c., which is undoubtedly one of the gems of the oratorio. The beautiful themes of this chorus, and its glowing harmonies, both set off by tasteful orchestration, mark it out for special favour wherever the ability to appreciate good music exists. The second scene, "Trial of Faith," opens with the departure of our Lord's disciples to "the other side," and His own retiring "into a mountain apart to pray." This being told in recitative, an orchestral episode describes the prayer and the rising of the storm on the adjacent lake. Here Mr. Benedict once more appears at his best, the movement being distinguished by vivid suggestiveness and picturesque colouring in a high degree. The scoring of the "Prayer," moreover, is ingenious, while the gradual oncoming of the "storm," through the raging of which a voice is heard telling of danger to the disciples, produces an effect appreciable by all. At length, and without a break, the chorus enters upon the words, "The deep uttereth his voice," a short fugato passage of eight bars being given out three times in an ascending progression of keys which imparts exactly the accumulating force required. The movement, however, acts but as prelude to a vigorous though not extended fugue, "Deep calleth unto deep," this, in turn, giving place to a bravura air (soprano), "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind," the dashing character of which is set off by occasional phrases for chorus in broad, massive harmony. As all these movements really make but one number, an idea may be formed of Mr. Benedict's elaborate treatment, and the sustained vigour of his music. The narrative then describes the appearance of Jesus walking on the sea; and a short chorus for male voices, "It is a spirit," aptly expresses the terror of His disciples. Bidden not to fear, the latter respond in a smoothly written five-part chorus, "Who would not fear Thee?" after which a recitative for contralto and baritone tells the story, to most suggestive orchestral accompaniment, of Peter's trial and failure. An air sung by the rescued disciple, "Now know I that the Lord saveth His anointed," presents no very remarkable features, but the sudden calm is expressively illustrated; and not less effective is the short chorus in which the followers of Jesus declare their assurance of His divine origin. The finale of Part I. then begins with a quartet, "O, come let us sing unto the Lord," wherein unpretending simplicity is accompanied by perfect charm. We may venture to say that no selection from the oratorio will be more popular than this. A stately introduction, heralds the last chorus, "Praise ye the Lord," an elaborate number in two divisions; the first a series of massive progressions in full harmony, the second a fugue on two subjects, with a lengthy coda. The themes of the fugue are diatonic, vigorous, and striking, while its working, if not exhaustive of contrapuntal device, shows the hand of a master of his craft. Indeed, Mr. Benedict might have extended the movement without risk, so thoroughly does it carry the hearer along in its impetuous but artfully regulated course. With regard to the coda, we need only point out the effect of a legato passage, with a counterpoint of quavers in the orchestra. This is one of the happiest touches in the entire work, by reason of the grateful contrast it affords.

The first scene of Part II.—"Denial"—begins with a recitative, and Peter's reply to the words of his Master, "Though all men should be offended," &c. (a fervent yet modest expression of this as not unconnected with a certain tone of reproach; while in the disciple's assurance that he is ready to go with Jesus to prison and to death a touch of pathos is aptly introduced. Moreover, like all the music given to St. Peter in the oratorio, it is pervaded by a dignity in keeping with the destiny of the man. Next comes a short chorus and; a brief chorus for male voices describing the flight of the disciples, and leading to a contralto air, "O thou afflicted," wherein the ultimate triumph of the Saviour is lovingly dwelt upon. We can scarcely praise this song too highly such is the tender beauty of its theme, and the general propriety of its treatment. That it will find favour everywhere may be accepted as a foregone conclusion. After a choral recitative for male voices, which tells how Peter followed his Master "afar off," we are introduced to the servants' hall of the High Priest's palace, and hear the assembled crowd jesting. In a short chorus, "We have a law," their hatred of the prisoner at that moment on His trial. Then follows the scene of the disciples' threefold treachery. Again and again he is accused of being a follower of Jesus, the chorus each time taking up the charge with increasing emphasis, almost to fury. As often does Peter deny his Lord, growing more and more emphatic as the proofs against him multiply. Baffled, if not convinced, the Jewish servants break out into another chorus, "They are all revolters," consigning the entire sect of Nazarenes to perdition, with vigour, and so terminating the episode. All these, strong this portion of his work Mr. Benedict has written with a degree of force and effect deserving the highest eulogy. So much, however, might have been anticipated from one who has given ample proofs of ability to deal with situations of strong dramatic interest. "Repentance" is fittingly introduced by a tenor air, "The Lord is very pitiful," expressive of Divine readiness to forgive. This air is made one of the brightest gems in the work by its thorough originality, earnest, yet touching emphasis, and admirable skill. This song, in fact, has claims to rank with the best examples of the kind ever by whom composed. The taking of Jesus from Caiaphas to the Roman Governor is then shown, and the procession moves through the Hall where Peter is to the strains of a solemn march, which, suspended while a contralto recitative tells how "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter," finally dies away in the distance. Touched to the heart by the look he has received, Peter pours out his sorrow in an air, "O that my head were waters" quite equal to the exigencies of its position. The opening phrase, set to the words quoted, is, by a skilful device, rarely absent from the orchestra; its reiteration knitting the entire song closely together, and concentrating its meaning into one emphatic expression. From this point to the end of the scene various incidents of the great world-tragedy are made to pass before the eyes of the erring disciple, heightening his anguish and intensifying his self-reproach, till at the last he bursts forth into a passionate cry, "For all these things I weep." The general body of the number is the day of crucifixion, with a mournful chorus, "This is a day of wrath," one of the most powerfully written numbers in the work. The mother of Jesus next takes up the plaint in the soprano air, "I mourn as a dove," which expresses, if music ever did, the bitterness of deepest grief, in union with a tenderness even more pathetic. After this, the procession passes to Calvary; a dead march of no particular merit being first heard, followed by a taunting chorus of Jews (male voices), "Thou that destroyest the Temple," and by a well-constructed full chorus of disciples, with organ accompaniment. "He is like a lamb." At last both choruses are worked together in most effective style, the *con molto* being as interesting and imposing as any in the oratorio. A tenor solo then takes up the words of Jesus, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me," and affords another striking proof of Mr. Benedict's ability to deal with profound emotion. He has never written anything more impressive than this song. There are grief and tears in every bar of it; but more especially in the closing phrases, the merit of which could hardly be excelled. Irritated by the

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phrophecy of Jesus, the Jews exclaim against Him in a chorus, "He is worthy to die," the dead march being simultaneously resumed; and, as the latter fades away in the distance, Peter's utterance of sorrow falls upon the ear. The scene ends with a double chorus, "He will swallow up death in victory," a chorus Handelian in its breadth of treatment and grandeur of effect. "Deliverance" begins with a recitative setting forth the Herodian persecution, the imprisonment of Peter, and the coming of an angelic deliverer, who addresses the apostle in a vigorous and striking air, "Gird up thy loins." Composed for Mdlle. Tietjens, it is doubtful whether this number will have a place in the repertory of any artist less exceptionally gifted, its range being as uncommon as are its demands upon the singer's endurance. A chorus for angels, "Fear thou not," written for divided soprani and alti, comes next, but presents nothing exceptionally demanding notice. In a brief air, with harp accompaniment, Peter speaks of opened heavens and "visions of God," after which a recitative continues the narrative of his deliverance, and leads to a song, "The Lord hath sent His angel," expressive of the apostle's gratitude. Overmuch modulation here somewhat tells against the effect of music otherwise dignified and appropriate; but, on the whole, Peter's last air is not unworthy of its predecessors. The Apostle's restoration to his waiting friends is told in the next recitative; and a chorus for the latter, "Sing unto the Lord," ends the oratorio, the final number being distinguished by a double fugue, masterly and vigorous enough to show that Mr. Benedict left off as fresh as he began. We need scarcely add that the orchestration throughout is remarkable for fancy and variety, and that the music generally is in the composer's well-known and distinctive style.

That *St. Peter* has weak points nobody will dispute; but, on the other hand, few will contest that it is a remarkable and meritorious production, worthy to hand down the name of its composer to posterity, and to give him a place among the masters of his art.

We can find but small space for the details of a performance which may be described in one word—success. Mr. Benedict had at disposal the best available means. Mr. Joseph Barnby's choir supplied a chorus of rare acquirements; the orchestra was efficient; and the principal vocalists were—save that Herr Stockhausen replaced Mr. Sautley—the same as at the first hearing of *St. Peter* in Birmingham. Each artist gained more than one striking success. Mdlle. Tietjens, for example, made a profound impression in "I mourn as a dove," and the very different "Gird up thy loins," both being sung to perfection. The audience absolutely rushed to receive Mdlle. Peter's first recitative, and insisted on hearing twice "O thou afflicted," to which her lovely voice gave all needful expression. The tenor airs, but especially "The Lord is very pitiful," were sung by Mr. Sims Reeves's best manner, the last named making an unexampled sensation, and the trumpet in Peter was interpreted very artistically by Herr Stockhausen, whose rendering of "Oh, that my head were waters," ranked among the best efforts of the evening. Bearing in mind how unfamiliar and difficult was the work in hand, Mr. Barnby's choir deserves high praise for the success they achieved; nor should the efforts of the orchestra be passed without commendation. We must add also that Mr. Raynham was an efficient second tenor, and that the organ—a very important instrument in *St. Peter*—was well played by Mr. Docker. Mr. Benedict conducted, and at the close received an ovation from an audience comprising the "everybody" of the world of art. No tribute could have been better earned, but the talented composer doubtless found sufficient reward in the indisputable success of his crowning work.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The competition for the Westmorland Scholarship and Potter Exhibition took place on Monday the 19th inst., at the Institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Professor Sterndale Bennett), Mr. F. R. Cox, Mr. W. Dorrell, Mr. John Hullah, Mr. H. C. Lunn, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Mr. Brinley Richards. The results were as follows: Westmorland Scholarship—Miss Mary Crawford (elected), Miss Pocklington, Miss Rebecca Jewell, Miss Frith, and Miss Goode (highly commended). Potter Exhibition—Miss Agnes A. Channell (elected), Miss Field, Miss Taylor, Miss Gardner, and Miss Waite (highly commended).

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. Mapleson's Italian Opera Company have been giving a series of representations at the Theatre. *Il Trovatore* was performed on the opening night, when the house was crowded and Mdlle. Tietjens, the heroine of the evening, received with unbounded applause. *La Traviata* and *Lucia di Lammermoor* were the other operas, with Mdlle. Sessi in the principal parts.—Miss Walton's *matinée musicale* at the Pavilion was numerously attended, the Duchess of Cambridge having granted her name as patroness.—Mr. Hallam has given his "Musical Celebrations," which were hardly so well attended as they deserved.—Signor Mario's "farewell concert" was held on Saturday in the "Dome."—Other concerts have taken place during the last fortnight. The "Queen of watering places" is crowded with visitors.—Q.

ENGLISH OPERA IN AMERICA.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Of all the numerous attempts to present English opera, hitherto made in America, that of Mdme. Parepa-Rosa last season was the best and most successful in every sense. Before her remarkable enterprise there had been no such conscientious preparation, artistic care, nor general completeness. Parties had travelled through the States with one or two capable players in the orchestra, and a few efficient choristers upon the stage, the rest of the instrumental and choral "forces" being composed of "extras," gathered by the wayside in the various cities "done" by the itinerant *troupe*; and who were utterly destitute of the requisite knowledge and experience. The conductor was consequently a kind of musical "rough," his business being chiefly to help out deficiencies with a tinkling little cottage piano, and tinker up scores in which, as a matter of course, there must otherwise have been such "gaps for rain's wasteful entrance" as would have rendered the unfortunate composer's meaning perfectly unintelligible. A good soprano, contralto, tenor, bass, and *buffo*, represented respectively by Miss Caroline Hitchings (now Mrs. Bernard), Mrs. Bebia Seguin, Messrs. W. Castle, S. Campbell, and E. Seguin, had to bear the entire burden of the repertory; for beyond these excellent performers there was literally nothing and nobody to depend upon. Nevertheless, the "Richings Opera *troupe*," as it was termed, went on for some years unchecked by any very conspicuous financial calamity. There was, however, a better time coming; and when it became known that Mdme. Parepa-Rosa, the greatest favourite of the day in this part of the world, was about to throw all her talent and the *prestige* of her name, together with a large sum of money into a new English opera scheme, the most sanguine expectations were raised.

Two gentlemen, Messrs. C. D. Hess and, W. Crosby, well-known here in theatrical circles, through their connection with the Chicago Opera House, went substantially into the project by risking seventy-two thousand dollars upon it; and thus the enterprise rested *ab initio* upon the solid basis of ready money.

But the next thing, and, indeed, the most important, was the use to which the ample funds in hand were to be put. Mr. Crosby, a sleeping partner in the concern, took no part in its direction. Mr. C. D. Hess, a theatrical manager of ability, and a commercial man of unimpeachable integrity, unswervingly faithful to all his engagements—energetic, too, in business—was still not qualified by education or experience to select a company of musical artists, or interfere profitably in the direction of a strictly lyric theatre. The onerous duties of the management devolved then naturally upon Mr. Carl Rosa, and to his spirit and judgment must be rightfully ascribed a very large portion of the unexampled success achieved by the Parepa-Rosa English opera *troupe*.

Of course the name of the *prima donna* herself was a tower of strength. No singer ever held a higher position with the American public, and although Madame Parepa had already sung in concerts, oratorios, and Italian operas with splendid results, whether artistic or pecuniary, she had yet to be heard in English opera; and so the charm of novelty was added to the magnetic attraction, which had drawn crowds to all her previous performances. Another advantage the enterprise was that it was inaugurated shortly after the great Boston Jubilee, where Madame Parepa carried off the chief honours, eliciting from an audience of 50,000 people such enthusiastic and genuine applause as I have rarely heard in the course of a pretty long experience. In short, the eminent artist's name was "up" all over the Union, and the moment consequently most propitious for the nascent English opera.

Mr. Carl Rosa, however, was sufficiently prudent and conscientious not to depend wholly upon his wife's name, even upon that associated with his own reputation, which stands very high in America; but set himself earnestly to the task of producing that excellence of *ensemble* which had hitherto been wanting in transatlantic English opera companies.

In my next letter I will furnish you with an account of the principal singers who travelled with the Parepa *troupe* (many of whom are unknown to you), the orchestral and choral organization, and a list of the operas performed during a brilliantly successful tour of nine months, believing that nothing relating to British art and artists, as, indeed, to the progress of music among our American cousins, can be indifferent to British musicians.

New York, December 9.

MESSICA.—The production of Isonard's opera, *Joconde*, at the Theatre Royal, has not turned out a success.—Cherubini's *Medea*, with the recitatives composed for it by Herr Franz Lachner, is in rehearsal at the same theatre.—Herr Nachbaur is better, but it will be some months before he can resume his professional duties. People do not recover from typhus fever in a day, any more than the City of the Seven Hills was erected in that period.

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THE OVERTURES TO *FIDELIO*.

Every amateur knows the three overtures in C major, written by Beethoven for his opera, *Fidelio*; and how they represent, in a fashion wholly without parallel, the development of a first musical idea, through distinct and well marked stages, to proportions which are to it as the man to the child. The singular interest connected with these overtures must, from the first, have marked them out for more than the study which falls to the lot of any other work. Nothing, we need hardly say, has a greater fascination for intelligent observers than the mental processes by which great results are worked out. We have as keen a desire to know the How as the Where; and as eagerly seek to penetrate the mysteries of creation, as to discern whether creation itself is tending. In its own way, these *Leonora* overtures gratify us. To use the words of the eloquent and enthusiastic annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes, "Beethoven has admitted us, as it were, into his very work-room. All who have eyes to see and ears to hear, may behold him there, engaged in the actual head and labour of composition and revision; here pruning and there compressing; rejecting old materials; snatching up new ones; erasing ineffective passages; extending and enforcing effective ones; laying in here a brilliant spot, and there a trenchant line; elaborating, altering, fusing all in the glowing fire of his genius, till the result is that wonderful work of art (*Leonora*, No. 3) of which the world may well be proud." Such a peep into the laboratory of a mighty alchymist (who really possessed the philosopher's stone, seeing that everything he touched turned to gold) is as precious as it is rare; and we may well be astonished that, till yesterday week, the three overtures had never been heard in England at any one concert. The greatest ideas always appear the most obvious when once they have been enunciated; and the thought of hearing the Mendelssohn of treating the *Leonora* overtures as a single work in three stages, seems the least far-fetched in the world. English concert-givers, however, have been slow to act upon it; and concert-goers have had to wait the doings of those vigorous pioneers at the Crystal Palace. Here, however, we are reminded of "historic doubt," to which G., the annotator already quoted, evidently leans. We are not disposed to look with much favour upon historic doubts; regarding them as the troublesome out-growth of that feverish intellectual activity which, in our days, is ever seeking new fields of exertion. As a matter of fact, historic doubts are becoming a nuisance; and there seems every probability that they will succeed in reversing history; making the bad good, and the good bad; putting that first which is last, and that last which is first. But let us examine this historic doubt with which we are specially concerned. Looking at evidence furnished by Beethoven's sketch-book, Herr Nottebohm is disposed to think that *Leonora* No. 1 was written subsequent to *Leonora* No. 3—in other words, that Beethoven made a movement far in the spirit (represented by *Leonora* No. 2) whence he started. Setting aside the inherent improbability of such a thing, we may urge that the nature of the evidence influencing Herr Nottebohm's opinion makes the evidence itself worthless if it be not convincing. Herr Nottebohm, who probably can better judge the testimony supplied by Beethoven's sketch-book than any man, is not positive about its conclusiveness, and that fact, to us, ends the matter. Abundant evidence exists in favour of the generally received opinion, and no mere speculation will upset it. As already stated, G. leans to the side of the doubter, which fact the following extract from his remarks upon *Leonora* No. 3 shows:—

"May it not have been a feeling on Beethoven's part that his overture was too great for his opera, that made him, on its reproduction in 1814, write a fourth prelude to it, in which the drama is sketched in proportions more befitting the dimensions of the story? This will be corroborated if, as is possible, the first overture should eventually prove to have been composed after the third, in the year 1808."

With much deference to one who speaks as an authority, it appears to us that, in the passage quoted, G. has fixed himself on the horns of a dilemma. Admitting that *Leonora* No. 1 was written in 1808, under the circumstances stated, what becomes of the reason why the *Fidelio* overture (in E) subsequently appeared? Beethoven had suited the opera with an adequate prelude, *by a special effort*, and it was not likely that he would make another with results every way less valuable. But as G. allows us to infer that somewhere or other he will give a reason for the faith that is in him, the dilemma may, in the light of his explanation, turn out more apparent than real.

We have neither time nor space for the elaborate comparison of overture with overture which the subject invites; but every purpose is served if we refer our readers to G.'s masterly exposition in a recent Crystal Palace programme. An attentive perusal of the annotator's remarks will make any one interested about the matter *au fait* with its details. On one point, however, we shall be glad to find the general opinion in disagreement with G., who offers the following observations in reference to *Leonora* No. 3:—

"The only accusation that can be brought against the overture appears to be that it is too vast, not only for an operatic prelude, but for the subject of the story on which the opera is based. Instead of foreshadowing the personal griefs and joys, however momentous, of Leonora and Florestan, the anxieties of a gaoler, the perplexities of a clownish lover, the sufferings of a few prisoners, and the villainy of a petty commandant—instead of shadowing forth such petty occurrences as these, the 'Overture to *Leonora*,' always appears to me to be a fitting prelude to any of the most tremendous events or most terrible catastrophes that have occurred in history. The grief and the joy are the grief and joy not of private persons but of whole nations, the conflicts are the 'battles of shaking' of the Hebrew prophet. The whole overture appears to me to be lifted far above even the greatness of the opera which follows it—lifted far from the particular to the universal, from the individual to the national, from the simple to the complex, from the petty to the tremendous, from a misfortune to a catastrophe."

This is well expressed, but we must be pardoned for accounting it unphilosophical. The phenomena of which G. speaks as being more adequate to the lofty grandeur of Beethoven's opera, are but the aggregate outcome of individual emotions. There is nothing in this world greater than a human soul. Within it takes place revolutions, battles, victories, defeats, catastrophes, the manifestations of which makes history. A worm, when trodden on, "feels a pang as great as when a giant dies," and the single human soul is capable of all the joy and grief which strikes us as so imposing when manifested by many human souls at once. Beethoven was right, therefore, when he brought all the force of his genius to illustrate the divine affection and self-sacrifice of Leonora. The greatest event in the world's history was the execution of a Nazarene peasant; and, after it, Beethoven could have chosen nothing grander as a subject, than the woman who, risking the penalty, unbarred her husband. Entering, therefore, we disagree with G.; and to use his own illustration, the trumpet-call which breaks in upon the turmoil of the orchestra, hushing it to silence, could have no greater result than arresting the criminal sword, and heralding the triumph of right.

TRADUTEUR ESQ.

QUERY.

It was in London, and in eighteen hundred and eleven. Weber was in a boat on the river with some ladies, and began to perform on the flute, which he played to great perfection. But seeing that his boat was followed closely by another, in which were several young officers, he put his flute in his pocket.

"Why do you stop playing?" said one of the officers to Weber. "For the same reason that I began," replied the composer. "And that is?" "Because it pleases me." "Well, then," said the officer, "take up your flute again, or it will cost me dear to throw you into the water!"

The composer, seeing that the dialogue was unpleasant to the ladies he was with, gave way, and began playing again. When leaving his boat, however, he accosted the bold son of Mars, and said:—"Sir, the fear of annoying the people who were with me made me brook your insolence; but to-morrow I will have entire satisfaction. We can meet in Hyde Park at ten o'clock. If you have no objection we will fight with swords; we need no seconds; the quarrel is only between you and me, and it is quite useless to bring in strangers."

The officer accepted the challenge. He was at the rendezvous at the appointed hour and met Weber as agreed on. He drew his sword, and put himself on guard, when Weber presented a pistol at his throat. "Do you wish to murder me?" said the officer. "No," said Weber, "but be kind enough to put up that sword, and to dance a minuet, or you are a dead man."

The officer made some objection, but the authoritative and determined tone of Weber seemed to influence him, and notwithstanding the arrival of some people on the scene of action, he went through what he was asked, or rather told to do. "Sir," said the musician, "you compelled me yesterday to play against my wish—I have now compelled you to dance against yours. Our bond is over. However, should you be dissatisfied still, I am quite ready to give you any satisfaction you may wish for."

The officer held out his hand, and begged his adversary to honour him with his friendship. From that moment an attachment sprang up between them, which lasted to the day the illustrious composer died.—*Orpheus*.

["Orpheus"—thou art to be respected as an equestrian! We have heard this anecdote ere now; but, if we remember not egregiously, the hero was either Spontini or some one else.—A. S. S.]

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Mdme. Artôt-Padilla and her husband have been singing successfully at the Stadttheater. They appeared, also, at the Museum Concert, where they met with an equally gratifying reception.

STUTTGART.—Herr Robert von Hornstein has just completed the music of a ballet entitled, *Der Blumen Rache* (*The Revenge of the Flowers*), and founded upon Freiligrath's poem of the same name. It has been accepted, and will shortly be produced, at the Theatre Royal.

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PROVINCIAL.

Malvern.—A correspondent favours us with the following:—

"The Literary and Mechanics' Institute United Choral Society which comprises members of the Mechanics' Institutes in and around Malvern, gave their first concert on Thursday, December 15, at Mr. Haynes's room, which was tolerably well filled. The programme consisted of anthems, choruses, &c., followed by glees, songs, and secular choruses. All were rendered with precision and expression by the numerous choir, under the able *bâton* of their conductor, Mr. J. T. Hornebluw, organist of Tewkesbury Abbey Church. The choir was assisted on this occasion by Master Nowth and Mr. Milward, of Worcester Cathedral Choir. The former sang several ballads very prettily, each time being rapturously encored, and Mr. Milward, who possesses a fine baritone voice, sang several solos, his power and expression being much admired. The concert passed off satisfactorily.

Bedford.—The *Messiah* was given by the Amateur Musical Society of this town on Tuesday week, and a local journal says, with regard to its performance:—

"Miss Robertine Henderson was the soprano, and the society also availed themselves of two eminent professional violinists. As it would be impracticable to go in detail through the programme, we may say that the society was, on the whole, most successful in the production of this arduous work. The Pastoral Symphony was rendered with admirable sweetness and effect. The recitatives and airs were also appreciated; while the choruses were sustained with power and precision. 'Thou art gone up on high' was rendered with much feeling and effect, while 'Why do the nations?' was also creditable to local talent. 'Let us break their bonds,' and the 'Hallelujah,' were also amongst the most successful efforts of the evening. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' was the gem of the evening, Miss Henderson infusing into it a depth of feeling and devotional earnestness which indicated not only professional powers of a high order but also dramatic taste and refined culture, qualities and gifts which were apparent in the rendering of every passage sung by this talented lady throughout the evening. The 'Amen Chorus,' was a fitting conclusion to an excellent performance."

Liverpool.—The *Liverpool Mercury* of Dec. 20 says:—

"The Societa Armonica, on Saturday evening, commemorated the centenary of the birth of Beethoven by devoting the whole of the public concert programme to selections from his works. The hall of the Liverpool Institute, was filled, and therefore the object in view will be satisfactorily attained. The chief composition in the programme was Beethoven's No. 2 Symphony. If the opening *adagio* and *allegro* were not so steadily played as one could have wished, the *larghetto* was interpreted with rare sympathy and intelligence, while the two remaining portions of the symphony left little to be desired. In the opening overture to *Prometheus*, the band also showed that careful study and thorough appreciation were not wanting. The chorus rendered the 'Kyrie and Gloria' from No. 1 Mass, 'Susceptible Hearts' and 'Hail, mighty Master' from the *Mount of Olives* and the 'Hallelujah' from the *Mount of Olives*, with great spirit, and marked precision. The long and trying air, 'Ah! perfido,' was sung by Miss Monkhouse in a most artistic and finished style, while Mr. T. J. Hughes showed both vocal power and musical intelligence in his robust money all to sorrow (*Fidelio*). The famous trio, 'Tremate empi tremate,' rendered by Miss Monkhouse, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. James M'Ardle, was a most interesting item. Mr. Lawson's playing of the Romance in F was brilliant and effective, and Mr. Armstrong ably fulfilled his duties as conductor."

Croydon.—Referring to a very interesting concert given by Mr. George Russell on Tuesday week, the local *Advertiser* says:—

"It is the fashion to decry classical music as 'dry.' Propose a sonata by Beethoven or Mozart at 'a few friends and a little music party,' and you are likely to be outvoted in favour of Sydney Smith or Virginia Gabriel. In seaside places we have often felt oppressed by the noise of a band, drowning for a few moments that ineffable ceaseless music of the ocean which we had come miles to hear and feel; but we knew that minutes measured the existence of that noise whilst ages could not alter the grandeur of that music. Such state of things as we have alluded to (as the strongest striving against, and for a moment mastering the permanent—the changing surpassing by its glitter the steady glow of the lasting. No one who was with us in the Public Hall on Tuesday and heard the hearty and continued applause which greeted the *Kreutzer* sonata, and that loveliest of the Beethoven string quartets No. 5 (in A major), could have failed to see that common drawing-room music is the noisy seaside band, prevailing temporarily against the resistless wave of true taste and true music. That an audience should remain, with but few exceptions, to the close of a long concert, entirely composed of classical masterpieces, all the work of one man's brain, shows that the musical press and popular concerts have made their first step in the musical education of England. Mr. Russell selected as his solo the grand sonata in C, Op. 53. The great difficulties of the composition, are the explanation at once of Mr. Russell's exclusive 'copyright' (at Croydon), and of its selection for this concert. Nevertheless, we wish he had chosen another. The difficulties, of course, were well surmounted, but the plan of the work is not so clear as that of many other sonatas by the same composer; and the work is not to our mind so beautiful nor so representative of its many-sided author as half-a-dozen we could name. In one word, the player sacrificed himself to the author. We confess to have enjoyed much more keenly the matchless duet sonata for pianoforte and violin, which has immortalized Kreutzer, to whom it was dedicated, and which, as regards difficulty, is almost child's play to the solo sonata in C of which we have just spoken. By the deep attention and appreciative applause given to one of the best performances we have ever heard proved that our own delight was shared by all present. After the 'Kreutzer,' the work which gained the most applause, was the quartet, No. 5, in A for stringed instruments only, played by Messrs. Straus, Louis Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert. These artists play so much together—notably at the celebrated Monday Popular Concerts—that we might have expected a finished performance, but the delicacy and perfect expression which characterized the playing of all four, especially of Messrs. Straus (violin) and Daubert (violoncello) were far beyond our anticipations. Two great works still remain to be noticed: the duet sonata, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and the trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, No. 1, in E flat, which opened the concert. In both Mr. Russell completely won the ear of his audience, and was well matched by Messrs. Straus and Daubert in the trio, and Mr. Daubert in the duet. Miss Banks sang 'Ah, perfido' (Beethoven) and 'The Quail,' as well as 'Come in das Feld,' Nordblom sang 'Adelaide,' in German. When we say that Beethoven's centenary was worthily celebrated on Tuesday last, we think that higher or truer praise to the artists concerned, especially to Mr. George Russell, it is not in our power to give."

Edinburgh.—The *Scotsman* of December 16, contains the following:—

"Professor Oakeley gave yesterday afternoon an organ performance in honour of Beethovan, whose birthday was the 17th December, 1770. The programme consisted entirely of arrangements, as the great master wrote no organ music, and ran as follows:—

"Kyrie Eleison, Mass in D; Larghetto, from Symphony No. 2; Adagio and Tempo di Menuetto, from Septuor; Song, 'Adelaide;' Allegretto, from Trio for Pianoforte, Violin, and 'Cello; Adagio, Fragment from P. F. Concerto, No. 5; Overture, 'Egmont.'

"'Adelaide,' admirably sung by a distinguished amateur tenor, was an unexpected and acceptable variety. Mr. Oakeley's prefatory remarks related in part to the various Beethoven celebrations going on this year in Germany and in Britain. He drew a contrast between the *Missa Solemnis* in D and the Mass in C written twenty years earlier, speaking of the former (together with the vocal portions of the Choral Symphony) as the most elaborate and difficult choral music ever conceived. He ended by characterising Beethoven as the greatest composer in pure music, independent of the association of words, and therefore the greatest composer whom the world has yet seen."

Weymouth.—We read as follows in the *Southern Times*:—

"Herr Van Heddeghem and Mr. Avant's concert on Monday was by no means so extensively patronized as it deserved, but this was due more to uncontrollable circumstances than to the apathy of the musical public of Weymouth. The first piece on the programme was Beethoven's sonata in F for violin and piano, the performers being Herr Van Heddeghem and Mr. Avant. The violin being master of the situation in a great measure, effectiveness depends much on this instrument, and Herr Van Heddeghem was, as usual, perfect. His mastery of the mechanical intricacies of the violin, renders him peculiarly qualified to execute music of this elevated standard, and his colleague at the piano ably maintained the place he has won as a first-rate executant. Mr. Avant's pianoforte solo, a selection from Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words,' obtained a large share of the honours of the evening, the touch, phrasing, and purity with which it was delivered being remarkable. The first part terminated with the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, played by Herr Van Heddeghem, with Mr. Avant as accompanist. It was one of the most superb displays of talent we have had the good fortune to hear. The second part opened with Mozart's sonata in A, for violin and piano, executed with the same finish that had characterised the previous part of the concert. Mr. Avant's piano fantasia (Weihl) was another of the gems of the evening, as was a violin fantasia, by Herr Van Heddeghem, written by him some years ago. The theme is original, and the variations founded in it present the greatest diversity without losing the identity of their source; nevertheless, Herr Van Heddeghem acquitted himself with wonderful certainty and precision. The concert concluded with Gounod's 'Meditation on Bach's First Prelude, for violin, piano, and voice. We hope another concert of this delightful character will shortly be given."

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.
DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTH CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE
ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9TH, 1871.
To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR FLOLL OF THE OUTSIDES.—Born July 24, 1803, M. Alexandre Dumas, Marquis Daivy de la Pailleterie, was sixty-seven years old when he died. The complete list of his works will be found in Quérard's 'Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées,' tome 1, part 2, together with a number of biographical details and anecdotes.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

THE BEETHOVEN CENTENARY.

A CONTEMPORARY well observes, that "England, represented by her metropolis, need not be ashamed of the manner in which the hundredth birthday of Beethoven has been kept." We are a people not given to making a fuss and pother over every feast in the calendar. Saints' days, high days, and holidays (one or two of the latter excepted) come and go so quietly that only students of the almanack or microscopic observers know anything about them. The reason is, that Englishmen hate "demonstrations;" accounting life much too serious a matter for any part of it to be wasted in mere effusiveness. Whether they are right or wrong is a point not now for discussion; but the fact nobody can dispute; and in view of it there never was a doubt that the Beethoven Centenary, if observed at all, would be observed in a businesslike manner, and for business purposes. The result is one more proof of how far private enterprise in England amounts for the absence of that organizing spirit which, elsewhere, gives something like national importance to public festivals. Ours is essentially the country of self-help; and if men want anything done they must either do it themselves or show others that the task can be made profitable. We very well know that such a state of things smacks more than a little of the shop; but this is an imperfect world, and the good of independent action and self-reliance cannot be had without the stimulus of private reward. The millenium has not yet come; when it has, journalists of the time may be able to report astounding instances of unalloyed public spirit.

We should hesitate to call the circumstances unfortunate which placed the observance of Beethoven's Centenary in the hands of professional *entrepreneurs*. The work was not only done in businesslike fashion, as we have already observed, but in precisely the way adapted to effect most good. Suppose a monster "demonstration" had been organized at the Crystal Palace, combining the energies of every interested party, or else making efforts elsewhere futile, what would have been the result? Doubtless, great prominence for the event of the day, great talk about Beethoven, and considerable wonder at the growth of modern musical resources. But the affair would have bettered nobody by an increased knowledge of the master's works; it would have been, in fact, mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Happily, there was no chance of such a thing passing; and, therefore, it was not attempted—an obvious preference being given to many modest performances over one pretentious exhibition. It is satisfactory to count up the resultant gains. What, for example, have the London public heard within the last two or three months, to say nothing of works presented at other periods of the centenary year? At the Monday Popular Concerts a large proportion of Beethoven's earlier chamber compositions have been heard, including the first ten quartets and the Septet, including also a selection of songs not often brought forward. At the Crystal Palace the nine symphonies, the five pianoforte concertos, and all the master's overtures, two excepted, have formed but part of a rich and varied programme. The Sacred Harmonic Society has given the Mass in C and the *Mount of Olives*, while *Fidelio* has been played at Covent Garden and smaller musical associations scattered over the wide metropolitan area, have energetically followed in the wake of their larger brethren. Beyond question here is a goodly list; and when we add to it works performed in the chief provincial towns—Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, for example—it is impossible to say that England has been backward in honouring Beethoven whatever country may take precedence. The ultimate issue of all these doings can only be guessed; but in the very nature of things, it must be great, since to a great result the cause is adequate. How many who understood and appreciated Beethoven before, now understand and appreciate him more thoroughly than ever? And how many, to whom he was but an undefined shadow, now discern in him attractive lineaments, to see which is to love?. We cannot but have faith in abundant outcomes such as these; nor can we refuse to believe that the first Beethoven Centenary has done more to advance Beethoven's rightful fame than the propagandism of many foregoing years. For this, let us insist once more, thanks are due to a mode of keeping the feast which, while it glorified nobody but the hero of the time, was of the greatest public service.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

At the 31st general meeting of the shareholders in the Crystal Palace Company, held on Monday, the President, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C., M.P., made the following reference to the late general manager, Mr. R. K. Bowley:—

"The shareholders would remark on the last page of the report a reference to the loss which the company had sustained by the death of the late Mr. Bowley, the general manager, and most, if not all, the shareholders present would feel with him that the order of the items should be so far reversed as to admit of his paying a small tribute to the memory of a gentleman who had passed from amongst them, but who had, for a long series of years, devoted a vast amount of energy and ability to promoting the success of the company. When Mr. Bowley was appointed general manager, the company, in consequence of the very extravagant outlay in early years, was in considerable difficulty, and from the moment of his appointment he devoted his time, and great ability, and talent to remedying the mistakes which had been made, and putting the company upon a sound footing by earning a dividend for the shareholders. (Loud cheers.) Of course it would be simply impossible for any man to be able to please every member of a large body of shareholders such as composed the Crystal Palace Company, but there was no man who had devoted more time, attention, ability, and energy to promoting the interests of the company he served than the late Mr. Bowley, and the shareholders owed him a deep debt of gratitude."

How thoroughly deserved was this graceful tribute of respect we need hardly remind our readers.

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A CONTEMPORARY has the following curious paragraph:—

"*Apropos* of the pedants who have been cruder in nothing than their talk about 'inner meaning,' 'plagiarism,' and such matters, attention is due to a recent article in the *Orchestra* touching the misdeeds—nay rather the good deeds—of Handel; who, rich and noble as he was, laid hands on and beautified whatever it pleased him to appropriate, or recurred to his memory unconsciously. This paper contains the plain, healthy truth as regards musical question—or rather the adaption and application of certain notes to certain phrases of expression. Mozart's 'Life let us cherish' is reproduced (consciously) in the prelude to Rossini's *Semiramide* overture and Rossini's phrase again (by merely a transformation of the *tempo*), in that most magnificent piece of modern combination in oratorio music—the 'Sanctus,' in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

First—we recognize in the above, not the accredited musical critic of the *Athenæum*, but his predecessor. *Secondly*—what is *Mozart's* "Life let us cherish"? *Thirdly*—Rossini never confessed anything of the kind; had he done so he would have been (which he was triumphantly *not*)—a donkey *Fourthly*—the talk about Mendelssohn's "Sanctus" is nonsense.

A WRITER in an American paper (the *Hartford Post*) thus sums up his opinions of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson:—

"She is Like a Railroad Train at Highest Speed, with a Load of Hearts—She Sails, Also, and upon a Full Tide—She suddenly Reverses Her Steam, Stops Short, Ceases Out, Strong in her Self Passages, and Goes Across a High Bridge Over a Torrent Firm an its Foundations, the Hushed Atmosphere, Meantime Being Highly Charged with Romance." How is that for high?

How is that for high?—appropriately enquires the *Philadelphia Evening City Item*.

THE *New York Herald* of Nov. 22nd has the subjoined reference to Mdlle. Nilsson:—

"At the recent Steinway Hall concerts Christine Nilsson exhibited wonderful power in the scene from *Hamlet* and the scene from *Faust*. For the nonce all the drawbacks and deficiencies of a concert room were forgotten. The audience caught a glimpse of the real scope of her genius. The emotional and intellectual expression of her face was intense, and her acting was no less superb than the management of her pure, sweet-toned voice was faultless. Each scene was a fine dramatic illusion. A strong desire was at once awakened to see and hear this consummate artist in opera, the sphere in which her greatest European triumphs were won."

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 16th has the following, *Apropos* of the most recent Public Rehearsal of the Royal Academy of Music:—

"The last 'public rehearsal' by the students of the Royal Academy of Music was one of more than ordinary interest, the conspicuous feature of the programme being a selection (Parts 1 and 2) from John Sebastian Bach's *Weihnachts Oratorium* (Christmas Oratorio). Mr. John Hullah conducted. Bach's choral music is always more or less difficult; and in the present instance it was wholly strange, the oratorio never before having been publicly tried in this country. The attempt was therefore highly laudable, and the young singers to whom the solo parts were confided (Misses Mandsley and Marian Severn, Messrs. Shakspeare, Howells, Wadmore, and Parry) are entitled to much credit. The chorus was, on the whole, tolerably efficient; not so the orchestra. There was enough of good, however, in the performance to deserve all encouragement. The students of the Royal Academy can hardly be better engaged than in such endeavours."

To Dr. Abraham Saboke Silent.

MY SINGULAR GOOD SILENT,—The readers of your incomparable *Musical World* will have seen with interest the subjoined announcement in the *Times*:—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The Secretary of the Inland Revenue has received, by the Collector of Langbourn Ward, from 'B. O. S.,' half-notes for £30, on account of income-tax."

It may occur to some musicians that half-notes for £30 on account of income-tax, will, when re-united to their other relatives, amount to what is familiarly called a pretty tune. This consideration may suggest to income-tax payers, that if the pipe of peace should be broken with Russia to the tune of some hundreds of millions, they alone will have to pay the piper. In that case, anybody who pays any more income-tax than he can help, and voluntarily sends any money "on account" of it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the Secretary of the Inland Revenue, may well sign himself "B. O. S." His name would be Bovis in the genitive case; he would be a beef-headed fellow, and a Blessed Old Simpleton.—I am, my singular good Silent, yours as ever,

PUNCH.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

CAMBERWELL.—Miss Charlotte James's annual concert took place in Camberwell Hall on the 13th inst., and was attended by a numerous company. The pianoforte performances of the fair *bénéficiaire*, who proved herself a talented and accomplished artist, formed an attractive feature, and commanded the warmest approbation. Herr Otto Booth (violin), Mr. Wrenar (violoncello), Signor Felix Bitti (flute), and Miss Ehrenberg, an apt pupil of Miss James, assisted in the interpretation of some well chosen classical subjects; and the list of vocalists comprised the names of Miss Annie Sinclair, Mr. Henry Guidon, Mr. Ralph Percy, and Mr. Henry Clive. Altogether the programme was of a very pleasing nature, and afforded the liviest satisfaction to Miss James's many friends.—W. H. P.

MR. CHARLES STANTON gave an entertainment at the Vestry Hall Chelsea, on Tuesday evening, December 6th, entitled "Over the Border." The first part consisted of the expedition and misfortunes of Prince Charles Edward, with appropriate songs; and the second part was miscellaneous. Mr. Stanton's singing of the Jacobite songs, especially "Wha'll be King but Charlie," obtained for him deserved applause. "The Hundred Pipers," "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," "He's o'er the hills that I lo'e west," "Will ye no come back again," "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie," were also admired. The late Mr. Rodwell's martial song, "Draw the sword, Scotland," concluded the first part of the entertainment. The miscellaneous songs given were "Mary Morrison," "Auld Robin Gray," "Scots, wha hae," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Hame cam our gudeman," &c. Mr. Stanton was listened to throughout by a select and attentive audience, who manifested their appreciation of his ability, by enthusiastically recalling him at the end of both portions of his entertainment. We wish Mr. Stanton every success. The lovers of Scotch music had a treat of no ordinary character.

BRIXTON.—The residents in this suburb have had abundant opportunities of listening to high-class music lately, and, to do them justice, let it be said that they have not been backward in using them. Since the commencement of the present month these concerts, each of which has attracted some peculiar interest of its own, have been given at the Institute in the Gresham Road. Taking them in order, the first event was a performance of Mr. Barnby's new Scriptural idyll, *Rebekah*, and Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, by the Brixton Choral Society. Whether the two works were placed in juxtaposition with a view of provoking a comparison is not known, but the light and graceful music of the pastoral certainly carried away all the honours. Mr. Barnby's work was recorded a very pull nt and attentive hearing, and received justice at the hands of Mr. Lemare's well rehearsed choir, which, with the exception of the solo and chorus, "Who shall be fleetest?" the numbers failed to elicit decided approbation. The solos of the evening were sung by Miss Emily Spitler, Madame Estelle, Mr. Broadman, and Mr. J. S. Beale.—A day or two subsequently the Amateur Musical Society held their second concert, when the orchestra performed Haydn's "Letter Q" symphony, the *Athalie* march, an operatic selection on *Faust*, and the overture to the *Domino Noir*. The playing was characterized by more than the usual amount of care and precision, and each effort evoked warm applause. Mdlle. Berri contributed two pianoforte pieces, which met with the recognition they merited, whilst vocal solos were given by Miss Frederica Taylor, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Wilson.—The third concert, and to the musical student, the most interesting, was given by Mr. Ridley Prentice last week. The programme was then constituted entirely of Beethoven's chamber compositions, and included the serenade trio, Waldstein sonata, pianoforte trio in C minor, and the romance in G for violin. The sonata was played by Mr. Prentice with great brilliancy, and more than ever evinced his fine capabilities as a solo performer. Mr. H. Blagrove rendered the violin romance to such perfection that the audience insisted upon its repetition, and carried the point. In the concerted pieces, the concert-giver was aided by Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Richard Blagrove, and Mr. Aylward, from which it may be gathered that all went satisfactorily. Miss Blanche Cole, Mr. Harley Vining, and Mr. Billiter supplied the vocal pieces, which, like the instrumental, were Beethoven's; and Mr. G. S. Minson conducted. The audience on this occasion was more than ordinarily large.—W. H. P.

PRAGUE.—Herr Jules de Swert lately appeared at a concert with great success. Among other things, he played a Concerto for Violoncello, by Mullique, and a composition by J. S. Bach.

CARLSRUHE.—The Cecilia Association recently gave a concert in honour of the German Soldiers who have fallen in the war. The programme was thus constituted:—Choral, "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden," Bach; chorus of lamentation from *Judas Maccabæus*, Handel; "Die Wacht am Rhein; Verses with connecting Music; Funeral March from the *Sinfonica eroica*, Beethoven; chorus from *St. Paul*, Mendels ohn; and *Requiem*, Cherubini.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The last of the twelve ante-Christmas concerts at the Crystal Palace, in the programme of which, for reasons unnecessary to state over again, so large a share has been devoted to the music of Beethoven, was given on Saturday afternoon. This concert was not only the last, but the best, of the series. Mr. Manns had prepared a selection rich in variety and excellence, the most conspicuous feature being the Choral Symphony—the unparalleled "No 9," which it is difficult to imagine that the "No 10," projected though never carried out, could possibly have surpassed, although, if certain authorities may be credited, it was conceived by Beethoven on a still vaster scale. The solo vocal parts in the final movement of the symphony were entrusted to Misses Arabella Smythe and Julia Elton, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Herr Stockhausen, who did their best to give effect to that which it is scarcely within the bounds of possibility to make effective. All the rest of the performance was magnificent. It is superfluous to praise the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, which, by force of unceasing earnestness and diligence, Mr. Manns has p'aced at the head of all our orchestras; but we are glad to be able to say a word of emphatic praise in favour of the Crystal Palace Choir, which, though at first showing no great promise, has recently exhibited such signs of improvement as to justify a hope that not long hence Mr. Manns will have a first rate chorus as well as a first-rate orchestra at disposal. The choral portions of the Ninth Symphony—how difficult need hardly be said—were for the most part extremely well sung; and we may almost say, for the first time in our remembrance, that those in the *Choral Fantasia*—another feature in the programme—were done to perfection, not a "hitch" being observable. The pianoforte part in this fanciful and exquisite composition—interesting not merely on its own account, but because it was produced immediately after the "C minor" and "Pastoral" symphonies (Nos. 5 and 6), and immediately before the fifth, last, and greatest of the pianoforte concertos (in E flat)—was entrusted to Madame Arabella Goddard, who for many years has been its worthiest interpreter, and who never played it with more brilliant success than on the occasion under notice. A still more remarkable performance, however, of our English pianist was that of the "thirty-two variations on a theme in C minor" (composed in 1807, the year before the Mass in C), perhaps Beethoven's most original and masterly essay in this style. The variations referred to are, probably on account of their extreme difficulty, seldom played in public; nor are they, at a first hearing, very easy to appreciate at their worth. The now (thanks to Mr. Manns) pretty well cultivated audience of the Crystal Palace, however, seemed to understand them almost as well as they understood the more familiar, because more frequently played, "Choral Fantasia," and called back the performer at the end of one as heartily as they had called him back at the end of the other. The remaining instrumental piece in this most attractive programme was the overture to *Prometheus* (*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, a ballet to which Beethoven set music in the year 1800—"Ein heroisches, allegorisches Ballet," as it was styled in the bills of the Burg-Theater at Vienna, where it was originally produced). This opened the concert with wonderful spirit, and was well in place, if only on account of its being the first of Beethoven's orchestral compositions ever made known to England. Our grandmothers were more or less familiar with this overture, and tried more or less successfully, to play it on the pianoforte, in alternation with Kotzwara's famous "Battle of Prague," Nicolai's scarcely less famous "Sonata in C," and Pleyel's even more famous "Concertante" and "Variations on the German Hymn" (*the* "German Hymn," be it remembered). Now, however, that not only the "Sonata in C" of Nicolai is forgotten, like its hundred-and-one companions, that Pleyel's "Concertante" and his "Variations" on *the* "German Hymn," rest equally in oblivion, and that even the "Battle of Prague" itself is neglected by our pianists (shame upon them!)—the overture to *Prometheus* flourishes as an evergreen, and, so long as music exists, so long will it flourish in the same wise.

The vocal selection, also exclusively from Beethoven, included one of his arrangements of Irish melodies for two voices, accompanied by pianoforte, violin, violoncello, to Johanna Baillie's words, "Sweet power of Song" (better known in England as "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," thanks to Tom Moore), sung in duet by Misses Ellen Horne and Julia Elton; the inevitable "Adelaide," by Vernon Rigby, who, in consequence of the non-appearance of the appointed pianist, was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mdme. Goddard; the four settings of Goethe's stanzas, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," given by Miss Arabella Smythe (accompanied by Mr. Deringer), with a certain monotony of style, as though Beethoven had intended them to be all the same, whereas he intended them to be all different, or he would not have set them four times over; and two of the *Lieder* from Op. 75, to the poetry of Goethe, for whom at one period of his life Beethoven had an almost rabid enthusiasm. These last-named—"Kennst du das Land" (Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*), and "Herz, mein Herz" (or "Neue Liebe, neues Leben")—were admirably given by Herr Stockhausen, who was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Franklin Taylor. Altogether, this concert in honour of Beethoven was one with which no lover of Beethoven could have felt otherwise than content; and not a little of the gratification derived was owing to the erudite and entertaining annotations by "G," which go so far to open the eyes of the Crystal Palace public to the merits of each particular piece in the programme.

The next Saturday concert will not take place till the 21st of January.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER.

We take the following notice of a concert given by Mr. Glover from *Watson's Art Journal*:—

The complimentary benefit of Mr. Howard Glover, at Wallack's Theatre, on Wednesday morning last, was a failure, miserable beyond expression. The public is a strange mixture of coolness and enthusiasm; now liberal as the day for remote purposes, and again stony-hearted and close-fisted to appeals near at hand. It seems only necessary to inform the public of the needs of some worthy artist, to look up every generous sentiment and to insure an empty auditorium. An excellent programme was offered, to be executed by such artists as Mrs. Zadine Anna Bishop, Mrs. Zadine Segnin, Mlle. Marie Krebs Mdme. Krebs-Michalesi, Signor Ronconi, Mr. J. R. Thomas, and Mr. Alberto Lawrence; and yet there were scarcely a hundred persons present, including the free list! But if the public expressed their indifference by their absence, a more criminal indifference was shown by some of the artists whose names appeared on the programme. Neither Madame nor Miss Krebs, nor Mrs. Zaida Seguin, nor Mr. Lawrence, put in an appearance, and only a general apology as to sickness was made for their absence. We think some explanation is due to the public for such a breach of faith to them: for it would have been the same if the audience had been composed of thousands instead of a hundred. What epidemic was it that thus incapacitated four artists at the same time? Was it a real indisposition, or only a disposition not to appear? Did they volunteer their services in a good cause, or were their names used without their consent? We should like to know the facts of the case, and if their explanation is due either from the recusant artists or from the *bénéficiaire* if Mr. Glover can be so named in this instance. Those artists who were present exerted themselves nobly, Madame Anna Bishop, like the true woman and splendid artist that she is, supplied some deficiencies by adding to her number of pieces, and her kind efforts were cordially appreciated by all present. Signor Ronconi, whose services are so freely and generously tendered for charitable purposes, and Mr. J. R. Thomas aided the efforts of Madame Bishop in the same, and put the audience in a good humour by their admirable singing and their generous zeal. It was a pleasure to listen to two such highly cultivated artists. Mr. Harry Sanderson came forward at a moment's notice, in place of Miss Krebs, and played with his usual dash and brilliancy. Mr. Howard Glover conducted his orchestra in a most able manner, and the selections from his opera made a pleasurable sensation and were very cordially received, considering the slimness of the audience. The whole affair was every way worthy of liberal public patronage and we most sincerely regret that his efforts to deserve and secure that patronage should pass so utterly without response."

CASSEL.—Beethoven's Centenary waf to be duly celebrated at the Theatre Royal, and the celebration was to last three evenings. *Fidelio* and a Prologue were to be given on the first evening; *Egmont* on the second; and the Ninth Symphony on the third.

ROME.—An old custom of the Eternal City has been summarily swept away with the temporal power of the Holiness the Pope. Every year, shortly before Christmas, the *Pifferari* used to come down from the Abruzzi, and sing their simple recitatives, to the accompaniment of their shepherds' pipes, and their bag-pipes, before every effigy of the Virgin. They considered it a religious duty to minister those shepherds who once visited the manger where our Saviour lay. It is true that their strains disturbed the morning slumbers of many persons who happened to have returned late from some ball or party; but the fact of these skin-clad musicians of the mountains appearing in the streets at this peculiar season had a whiff of antiquity about it very grateful and refreshing to a large number of individuals, especially foreigners. However, in the eyes of the Italian police authorities, a *pifferaro* is nothing more nor less than an organ-grinder is in the estimation of that highly-sensitive but deeply-respected mythematician, Mr. Babbage—a nuisance to be summarily removed; and so, removed he has been.

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SCOTTISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(From a Correspondent.)

This society has brought over from Berlin, for the season, an orchestra of fifty performers, and, under the conductorship of Mr. Adam Hamilton, is giving a series of subscription concerts, of which the fourth took place at Edinburgh, on Monday, the 12th instant. The strings were, as usual, reinforced by Miss Bertha and Miss Emmy Drechsler Hamilton, daughters of the conductor, who have a high reputation, not only in the modern Athens, but at Leipsic, as solo-violinists.

The orchestral part of the concert included the overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Le Siège de Corinthe*, all well played and with spirit, and the *gala de résurrection* the *Reformation* Symphony. The last named work has only been heard once before in Edinburgh, at the Reid Concert of 1868, and it was not quite so satisfactorily rendered on this occasion. Herr Rothfeld, a resident pianist of some note, played Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor; and Miss Agnes Drechsler Hamilton, aged fourteen (a sister of the ladies already named), gave a very excellent rendering of De Beriot's first violin concerto, playing with a tone and expression that betoken great future excellence. The vocalist was Mdme. Vanzini, first known in Edinburgh two years ago. She is at all times an acceptable visitor both as an operatic and a concert singer, and had on this occasion a warm reception. Her voice has gained both in flexibility and power since we first heard her, and not a little disappointment was felt in many quarters when she did not sing one of Mr. Mapleson's company during their last visit to this city. Her first song, "Bel raggio," is very exacting, but the difficult runs and embellishments were all, except perhaps the closing cadenza, given with great perfection. Her two other songs, Sullivan's "Lullaby" and Spohr's "Rose, softly blooming," had each the compliment of an encore; the former being given very sweetly, while in the latter—differing entirely from the style of music in which we have hitherto heard her—Mdme. Vanzini sang with much feeling and expression.

The society gave a similar concert at the City Hall, Glasgow, the next evening; and the programme included the selections above-named, with Carl Reinecke's *entr'acte* from *König Manfred*. This charming *entr'acte*, for strings *con sordini*, was delicately played and repeated; and the movement suggests that it might be desirable to know more of the music written by Reinecke to Frederick Röber's drama. The vocalist was again Mdme. Vanzini, who is as great a favourite at Glasgow as at Edinburgh, and whose singing of the Queen of Night's music in the *Zauberflöte* is still remembered. She gave the same songs at Edinburgh with equal success, and being recalled after each, she added an air—we believe especially written for her by Mr. Harrison of Edinburgh—with much feeling as to make her hearers wish they may again have the pleasure of listening to this favourite artist.

Pips from Punch.

The *Vicar of Wakefield* will shortly be produced as a ballet. "Shortly" applies to the costumes.

An enthusiastic *habitué* being present at Drury Lane on the appearance of Miss Victoria Vokes as Amy Robsart, broke out into the following impromptu:—

"The others may be clever folks,
But Miss V. Vokes my praise evokes."

The gentleman is supposed by the stall-keeper to have been Mr. Alfred Tennyson in disguise.

In consequence of the enormous success of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. Phelps will appear as Othello.

A composer has set the Poet-Laureate to music. The new volume of twelve short poems is soon to appear with Notes by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. One of the short pieces is entitled (we hear) *The Gemini; or the Birthday of Cox and Box*: An ode.

COLOGNE.—First Soirés for Chamber Music: Serenade for Piano and Violoncello, Op. 109, Ferdinand Hiller; Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, F major, Beethoven.—Concert of the "Tonkünstlerverein:" Variations for four Hands, Beethoven; Romance for Violin, Tartini; Pianoforte Quartet, Kiel; Andante and Scherzo for a stringed Quartet, Rotlitz; Pianoforte Pieces, Handel; and Songs for Soprano.

KREUZNACH.—The musicians among the French prisoners of war lately petitioned for, and received, permission to give a concert. The landlord of the Odeum thus announced the unusual entertainment: "On Sunday, the 11th inst, a Grand Military Concert will be given, by twenty-five French military bandsmen, prisoners of war, in uniform, and under the direction of their bandmasters, MM. Baume and Bonselle." A similiar concert came off a short time ago in Breslau, and attracted thousands.

NEW MUSIC.

"God speed the Galatea" (Williams) is a song for which Mr. Alfred B. Allen is wholly responsible, both words and music being of his concoction. Here is a sample of the former:—

"God speed her, oh, may God speed her,
O'er the ocean, without fear;
O nations, let your prayer be—
'God speed the Galatea.'"

We commend this verse as a puzzle in scanning not less heartily than we admire the contempt of ordinary rules which makes the last two syllables of Galatea rhyme to "fear." Mr. Allen's music is entirely worthy of his words, and both are unique, for which reason, perhaps, they have been "graciously accepted by her Majesty the Queen." In "Look at Home" (Weippert & Co.), the poet, P. T. Sullivan, Esq., deprecates English generosity to foreigners when so many of our poor are starving. Here is the warning he enforces:—

"Should a foe compel old England
Her bright honour to maintain;
Money gone, as freely given,
England's poor may ask in vain."

The music by William Wilson, is extremely simple, and, perhaps, judiciously so, if the object be to preach as widely as possible the fact that true charity begins at home. A setting by James F. Simpson, of "Cease, rude Boreas" (Weekes & Co.), has considerable merit, though we cannot reconcile ourselves to its upward resolution of minor seventh in the melody. Apart, however, from grammar which is, at least, open to question, the song displays appropriate vigour and descriptive force. May we ask, in passing, why the Introductory symphony is described as "Yo North Wind"? With our present light, it strikes us as a bit of absurd alliteration. "La Viola, parole di Valerio Pistrichei, musica di Sybil" (Weekes & Co.) has a very pretty and lightsome melody in 6-8 time, accompanied simply, but with good taste. Lovers of Italian songs will do well to give it a share of their attention. "I gave my love a little rose" (Boosey & Co.) is a work of merit. The verses, by Greville H. Chester, are evidently modelled on the exquisite love lyrics of the earlier English writers, and are far from unworthy to be in their company. Lines more graceful rarely appear set to modern music. The composer, Comyn Vaughan, is favourably known by his "Rothesay Bay;" and the song before us we note all the good features of its predecessors, especially the propriety with which ideas are wedded to music at once spontaneous and apt. If "I gave my love a little rose" does not become a favourite with tenors everywhere, we shall be much surprised. "The Blind Girl's Dream," written and composed by Louisa Gray (Chappell & Co.), is one of the simplest of ballads, and also, when properly sung, one of the most touching. As a ballad should, it relies for effect as much upon the singer as upon the music and words, allowing the former all needful scope for the exercise of his gifts. Moreover the theme is one which "makes the whole world kin," it is handled with an unaffected tenderness constituting not the least element in the charm of the whole. "The Blind Girl's Dream" deserves a good place in the ranks of its modest order. "The Buccaneer" (Chappell & Co.), a work of the kind represented by "A Life on the Ocean Wave," shows to advantage the ability of Mr. Berthold Tours as a song composer. Its words, by Robert Reece, are full of dash and vigour, and the music reflects their spirit in an uncommon degree. Mr. Tours being a musician of pretensions, always, of course, aims somewhat above the ordinary level. His mark has been well hit in this case, for the song possesses qualities of a high order which should win more than a passing regard. We observe that "The Buccaneers" is dedicated to Mr. Santley, in whose repertory there are, assuredly, worse things.

"Select Practice for the Pianoforte" (Davison & Co.) consists of forty-two progressive lessons, intended as an introduction to the works of the great masters, and edited with fingering, &c., by Mr. Benedict. The name of the veteran pianist and composer affords a sufficient guarantee as to the excellence of his work, since nobody knows better how a pupil should be trained to an intelligent execution of classical music. Beginning with pieces of extreme simplicity, the student is led on by easy stages till at last he reaches a Mendelssohnian *presto*, and is competent to work in a larger field. We know no more excellent system than is here laid down, and cannot do better for aspiring amateurs than recommend them to follow Mr. Benedict's guidance with carefulness, always remembering that "slow and sure goes far in a day." Mr. F. H. Cowen's ballad, "Longing" (Boosey & Co.), though a pleasant one, is scarcely such as might have been expected from the known ability of its composer. The melody has little originality, and the accompaniment is of an ordinary character. Of his "Deux Valses Caprices" (Boosey & Co.) we must speak in a different key. They are exceedingly graceful effusions, full of fancy, and marked by a fluent expression which carries the listener irresistibly with them in their capricious course. As drawing-room pieces of a high class, these valses have claims not to be ignored.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cassaine, a very thin evening beverage.

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THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS ORGAN.

The new organ erected in the time-honoured Hanover Square Rooms was to have been opened last night, by Mr. W. T. Best, whose programme included selections from Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Gade, with other pieces by minor composers. As regards the instrument itself, we cannot do better than transcribe an account of it which appears in the second edition of *Hopkins and Rimbault on the Organ*:—

"The new organ has been built by Messrs. Thomas C. Lewis & Co., of Shepherd's Lane, Brixton, London, and fully sustains the reputation they have achieved for high-class work. The Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, so long associated with the progress of classical music in this country, exhibits a welcome innovation on the usual treatment accorded to organs in London concert rooms. The instrument newly erected here is not only a fine work of ornamental art, but is in every sense satisfactory to the musician—grandeur of tone and charming variety in quality, consorting with elegance of appearance and chasteness of style. An organ so minutely carried out both in external design and in tonal character, is a standing protest against the false economy of setting up instruments merely for show, regardless of, or indifferent to, the purposes of musical usefulness. In building this organ, Mr. Lewis has given special consideration to the demands of the classical concert room; power, richness, and variety are the three essential requisites for rendering true service in aid of orchestral effects, and in accompanying solo and choral singing in the many and varied styles which characterize the musical art. The specification to this end has been compiled under suggestions from three of the most eminent organists.

"The case of the instrument has been executed from the designs of Mr. John F. Bentley, in the style of the modern French renaissance, and harmonizes well with the general decorations of the rooms and the orchestral accessories. The whole front is ebonized and highly polished, its dark surface lit up with the reflected lights of the multitude of sharply defined lines of the mouldings on cornice, frieze, and panels; the silvered glass with old Venetian bevel filling the upper compartments, the lower panels ornamented with choice inlay of gold and colour, and the bright array of spotted metal pipes intersected with fluted ebony pillars, all combine to give an imposing dignity and richness of effect. The centre composition of the case stands on a bold dado extending the entire length of the front, and rising several feet above the highest seat of the orchestra, and is divided into three compartments by columnar fluted balusters rising on a richly panelled and moulded plinth. Each of the three bold compartments is filled with pipes raking inwards, whilst those of the intermediate division advance forward on a circular corbel, breaking the line of the frieze and cornice. A cluster of balustrades on a square pilaster makes the outer angle of this portion of the design. These balustrades are connected with others in the return ends by a moulded stay, following the line of the dado below, and supporting a series of pipes raking towards an angle; an enriched cornice and a pierced frieze take a quadrantal curve, against which rest the pipes of the Open Diapason. The sides are treated similarly to the front. Completing the design, the cornice and panelled frieze cap the sides and front and mitre round the blocks of each division, and at the angles; the cornice is still further emphasized with a segmental pediment over the centre cluster of the pipes of the Diapason.

Great, C C to A, 58 Notes.			
1. Open Diapason	8 feet.	6. Octave	4 feet.
2. Lieblich Gedact	8 feet.	7. Lieblich Gedact	4 feet.
3. Flute Harmonique	8 feet.	8. Quint Flute	2 2/3 feet.
4. Salicional	8 feet.	9. Flautina	2 feet.
5. Vox Angelica	8 feet.	10. Trumpet	8 feet.
Swell.			
11. Flûte d'Amour	8 feet.	14. Flûte d'Amour	4 feet.
12. Viole de Gambe	8 feet.	15. Horn	8 feet.
13. Voix Celestes, Tenor C	8 feet.	16. Bassoon and Oboe	8 feet.
Pedal, C C C to F, 30 Notes.			
17. Open Diapason, bass	16 feet.	18. Octave Bass	8 feet.
19. Sub-Bass	16 feet.	20. Flute Bass	8 feet.

Coupler.

1. Great to Pedals.		Swell to Pedals.		Swell to Great.

Seven Pedals of Combination.

"It is worthy of notice that contrary to all custom of organ building in this country, the whole of the wood pipes, including the open diapason of 16 feet, are varnished, as a protection against damp, and display a choiceness of wood rarely seen in connection with organ work; the tracker-are also saturated with varnish, thereby preventing changes of temperature influencing their length and disturbing the accuracy of the musical touch. Although the organ is of medium size it possesses the advantages of a separate air reservoir for the manual sound-boards, on the system introduced so effectively by Mr. Lewis in his large organ at St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The main reservoir is weighted to half an inch heavier than the upper reservoir; consequently, the wind from the feeders passes through the main reservoir without expanding it, and by means of flexible trunks ascends to the upper reservoir, which, when full, immediately closes itself with an automatic valve, and then the lower reservoir takes up its supply; by this arrangement the pedal sound-board, which draws only from the heavier supply, leaves the upper manual quite unaffected by its changes of activity, and a perfect steadiness of wind is secured for the manual stops. An entirely new form of pallet has been introduced into this organ for the first time; it combines lightness of touch with complete soundness.

"Under the name of 'Flûte d'Amour" a new stop will be found. It has been devised by Mr. Lewis for the special requirement of this instrument, and possesses a strikingly characteristic quality between the stringiness of the Viol di Gamba and the roundness of the Flute, with either of which stops it blends admirably, yet with a distinctness of its own which marks it with individuality as a new stop. The Flûte d'Amour is a valuable addition to the resources of the organist, and is distinguished as much by the body of tone it gives in support of the lighter stops, as by its sympathetic and singularly beautiful quality."

A STORM IN THE NORTH.

There has been some remarkably plain speaking in the *Glasgow Herald* lately, and plain speech is refreshing on account of its rarity. For this reason, and in spite of Christmas "peace and good will," we transcribe it here.

Mr. Julian Adams gave a concert at the Corporation Galleries one Saturday, to which, in the discharge of his duty, the *Herald* critic went. On Monday, the following appeared in the *Herald* paper, much to the discomfiture of Mr. Julian Adams:—

"Mr. Julian Adams, formerly conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts in Paris, London, &c., and the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Greenock Philharmonic Societies' (as the programme of last Saturday's concert hath it), gave the first of a 'series of six pianoforte recitals, and chamber concerts of classical and popular operatic music' (again as the programme hath it), those of these concerts is to be given every Saturday afternoon in the Corporation Galleries. At the first, the attendance was good, and the series promises to be attractive and well-patronized. The orchestra consists of about sixteen members, with Mr. Adams at the piano, at once executant and conductor, playing with one hand and conducting with the other. We quite acknowledge the admirable skill displayed by Mr. Adams in his double capacity, and also the ability shown by him in assisting the orchestra by filling up the bassoon and other parts. His concert commenced with a creditable performance of Rossini's overture to *Semiramide* followed by one of Strauss's waltzes. Mr. Adams then came what the programme stated to be Hallerg's *Les Elegantes*, and so far it was; but Mr. Adams, not content with the music as written by the composer, added thereto many interpolations and elaborations in very questionable taste. Mr. Adams's other solo, Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' was one of the most extraordinary performances we ever heard, and in the interests of the art we must protest against the many liberties taken with the text. We do not so much object to his playing wrong notes. Mishaps will happen, and yet there is little excuse for these in a piece which every school-girl should know note-perfect, but it is inexcusable to miss its spirit and to add grace notes and flourishes to old Handel's music. By continuing to do so, Mr. Adams may do irreparable injury to the taste of many of his hearers. This propensity of adding embellishments to all music seems to be with him an idiosyncrasy, for even when playing with the band at the Saturday overtures—in which we had fancied Rossini was brilliant enough of himself—Mr. Adams superadded some extraordinary effects. Had Rossini been present, we could have imagined him complimenting Mr. Adams, in one of his most polished and sneering sentences, nothing as he did to Velluti, 'A very charming, but, pray, use your embroidery (*fioriture*) elsewhere;' but had irate Handel been there, we fear the gruff old master (a man of few words) would, in one or another, have astonished the executant. Mr. Adams must be content to play the music as set down for him—in this respect acting upon Hamlet's advice to the players; and if he does so, we heartily wish him and his scheme all success."

We have said that Mr. Adams was ill-comfitted by the above; he was also indignant, and straightway wrote to the editor as thus:—

"Sir,—So long as the conductors of the press confine themselves to giving publicity to their own candid opinions of the merits of works which come before them, or of the performances of musical artists, no one has a right to complain, be their opinions favourable or the reverse. But when the press is permitted to become, under the disguise of editorial criticism, a vehicle for the furtherance of the interest of one party to the prejudice and injury of another, the abuse calls for correction; and it is high time that those who indulge so freely in scribbling anonymous letters, and publishing them in the newspapers as criticism under the cloak of the editorial wing, should be exposed to the public, in order that a check may be put upon such a system of malevolence."

"In the *Herald* of Monday last, December 12, I observe the following article:—

"'Mr Julian Adams, formerly conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts, &c. (as the programme hath it), gave the first of a series of six pianoforte recitals and chamber concerts of classical and popular operatic music (again as the programme hath it),' &c.

"Now before going any further into the article in question, I beg leave to ask if this is musical criticism, or is it meant to convey an impression that the announcement in the programme is a deception? I leave it to the public to

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judge; but I will venture to say that the writer of the anonymous letter (not critique) set out with the deliberate intention of conveying a false impression, and of commenting unfavourably upon the performances. I therefore deem it necessary to inform your readers that no artist can appear in Glasgow without the risk of being depreciated and insulted by these *soi disant* musical critics (friends of a certain concert agent and music-seller in Buchanan Street), unless they can secure the interest of the said agent by giving him a share in the proceeds and a monopoly of the management, sale of tickets, &c. It should be made known that most of the elaborate articles on musical performances which appear in the newspapers are written in London or out of order for concert agents, and are liberally supplied to the musical critics in Glasgow, who thus lead the public and even the proprietors of newspapers to think they are written by themselves, and then get the credit of being learned connoisseurs in the science which they really know little or nothing about.

"If artists of long-established reputation are left to the abuse of these pretenders who use the criticism for the purpose of furthering the interests of their friends at the expense of the artists' reputation, the sooner this system is exposed the better for art progress in this country.—I am, &c.,

"J. JULIAN ADAMS."

Now it was foolish of Mr. Adams to address the editor at all; but doubly foolish to write so manifestly absurd a letter. The annexed rejoinder is all he took by his motion:—

"We have no hesitation in publishing Mr. Adams's letter, although it is of such a nature that we might not unreasonably have declined inserting it. Before doing so, however, we considered it right to show the manuscript to the writer of the article in question, who assures us that he went to the concert on Saturday last totally ignorant as to who sold or did not sell Mr. Adams's tickets, and equally ignorant and indifferent as to the name of his agent or agents. Mr. Adams' modesty has not permitted him to give in full the quotation from the programme which was made in the notice alluded to. It ran thus:—'Mr. Julian Adams, formerly conductor of the Grand Orchestral Concerts in Paris, London, &c., and the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Greenock Philharmonic Societies.' Not being personally cognizant of these facts, and desiring to speak only from personal knowledge, the writer gave the statement in the programme upon the authority of the programme. Mr. Adams evades all reference to our notice regarding his incorrect interpretation of some of the works. With respect to his sweeping charge, unsupported by a shadow of proof, as to the authorship of 'the elaborate articles on musical performances which appear in the newspapers,' we have only to say that it is perfectly absurd.—ED. *O. H.*"

Well done, "Ed. *O. H.*;" also the critic of the "*G. H.*" It is clear that all is not "mist" down north, even in December.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard played in a concert at Nottingham on Monday night, the *entrepreneur* being that zealous and indefatigable promulgator of good music, Mr. Henry Farmer, himself an artist of eminence.

M. Faure has gone to Brussels.

Miss Marie Courtenay, a young and promising vocalist, is announced to appear as the witch, Sybilla, in the Drury Lane Pantomime.

Madame Csillag made her *début* in America, at the first New York Philharmonic Concert, towards the end of last month.

Mdlle. Marie Krebs gave a concert recently at New York, her various performances at which extracted high approval from the *Weekly Review* of that city.

We learn from the American papers that Georgio Ronconi ("Ronconi the great") is about to give a series of operatic performances in New York. Luck attend them!

Mr. A. Sullivan's charming *Ouvertura di Ballo*, written for the Birmingham Festival, was recently performed at one of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, with complete success.

Mr. C. W. Le Jeune, assisted by his sons, Charles and Arthur Le Jeune, gave an evening concert on the 14th inst., to exhibit their new instrument, the *Clavo-Glissando*. It is played with the key-board; but the inventors claim the credit of being able to produce a perfect *glissando* or *portamento*, hitherto peculiar to the fiddle and voice, and also the tones of various wind instruments.

An action has been raised in the Edinburgh Sheriff Court by Mr. Sims Reeves, the English tenor, against the Edinburgh Choral Union, for the recovery of his fee for singing at the Choral Union Concert on the 14th of November last. The fee, we understand, was ninety guineas, and the Choral Union have offered to pay sixty guineas. Payment of the full fee is refused on the ground that Mr. Sims Reeves failed to complete his engagement, having left the orchestra when the performance was only half finished.

M. Gounod is said to be devoting his hours of exile to the completion of his opera, *Polyeucte* (Corneille), and to the composition of an oratorio, the book by M. Gounod himself, the subject being *Calvary* and the *Redemption*. A set of part-songs for male voices, by M. Gonnod, has just been published in Germany.

Another new oratorio will be produced in due course: in this instance by an English composer—Mr. Cusins, conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts. He takes as his theme *Gideon*, but proposes to confine the music within the limits of the sacred cantata, not to exceed one hour and a half in performance.

An inquest was held on Tuesday on the body of Madame Dallot de la Genevoage a professor of music (the wife of a merchant in Paris from whom she separated in 1847), lately arrived from Boulogne. A verdict was returned of "Death from pulmonary apoplexy, accelerated by excitement and temporary insanity." They expressed a wish that the press would notice the case, and thus bring the matter before the friends of the deceased.

On Monday week the Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, Lord Leigh, presided at the College, Binswood, Leamington, on the opening of the new boarding house, which now forms the western side of the quadrangle of the extensive building, in this favourable inland watering place. The head-master, the Rev. H. G. Woot, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford; J. R. Thursfield, B.A., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford; and other well-known educationalists took part in the proceedings. A number of scholarships were awarded to the most successful students; the annual speeches made, and prizes given.

Apropos of Mdlle. Nilsson, we read the subjoined in the *Philadelphia Age* of Dec. 2nd.

"There will be a *matinée* performance on Saturday, at which Mdlle. Nilsson will appear. After this Mdlle. Nilsson will visit the West, and we hardly expect to hear her again before February, and perhaps only at a very limited number of performances then, for she has to return early in the spring to fulfil engagements in Europe. But the people of this city who have supported the concerts so liberally will not be satisfied unless they see this charming *prima donna* in opera before she leaves America. We hope Mr. Strakosch will give us a short season of opera when Miss Nilsson returns from the West."

Amongst the performances for the celebration of the anniversary of Beethoven's birthday in Germany have been the following:—At the Court Theatre of Munich there was a concert which commenced with a prologue in verse by Herr Martin Greif, and the programme of which included one of the symphonies and the Mass in C. At Bonn the new Beethoven Hall was solemnly opened, and at Leipzig, the members of the Art Institutes joined together to do honour to the festival-day, and a week was devoted to Beethoven, during which his compositions were solely performed. This began on Sunday the 11th inst., with a church service. On Monday in the evening, at the Theatre some of Beethoven's greatest compositions were performed; on Tuesday a selection of chamber music; on Wednesday, a second performance at the Theatre; on Thursday a Gewandhaus concert; and on the two last days of the week festival performances at the Theatre.—*Athenæum.*

STANDARD THEATRE.

The Wife's Tragedy, a new play, in blank verse, was produced with success on Saturday. Mr. Douglass is to be congratulated for having ventured on a piece, the attraction of which depends neither upon the carpenter, the scene-painter nor the display of female beauty, and which nevertheless succeeded in riveting the attention of a vast audience during five acts and a prologue, drawing forth repeated marks of hearty approval. The principal actors, Miss Edith Hernd, Miss Mary Saunders and Mr. G. Hamilton, were summoned before the curtain after each of the last two acts, and at the end of the performance in response to an unanimous call, the authoress (Mrs Edward Thomas) bowed her acknowledgments from a box.

A PROTEST.

SIR,—Having read in your valuable paper of the 17th inst. an article copied from a contemporary, in which my name is mentioned, with regard to the Royal Italian Opera, will you kindly allow me to say that I consider it a great liberty of an anonymous writer, who evidently does not understand the subject he is prompted to write upon, and more so, as I have not belonged to Covent Garden Theatre since the opera season of 1869.—Yours obediently,

23, *Norfolk Road, Brighton, Dec.* 21, 1870. T. LI CALZI.

SALZBURG.—The celebration of the Beethoven Centenary at the Mozarteum was fixed to take place in August, but had to be postponed in consequence of the war. It will now not be held before next year.

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LEIPSIC.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* is still being performed at the Stadttheater. At the eighth Gewandhaus Concert, Herr Carl Tausig played Chopin's Concerto in E minor; a "Valse Caprice" on Strauss's "Nachtfalterwalzer," and Schubert's "Military March," arranged by the same composer. He was greatly applauded and several times recalled. Mdlle. Wilhelmine Gips, from the Hague, was the vocalist. Mendelssohn's "Hebrides Overture," and Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Schumann, were finely played by the band.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co.—"Kelvin Grove," transcription by Ellen Jarman.

HAMMOND & Co.—"The Parted," song, by John Barnett; "The Beggar Woman" and "The Empress of my soul," songs, by Charles Gounod; "Am schonen Rhein," waltz by Keler Bela; "Mountain Life;" "Gluckchen Mazurka;" "Early Morning;" and "Pearls of Dew." Morceaux for the pianoforte by Gustav Lange; "Amazonen March;" "Calmo Tender;" "Hesperus Klänge;" and "Fantasca," waltzes for the pianoforte by P. Hertel.

DUFF & STEWART.—"Classical Treasures," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, transcribed for the pianoforte, by J. Theodore Trenkell; "Aria, Larghetto, Gavotta, and Cavatina" from Martini's sonatas for the pianoforte by Carl Bauch; "Palestrina" Grand March, by E. L. Blinc.

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His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN,
Her Royal Highness the Princess CHRISTIAN,
His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.
President—The Right Hon. the Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

The LENT TERM will COMMENCE on Monday, the 16th January.
Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday the 12th January at 11 o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.
By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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THE 17TH DECEMBER, 1870.

A time may, perhaps, come, when our almanacks, instead of containing an endless number of the names of saints—of whose life and doings even the firmest believer possesses but a slight knowledge—when, we say, our almanacks will record the days on which were born or on which died those men who have exercised a prominent influence on civilization, in the broadest acceptation of the word. When such is the case, we shall write, at least in Germany, under the date of the 17th December: Ludwig van Beethoven. On this day, a century ago, was our great tone-poet baptized; so much we know. It is considered probable that he was born the day before. When a nation does honour to the memory of a great man, it really honours only itself, for it shows that it knows how to recognize and appreciate a great mind sprung from itself. Ludwig van Beethoven was a genius such as but rarely appears in the art-history of any age or people. It has sometimes been asserted that, among the millions whom birth, education, and circumstances do not permit to participate in a highly intellectual life, thousands would become great men, were fate to favour them. We do not think so, but even were it the case, we should recognize, in his importance as well as in others, the wise economy of Nature. Men cannot master too much at one time, and a considerable period is always needed ere any important, and therefore great, man has worked out his due effect.

The material points in Beethoven's earthly pilgrimage are pretty generally known—some few, however, require further elucidation. On the whole, his career was simple and quiet. There were none of the wonderful successes which surrounded with brilliancy the youth of Mozart—nor of the passionate and almost historical struggle such as Gluck and Handel underwent in Paris and in London. Nay, even a journey to England, like that which crowned the old age of Father Haydn, is wanting in the life of Beethoven. The life of Johann Sebastian Bach alone offers still fewer points of contact with the wide, wide world! Even in his early youth, Beethoven's art became for him everything: a permanent source of employment; a delight; and the means of profit and of distinction. He was only twelve years old when he entered the musical establishment of the Elector Max Franz, filling in it the post of organist, pianist, and, subsequently, even of tenorist. Thus, at his entry into life, he proved the support of his family, and felt, no doubt, a certain self-confidence from the consciousness that, though scarcely a youth, he was, in his artistic as well as his social character, satisfying requirements, that we are justified in making only on mature manhood. The friendly reception with which he met in all circles at Bonn, especially at Madame von Breuning's, enlarged the sphere of his accomplishments, and, when hardly more than a youth of five and twenty, he went, well prepared, to the Imperial capital in which his genius and his reputation were destined to burst forth into bloom.

Through the Elector (a son of the Empress Maria Theresa), and those about him, numerous and intimate relations existed between Bonn and Vienna; and, thanks to the intervention of his old patrons, Beethoven was admitted into the first families of the Austrian aristocracy. The dedications of his works would prove, even were we not aware of it from other sources, how deeply interested the artist felt in those of high birth. It is solely to what they did that Vienna owes the fact of being able to call the great man more particularly her own. It is true that, during the long period of thirty-four years which he spent there, he never sought or held any permanent appointment—as a teacher, a conductor, or even as a virtuoso. He gave the Viennese public an opportunity of hearing his works before any one else heard them—an opportunity by which they did not always profit. The concerts at which he did so—and at some of which he appeared as a pianist—were, perhaps, the only occasions that brought him personally into contact with the Viennese public. He had something better to do than to conduct an orchestra or assist young beginners with good advice—for he was one who directed minds into new paths, and, by his works, exerted an elevating and guiding influence upon hundreds of thousands.

As far as a serious artistic life can be so, Beethoven's, taken all in all, may, perhaps, be termed particularly favoured. He was able to live entirely for his work, and quickly met with the highest appreciation; while the miseries attending a somewhat badly-managed bachelor's establishment—miseries springing from his amiable weakness for brothers and nephews—must not, in conclusion, be estimated too highly. But there was a grey thread running through his life. When only in his eight-and-twentieth year, he felt a diminution in his power of hearing. For about twenty years the malady seems sometimes to have increased and sometimes to have diminished, until it terminated in total deafness. In addition to the pang of only half receiving the living impression of his productions, and of subsequently not receiving it at all—in addition to the rent in his intercourse with the world, which, from the very first, possessed great attractions for him—he was most painfully worried, being a sensitive man, by all the experiments with which the disciples of Æsculapius assailed him, and ashamed, for a tolerably long time, to confess his malady, concealing it, and thereby, probably, rendering it worse. Attempts have been made to explain, by this want of the material sense of hearing, many compositions of the last period less practicable and less charming than the rest; but the man who, with his inward ear, could hear the *Adagio* of the Ninth Symphony and the "Benedictus" of the *Missa Solemnis* required no excitement of the senses. Whatever the amount of sorrow which the idea of the deaf composer may inspire, it is a great question whether his inability to hear did not contribute to render his nature more profound. A musician, as such, is, in general, indebted to his ear for more pain than pleasure—and how little of all we are obliged to hear is worth being heard, every one knows!

How, too, can we speak of solitude in the case of a man who, really and truly, was at home in a different world from that which surrounded him? Every one to whom he was granted, in any degree, the privilege of being artistically productive, can perhaps conceive, with blessed envy, what sort of an existence that of such a genius must be. If the slightest original notion exerts a vivifying influence, how shall we describe the ecstasy which must have been Beethoven's, when the first half-dreamy-like notion of a new composition sprang up in his brain, assuming more and more distinctness of shape, and gradually filling his whole being, till all within him breathed, sang, sounded in melodies, of which he himself, a short time before, had no presentiment? And these tone-pictures filling the entire man did not vanish from him like light dreams—he knew how to grasp them with a hand possessing the strength of a giant; to hold them fast; to give them form and shape—to cast, as it were, even the most ethereal in bronze. Combined, too, with the marvellous charm that power as a thinker afforded him, was the ever-increasing and refreshing consciousness of his own intellectual power, the feeling of his *mastery*, the only true power and true freedom upon earth.

Especial interest is taken now-a-days in investigating most minutely all the details in the social position of great men. There is no objection to this, as long as we do not attempt to establish too close a connection between their works and their circumstances, for such an attempt leads to the most outrageous errors—or as long as we do not, with our enthusiasm reversed, endeavour to perceive the importance of their productions in the most trivial thing we learn concerning what they said and did. It is certain that excellent qualities of heart and disposition generally adorned Beethoven, and people readily forgave him his weaknesses. He met the poetry, the history, the great deeds of his time, with an active intelligence, nay, with passionate sympathy. But there were, and always are, thousands of men, his equals in elevation of character, in social virtue, and in noble conception of life, but not competent to produce anything that shall advance mankind. Beethoven, however, was able to express in wonderful works of art the lofty emotions and views that lived within him—and *that* is what makes him a great man.

Many, on the other hand, attempt to perceive the most essential greatness of such works in certain ideas, which, they assert, serve as a base, and which every one then endeavours to explain after his own fashion. But it is not that which a work of art conceives, but that which it says, and the way in which it says it, that constitute its greatness. This greatness, moreover, is to be found in the conditions of *that* art of which we are treating. What elevates and inspires us, when we hear any of Beethoven's music, is the abundance, the originality, the boldness of imagination, the endless diversity of the melodies, and the charms they have for the senses, combined with their feeling, kindly power; their ingenious simplicity; their passionate energy; and their proud, high character—it is the way, so logical, and yet so free, in which they are carried out—it is the treatment, healthy, unaffected, and yet so original, of the harmony—the highly-coloured, individual employment of the instruments of sound—in a word, the fulfilment of all the conditions which a musical composition demands, if it is to satisfy all that can be expected from it. What that means is known to the many who, gifted and talented as they are, have endeavoured, and still endeavour, but in vain, to attain it.

Though Beethoven's name is full of import for the educated in all nations, and though his works have, since the beginning of the present century, continued to spread more and more in all countries, we Germans have a right to call him more especially ours. In political matters the bias of our nature towards the ideal and the Spiritual may have been an obstacle in our way—but how much that is magnificent has it not produced! Such is the case with the love of instrumental music, that wondrous blossom of German genius, that most true poetry, without material subject, and without doubtful thoughts. Truly, it is a lofty people, from among which hundreds of thousands are continually assembling, in all directions, for the purpose of listening, with pious devotion, to the utterances which their harmony-inspired seers have delivered! In the very strictest, and, consequently, most energetic signification of the words, the instrumental works of our great

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masters are tone-poems—and those of Ludwig van Beethoven are the most magnificent and the most sublime of any. How deeply what we owe him is felt on all sides, is shown by the festivals, now being consecrated to his memory. Neither the thought of all the great things that have been done and achieved upon the blood-drenched fields of battle, nor anxiety for what still remains to be achieved, has scared our minds into forgetting to consecrate the day which, a century ago, gave us the musician Beethoven. Let us hope that, in the fullness of the power it has victoriously attained, our nation will preserve its noble sense for the Beautiful, and its proud delight in all the magnificent things which its poets, in words, and its tone, have presented to it. And so, on Beethoven's Day, we exclaim to it, in the words of Schiller—

> "Freue Dich, dass die Gabe des Liedes vom Himmel herabkommt,
> Dass der Sänger dir singt, was ihn die Muse gelehrt!
> Weil der Gott ihn beseelt, so wird er dem Hörer zum Gotte,
> Weil er der Glückliche ist, kannst Du der Selige sein."

Cologne, 17th December. DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

ENGLISH OPERA IN AMERICA.

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

In my last I promised you an account of certain American operasingers whose merits are almost unknown to the British public. Among the ladies the foremost is Mrs. Belza Seguin, recently the contralto of the Parepa-Rosa *troupe*, a genuine artist whose vocal means and comprehensive talent enable her to do justice to every style of music, although it is in the works of the best masters that she shines most brightly. The music of Fatima in Weber's *Oberon*, Bridget in Anbert's *Domino Noir*, and Cherubino in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, could not be more chastely or beautifully sung than it was by this lady during the late tour. She taught the masses to love that which had hitherto been supposed to be above their appreciation, and such gems as "A simple Arab Maid," "Araby, dear Araby!" the convent song in *Le Domino Noir*, and "Voi che Sapete," were as sure to be encored when heard from her lips, as were the more familiar and generally popular "Alas, those chimes!" the huntress' song in *Martha*, or any other airs belonging to constantly performed operas, which the public knows by heart. But Mrs. Seguin has not only the voice and style of a richly endowed and thoroughly educated vocalist; she also possesses a rare amount of histrionic ability, though this appears more conspicuously in comedy than tragedy. Few actresses, whether singers or not, have so much natural humour; few can be so spontaneously whimsical, or do droll things in so original and attractive a manner. In the sunny side of her art, Mrs. Seguin seems to revel, and guided by instinctive sympathy with her audience, while obviously enjoying her own sportive fancies, she invariably succeeds in making others enjoy them too. Mrs. Seguin is, in short, an experienced and thorough artist, worthy to take a leading position in any theatre in the world; though nothing I believe, would induce her to leave the English operatic stage, where, so far as I know, she is at present without a rival on either side of the Atlantic.

With Mdme. Parepa-Rosa as soprano, and Mrs. Seguin as contralto last season, there was already a combination such as had never previously existed in America, and that the *entourage* was for the most part worthy of these very distinguished performers, is what I propose to show in my next letter. Meanwhile, I would wish to remind my readers that I am writing specially of the Parepa-Rosa company, because I consider it as the *representative* English opera company—the best there has ever been in the States, and consequently the fairest test for judging America's lyrically productive power, and artistic appreciation.

New York, December 13.

A MODEL STUDENT.

(*Reported by Duff Short.*)

Fashionably-dressed Joseph Cooke Cox, Barnard's Inn, Holborn, summoned Bow Street not paying cab fare.—Garlick, cab-driver, took defendant and lady Amphitheatre, left vehicle without paying fare. Waited, defendant came out, asked fare, 1s., and 1s. 6d. Defendant declined. Defendant swore, said: Am captain 20th Regiment, half-pay, also theatrical student. Got out cab, put shilling on roof. Cabman perjured. Why not respectable cab-drivers, why not gentlemen courage, as I, to come forward such occasions? Thing soon put down them.—Flowers: You behaved badly; pay the money and 4s. —Defendant: Lock me up.—Defendant placed in cells commenced to sing.

Cox again at Bow Street Thursday, assaulting Griffiths of Gaiety Theatre. —Griffiths deposed in room at theatre, heard kicking at door. Defendant split panels, struck Dolby, and attempted follow on Hollingshead. On way to station dealt witness blow in face. Defendant been nuisance at theatre some time. Defendant remanded. Friends consulted on sanity.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL AT BOSTON.

We take the following from our excellent contemporary, *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Dec. 3rd):—

"The programme of the birthday week in Boston is settled, we presume, in its main features, though some societies and artists are still in doubt what they will do. The want of a fit hall for chamber concerts proves one serious drawback. The series of Beethoven performances will begin, according to the original plan, with the Fourth Harvard Symphony Concert on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 15, when the programme will include:—Part I. The third and greatest overture to *Leonore*; the great soprano scena from *Fidelio*, to be sung by Mme. Bertha Johannsen; Seventh Symphony in A. Part II. Andante and Adagio from the *Prometheus* ballet; and the Choral Fantasia, with Mr. Perabo for pianist, a select choir from the Handel and Haydn Society, and orchestra. The Choral Fantasia, as it contains the germ of the choral symphony, will be interesting to hear so soon before the performance of that sublime work on the 19th.—The Ninth Symphony Concert, which was to have closed the series on the evening of the birthday itself (Saturday, the 17th), is postponed to Monday afternoon, Dec. 19, owing to the engagement of many members of the orchestra at the theatres on Saturday afternoon and evening. This concert will be given under the joint auspices of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Harvard Musical Association. The symphony will be preceded by a short first part, consisting of the overture to *Egmont*; quartet from *Fidelio*; Andante and Adagio from *Prometheus*; Hallelujah Chorus from *The Mount of Olives*.—It is more than probable that *Fidelio* will be given on the Saturday evening of the birthday (and possibly on other evenings of that week), by the united Eichings and Parepa English Opera Troupe at the Boston Theatre. They are to give it in New Haven next week.—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club, who will return to Boston in season to take part in these festivities, will, besides rejoining the orchestra, give a chamber concert of their own in honour of Beethoven, probably on the Friday evening, at the Piano Rooms of Mr. Russell Hallet, Tremont Street. The programme will consist of one of Beethoven's earlier piano trios, the entire septet, one of his latest (posthumous) quartets, and some songs.—Mr. Ernest Perabo has already announced his purpose of giving a Beethoven concert at Harvard Hall on the birthday (Saturday) at noon. Other artists, probably, have similar intentions, but their plans are not yet stated. Enough, however, is already sure to make a commemoration worthy of Beethoven and of Boston."

J. A. RÖCKEL.

There died at Cöthel, on December 19, Joseph August Röckel, at the age of 67. His name is known in connection with the introduction of German opera into England. The fact of his being a friend of Beethoven, and the Florestan selected for *Fidelio*, is matter of history, and will lend interest to a short sketch of his life. Born on August 28, 1783, at Neuenberg, in the Upper Palatinate, and originally intended for the Church, he enjoyed an education which proved the more serviceable to him, as, at twenty, he exchanged theology for diplomacy, entering the service of the Elector of Bavaria, as Secretary of Legation. On the outbreak of war between Bavaria and Austria in 1804, and the dissolution of the embassy at Salzburg, Röckel accepted an offer from the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, to be first tenor. Here his success was such that he decided on following up the operatic career. It was in the summer of 1805 that his "creation" of the part of Florestan gained him the recognition of Beethoven. In 1823, Franz I. appointed Röckel Professor of Singing at the Imperial Opera. In this capacity he produced some distinguished pupils, among whom was Henrietta Sontag. In 1828 he accepted the management of the Opera at Aix-la Chapelle. The year following he introduced German Opera in Paris, by means of a complete operatic company. In consequence of the success attending this scheme—the impression produced by his chorus being remarkable—Röckel remained in Paris till 1832, when Monk Mason, manager of the King's Theatre, induced him to try the same experiment in London. We still recollect the enthusiasm excited by this first introduction of German opera in England, and the impression produced by the first performance of *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz* and other masterpieces of the German school, with a company including Schröder-Devrient and Haitzinger, and, as conductor, Hummel (Röckel's brother-in-law). In 1839, Röckel withdrew from the theatre, but continued to follow up his career of musical usefulness in his adopted country. In 1853 he returned to his native land, to enjoy the well-earned fruits of his active life. B. E. E.

HAMBURGH.—In honour of the Centenary of Beethoven's birth, none but pieces of his composition were played at the third Philharmonic Concert on the 16th December. The *Sinfonia eroica*, and the third *Leonore*-Overture were executed in a spirited manner by the band. Mdlle. Clara Schumann played the E flat minor Concerto and the grand Variations in C minor. Mdlle. Marianne Brandt, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, sang the scene and air, "Ah, perfido," and three Scotch songs, with violin and violoncello accompaniment. This young lady, who is a pupil of Madame Viardot-Garcia, appeared, also, in *Fidelio*. Both in the concert-room and on the stage she was much applauded.

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THE THEATRES AT CHRISTMAS.

If we look over the long list of playhouses open at this the most theatrical season of the year, we shall find in Central London a still increasing tendency among managers to overlook the Christmas holidays as a time demanding any special kind of entertainment. There is, of course, a pantomime at Drury Lane, which is still really the people's theatre, and there is another at Covent Garden, which, having lost its nationality in other respects, elects to be ostentatiously national at Christmas. But here ends the list of pantomimes, as far as Central London is concerned. The Lyceum, which has sometimes been conspicuous as a third pantomimic theatre, is closed, and pilgrims in quest of harlequin beyond the precincts of the two "large houses" must cross the water or penetrate the remote suburbs.

A few years ago the absence of pantomime from a theatre open at Christmas would have implied a preference for burlesque, but now at many leading houses even the less national mode of celebrating the holidays has been abandoned. Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, is so perfectly satisfied with Mr. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* and Mr. Thorne Smith's sparkling comedietta, that he not only leaves his bill unaltered, but triumphantly calls attention to its unchanged condition. Mr. Halliday's *Nell* has taken up her abode at the Olympic, and does not consider the 25th of December as the quarter-day by which her lease is determinated. Mrs. John Wood, of the St. James's, and Miss Marie Wilton, of the Prince of Wales's, once set a high value on burlesque; but the former still continues to announce *Fernande*, the latter Mr. T. W. Robertson's successful comedy, *Ours*. Faithful to the "legitimate" cause ever since the production of Mr. Tom Taylor's *Arden and Crown*, the manager of the Queen's relies upon *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Mr. Phelps.

Some managers, not especially believing in the virtues of a particular day or week, but retaining a vague reverence for Christmas, have to anticipate the holidays. *Elisabeth*, which is now the burlesque at the Vandeville, and *Whittington*, which holds the same position at the Royalty, were both brought out some time ago. The practice of bringing out novelties on Christmas-eve, which was forbidden by the old theatrical law, but which has long been prevalent in the suburbs, has been this year adopted by two of the central houses. Besides, of course, Good Friday and Christmas-day, Ash-Wednesday is the only weekday throughout the year on which, by the existing law, theatres are peremptorily closed.

As the holiday-makers of the season necessarily comprise many semi-Puritans, who are ready to encourage every amusement that is not formally theatrical, the directors of non-theatrical places of entertainment are naturally astir. Foremost among these are the Christy's Minstrels, who have not lost one iota of their huge popularity, and who, as usual, celebrate Christmas not only by adding new songs to their programme, but during the present week abandon the Egyptian for the larger St. James's Hall, which is gorgeously adorned for the occasion, and perform twice a day. Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed have returned to the Gallery of Illustration, and Mr. Pepper, of the Polytechnic, has provided a goodly banquet of diversion and instruction, at which the tale of the Yellow Dwarf, as told by Mr. George Grossmith, jun., holds a conspicuous place. There is no wind so ill that it blows no good to the representatives of Madame Tussaud. The war, regarded everywhere else as a dire calamity, supplies Baker Street with several new and interesting figures.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

The annual choral festival in connection with this College took place at the Church of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, on Friday, the 16th inst. The choir comprised about one hundred voices from St. Paul's Cathedral, the Foundling Hospital, Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Lincoln's Inn Chapel, St. Michael's, Cornhill, St. George's, Bloomsbury, St. Andrew's, Holborn, &c., &c. The music used included an admirable service in B flat, by Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, which was first sung at the society's festival last year, and the three prize works of Mr. F. E. Gladstone, organist of Chichester Cathedral, who has carried off the whole of the prizes offered by the council during the present year. Mr. Gladstone's compositions consist of a very excellent hymn tune, a highly original anthem, and an exceedingly effective "Andante" for the organ. Mr. Gladstone himself presided at the organ, and his magnificent playing of Bach's Fugue in D minor, as a concluding voluntary, gave especial delight to many present. Mr. J. Hamilton Clarke's anthem, which took the first prize offered by the College in 1864, was also performed. Mr. Lumpa, Hon. Sec. conducted the music. Owing to the wet night, the congregation was not so large as on former occasions.—*The Choir* (*abridged*).

REGIO.—"Hi tenore Hemming," says *L'Europe*, of November 10th —"who possesses a sympathetic voice and sings with much sentiment, was encored in the duet with Nobini." The opera was *Don Pasquale*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society gave its sixth *soirée musicale* at St. George's Hall, on the 14th inst., and laid a very interesting programme before its guests. Here are some examples of the selections made:—Hummel's Pianoforte Trio in E was very well played by Mdlle. Bondy, Mr. Otto Booth, and M. Paque, and much applauded. Madame Eugene Oswald gave a pianoforte solo by Warzischek, and Miss Alice Mary Smith played, with Mr. Lazarus, her own clever Duo Concertante in A, for piano and clarionet. Other features of the evening were a capital violoncello solo by M. Paque, the singing of Miss José Sherrington and Herr Nordblom, and a solo on the pianoforte by Mdlle. Leonora Ferrari. Need we add that the company went away delighted with their entertainment.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This great and zealous body of amateurs was not likely to let the centenary of Beethoven's birth pass by without recognition. Consequently, on the eve of that event, a very fine performance was given, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, of the First Mass (in C) and the oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, Exeter Hall was crowded; and both Mass and Oratorio (about which we have nothing new to say) were heard with evident delight. That Sir Michael Costa directed the performance *con amore* it was easy to observe; and his example did wonders for those who acted under his guidance. The Mass (perhaps the most perfect in existence)—with Madame Sinico, Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, as the quartet of principal singers—was well performed throughout, the chorus doing their part admirably, and the orchestra being what it seldom fails to be under the direction of its most popular conductor. Rarely has the chorus of soldiers, or that in which the conflicting sentiments of the Saviour's persecutors and disciples are simultaneously put forth—one of the most striking and characteristic passages in the one oratorio of Beethoven—been delivered with more effect; and never, perhaps, has the splendid final chorus, which crowns Handel in his simple majesty, thundered as the hand of Beethoven is visible all through, been sung with more emphasis and precision. The solo vocalists in *The Mount of Olives* were Madame Sinico, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, who all did their very best, and succeeded accordingly. On the whole, this performance was worthy the occasion.

The first Christmas performance of the *Messiah*, on the 23d inst., was interesting, not merely on its own account, but because Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia sang the whole of the contralto music. Madame Sinico was the soprano; Mr. Kerr Gedge (in place of Mr. Vernon Rigby, who was indisposed), tenor; and Signor Foli, bass. The second *Messiah* performance was to take place last night, with Mr. Rigby as tenor, and Mr. Santley as bass—the ladies as on the first occasion.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for the kind notice you gave of my concert, Dec. 13th; at the same time, I must beg a correction of the statement respecting Miss Ehrenberg, who is not my pupil, but, with myself, a pupil of Herr Lehmeyer. The insertion of this in your next number will greatly oblige.—Yours, obediently,

3, *Camberwell Park, S.E., Dec.* 27. CHARLOTTE JAMES.

AN URGENT PROTEST.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Relying on your well-known courtesy, I take the liberty to acquaint the musical public through your greatly extended journal, that the reports which your contemporary, the *Musical Standard*, gives of my lectures on the Clavecin and Pianoforte, contain so much *nonsense* and *errors* that a most decided protest against *such* reporting is demanded in order to self-protection. The *Musical Standard's* reporter is either not blessed with a good hearing, or my pronunciation of English is so faulty, that the contrary of what I wished to say is understood. I must therefore beg a musical public not to judge of my lectures by the reports given in the *Musical Standard*.—I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

39c, *Onslow Square.* E. PAUER.

COLOGNE.—At the fourth Gürzenich Concert, dedicated to the memory of Beethoven, the programme comprised Overture, Op. 124; March and Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen*; Violin Concerto (Herr Singer); Pianoforte Fantasia (Herr Hiller); and the *Sinfonia eroica*.—The Philharmonic Society also devoted a concert to the same pious purpose, when the pieces were: Nachtmusic; E flat major Concerto (Herr Heymann), and C minor Symphony.

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J. S. DWIGHT ON CHRISTINE NILSSON.*

We had no room to give our notes in order on the Nilsson Concerts. Let us go back and gather up a few.

Of the second concert, the main feature was the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Of the music itself we could hardly venture an opinion, so absorbed were we in the wonderfully dramatic revelation of the singer and the actress. It showed a true and rare dramatic genius. Such an impersonation of Ophelia we have not seen before. Such swift and perfect changes of expression; the voice, the quality of tone always in quick sympathy with look and action; such alternation of violent mad mirth and wild despair and pretty maiden dreams of friends and love and pleasure; such beauty and such startling power of song, were worth going far to witness. And it was as a whole beautiful; whereas we commonly would rather turn away from these questionable stage imitations of the morbid anatomy of passion. She also sang the "Ave Maria" of Gounod (they have done mentioning Bach at all in this business!), in a high and pure religious style, nobly sustained by the violin *obbligato* of M. Vieuxtemps; and the "Last Rose of Summer," with Swedish dance air and "Old folks at home" for encores.

Third Concert, Monday, Nov. 7.—A tender and poetic French air ("Kennst du das Land?") from Thomas's *Mignon*, sung with refined and subdued feeling, and the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*, were her principal selections. The latter was given on her part with such thrilling vocal and dramatic power and intensity, that we almost enjoyed the hackneyed scene for once. Brignoli, outside, sang the tenor solo, with chorus of monks, entirely too loud; nor were the sounds subdued to due proportion in the repetition which was wildly insisted upon.

Fourth Concert, Nov. 8.—Best programme of the whole series. Mdlle. Nilsson sang two arias by Mozart: first, the recitative and air, "Non più di fiori" from *Tito*, with clarionet *obbligato*—(it was a pretty, but a silly freak, however, to drag the clarionet to the front); and then, for encore, Cherubino's song, "Voi che sapete." Both were sung with pure artistic style and feeling, although our "east wind" had been trifling with the singer's throat. The recitative was truly noble. But first, in charming contrast, we should have mentioned the airy, playful duet by Blangini (better known in parlours here some two score years ago), which she sang in *sotto voce* with Signor Brignoli. It was lady-like grace and playfulness itself. Here voice and smile were one. The tenor, too, did well in the little responsive phrase. "And Robin Gray" was sung with such a power and truth of pathos, as we have not heard before since Jenny Lind.

Meinder, Saturday, Nov. 12.—Enormous crowd. Programme mostly repetitions. For Nilsson, "Angels ever bright and fair," which we liked better this time; Ophelia's mad scene; ballads as usual ("Home," Declecarlian dance, "Old Folks").

Sixth, Nov. 14.—This time Nilsson sang the "King of Thule," ballad, and the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's *Faust*,—not in her best spirit, something had ruffled its serenity; also in the quartet from *Martha*—rather a weak selection. But she was saving herself, no doubt, for the great effort, "Let the bright Seraphim," in which, as we have said, she showed a sustained power and splendour of voice which she had been keeping in reserve till then. The effect was electric.

Seventh.—Grandest of all Nilsson's efforts was the great dramatic scene of Beethoven, "Ah, perfido," in which she sounded the whole gamut of passion. It was given with orchestra, of course, and was felt, we think, by all to be an instance of great and noble singing. Surely the response of the entire audience both after this and after the Mozart arias should encourage the management to put in their programmes more of the music which is most worthy of a noble singer. Rossini's "Una voce" was also sung by her in a most sparkling, subtile, and enchanting style, with quite a dash of originality.

The closing *matinée* was rather a sentimental, popular farewell occasion. "Let the bright Seraphim" (even better than before), and the "Miserere" scene were repeated. For the rest Mdlle. Nilsson sang only ballads—the same three or four that have figured in all her concerts. We never heard ballad singing which we liked better; but the variety was certainly too limited. Why not more Swedish melodies?

* From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.

ESSLINGEN.—A anti-factory performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalia* was recently given by the Oratorio Association.

BONN.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, Mdlles. Unschgens and Schreck, took part in the Beethoven Anniversary performance on the 17th Dec., when the programme consisted of Overture, Op. 124; Prologue, by Herr Simrock; March with Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen*; C minor Concerto; "Kyrie" and "Gloria" from the Mass in C major; and the 8th Symphony.

ABOUT NILSSON.

(*From the "Providence" Press.*)

Nilsson made a great impression in Boston, both in private and in public. There has been some damaging criticism upon her singing, but it does not represent the sentiment of the public at large, nor of the most intelligent class of the music-loving public. The enormous success of the concerts, in a pecuniary sense, represented the opinion of the general public pretty fully. No artist who has ever visited Boston, save Jenny Lind, has been able to draw so much money. Nilsson received many attentions from our best people. She was several times visited by Longfellow and others of the Boston *literati*, and on one occasion dined at Longfellow's residence in Cambridge, with a choice company. She also had personal friends in Boston, one a young lady now married and living in the vicinity of Arlington Street, who was a schoolmate in Paris, at Madame Collinet's establishment, where many wealthy young American ladies have been educated. She has found some of her schoolmates in nearly every city she has visited. A young Swedish workman in the organ factory of the Messrs. Hook, was a youthful schoolmate of the now great *cantatrice* in their native land. He called upon her one day, and was very heartily received, and the two, it is said, chatted a long time over the reminiscences of their childhood. Mdlle. Nilsson speaks English fluently, as might be gathered from her singing of English ballads. She seems to have a genuine affection for Stephen Foster's ballad of "The Old Folks at Home," which she sang at nearly every concert, and which she invariably gives with a degree of sadness and plaintiveness that lifts the homely song into positive sublimity. It doubtless reminds her of her own far-off home. Her singing of this song challenged the admiration of even such a fastidious critic as Mr. John S. Dwight, and here let me add that one of the best estimates of Mdlle. Nilsson yet written in this country proceeded from his pen. Nilsson is very charitable, it is said, and gives away much money among her poor countrymen and others. She is beset the while time, however, as every public artist is sure to be, by charity beggars, and besought to give her services in behalf of every sort of a charitable undertaking.

Her concert in North Bridgewater in behalf of the Swedish church at that place was a very generous act, both on her part and the members of her *troupe*. It netted nearly 2,500 dollars, a sum sufficient to finish the church and place the society, which is made up almost wholly of poor Swedish shoemakers and their families, entirely out of debt. Her country people were very grateful to her, and entertained their appreciation of her generosity in the most extravagant manner. When she returned to the cars the pastor of the society presented to her a Swedish prayer-book. I chanced to meet her in the evening after her return from the Bridgewater concert. She talked in the most animated manner of the affair, alluding very modestly, however, to the part she had borne in it.

Nilsson's engagement with the brothers Strakosch (both Max, who is in this country and manages the concerts, and Maurice, the brother-in-law of Adelina and Carlotta Patti, who is in Europe, are combined in the enterprise) is for one hundred nights at *five thousand dollars a night in gold, and an equal share of the receipts after four thousand dollars*. The latter provision gives her half as much again as her salary amounts to, so that by singing four times a week, which is about the average she receives some fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars a night.

At one of the Boston concerts the receipts were nearly nine thousand dollars, which gave her considerable over three thousand dollars as her share, and the average receipts of the eight concerts were considerably over five thousand dollars per night. The great part of the four thousand dollars goes over to pay the heavy expenses of the management in other directions. He has several other expensive artists on his hands and must also expend large sums for advertising, printing, agents, travelling, etc. Nevertheless the managers of the Nilsson concerts will probably clear one hundred thousand dollars by their speculation, while Nilsson herself will be able to swell her bank account to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand. Mdlle. Nilsson has a smart and active agent, Mr. Henry C. Jarrett (not the well-known New York manager but an eminent operatic manager and agent of London), who looks closely after her interests. She also has a travelling companion, Mrs. Richardson, a devout English lady, who was formerly connected with Madame Collinet's school, and who has accompanied her since she first went on the stage. The fair Swede is much pleased with America and with Boston especially, and it is extremely probable that she would arrange to prolong her stay beyond the allotted time, but for an imperative engagement which takes her to London in April.

WE learn from the *Utica Morning Herald* (U.S.) of the 9th inst, the important news that General Tom Thumb is in England.

MILAN.—The *Trovatore* writes as follows:—

"The tenor Hemaing is a *débutante* with a voice sympathetic and delicate; he sings in excellent style and when he shall have better learnt the Italian language he will be able to anticipate a brilliant career."

BRESLAU.—The fifth Concert of the Orchestral Union commenced with a Beethoven Overture, founded upon motives from the great composer's works, by Herr Ed. Lassen. The overture was exceedingly well received. Dr. Damrosch was vehemently applauded and recalled for his execution of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Palace pantomime is written by Mr. H. B. Farnie, and entitled *Gulliver; or, Harlequin Brobdignag, the Fairy Enterprise, and the Demon Bowwow.* Miss Caroline Parkes personates Gulliver. In the first scene the reckless youth makes his way into the kennel of Snarleyyow (Mr. Yarnold). He is threatened by this fiend, but the Fairy Enterprise (Miss Cole) releases him. Gulliver resolves to emigrate, but, before making final arrangements, goes down to Wapping to see his sweetheart, Saccharissa Sugarplum (Miss Thirlwall). The young lady is persecuted by two fine gentlemen of the period, Sir Lardy Dardy Doo and Captain Jinks (Miss Clara Shelley and Miss G. Chir). Saccharissa's father, Alderman Sugarplum (Mr. Arthur Williams), advises Gulliver for a son-in-law, and the scapegrace of Wapping has another trouble to fight against in the untiring pursuit of the Sheriff (Mr. Marshall. Gulliver's mother (Mr. Friend) belabours her son's pursuers, and after a scrimmage at Wapping the scene closes, and Gulliver is next seen wandering through the capital of Lilliput, the country of the pigmies. This scene of the distant city, the bridges, the river, and the palace, is very picture-que. A great many small boys and girls are employed to represent the Lilliputian army and populace. The somnolent Gulliver is made captive by tiny policemen, and astonishes the Emperor (Master Percy Roselle) and the whole of his subjects by bursting his bonds with ease. The review of miniature troops, and the introduction of the small engines with their attendants are particular features. Brobdignag is next presented, and in the palace Gulliver defies the Giant King. His mother and Master Sugarplum have visited the island, been captured, and made into a pie, but our hero appearing soon inspires vigour into the captives. The upshot is that Gulliver gets taken prisoner, in prison he has to do fearful battle with cats, but when things have come to the worst the transformation takes place, which is very effective, and is elaborately constructed. It has one change—from a cool green water cave to a fanciful landscape, glowing with golden colour and studded with fairies, which is a brilliant success. The transformation is elaborately contrived, and enough to ensure the success of the pantomime. The comic business is never dull, thanks to Mr. Boleno, who has arranged this part of the entertainment. A bed room scene full of practical joking causes hearty mirth. There is no doubt that *Gulliver* will prove a greater hit than any other pantomime yet produced at the Palace. Christmas decorations are very plentiful about the building, and the interior presents a gay and animated appearance. The Christmas tree is, of course, loaded with trinkets.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—Speaking of the fourth Museum Concert, the correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* observes that, on the announcement that Madame Artôt-Padilla and her husband were engaged for the occasion there was such a demand for tickets that the stock was quickly exhausted. "Despite this," the writer goes on to say, "their engagement struck us as being neither a necessity, nor calculated to advance the high-art objects of the Institutions. The inhabitants of Frankfort had enjoyed every opportunity of hearing the two artists, who had then appeared nine times in opera, the regular sphere of their exertions and of their triumphs. This rendered it doubtful whether they would have anything new to offer us. It was, indeed, equally doubtful whether they would feel at all at home in the domain of classical music—the great aim and end of these concerts. The result proved that our opinion was not an erroneous one. Without her admirable singing of Rode's Variations, to which, in obedience to an uproarious demand, she added the extraordinary popular but somewhat too often heard, Mandolinata, we already knew that Madame Artôt was a first-class *bravura* singer. The air, 'Verdi Prati,' from Handel's opera of *Alcina*, though beautifully composed, and though tenderly and feelingly sung by the lady, was not calculated to produce any particular impression. The well-known charming duet, between the Countess and Susanna, from *Le Nozze* was indisputably loses in effect when withdrawn from the stage and detached from the story, and when, moreover, it is given to a German audience in Spanish; more especially, if it has not become part and parcel of the singers, but is read by them from music. Stanziori's Romance, sung by Señor Padilla alone, with great feeling and delicacy, as well as the Spanish duet, 'Los Estudiantes,' sung by him in company with his wife, who herself played the pianoforte accompaniment, was not at all adapted to these concerts. Except in the one case mentioned, the public were exceedingly moderate in their appreciation." The orchestral pieces, under the direction of Herr Muller, suffered in no way from juxtaposition with the vocal "stars" of the evening. They were, on the contrary, listened to most attentively, and vigorously applauded, especially the first movement of the unfinished Symphony in B minor, by Schubert, and Weber's overture to *Oberon*. The other pieces were Haydn's Symphony in B flat major, and Spohr's overture to the opera of *Der Berggeist*.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Christmas performance of Handel's sacred masterpiece was given by this society, on Monday evening. Though the concert was shorn of one of its attractions, by the absence of Mr. Vernon Rigby, on account of sore throat, the interest of the event brought together an immense audience, whose satisfaction was testified by frequent applause. The orchestra comprised a band and chorus of 300 performers, with the following principal vocalists:—Mdme. Vanzini, Mdme. Patey, Mr Wilford Morgan, and Signor Foli. Mr. W. C. Stockley, as usual, conducted, and the organist was Mr. Stimpson. The execution of the choruses left little or nothing to desire on the score either of precision or expression, as will be readily understood; and though the society's band has not yet attained perfection, it is chosen with such care, and is so well disciplined, as not to be easily matched out of London. In general, the unity and precision of the choral singing were quite in keeping with the reputation of the choir, but in one or two instances, some slip in the orchestral accompaniment caused momentary unsteadiness. This was especially noticeable in "He trusted in God," and "All we like sheep." In the "Hallelujah," defects were clearly referable to the inequalities of the accompaniment.

Mr. Wilford Morgan was necessarily at a disadvantage in undertaking at short notice the principal tenor music, but he acquitted himself on the whole very fairly. His voice is one of considerable power; and though he failed to produce a great effect in the "Passion" music, he won and deserved considerable applause by the spirit and judgment displayed in the other tenor solos, especially "Thou shalt break them." Mdme. Vanzini confirmed the very favourable impression produced by recent performances here, and successfully overcame the prejudice with which a section of the Handel loving public are wont to regard the efforts of every new aspirant in this trying part. Her brilliant voice and finished execution are admirably suited in "Rejoice greatly," which she sang with immense effect, but by far her most successful effort was in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to the fervour and majesty of which she did full justice. Indeed, the success of this latter performance was so great that with difficulty the fair vocalist resisted the encore which the repeated acknowledgments of the applause merely served to stimulate renewed demonstrations. Mdme. Patey's singing has been so often and deservedly eulogized that we can really find nothing new to say about it. She gave "He shall feed His flock," with exquisite tenderness, and nothing could well exceed the fervour and pathos of "He was despised." Signor Foli in "Why do the Nations," displayed great vigour and dramatic spirit, as in "The people that walked in darkness," and "The trumpet shall sound." The quartets in the third part were unsteady, and one phrase was actually left unfinished.

Prague.—A new comic opera, *Der St. Nicolaus*, music by M. Kopkoschny, words by M. Sabina, has been favourably received at the National Theatre.—The concert given by the Conservatory in honour of Beethoven's Centenary (!) was certainly not the best got up with the same object, but, at any rate, for originality, the programme was unrivalled. It contained three pieces for the oboe and the double bass, by other composers, and only two comparatively unimportant compositions by Beethoven himself. Assuredly, the science of "How not to do it," is in a flourishing state in the Hungarian capital.

Breslau.—The following compositions by Beethoven were performed during the "Festival Week" just devoted to celebrating the Centenary of his birth. 1. Sunday, the 11th December, in the Thomas-Kirche, by Riedel's Verein, *Missa Solemnis*, Op. 123. 2. Monday, the 12th, in the Conservatory, song by Gellert: "Gott, deine Güte;" Sonata for Pianoforte, Op. 109, E major; Trio, Op. 97, B flat major; "Abendlied für eine Singstimme;" "Elegischer Gesang" for four voices; Menuet and Finale from the Stringed Quartet in C major, Op. 59, No. 3. 3. Tuesday, the 13th, Chamber Music in the Gewandhaus: Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, G major, Op. 30, No. 3, Quartet for Stringed Instruments, C sharp minor, Op. 131; Sonata for Pianoforte, E minor, Op. 90; Septet, Op. 20. 4. Wednesday, the 14th, in the Theatre, music to *Egmont*. 5. Thursday, the 15th, Concert at the Gewandhaus:—Overture to *Coriolan*; "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," Op. 112; Triple Concerto; Ninth Symphony. 6. Friday, the 16th. In the Theatre, *Die Ruinen von Athen*; *Die Grabkapelle des Feandiliens*, ballet. 7. Saturday, the 17th. In the Theatre: *Fidelio*. It may, moreover, be mentioned that, on the 11th December, the Amateur Orchestral Union performed the overture, No. 1, to *Leonore*, and the music to *Egmont*; while the concert of Chamber Music, given on the 15th December, by Riedel's Verein, was especially devoted to the great master; the pieces executed being Stringed Quartet, F minor, Op. 95; Pianoforte Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111; Liederkreis aus die ferne Geliebte; and the Quartet in C sharp minor.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINTH CONCERT WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9TH, 1871.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in E flat, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame Sebastyan, MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti .. .. *Schumann.*

RECIT. and AIR, "Tyrannie love" (by desire)—Herr Stockhausen .. *Handel.*

SONATA, in C sharp minor (The Moonlight), for Pianoforte alone—Madame Sebastyan (Wilhelmina Clauss) .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

PRELUDE, ALLEMANDE, and COURANTE, in D major, for Violoncello alone—Signor Piatti .. .. *Bach.*

SONGS, { "Der Neugierige" .. .. *Schubert.*
{ "Widmung" .. .. *Schumann.*

Herr Stockhausen.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 10, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti .. .. .. *Mozart.*

Conductor .. .. .. Mr. BENEDICT.

Both Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—Mr. Santley has only played three parts at the Gaiety—Zampa, Tom Tug, and Fra Diavolo.

SIR HUGH HOUGH.—No. Mercadante was born in 1796, Rossini in 1792, Meyerbeer in 1794, Auber in 1784. The English poet who was born in the same year as Rossini was Shelley. Mozart died in 1791.

SIR CAPEL O'CONAY.—By no means whatever. The actual and pious King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany *in posse*, is not nearly so musically, or, indeed, in any way artistically, given as his late enthusiastic brother, to whom we owe the *Antigone*, *Œdipus*, and *Athalie* of Mendelssohn.

A. YELLOWHAMMER.—The date of Mercadante's death was that of Beethoven's birth—December 17; the date of Sterndale Bennett's birth was that of Handel's death—April 13. Rossini, although he lived to a ripe old age, had very few birthdays; he was born on February 29. "Yellowhammer" has simply muddled his facts.

A. T.—The verses of "A. T." are wonderfully graphic, but their immediate publication might possibly crush the new speculation in the bud, which would do less good than harm to the new speculation, which would rather at this juncture have good done to it than harm, and which we have reason to believe has had no reason hitherto to feel grieved at any expressed opinion of "A. T.," which must be a consolation to "A. T." for the non-insertion of his verses.

PISCATOR.—There have been young lovers and young lovers—Romeo, the Chevalier de Grieux, Muller's young Miller, also the hero of his *Winter Journey*, and now the hero of *The Window*, or, *The Songs of the Wrens*, for which A. S. Sullivan has supplied music to the Laureate. Moreover, Othello was a lover; and surely so was Antony. We might multiply instances, but decline. Nevertheless, Paul was in love with Virginia. There have been young lovers and young lovers. Clive, for instance (not to multiply instances), was in love with Ethel (both Newcomes)—yes sorely in love; and so was Nemorino with Adina, Ravenswood with Lucy of Lammermoor, and (not to multiply instances), others with others. There have been (and are now) young lovers and young lovers.

HORACE MAYHEW.—Our correspondent must consult a certain poet. "*Si ci va di galantomen, dis el Prina sparagnand, obbligato dell aria!*"

ALDERMAN BEST.—Certainly not. It was not Tintoretto, but Leonardo da Vinci. Cimarosa was not even born; and Baptista Porta could have had no more to say to the matter than Cornelius Agrippa.

DEATHS.

On December 17, at Naples, MERCADANTE, the well-known composer.

On Christmas Day, Mr. THOMAS BRAWER, Hon. Sec., Sacred Harmonic Society, and Secretary to the City of London School.

On December 24, HENRI SCHMIDLIN, brother-in-law to Mr. JOSEPH WILLIAMS, music publisher, Berners Street.

On December 22, at Upper Norwood, WILLIAM CROZIER, 1st Oboe of the Crystal Palace and other orchestras.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1870.

SIMPLY GOSSIP.

'TIS Christmas time, and we don't feel in the humour for serious disquisitions. Why should we? Nobody would read such things just now, were they written with ever so eloquent a pen. But this, though a sufficient, is not the actual reason why we decline the rostrum and prefer the seat of the gossip. It suits our fancy so to do; and, really, if a "leader" may not unbend at such a season as the present, the case is hard enough to justify recalcitrance, in the form of an unbending determination to unbend willy-nilly. We shall, therefore, "gang our ain gate," which leads us in the direction of a very easy chair, and free and easy utterances.

Great defeat of the Germans in the North, it seems;—not in the French North (though that may come one of these fine days), but in the Scotch North. We reported the invasion of "Caledonia stern and wild," by a band of Berlin fiddlers and trumpeters, when it took place a few weeks ago, and indulged hopes of their speedy expulsion. If what we hear be true, the end has come very quickly indeed, and the enemy will either have to disperse or take himself off *en masse* to the place whence he came. Let us hope for the latter course, because the former would surely result in a descent upon the plains of the South. Only fancy such an accession to the Teutonic guerillas already in our midst! Why, good gracious!—it would realize the Prophet Joel's description of the northern locusts. Besides, there are quite enough who come south from Borean climes already. We look to see "blue bonnets over the border"—they merely obey a natural law of gravitation; but the smoke of German meerschaums on the summit of the Cheviots—faugh! Go home, then, worthy fiddlers and trumpeters from the much be-trumpeted Vaterland. You may be needed there, not to play, but to join the "Wacht am Rhein."

Who are the Moray Minstrels? Are they amateur relatives of the Christy's? Do they black their faces—and, when bones and banjo are silent, ask each other conundrums? Not to know the Moray Minstrels may be to argue ourselves unknown; nevertheless we must frankly acknowledge that state of ignorance. It seems, however, that there are such people, and that they give "smoking concerts," whereat the sedative influence of tobacco presumably counteracts the irritation of minstrelsy, and keeps both mind and body in a state of equilibrium. A "smoking concert" took place on Beethoven's birthday; and the Moray Minstrels observed the feast by singing, in lugubrious concord of heart and voice, "*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.*" Moreover, they put their programme into

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mourning. Does this seem odd? If so, we hasten to remove so entirely false an impression. The Moray Minstrels did perfectly right, and acted with a just appreciation of what was due from them. Beethoven and "minstrelsy" are like children playing at see-saw; when one goes up, up, up, the other of necessity goes down, down, down. At present, as everybody knows, the master is in the ascendant, and there is danger that the "minstrels" will have to wash their faces. No wonder they lift up their voices and weep, while surrounding fumes speak eloquently of cloudy prospects. By the way, how did the "White Lilies of the Prairie" behave under the provocation of a Beethoven centenary? Did they, also, put on sackcloth, and smoke?

Monsieur Hervé has cropped up again, both at the Gaiety and at Covent Garden. We are glad of it. Is there not an old saying to the effect that nobody can escape eating a "peck of dirt?" Well, it might be inconvenient to take one's allowance of "matter in the wrong place" at a sitting; but, since we must have M. Hervé, by all means let the affair be got over as soon as possible, unless, indeed, the composer of *Chilperic* will confine his energy to illustrating pantomimes. We can tolerate him once a year, along with Dutch metal.

That is a very charming volume to which Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Sullivan, in conjunction with certain nameless but artistic "operatives," have set their hands. It will receive more extended notice by-and-by, but, meanwhile, the beauty of it may give a theme for Christmas gossip. Poet, musician, and handicraftsman have combined to produce if not "a joy for ever," certainly a joy for as long as paper and binding last. Another pretty contribution to the store of Christmas gifts is the book of "National Nursery Rhymes," issued by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. All the familiar stories which amused our ancestors when the world was young, and will be laughed at when the world is old, are in it, set to congenial music by Mr. J. W. Elliot, and illustrated by pictures calculated to send the nursery into a trance of admiration. If anybody were likely to make us a present of the volume, we would even wish ourselves young again for its sake. Last, and not least, we have to thank Mr Henry Leslie for his extremely pleasant "Musical Annual," in which he gives us music of his own, music by Henry Smart (always thrice welcome), and illustrations by Millais, Marcus Stone, Val Prinsep, &c.—a most acceptable Christmas offering.

Talking of youth reminds us of how the years pass by. When these lines are read, 1870 will have but a few hours to live, and, dying, will give place to 1871. Let the old year go. It broke the promise of its first fair days—grew up into a thing of horror, "with garments rolled in blood," and now leaves a terrible legacy to its young successor. The outlook of the latter may be gloomy; but there is always hope in the unknown, and 1871, born amid storm and trouble, may die amid peace and joy. "So mote it be," above all in the experience of our readers, for whom our wish that the new year may be "happy" is not one of the empty "compliments of the season."

THE performances of Italian *opera buffa* at the Lyceum Theatre commence on Monday, with Rossini's *Italiana in Algieri*, a charming work too seldom heard. Signor Bottesini's *Ali Baba*, one of the most important novelties of the season, is, we are informed, in active preparation.

THE fifth season of the London Ballad Concerts, directed by Mr. John Boosey, commences on Wednesday evening, with a programme full of attractions. Six concerts are to be given on the first six Wednesdays in the New Year. No entertainments of the kind—and, indeed, Mr. John Boosey may be said to have invented this kind of entertainment—could possibly be conducted with more spirit, or better deserve public support.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE death is announced of Mr. Thomas Brewer, secretary of the City of London School. Mr. Brewer, born in 1807, at the age of sixteen entered the service of the Corporation of London, in the Town Clerk's office, and at the time of his death was senior servant of the Corporation. Mr. Brewer was elected secretary to the City of London School in 1836. In recognition of his services the freedom of the City was awarded to him in 1842. He was one of the founders of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in 1832, and its honorary secretary from that date until the commencement of the present season, when he was elected president, at the death of Mr. Harrison.

MERCADANTE died at Naples, at 7 a.m., on the 17th December, after a short illness having been struck by apoplexy on the 25th of November. The infirmities of age rendered him less active of late years, though his mind retained considerable vigour and fertility. Saverio Mercadante was born on the 4th of December, 1796, at Altamura, in the province of Bari, and belonged to a family in easy circumstances. From early youth he gave indications of musical talent which decided his future career. He was entered pupil in the College of Music at San Pietro a Majella, Naples, where he was educated under Zingarelli. He was still a pupil when he wrote his first two operas for Rome and Milan, and his success was such that he was specially commissioned to write for San Carlo at Naples. After this he visited Paris, Spain, Madrid, and other cities. For many years he occupied a post of authority at Novara, until in 1840 he succeeded Zingarelli, as Director of the College of San Pietro a Majella, over which institution he has presided ever since, except during a short interval when he incurred the displeasure of Ferdinand II. by his liberal tendencies. Mercadante lost his sight in 1861. He was the author of nearly a hundred pieces for the theatre, and produced a large number of sacred pieces and much chamber music. His funeral was solemnized on the 17th December.

MELBOURNE papers publish a letter from Mr. Sothern, in reply to a previous hint he should visit Australia. The writer says:—

"I should lose a good 16 weeks in the passages to and fro. That loss of time means to me a loss of £1,800—call it even £4,000. That amount has to be considered when making an engagement, for I leave a certainty here to run the risk of an unbounded uncertainty there. The public has nothing to do with this, you'll say; but I have, and as mine is the risk, so am I naturally anxious to lessen that risk as much as possible. *Ergo*, unless I see my way to a probability of making three times as much in Australia as I can do in England I should be unwise in leaving home."

Bravissimo! my Lord Dundreary. We are quite of your opinion.

WE extract the following from the admirable series of letters now publishing in *Punch*, under the heading of "Strawberry Leaves," and signed "Horace Walpole":—

"You Continentals behave so decorously in the theatre, that you will scarcely understand that in London it is the fashion with sundry persons to chatter and jabber in private boxes, to the annoyance of the audience and the disturbance of the actors. A few nights ago, one of our cleverest leading actresses had to come down to the footlights, and publicly complain that such interruptions, from a certain box, made it impossible for her to do justice to her part. But vulgarians are not a new invention. I remember seeing Mdme. Vestris, who was playing Apollo in *Midas*, walk deliberately up to a box, in which sat a chattering old she-creature in a turban, and sang point-blank at her, Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue.' The audience shouted the box party out of the house. Aristocrat though I am, I have no patience with aristocratic insolence. There is the excuse that by audacious puffs and untruthful criticism folks may have been lured to a play, said to be good, and they find it is bad. Then they can go away, and not disturb those for whom it is good enough. No, sir, that is not quite an answer. They may not have ordered their carriage for an hour or more. Besides, if a man sells me a rotten apple over his counter, must I not say it is rotten for fear of annoying other folks who are content to munch his trash? But the fact is, the sort of people who make disturbances are the last people to know whether a piece is good or bad, or if they knew earlier in the evening, they are seldom competent to judge at the time they come in. The words of Mercury would be harsh after the popping of the corks of Bacchus. I wish the pit would try a bombardment of oranges."

It is easy enough to guess who is the author of these letters. Nothing better, if so good, has been done in their way since Thackeray's *Esmond*.

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We all remember the tenor, Brignoli, at the Royal Italian Opera, playing, with Madame Fioretti, in *Martha* and other operas. In America, Brignoli is not only a favourite with the public, but he frequently brings actions for damages against railroad companies, wins them, and has to wait indefinitely. Here is a fresh instance, which we borrow from the self-illumined pages of the *Cincinnati Chronicle*:—

"The tenor of Signor Brignoli's present life runs largely towards damage suits against railroads. He has just recovered over seven thousand dollars for injuries received in an accident near Logansport, Ind. But he has not yet got the money—only the judgment. Some of these Western railroads make very fast runs, but the scale of their payments for injuries is rather more *moderato* than *crescendo*."

Brignoli is known to be an "original," but it is doubtful whether he will be content to put up with a simple "judgment."

A CRITIC writing in the *Utica Morning Herald* (U. S.), compares M. Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull, and says:—

"Vieuxtemps' violin is above praise from us. In the matter of execution, we think he is equal if not superior to Ole Bull. But he is not as massive and grand. He plays with feeling and delicacy—often with real fervour—but he lacks Ole Bull's power. In his sphere however, it is doubtful if he has a peer."

Massiveness, grandeur, power, and Ole Bull! What a combination! With Vieuxtemps playing second fiddle to it, moreover! Are they not wonderful critics out Utica way?

ALTHOUGH new theatres are cropping up luxuriously in every quarter of London and the suburbs, with the sole exception of the City, and although theatrical patents now belong to not very modern history, there are still numbers of Her Majesty's subjects who do not believe they really "go to the play" save when they patronize Drury Lane, where the actors, reverring ancient tradition, yet boast that they are "Her Majesty's servants." At Yuletide the persons entertaining this conviction are especially conspicuous for, though high tragedy and pantomime comedy have disappeared from boards once consecrated to "legitimacy," the truly national drama, the Christmas pantomime, survives in full vigour, and this, in many minds, is associated with the theatre that, in spite of many vicissitudes, remains an exceptionally national institution. As the Dutchman who, as a rule abstaining from theatrical enjoyments, makes a point of seeing Vondel's *Gysbrecht van Amstel* on New Year's Day, so does many a Briton, who despises all plays save those of Shakspere, which he does not read, make a principle of beholding a Christmas pantomime performed in a "large house." A stern belief that pudding and pantomime are essential to the ceremonies wherewith we celebrate one of the most important festivals of the Church, has long been deeply implanted in the breast of every genuine Cockney, and within the last few years the faith in Harlequin has been diffused over provinces where previously pudding alone was revered as the Christmas symbol. The audience of Boxing-night is not as other audiences, nor must the foreigner, relying on the evidence of St. Stephen's Day, infer that the English people generally look upon an overture played in the orchestra as an accompaniment to a vocal performance in the gallery. It is in the holiday week only that the "gods" vouchsafe to supply words to instrumental music, and on "Boxing-night," from the topmost seats of a house crowded to suffocation, they usually perform that musical duty to admiration.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR. J. B. BOLTON, a new candidate for vocal honours, has recently given a series of four operatic and ballad concerts at the North Brixton Hall, assisted by Miss Pelham, Miss H. Pelham, Miss F. Taylor, Messrs. Stanley Mayo, G. F. Tear, Wade Thirlwall, F. Cramer, Lansdowne Cottell, and others. Mr. Bolton is young, but, evidently, knows how to use a good baritone voice. During the series he sung a varied selection of operatic songs and ballads, which proved that his repertory is far from limited.

MR. AGUILAR'S last performances of pianoforte music, on Dec. 15th, consisted of the following compositions:—

Sonata Pastorale (Beethoven); Aréthuse, Melody (Aguilar); Fantasia-Impromptu (Chopin); Arabesks (Schumann); Study in E flat (Thalberg); Four hand Sonata (Aguilar). Miss Grace Aguilar and Mr. Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn); Fantasia on *Faust* (Aguilar); Le Soir, Nocturne (Heumel), Esmeralda, Morceau caractéristique (Aguilar), Miss Grace Aguilar; Dream Dance, Couleur de Rose, Galop brillant (Aguilar).

PROVINCIAL.

COALBROOKDALE.—MR. John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, with remarkable success. A correspondent writes:—

"The Lecture Hall was well filled by an audience who warmly appreciated a programme which included a sonata by Beethoven, an impromptu by Schubert, Weber's 'Capriccio,' Sterndale Bennett's 'Musical Sketches,' and some pieces by Prudent, Brissac, &c. Miss Jessie Royd sang, with charming expression, Macfarren's 'The Golden Heart,' and Benedict's 'Rock me to sleep;' and gave the Scotch ballad, 'Within a mile o' Edinboro' town,' with arch vivacity. Mrs. John Macfarren was much applauded throughout the evening, and by general desire repeated one of her brilliant solos, Brissac's fantasia, 'Scotia.'"

LEEDS.—We take the following from the *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligence* of Dec. 22nd:—

"The opening of the organ erected in the Methodist Chapel, Woodhouse Lane, by Messrs. W. Holt & Son, of Leeds and Edinburgh, took place last night. The instrument, which, compared with others in the town, ranks about third in size, will cost, when fully completed, about £800; and contains 35 stops. On the great organ there are ten stops, of which the claribel and the harmonic flute are very fine, whilst the sesquialtera and doublette are remarked by all. Best is very brilliant in tone. On the swell organ, containing 20 stops, the stop diapason and the karaulophon are particularly beautiful. The instrument is provided with the unusual number of eight couplers. It is provided with Holt's patent touch, and is blown by hydraulic pressure, also Holt's patent. Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, presided last night; and the programme was eminently qualified to demonstrate the capabilities and varied beauties of the instrument, and we are glad to add that the organ gave satisfaction, whilst Mr. Best acquitted himself admirably. Mr. Best, we understand, expressed a very high opinion of the merits of the organ."

DUNDEE.—This town has been enjoying a very musical Christmas, what with two orchestral concerts, a *Messiah* performance, and other smaller doings. Of the first-named we read:—

"The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's 'Pastoral' symphony, his overture to *Fidelio*, No. 4. Nicolai's overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Weber's *Jubel*. Great neatness of execution, careful management of details, and true expression, characterized the symphony performance. The overtures were also well played, and full opportunity was given to judge of the merits of compositions hitherto unknown to the local public. Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Byron were the vocalists. Both sang two solos. Through some mischance the instrumental parts for Madame Rudersdorff's chief effort, *Medea*, had not reached the town, and we had to listen to Rudegger's composition as sung to the pianoforte accompaniment of Herr Rothfeldt. Encored for 'Lucinda's' She never told her love,' Madame Rudersdorff substituted an Irish ballad. As almost the only light piece of the evening, it was acceptable to the audience. Mr. Byron's solos were 'Il mio Tesoro,' and a ballad from Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah*—the latter a melody in the Gounod style, richly set with operatic harmonies after Spohr and his school. Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor was played by Herr Rothfeldt and the band. Mr. Carl Hamilton played a remarkably neat fantasia on Scotch airs on the violoncello. On this occasion he excelled himself."

BELFAST.—The local *Evening Telegraph* speaks as follows about a concert recently given by Dr. Leo Kerbusch:—

"The programme consisted of selections from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Macfarren, Pinsuti, Kerbusch, &c.; the feature of the evening being an original cantata by Dr. Kerbusch—*In the beginning was the Word*. This work reflects great credit on the author. Freshness and variety mark the entire composition. The opening chorus is succeeded by a recitative and solo for the bass, which Mr. Wood, a favourite in Belfast, rendered in a finished manner. A tenor solo follows, which was sung by Mr. Thackeray. This gentleman who possesses a fine round voice, of considerable compass, sang the part allotted to him with taste and finish. A duet for soprano and contralto was well rendered by the Misses Richardson. The cantata concludes with a chorus, 'And we beheld His glory,' in which the composer makes use of the fugue to great advantage. Fesca a grand trio in B flat, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, was performed with much ability, and contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. The concert was brought to a close by Beethoven's grand chorus, 'Hallelujah,' from the *Mount of Olives*, sung in honour of the centenary of the composer. Dr. Kerbusch acted as conductor, and presided at the piano."

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NOTTINGHAM.—The following is a condensation of an article from the *Nottingham and Midland Counties Daily Express* of the 20th ult:—

"Last night the second of a series of Monday Popular Concerts took place in the Mechanics' Hall. The concert opened with the trio in C minor of Mendelssohn, played by Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Mr. Henry Farmer (violin), and Mr. Selby (violoncello). This was brilliantly given, the playing of Madame Goddard being especially remarkable for purity of expression and delicacy of manipulation; indeed, we cannot sufficiently express our admiration at the merits of the performance, which, as a whole, could scarcely have be n surpassed. In 'Deh Vieni' (Mozart) the soprano voice of Miss Margaret Galloway was heard to advantage. Mr. Henry Farmer (first violin), Mr. Leverton (second violin), Mr. Myers (viola), and Mr. Selby (violoncello) were conspicuously successful in the quartet in E flat of Mendelssohn (Op. 12), and deservedly applauded. Miss Galloway sang with exquisite taste 'Rosebuds on thy grave are sleeping,' after which Madame Goddard played magnificently Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' The applause which followed this performance sufficiently attested the appreciation of the audience. Miss Galloway sang 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' and the concert was brought to a close by the concerto in G minor of Mendelssohn, the performers being Madame Goddard, Mr. Farmer, Mr. Leverton, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Selby. Mr. G. Essex, jun., acted efficiently as accompanist on the pianoforte, one of Broadwood's new patent 'iron grand,' which was generally admired."

MALVERN.—A correspondent has been good enough to send us the following:—

"On Wednesday the newly-organized Philharmonic Society, formed from the materials of the old Malvern Choral Society, gave a concert in the College School-room, which was kindly lent for the occasion by the head master. Much credit is due to the conductor, the Rev. A. Sewell, one of the masters of the college, for the great interest he has taken in the society. He brought about on this occasion the best body of performers ever known at an amateur concert in Malvern or neighbourhood. Moreover, a considerable number of professional vocalists and instrumentalists greatly enhanced the success of the concert. The performance consisted of a few secular pieces, and a selection from the *Messiah*. 'The winds whistle cold' was rendered with good taste, but in Sullivan's part-song, 'Christmas,' the tenors were weak and unsteady. Mdlle. Romano sang several recitatives and airs from the *Messiah*, which were most of them warmly applauded. 'His lady possesses a sweet voice, but of little power. The Rev. G. Custance sang several solos—' Why do the people?' being the most suited to his style, for which reason the audience seemed anxious to have it repeated. Mr. Smith, of Upchurch, Cathedral, rendered several of the tenor recitatives and airs with very good expression. As regards the choruses, some wanted due reverence for the subject. 'For unto us a child is born,' 'Glory to God,' and 'Lift up your heads,' were given evenly, and the first-named was repeated. Signor Romano played two pianoforte solos. The concert was a good one, and the result must be satisfactory to the promoters of the society."

NILSSON IN ORATORIO.

Steinway Hall (New York) was of course filled when Mdlle. Nilsson sang in oratorio for the first time in this country. The *Sun* says of the performance:—

"Mdlle. Nilsson fully justified the great reputation that she brought to this country as an oratorio singer. There were many who at her concerts objected to her method of singing 'Angels ever bright and fair,' and who, founding their anticipations on that performance, concluded that Mdlle. Nilsson's oratorio singing would be characterized by an over-strained sentiment, and much liberty with the time and even with the notes of the composer. But these anticipations proved entirely erroneous. Mdlle. Nilsson sang Handel's music in a most devout spirit, with a reverent regard for the music as the composer wrote it, and for the sacred text. Her spirit was certainly in perfect accord with the theme, and she unfolded to us more completely than at any previous occasion the secret of her great reputation. There was, in the first place, a unity about the performance such as there never has been at her concerts. In place of the scattered fragments of song, first about one subject and then about another, the whole was knit together in sentiment. The key of feeling that the orchestra set with the solemn introduction was sustained to the end. And Mdlle. Nilsson did everything to keep that feeling intact. She laid aside the *débonnaire* manner that she is accustomed to wear at her concerts, and was in manner in accord with the occasion. Her voice seems specially adapted by its exquisite purity to sacred music, and in her singing of the great solos, 'Rejoice greatly,' 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace,' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' there seemed to us everything to commend and nothing to warrant objection. The intonation was pure and true, the phrasing especially beautiful, and the effect devotional and ennobling."

SCHUMANN ON THE FOUR OVERTURES TO *FIDELIO*.

"It ought to be printed in golden letters what the Leipsic orchestra performed last Thursday: *all four overtures to 'Fidelio' one after the other.* Thanks, ye Viennese of 1805, that the first one did not take hold of you, until Beethoven in a God-like *furor* hurled out one after another. If ever he seemed powerful to me, it was on that evening when we could overhear him better than ever in his workship,—moulding, rejecting, altering,—ever hot and glowing, in the midst of his labour. Most gigantic did he show himself perhaps in the second onset. The first overture would not please; hold, thought he, bear the second and go wild,—and he set himself to work anew, and let the thrilling drama itself pass before them, and sang the great sorrows and the great joys of his noble lovers once again. It is demoniacal, this second overture; in some of its details even bolder than the third, the well-known mighty one in C. For even this did not content him; so he put it aside, and only retained single pieces from it, out of which, in a more calm, artistic way, he formed the third. Later followed that earlier and more popular one in E major, with which *Fidelio* is commonly opened in the theatre.—Such is the great Four-Overture work. In the same way that Nature fashions her productions, we see in it first the tangled roots, out of which in the second the gigantic trunk rears itself, spreads out its arms to the left and to the right, and finally concludes with light and graceful foliage and blossoms."

We too, all of us, who listened for the first time to that first overture, can thank "the Viennese" for provoking the composer into giving us three more; but we cannot thank them for consigning so beautiful, so ideal a creation to comparative obscurity. Our feeling is that this No. 1 stands by itself, a thing complete and altogether lovely, the product of a deep, sweet, tender feeling; while No. 2, much bolder in its reach, more thrilling in its grand melodramatic effect of the trumpet scene, &c., is interesting chiefly as a rough, crude sketch of the inimitable No. 3. The pervading tone of feeling in the first is gentle, quiet, and reflective; it begins with a musing soliloquy of the violin,—a thinking over as it were in memory of "my prisons,"—after time has healed the wounds and wrought sweet reconciliation. The tragedy is past when this is written; the sentiment remains, a meditation on the beauty of the wife's devotion and the noble love of Leonora and her martyr husband; this lends the deep, warm, quiet inspiration to the overture. Naturally it was too unexciting, too fine, too idyllic, to make a hit at once in a Viennese theatre filled in great part with French soldiers. So he set to work to give them something more effective, more dramatic, even melodramatic, without being any the less a noble work of art. To do so, in the first attempt, he breaks the perfect spell, the rounded unity of the first prelude, retaining and placing at once in the foreground, as the heart and central motive of the drama, the prison aria of the Tenor, which here is introduced towards the end, and keeping up a family resemblance in the general character of themes and phrases; so much so that the yearning, soaring, syncopated swift melody that pervades the second and third overtures, seems naturally and logically born out of the first, although only vaguely hinted there. The overture lacked neither fire nor delicacy in the rendering, and it produced, we think, a general desire that it shall not again become a stranger to us.

BEETHOVEN AND THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

On the evening of Saturday last week the centenary of Beethoven was celebrated at Covent Garden by the performance of *Fidelio*. The house was crowded, particularly in the cheapest part. I was in the cheapest but one—the amphitheatre stalls; should, if worth a three pound a year certain, have occupied a pit stall; nay, perhaps the centre of a box, with a suitable companion on either side of me. The people encored the overture first played—to wit, *Leonora*, No. 3. They listened most attentively to the whole performance from beginning to end. Now, *Fidelio* is an opera of which the interest does not consist in sympathy with vice. Beethoven was not the composer to write music descriptive of breaking the Seventh Commandment. On the contrary, in *Fidelio* he glorifies conjugal loyalty—worthily, both by voice and acting, expressed by Tietjens. The public appreciation of a work founded on the basis of sentiments proper to man (especially woman), and not at all on that of the nature which mauked share with apes and the rest of the lower animals, appears to me a cheering indication. It is a symptom of progress, though partial, which may afford some little comfort to melancholy persons, disgusted and disheartened by the scene of brutality and backwardation at present generally exhibited by the surrounding world. Punch.

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BEETHOVEN AS AN ORCHESTRAL COMPOSER.

We extract the following from a thoughtful article on the Beethoven Centenary, which appeared in the *Glasgow Daily Herald* on Tuesday week:—

"In writing of Beethoven's compositions, it is difficult to abstain from what some may consider exaggerated eulogy. Fully conscious of this, we have no hesitation in saying that we regard Beethoven as the only composer who ever had complete mastery over an orchestra. We are not blind to his shortcomings. He essayed to write melodies for the voice as flowing as those of Mozart, and sacred choruses as broad and as devotional in spirit as those of Handel, but in doing so he failed; and yet by many degrees he is the most consummate musician that ever lived. No one has ever approached Beethoven in his compositions for the pianoforte or for the chamber, but in his orchestral works especially he transcends all others. In these he seems to pour out his whole soul. Under his command the orchestra appears to possess powers which no other writer knew how to call into existence. He does not treat it as composed of many parts, but as one and indivisible. How varied is his manner—how capricious at times appear his details; and yet we find all tending to one harmonious result. How he fondles and nurses his muse with all the kindly sympathy shown by a mother to her wayward child; suddenly he raises a storm of restless passion which seems beyond his power to control, and anon—as if by the waving of Prospero's wand—all is gentleness and serenity. The great secret of his power lies in the intensity of his own feelings being so eloquently expressed by the orchestra, and thereby communicated to the listener.

We regard Mozart as the only writer of instrumental music entitled to stand upon the same platform as Beethoven. There was, however, a vast difference in the natures of the men, which shows itself alike in their lives and in their works. Mozart took the world as it came, enjoying it when he could, and when he could not, yielding himself to fate, living and writing, but not feeling, in mild and tender—never feeling stormy passion, and therefore never expressing it in his writings. Yet with these differences, and being judged according to his light, he stands next to Beethoven. In saying so we do not forget the great talent shown by Haydn in his Salomon's symphonies, by poor Franz Schubert in his instrumental compositions, by Spohr in his *Power of Sound* nor by Mendelssohn in his Scotch symphony.

It is not to be expected that in one hearing of these wondrous inspirations the listener can derive even a passing satisfaction. To be able to enjoy them, even superficially, one must know something of the music, and only repeated hearings sufficiently disclose their endless beauties—indeed, to reach their depth, one must study every phrase, every variety of that phrase; nay, even every bar of the composition. A simple comparison for purely apparent form a performance of these works is to learn the subjects on which they are constructed; but the key to the proper understanding of Beethoven's symphonies is to bear in mind that each movement is generally written with a subject and counter-subject, into which are introduced one or more episodes. These episodes constitute the greatest charm of his writings. One can never tell how or when to expect them. They are somewhat startling at first, and appear, though spontaneously, as intrusions. They usually break in upon some charming idea which has captivated the ear, and the skill of the composer is nowhere more shown than reuniting the broken threads, and thus augmenting the interest. Other composers have attempted to imitate Beethoven in this respect, but without success; he stands alone as being the one who created the idea and who perfected it. But, to gain close sympathy with the composer, and be able thoroughly to enter into his wonderful creations, more is needed than a technical knowledge of the music. The young and thoughtless, and those whose lives have been one continued sunshine, will derive more pleasure from the sparkling music of Rossini or the luscious melodies of Italy. Those only who have known days of sorrow, who have endured heavy trials or had their most sensitive feelings stirred, or above all, who have mourned the loss of their nearest and dearest, can fully appreciate Beethoven, for they only are able to realize the mental agony which he must have experienced before such conceptions could emanate ever from genius.

THE Christmas supplement to the *Graphic* contains a striking piece of poetic realism in art, furnished by Mr. Fildes, draughtsman, and Mr. Thomas, engraver. "The Vacant Chair," a faithful picture of the study at Gadshill, in which the last pages of the last book of Charles Dickens were written, is contributed by the young artist who was engaged in illustrating *Edwin Drood*. The precise minuteness of photography, with a delicate tenderness in which photography is a stranger, characterizes the details of this labour of love down to the grotesque little bronzes of fencing frogs among the writing materials on the author's desk.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled:—JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of EPPS'S CHOCOLATE, a very fine evening beverage.

NEWS (?) FROM PARIS.

(By Balloon.)

Little by little Paris begins to banker after the drama, and does not see why the theatres should be shut because King William and Count Moltke have cut off the capital from the world. In the first days of the siege the Governement decreed that the theatres should be shut up. The plays of M. Sardou and M. Dumas *fils* would not, it argued, lead to that grave dignity of demeanour which befitted the greatest of sieges and the most awful calamity that had ever befallen France. They were right. Few things could more effectively bring Paris to its senses, and let it know what was meant by a siege, than the fact that, for the first time within its experience, it could not go to the play. But after a while, Paris did not take kindly to the remedy. Paris is not like Venice, the ladies of which, during the time of foreign occupation, would not go to any entertainment with which Austrians had to do. The French capital found the siege dull when General Trochu would not make sorties and the Prussians would not come out to be killed. So, while Fort Valérien was pitching shells, the citizens asked Government why they might not have a little music. The Government responded by so far relaxing its rigour as to permit oratorios in the afternoon. Thus the thin end of the wedge was put into the block of Parisian gravity, and now, it would seem, "vested interests" are driving the wedge home. Under the Empire, the Opera profited by a subsidy from the State, which the Provisional Government withdrew. Consequently the singers have suffered a loss which they bitterly feel; and the Government responded to their prayers by saying that they may sing provided they sing sadly. Henceforth they may give entertainments, if they perform nothing but serious music, appear without costumes, and devote the receipts to the victims of Châteaudun. It is easy to laugh at the odd mixture of gravity and gaiety betrayed by these regulations; but, after all, they are dictated by a just perception of Parisian necessities. The tedium of a siege is undeniable; and there is no form of recreation so much in harmony with the atmosphere of it as the more serious music, made more pure, more effectual in assuaging grief or restoring a healthy tone.—P.

[This despatch has been a very long time coming.—ED.]

MR. BEECHER ON ORGAN CONCERTS.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in announcing to the congregation of Plymouth Church the new series of Saturday afternoon organ concerts in that church for the season of 1870-71, after giving the names of the performers, made some very interesting and sound remarks; he said:—

"You will allow me to say a word on the subject of these organ concerts. They were begun several years ago at my suggestion. While I was in Europe, both in 1850 and 1853, I was very much delighted and very much interested, in some respects, by the evening concerts that were given in various European cities; and I thought, if it is in the power of a hierarchy, using their cathedrals and their organs to give these concerts, why should not freedom do the same thing? Why should not free churches be able to afford musical entertainment and instruction, and make it accessible to all and common to all? And, when, after my return, the trustees moved, very wisely, I think, as well as very successfully, in the procuration of a new organ, it seemed to me that the time had come when I had Mr. Müller, at my request, gave concerts, in a more quiet way, on Monday afternoons, without fee or reward, for two seasons, and performed himself, from week to week, giving, perhaps a *répertoire* of music more extended than any other one man has given in either of the two cities. These concerts became somewhat known in that way. When the present conductors of music took their place among us, it was my earnest desire that the same thing should be extended; and another day was chosen on which more persons could come together; and the concerts were in many respects re-ordained.

"Now, it is because it is organ music that I am so much interested in these concerts. I love music from a Jew's harp to David's harp. I love everything that is musical. No hand goes through the street that I do not go with it in thought. Even the more humble minstrels, who perform under false appearances, I publicly confess that I have a sympathy for them, too. And I should go and hear some of these things occasionally if it did not cost more than it comes to. There are many liberties that belong to me that I do not take because I am tired of being hawked through all the papers. It is cheaper to let such things alone than to take my rights, and then be written about, and thought about, and talked about. I love all sorts of music. Give me the French; give me the Italian; give me the German; give me the wild airs of Scotland; give me the wails from Ireland; give me our own negro minstrels music. They all find, in different degrees, a response from my heart. But I cannot bear to see the whole command let off to any one style—certainly not to that which is not always the best *style*—of music. When I consider what the state of music is in churches, I find that it is largely operatic, a little disguised, but not converted. A great deal of the organ playing is not of organ music. If I am rightly informed, a great deal of the singing in churches is not singing of sacred, but singing of secular music—that is, with all the associations of the week on it. You have in the churches on Sunday a little slower pace of the same thing that you have in the concert-room during the week.

"Now, it has pleased God, in the midst of all the changes of the world to

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raise up one instrument which in itself is the most complex and the grandest, that has the widest scope, and that has in it more elements of power and beauty than, I had almost said, all other instruments. For it is itself a musical museum. It is the epitome of all orchestras, of all phases, whether stringed or wind. It has pleased God to make that a gift to the Church and the servant of religion. It has also pleased God to inspire men to create for the organ a school and body of music, large, historical, as noble as ever was inspired on earth. And I believe that this was say, during the week to opera and to concert, "Play as you will," we have a right to say on Sunday, "Let us have ecclesiastical music." Let us have music that represents the more sober moods of the mind. Let us have music which, if it rejoices, rejoices *in the Lord*. Let us have in our organ concerts a representative music of the organ. You can get dances and polkas elsewhere. I do not want to have dances and polkas performed on the organ. That is not its business. Not that the instrument cannot perform these things; not that occasionally they may not be introduced into organ-music in certain ways; but there ought to be in the public mind the means of estimating and of judging of those styles of music which are grave and full of moral feeling, and that take hold of the highest impulses and instincts of our nature. And it is for the purpose of making the community familiar with organ music that I have felt a deep interest in these concerts. And I believe that they have done and are growing in this direction. And though multitudes of persons are not particularly discriminating. I believe—and I believe it from what I saw during the last two years—that the higher classes of music are coming to be more appreciated. I have noticed that the best performers were the most enthusiastically received, and that the really best music was the most cheered, while what might be called clap-trap music, that which goes by the name of *popular music*, was received the most nearly with silence and disapprobation. I never felt a greater pleasure than that which I felt when I heard *alla podrida* performance—music made up of snatches here and there—implying that that was all that you could understand, followed by dead silence. It was a compliment of which you yourself did not appreciate the weight. And when some of the noblest things of the most inspired musicians were received with enthusiasm, I felt prond of you, and blessed God, and took courage.

"Now we enter upon another season. The concert will be held one hour. The main performances will be on the organ; but there will also be some singing and lighter music for the sake of interesting you between the more voluminous and weighty passages of the organ music."

THE TRANSLATOR OF *TANNHAUSER*.

In Paris there lived a young and unknown poet, Edward Roche, of great talent, and of the highest education, but totally unknown, and without a friend, even, to give him a helping hand in the career of letters. Despairing of literary success, Roche obtained an insignificant post in the custom-house. To all appearance he was likely thus to protract a miserable and inglorious existence with no opportunity of exhibiting the talents which he undoubtedly possessed. His luck seemed to have left him, and he was despondent accordingly. One day, while Roche was working in the custom-house office, which happened to be close to the railway station, his attention was aroused by the noise of the expostulation and loud remonstrance heard just beneath the window. An irascible German passenger was loudly declaiming against the absurdity of the rules by which he was troubled through the short-sighted wisdom of the railway administration. Roche went out and heard the stranger, whose passion culminated in a strong vein of soliloquy, address himself as Wagner. The young man seized the opportunity. He stepped forward, bowed to the stranger and speedily by his intervention made his vexed path straight. Wagner was profuse in his thanks; Roche was delighted that he was able to render even the slightest service to so illustrious a man. Wagner's enormous and soul-controlling vanity must have been touched; Roche fancied he saw his opportunity, and commenced to hum some of the melodies from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. "Oh!" said Wagner, "this is a splendid omen for me. The whole Parisian I meet knows my music and admires it. Liszt shall know this. Sir, we must see each other again."

Such was the commencement of an acquaintance destined to be eventful to both,—tragic to one. Wagner grew to entertain a high opinion of Edward Roche; and when he looked for a translator of *Tannhäuser*, he thought he could find none better than the young man who had proved his saviour in the railway episode. Wagner offered Roche the work, and Roche in an ecstasy of joy, it is needless to say, accepted it. But the poor fellow little know what he would have to encounter. He gave a whole year to the work, sacrificing many a night's sleep, and devoting to the task every instant of the day which was not employed at the counting house. Roche soon found that his illustrious employer was, to use his own words, "a dreadful man." Never was task-master of the Egyptians so remorsely exacting. Capable of prodigious exertions, Wagner measured the ability of others by himself, and Roche fairly had not a moment's rest. When the young clerk contrived to obtain a holiday from his office, every moment was absorbed by the demands of the author of *Tannhäuser*. On such occasions as these, Roche thus describes the programme of the day's proceedings:—"At 7 o'clock in the morning we sat down to work, and without rest or pause went on till noon. There I sat over my desk—stooping, writing, blotting, correcting, searching painfully for the syllables which accorded best with particular notes. Meanwhile, Wagner with flaming eyes and angry expression, now strode up and down impatiently. "Forward! forward!"—at 12 or 1 o'clock, wearied and sick, faint with hunger, and with aching fingers, I would let my pen drop, and sink back in my chair. Then would the Master ask me, in tones of indignation and surprise, what was the matter. "Oh, I am hungry," I would mutter. Generally he would reply, "Very well; I did not think of that; we will eat something quickly and continue again." I was suffered to swallow a few morsels, not more, and then I was spurred on to resume my toil, and continued till night. I grew exhausted, but he cared not; my head glowed liked fire. I became driven to desperation at this ceaseless hunt for appropriate syllables and words. It was impossible to please him. As for Wagner himself he was still as fresh as ever. Nothing seemed to tell upon those exhaustless energies. Still he strode up and down the room, or, striking the notes of the piano, shook his head and swayed his body in such a manner that his pointed shadow on the wall, nervous and weary as I was, actually terrified me. It seemed like one of the evil spirits in the fairy tale, screaming forth strange words and phantom notes.

Here this pathetic narrative ends. The translation was at last finished and *Tannhäuser* was produced. The first night it was an equivocal success; (No it wasn't—A.S.S.) the second it was received coldly; on the third it was an unmistakable failure. Wagner's hopes were wrecked, and his ambitious dreams destroyed; and with the destruction of these there vanished also the last faintly-glimmering promise of good fortune for Edward Roche. Wagner, indeed, recovered from the mortification of the failure, but Roche did not; the poor fellow was simply killed by the collapse of *Tannhäuser*. He died in the following December.

BEECHER ON BIRDS.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been writing on this subject in the *Christian Union*; and thus discourses anent the feathered songsters:—

"People who have been born and bred in the city know nothing of bird-song, except as they hear canaries or other feathered prisoners sing from cages, who sing for a living. This, indeed, is not to be despised, but it is not the singing of free wild birds. Even those who live in the country seldom hear birds sing at their best. People are in bed when the great concert comes off. During May and June, birds wake about half-past three or four o'clock in the morning. Even if one goes to sleep again it is worth his while to be awakened to hear this wonderful outburst. There is nothing else in all the common phenomena of nature that seemed so admirable and so increasingly interesting as this. Birds do not sing alike at all hours of the day. An attentive ear will notice not only very different strains, but a very different spirit. The mid-day singing is casual, not prolonged, a mere interjection here and there. They sing as it were to while away a little time. At evening birds sing next in duration and effect to the morning song, but more tender, less tumultuous. It is in the morning that one must hear them, who would know the full ecstasy. It is very still. The dew lies heavy on all things. In the east there is a coming fast, and twilight every moment gains new radiance. Not a sound gives warning of any coming song. Far off one hears the hoarse bawk of a goose, or the bark of a dog disturbed by some early traveller. Then one hears a single call-note, as if the chorister was calling attention and giving out his song. It is answered in an enquiring way by another bird as much as to say, "We are ready, shall we begin?" Then one launches out, but has not uttered two syllables before a score of birds strike in, and then, from the fields, the forest edges, from orchards and gardens, from the grounds, the fences, and the air, then comes a Babel of sweet sounds, running into each other, clashing overlaying and surging together that one cannot distinguish any single songster's note, but only a wild mingling of hundreds of birds, all singing at the very top of their power, as if fired by an ecstasy of gladness. This great gush of song lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour, and then ceases almost as simultaneously as it began. The birds seem then to occupy themselves with their toilet and breakfast, after which, but in a less general way, they sing again for an hour or two. Then they scatter, and pursue the regular business of the day singing but little until evening, unless the day be clouded.—If the morning is overcast, birds do not have their grand sing. But if on such days the moon be clear or tending to clear up, birds become quite vocal. Sunlight has much to do with their disposition to sing. The electrical condition of the atmosphere it is probable, has much to do with this inspiration of song."

THE Archbishop of Paris has forbidden Nilsson to sing in opera on account of the death of her mother; at all events, so says an American paper. Did his grace convey the intimation per balloon post?

MR. P. S. GILMORE appeared as a soloist at one of the Nilsson concerts in Boston, performing the trumpet *obbligato* to "Let the bright Seraphim," which was sung by Nilsson. The piece had a tremendous encore, Mr. Gilmore sharing with Nilsson in the applause. Mr. Gilmore had not before appeared as a soloist at a Boston concert for over a dozen years. His appearance on the occasion named was only in compliment to Mdlle. Nilsson, who, it should be added, took occasion to show, both publicly and privately, her appreciation of the compliment.

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WAIFS.

Mr. John P. Morgan, the well-known organist of New York, is the director of the new musical enterprise called *The Euterpe.*

Adelaide Phillipps has entirely recovered her voice, and is travelling through the Western States.

Mrs. Fanny Keller, daughter of Mr. M. Keller, the composer, is soon to make her *debut* in concert at Boston.

M. Vieuxtemps has met with a hearty reception from the Bostonians, among whom he was exceedingly popular on his former visit.

Mr. Punch's definition of the great plague of London is—"a barrel-organ." Hear! hear!

Mr. John Barnett (composer of the *Mountain Sylph*) has arrived in London, for the Christmas holidays.

The National Choral Society, under Mr. G. W. Martin, gave its first Christmas *Messiah* performance, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday night.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has been attending the flower stand of Mrs. Ogden Doremus at the French Fair in New York. Her sales were enormous.

A concert was given at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 21st ult., in aid of the French sufferers in the present war. M. Vieuxtemps, Dr. Guilmette, Mr. J. H. Wilcox, and other well known artists, assisted.

The Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, are making preparations for their Triennial Festival next spring. The guarantee fund has already reached a large sum.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed having arranged for a further tenancy of the Gallery of Illustration, have re-appeared in their successful entertainment, *Ages Ago*, assisted by Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. Corney Grain, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. *Baden Baden* and *The Rival Composers*, made up the evening's amusement.

Miss Annie Louise Cary, the contralto of the Nilsson *troupe*, was welcomed home with great honours. She had gained great applause at every one of the concerts. She has also sang at one or two other concerts with great success. Her old Boston friends have been delighted to find her so finished an artist.

The question of right to reserved seats at concerts, theatres, etc., which has created a good deal of annoyance in some American towns, was recently decided by one of the judges, who held that all seats previously secured by ticket were the property of the person for whom they had been secured, and might be occupied or allowed to remain idle at that particular entertainment, at his or her pleasure.

We read the following in the *Syracuse Daily Courier* (U.S.), of December 10th :—

"Miss Annie Louise Cary intends, it is rumoured, to retire from public singing in the spring, after the close of her engagement with Mr. Strakosch. The cause is an engagement of another character—a matrimonial one with Dr. Hunter, of Philadelphia."

If this be true, the Italian Opera will too easily lose its youngest and most promising *mezzo-soprano-contralto*. From the same paper we subtract the following :—

"Mr. Henry Vieuxtemps, the violinist, closes his engagement with the *troupe* on the first of April, but will remain in the country until the summer months, making his home in Boston. Next year Mr. Strakosch will bring Adelina Patti to America."

The "*troupe*" means the Nilsson company, now triumphantly invading every town and city in the States.

A second Daniel writing in a contemporary says :—

"The lovely *entr'acte* in B minor (*Rosamunde*) by that somewhat little appreciated genius, Schubert, was a prominent and welcome feature in the programme. There is another *entr'acte* to the same opera, sweet and most expressive, in B flat; this seems to be little known, at any rate we have never heard it in London."

Daniel the second does does not seem to know that Schubert is appreciated just now quite violently, and that the B flat *entr'acte* is familiar to every Crystal-Palace-going amateur.

The Germania Orchestra of Philadelphia has profited by its loss of popularity the last few seasons, and the criticisms it has received, and has gone to work with a great increase of spirit. The sectional extension of the programmes is improved and the ambition of the Society seems to have quite a fresh start. The most important work it has as yet given was Liszt's "Preludes." This was not altogether a satisfactory performance, but will be better when it is repeated. It claims a *répertoire* of twenty-eight symphonies, eighty-five overtures, a complete selection of operatic selections and waltzes.

The harp, the cherished musical instrument of the Twanglangodillo Principality, is now rarely found in Wales. The Welsh harpers have taken to the turf, and their name is changed to Welsh Sharpers, or Welchers. Alas! Alas! That the only remains of their glory should be the Something-bury races, got up by sporting publicans and sinners not a hundred miles from the Welsh Harp of Hendon. *Punch.*

The Harvard Musical Association of Boston opened their sixth season of Symphony Concerts, on the 3rd. ult. The orchestra is much larger and much better than it was last year. Thomas's visits have done much good, and one of the most marked results has been to wake up this "slow" institution. Mr. Zerrahn is still the conductor, and Mr. B. Listemann is leader. Mr. M. W. Witney and Mr. Hugo Leonard assisted at the opening concert, the former singing two vocal songs by Beethoven, and a bass aria from Bach's *Passion Music*, and the latter playing Beethoven's Piano Concerto, No. 4, in G. The orchestral numbers included Beethoven's Inaugural Overture, in C, Op. 124; Cherubini's prelude to the third act of *Medea*, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The performances generally were very good. The second concert took place on the 17th, when the programme embraced Beethoven's first overture to *Leonora* in C; Concerto for the violin, by Lipinski; Liszt's Symphonic Poem, *Les Preludes*; Haydn's Symphony in C minor, No. 9; a *chaconne* for violin, by Bach; and Rietz's Fest Overture. The violin pieces were played by Mr. B. Listemann.

The veteran ex-conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Mr. J. Surman, has addressed the following remarks to a contemporary :—

"When Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* or *Hymn of Praise* was first produced at the Birmingham Festival, the composer himself conducted. *St. Paul* having had such a favourable reception at the Liverpool Festival and Exeter Hall, something good was naturally expected from the hand of the talented composer; and neither the audience nor the orchestra were disappointed, although most agreed that the instrumental movements were the finest portions of the work. The duet with chorus, 'I waited for the Lord,' certainly produced a marked impression; but there was a depression of head and chorus till they finished the first part of the concert with that old Handel performance—the hymn from *Judas Maccabæus*, 'We never will bow down,' which roused the whole orchestra from their lethargy. Even Mendelssohn himself could not remain among the audience, but came in the most humble and unobtrusive manner and took part from my book, joining with me and the rest of the tenors most efficiently. His sharp eye and fine ear detected a wrong note in the copy, which, taking out his pencil, he corrected. After a short interval, the second part of the concert commenced with 'Immortal Lord' and 'See the proud chief,' from Handel's *Deborah*; the whole orchestra seemed inspired, and sang with new life and vigour those matchless compositions. Mendelssohn was again at his post, and joined in most ably through both of the choruses, and when we had finished he admitted that Handel was the 'proud chief,' for he held up both his hands and exclaimed 'All this may come within the category of an air!'"

The following remarks from *Land and Water* will have the approval of everybody worth consideration :—

"Perhaps the social reformers of the present time will be able to glance a little beyond their regions of theatrical morals and educational perneation at the simple butchery of the acrobat that is of almost daily occurrence in this kingdom. Scarcely a town that can boast of 10,000 inhabitants can exist in these improving days without a musical hall, and no musical hall can exist without catering to the tastes of the million. The million craves for comic songs, break-downs, and acrobats. The last-mentioned must be possessed of as much foolhardiness as agility, if they wish for anything beyond a temporary engagement. The more danger that they can import into their performance, the better the spectators are pleased, the higher their salary. A man who can turn two back-somersaults, at some dizzy height, is worth double the ordinary creature who prefers to do so near the ground. The audience creates the demand—the acrobat must supply it. Only last Tuesday, Liverpool was the scene of two serious accidents; in one a woman, in the other a man, while going through a dangerous feat, fell, and were both seriously hurt. This might have been prevented by the ordinary protection-nets that are generally used in London. There is some expense attached to their use, perhaps, and the morbid craving of a gaping crowd that watches every tremor of a muscle at some terrible height, with a half-stupified gaze and secret wish to be present when the accident occurs—should like just to see it—would receive its quietus, and turn elsewhere for excitement. The police ought to have the same control over the dangers as they do over the morals of music-halls, and then we should protect a hard-working and ill-paid class, the acrobats; and, at the same time, effectually destroy the performance of demoralising feats that, fungus-like, is choking the growth of all legitimate exhibitions. The *ipse dixit* of an inspector would go a long way to put down these spurious gymnastics."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & Co.—"The Maid o' the Dee," Scotch ballad, the symphonies and accompaniments by William Hutchings Calcott.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The lights far out at sea," by A. S. Gatty; "The twilight hour is come," by H. Smart; "Robin," by Anne Fricker; "Sweet Norah Wilts," by C. H. S. Marriott; "The Bridal Quadrille," by Stephen Glover.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Gossamer Wings," Legend, for the Pianoforte, by John Old.

CHARLES GRIFFIN & Co.—"Beethoven," a memoir, by Elliott Graeme.

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